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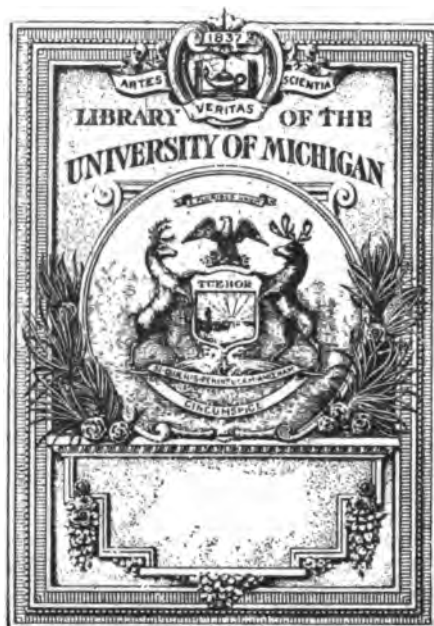
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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubezant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Before reaching that part of my life which forms the subject of my story, I must relate in a few words who I am.

I am the son of a poor Italian tenor singer and a beautiful French lady. My father's name was Tealdo Soavi; I shall not name my mother, as I was never owned by her, which did not prevent her from being always kind and generous to me. I shall only say that I was brought up in the family of the Marchioness of — at Turin and at Paris, under a false name.

The marchioness admired artists, without loving Art. She understood nothing about it; a waltz by Strauss or a fugue of Bach's pleased her alike. In painting she had a weakness for green and golden draperies, and could not endure a badly framed picture. Gay and charming, she danced at forty like a sylph, and smoked cigarettes with a grace which I have only seen in her. She had no remorse at having yielded to the temptations of her youth, and although she made no secret of it, would have thought it in bad taste to proclaim it. She had by her husband a son, whom I never called my brother, but who has always been to me a kind comrade and a pleasant friend.

I was brought up as it pleased God; money was not spared upon me. The marchioness was rich, and although she took no interest in my abilities nor in my progress, she considered it a

duty to refuse me no means of development. If she had really been only my distant relation and my benefactress, as she seemed to be, I should have been the happiest and most grateful of orphans; but the servants had too much part in my early education to let me remain long ignorant of the secret of my birth. As soon as I left their hands I strove to forget the grief and terror which their indiscretion had caused me. My mother allowed me to see the world by her side, and I perceived from the levity of her character, and from the little care that she gave her other son, that I had no reason to complain. So I treasured no bitterness against her, as I never could have done fairly; but there was in the depths of my soul, early and forever, a shade of melancholy, united to a great deal of patience, outward forbearance, and deep resolution.

At times I felt a strong desire to love and embrace my mother. She granted me a smile in passing, a caress by stealth. She consulted me in the choice of her jewels and her horses; she congratulated me upon having *taste*, praised my instincts of *savoir-vivre*, and never scolded me in my life; neither did she ever understand my need of sympathy with her. The only motherly words which escaped her were in asking me one day, when she observed my sadness, if I was jealous of her son, or if I did not think myself as well treated as the *heir of the house*. Now, except the empty pleasure of a name, and the false pleasure of a position in the world fitted only for idleness, my brother really was no better off than I. I understood, once for all, at rather a tender age, that any feeling of envy or spite would be mean and ungrateful on my part. I perceived that my mother loved me as much as she was capable of loving, more, perhaps, than she loved my brother; for I was the child of her love, and my face pleased her more than the image of her husband in his heir.

I strove then to please her by applying myself more closely than he to the lessons, for which she paid with the same liberality and the same *insouciance* for both. She noticed one day that I had profited by them, and that I was capable of getting along through the world. "And my son," said she, with a smile, "he is in great danger of being ignorant and lazy, is he not?" Then she added, naively: "See how fortunate it is that these children should have each understood their position." She kissed my forehead, and all was said. My brother thought it no reproach to him. Thanks to her delicate instincts, without suspecting it, she had destroyed in us all leaven of emulation, and it is easy to be seen, that between a legitimate and an illegitimate son emulation might easily be changed into hatred and jealousy.

I worked then on my own account, and I could devote myself, without anxiety or morbid self-love, to the pleasure which I naturally found in knowledge. Surrounded by artists and people of the world, my choice was also naturally made. I felt myself an artist, and had been badly treated by those who were not. I might have pressed forward in my career with a morose and haughty eagerness. But there was none of that. All my mother's friends encouraged me with their good wishes; and feeling in no ways hurt, I entered into the path which seemed to be mine with the calmness and serenity of a soul that freely takes possession of its high estate. I gave all my faculties to the study of painting, without restlessness, irritation, or impatience. Not until I was twenty-five did I feel that my powers had reached the first degree of development, and it would then have been too late to regret any waverings.

My mother was no longer living. She had forgotten me in her will, but she died in dictating for me a very graceful note, congratulating me upon my first successes, and in signing a check to her banker for the payment of my brother's first debts. She had done as much for me as for him, since she had put us both in the way to become men. I reached the goal first; I only relied upon my courage and my intelligence. My brother relied upon his fortune and his manners; and I would not have exchanged my fate for his.

For the past few years I had rarely seen my mother. I wrote to her but seldom. It pained me to call her, as she desired, "my kind protectress." Her letters gave me a sad delight, for they only contained questions of essential detail and offers of money corresponding to my work. "It seems to me," wrote she, "that it is some time since you have asked anything of me, and I implore you not to get into debt, for my purse is always at your disposal. Treat me in such matters as your true friend."

No doubt all this was kind and generous, but it wounded me every time more and more. She had not noticed that for several years I had cost her nothing, without getting into debt. When I lost her, I regretted most the hope I had eagerly cherished, that she might love me some day. I wept at the thought that I might have loved her passionately if she had wished it. In short, I mourned that I could not more truly mourn for my mother.

What I have now related has no connection with the episode of my life which I am about to retrace. There is no bond between my early youth and the adventures which follow. So I might have dispensed with this explanation; but it seemed necessary to me. A narrator is a pas-

sive being, who tires when he does not relate all the facts which concern his own peculiar character. I have always detested stories in which the I predominates, and if I do not relate mine in the third person, it is because I feel myself capable of rendering an account of myself, and of being, if not the principal hero, at least an active sharer in the events whose remembrance I here recall.

I give this little drama the name of a place where my life was revealed and unfolded. My own name, or rather that which was given me at my birth, was Adorno Salentini. I do not know why I was not called Soavi like my father. That might not have been his real name. One thing is certain—he died before I was born. My mother, frightened and surprised, had hidden from him the result of their liaison, that she might break it off the more thoroughly.

From such causes as these, feeling myself twice an orphan, I became used to relying solely upon myself. I cultivated habits of discretion and reserve, in consideration of those instincts of courage and pride which I carefully cherished within.

Two years after the death of my mother, when I was twenty-seven years old, I was already free and independent according to my ideas, for I earned a little money, and my wants were few. I had reached a certain reputation without the annoyance of too many patrons, a certain excellence without dreading or courting the opinion of any, and the inward satisfaction of a sure progress, and the distinct vision of my artistic future. I felt growing within me all I then wanted, and I awaited its fulfilment with a secret joy which sustained me, and a calm behavior which prevented me from having any enemies. No one had foreseen in me a fearful rival; and as for me, I was troubled by no fatal competition. No professional glory made me fear. I smiled to myself in seeing men, more uneasy and impatient than myself, become dazzled by any slight success. Quiet and easy in my life, I could see in myself a strength of patience of which I knew those more violent natures, carried away around me like leaves by the stormy wind, wholly incapable. Hence I offered to the eye of Him who sees all, that which I hid from the dim and dangerous glance of mankind: the contrast of a peaceful temper, a lively imagination and a firm will.

At twenty-seven I had never loved, and certainly it was for no lack of love in my blood and in my head, but my heart was still my own. I knew it so well that I blushed at a favor as if it was a weakness, and I almost reproached myself for what others would have considered good fortune. Why did my heart refuse to share the intoxication of my youth? I cannot tell. There is no man who can so explain himself as not to be at times a mystery to himself. Neither can I explain my inward coldness except by inference. Perhaps my desires bore too strongly towards my art. Perhaps I was too proud to give up myself before I was understood. Perhaps indeed—and it seems to me that in my distant memories I can recall such a feeling—perhaps I had in mind an ideal woman whom I did not yet consider myself worthy of possessing, and for whom I wished to keep myself pure from all stain.

But my day drew near. As the expression of my life became easier to me in painting, the out-

burst of my concealed power was preparing within me with an increasing restlessness. At Vienna, during a severe winter, I became acquainted with the Duchess de ———, a noble Italian, beautiful as an antique cameo, a dazzling woman of the world, and *dilettante* in every kind of art. She chanced to see a picture of mine, and understood it better than the others who surrounded it. She spoke of me in terms which flattered my vanity. I saw that she placed me higher than did the public, and that she exerted herself for my fame for the sake of Art, without knowing the artist. I was flattered by it; gratitude began to melt my pride. I sought an introduction, and was received even better than I had expected. My face and manner of speaking seemed to please her, and she told me almost at our first meeting, that the man in me was superior to the painter. I felt myself more impressed by her grace, her elegance, and her beauty, than I had ever before been by any other woman.

One thing only troubled me: a certain indolent manner, measured phrases of approval, and certain forms of sympathy and encouragement, reminded me of the mild, generous and thoughtless woman whose child and protégé I had been. At times I tried to persuade myself that it was one reason more for my attachment to her; but again I trembled lest I might find under such a charming exterior a woman of the world, that frivolous and cold being, skilled in trifles, out of her sphere in serious things, generous in her acts, without being it intentionally, delighting in the happiness of others when it does not endanger her own.

I loved, doubted, and suffered. She had not a decided reputation for austerity, although her failings had never excited scandal. I had every hope of inspiring her with a caprice. That did not intoxicate me; I was not child enough to be flattered by a caprice; I was enough of a man to aspire to be the object of a passion. I burned with a secret fire too long suppressed to hide from myself that I was almost the prey of a violent passion; but when I almost yielded, I trembled at the thought of giving so much for so little—perhaps nothing. I was afraid, not exactly of being one more victim—what of that, when the evil is sweet and deep?—but for fear of wasting my soul, my moral strength, my artist future, in a struggle full of error and anguish. I was afraid of not being enough deceived never to dread the return of my fast-escaping penetration.

One night we went to the theatre together. I had not seen her for several days. She had been ill, or at least her door had not been open to me, and her features were slightly changed. She had given me a place in her box, to be present with her and another friend, a sort of convenient nobody, at the *début* of a young opera singer.

During the real or feigned illness of the duchess, I had worked with great ardor and a sort of feverish spite. I had not left my atelier and had seen no one, so that I was not in the way of hearing the gossip of the town.

"Who is to make his *début* to-night?" I asked her just before the overture.

"Is it possible that you do not know?" she asked, with a fond smile, which seemed to thank me for my indifference to anything not belonging to her.

Then she continued, with an air of indifference:

"It is a very young man, from whom much is hoped. He boasts a name celebrated on the stage; that of Celio Floriani."

"Any relation," asked I, "of the famous Lucrezia Floriani, who died two or three years ago?"

"Her own son," replied the duchess; "a youth of twenty-four, beautiful and intelligent as his mother."

I thought this praise too strong; jealousy was rising within me. I thought the duchess too hasty in praising youthful talent, without remembering how grateful I should have been to her on my own account.

"Do you know him?" I asked her, with as much outward calm as I felt inward emotion.

"Yes, slightly," she replied, unfolding her fan; "I have heard him twice since his arrival."

I made no further remark, but changed our conversation, to see if I could not get out of her, unsuspected, the acknowledgment which I dreaded. After five minutes' seemingly aimless talk, I learned that the duchess had heard young Celio Floriani twice in her own salon, while the door had been closed upon me, for he had been in Vienna but five days.

I concealed my anger, but it was guessed at, and the duchess smoothed it over as well as she could. I was not yet sufficiently intimate with her to claim an explanation. But she made a tolerably sufficient one, and my bitterness gave way to gratitude. She had known the great Floriani intimately, and had first seen her son with her. He came, as a matter of course, to pay his respects to her upon his arrival, and, although ill and confined to her room, she consented to receive and hear him, thinking it her duty to grant him her aid and patronage. He had sung to her before her physician and at his advice. "I do not know whether I was weary of being alone," she added, languidly, "or whether my nerves were unstrung by my diet; but I am sure that he pleased me, and I hoped for a great deal at his *début*. He has a superb voice, fine execution, and a charming person; but what will he be on the stage? It is so different to hear a virtuoso in private. I dread for the poor child the terrible ordeal of the public. The name he bears is a heavy burden for him; much will be expected; *noblesse oblige*."

"It is cruel, madame," said the Marquis R., who was seated behind us. "The public is stupid; they ought to know that the children of geniuses are always inferior. It is a law of nature."

"I am happy in believing you mistaken, or rather in thinking that nature is not always so foolish," replied the duchess with a quizzical look. "Your daughter is a charming and sensible person." Then, as if she sought to weaken the disagreeable effect which such a hasty repartée might have had upon me, she whispered behind her fan:

"I chose the marquis for my cavalier to-night because he is the stupidest of all my friends."

I knew also that the marquis invariably went to sleep when the curtain rose; and I felt pleased and full of good wishes for the young debutante.

"What sort of a voice has he?" I asked.

"Who? the marquis?" asked she, smiling.

"No, your protégé."

"*Primo basso cantante*; he ventures in a difficult rôle to-night. Hush! they are beginning;

he comes on the stage. Only look ! Poor child ! how he must tremble !”

She waved her fan. A slight applause greeted the entrance of Celio. She joined in it so eagerly with the faint noise of her little hands, that her fan fell. “Come,” said she, as I picked it up, “applaud the name of Floriani ; it is a great and honored name in Italy, and we Italians must sustain it, for she was one of our greatest glories.”

“I heard her in my childhood,” answered I. “Why, you must have known her after she left the stage, for you are too young——”

There was then no time to find out by round-about talk whether the duchess had seen the Floriani once or twenty times in her life. I learned later that she had never seen her except from her box, and that Celio was simply introduced to her by the Count Albani. I learned other things too—but Celio began his recitative, and the duchess coughed too much to answer me. She had such a bad cold !

CHAPTER II. THE GLOW-WORM.

At that time there was at the imperial theatre a cantatrice who would have impressed me had not the Duchess de —— victoriously filled all my thought. This singer was neither very beautiful, very young, nor of the first order of talent. Her name was Cecilia Boccaferri. She was thirty years old ; her features wore a slight shade of weariness ; she had a fine figure, distinction, and a voice rather sweet and sympathetic than powerful ; she filled quietly, without dispute on the part of the public, the place of a *seconda donna*.

Without dazzling me, she pleased me more in private than on the stage. I had met her sometimes at the house of a professor of singing, who was my friend and her former teacher, and also in a few drawing rooms, where she had sung with great stars. She was said to live discreetly, and to support her old father, an artist, lazy and irregular in his habits. She was a calm and modest person, who was everywhere received with respect, although in society no one troubled himself about her.

She entered with Celio, and although she never busied herself with the public when she sang her rôle, she turned her eyes towards the box where we were sitting. There was something that struck me in her hasty and stolen glance. It disposed me to be on my guard that night.

Celio Floriani was a youth of twenty-four or five, and of wonderful beauty. He was said to be the image of his mother, who was the most beautiful woman of her age. He was tall, without being too much so ; slender, but not lank. His unconstrained limbs were full of elegance, and his large, full chest showed great strength. His head was small as that of a beautiful antique statue ; his features pure and delicate, with a lively expression and marked color ; his eyes black and sparkling ; his hair thick and waved, and parted naturally upon his forehead according to the rules of the Italian art ; his nose was straight, his nostrils clear and dilated, his eyebrows distinct as the trace of a pencil, his mouth vermilion and finely chiselled, his moustache silky and surrounding his upper lip with a natural wave full of coquettish grace ; the contour of his cheek was faultless, his ear small, his neck free, round, white and strong, his hands and feet

well formed, his teeth dazzlingly white ; his smile was satirical, and his glance very bold. I looked at the duchess. I could observe her much better, as she did not mind me, so much was she absorbed by the entrance of the debutant.

Celio's voice was superb, and that he knew how to sing was evident from his first notes. His beauty could not injure him ; and yet when I looked from the duchess to the actor, he became insupportable. At first I thought it a jealous prejudice, and was ashamed of it. I applauded him and encouraged him with one of those low bravos which the actor hears so plainly upon the stage. Then I met the glance of Signora Boccaferri fastened upon the duchess and myself. This preoccupation was unlike her, for her carriage had always been remarkably grave and conscientious.

But it was in vain for me to assume indifference. On one hand I saw the duchess, disturbed by a strange trouble, an emotion which she could not hide, or which she did not even try to conceal ; on the other I saw the handsome Celio, in spite of his boldness and his resources, fast approaching one of those falls from which one so seldom rises, or at least towards such a fiasco as is followed by years of discouragement and powerlessness.

Really, this young man presented himself with a coolness which bordered upon insolence. It seemed as if he had written his great name upon his forehead, to be greeted and worshipped without examining his own individual merits. It seemed as if his beauty should make even men abashed. Nevertheless, he had talent and undisputed power ; he did not act badly, and he sang well ; but his soul was insolent, and that shone from every pore of his body. The manner in which he received the first applause displeased the public. In his bow and in his eyes this modest mental soliloquy was easily read : “Crowd of fools that you are, you will soon be obliged to applaud me more. I scorn the feeble tribute of your indulgence ; I claim tempests of admiration.”

During two acts he kept up this disdainful hauteur, and the uncertain public generously forgave his pride, wishing to see if he could justify it and if it was his lawful right or an impertinent presumption. I could not tell myself which it was, for I listened to him with bitter interest, since I could no longer doubt the infatuation of my companion for him. I told her so, bluntly enough, but without offending her, without diverting her ; she only awaited a moment of signal triumph for Celio, to tell me that I was a fool, and that she had never given me a thought. This moment of triumph upon which both counted was a duet with Boccaferri in the third act. That good creature seemed to enter into it with good grace, and to wish herself forgotten in the success of the debutant. Celio had saved his powers for that ; he reached the grand point, sure of carrying it.

But what passed between the public and himself so suddenly ? No one could explain it, while all felt it. There he stood like a magnetizer, striving to get power over his patient, undiscouraged by the slowness of the action. The public was like the patient, waif and doubtful, who only waited to confess or to deny the spell, to say : “He is a prophet or a charlatan.” And yet Celio did not sing badly ; his voice did not fail him. Perhaps he wished to increase the

effect by a trick that was too palpable ; was it a false gesture, a doubtful note, or a ridiculous attitude ? I cannot say. I saw the duchess ready to faint, while the sinister coldness spread over the audience, and a ghastly smile glimmered on every face. When the aria was finished, a few friends tried to applaud ; two or three distinct hisses, against which no one dared protest, made deep silence ; the fiasco was accomplished.

The duchess was pale as death, but it was only for a moment. Recovering her self-possession with wonderful tact, she turned towards me, smiling and braving my glance as if nothing had changed between us : “*Allons !* that singer needs three years more of study. The stage is a very different test from the private auditory, preposessed in his favor. But I did believe he would get through it better. Poor Floriani ! how she would have suffered had she been living ! But what ails you, Salentini ? I should not think you were so much interested in the *début* as to be stunned by the failure.”

“I was not thinking of it, madame,” answered I ; “I was observing and listening to Mademoiselle Boccaferri, who has just sung a simple sentence wonderfully well.”

“Ah ! bah ! you are listening to Boccaferri, are you ? I don't honor her so much, and don't really know whether she sings well or badly.”

“I do not believe you, madame ; for you are too good a musician and too much of an artist, not to have observed that she sings like an angel.”

“Anything but that. But what do you mean, Salentini ? Are you really speaking of Boccaferri ? I must have misunderstood.”

“You have understood me perfectly, madame. Cecilia Boccaferri is an accomplished person and an artist of great merit. It is your doubt that surprises me.”

“Indeed ! you are facetious to-day,” answered the duchess, not at all disconcerted.

She was charmed at what she supposed was my malice ; she was far from believing me calm and entirely freed from her, or anywhere near it.

“No, madame,” answered I, “I am not joking. I have always admired those souls who respect themselves, and who keep whatever place the public assigns them, without envy, disgust, or foolish ambition. Signora Boccaferri is a person of such pure and modest talent, that she has no need of applause or garlands to keep her in the right path. Her voice lacks brilliancy, but her singing never lacks roundness. Her timbre, rather veiled, has a charm which strikes me. Many prima donnas now in fashion, have no more fulness nor freshness in their throats. There are enough who have none at all. Then they call artifice, which is falsehood, to their aid, instead of art. They make an artificial voice, a peculiar method, which consists in escaping the faulty parts of their register, to show off certain notes, screamed, shaken, sobbed, smothered ones, which they have at their disposal. This pretended learned and dramatic style is mere sleight of hand, an awkward juggling, an imposture which only deceives the ignorant ; but surely it is not singing—it is not music. What becomes of the composer's idea, the sense of the melody, the genius of the rôle, when, instead of a natural declamation, which is only true and pathetic when it has its changing shades of passion and of calm, of sadness and of rapture, the cantatrice, incapa-

ble of *saying or singing* anything, screams, sighs and shrieks through her part, from one end to another? Besides, what coloring, what expression, what sense can a song have written for the voice, when, instead of a human, living voice, the worn-out performer uses a shriek, a grating, a continual choking. One might as well sing Mozart with Punch's whistle between his lips; one might as well listen to the groans of epilepsy. It is art no longer—it is a positive reality."

"Bravo, sir painter!" said the duchess with a fond and cunning smile; "I did not know you were so learned and subtle in musical matters. Why is this the first time you have talked so well? I should always have been of your opinion, theoretically that is, for your application is bad. Poor Boccaferri has exactly one of those worn and used voices that can sing no more."

"And yet," said I, firmly, "she always does sing, and never does anything but sing; she never screams or sobs, and that is why the frivolous public never notice her. Do you believe her so unskilled as to be incapable of aiming at effect like everybody else, and of substituting artifice for art, if she should deign at any moment to lower her soul and her knowledge to that point? If to-morrow she should grow tired of being unnoticed, and should wish to act upon the nerves of her audience, she could eclipse her rivals, I am sure. Her voice, habitually veiled, is just one of those which would clear itself by a physical effort, and would vibrate powerfully when the possessor wishes to sacrifice pleasing to wonder, truth to effect."

"But then, agree with me, what remains to her if she has neither the courage nor the wish to produce effect by artifice, nor that health of organ which possesses a natural charm? She neither acts upon a mistaken imagination nor upon an accomplished ear, poor girl! She sings properly what is written for her; she never shocks, she never disturbs. She is a good musician, I must own, and useful in the ensemble; but alone she is nothing. Whether she enters or whether she goes out, the theatre is always empty when she glides through it with the morsels of her rôle and her little pearly phrases."

"I deny that, and for my part, I feel that she not only fills the theatre with her presence, but that she penetrates and enlivens the whole opera with her intelligence. I also deny that the absence of fulness in her voice takes away all charm; for it is not a weak voice; it is a delicate one, just as the beauty of Mademoiselle Boccaferri is not a faded, but a veiled beauty. That gentle beauty and sweet voice were never made for the gross tastes of the public; but the artist who understands them guesses at the truth which lies under that subdued expression, where the soul always reserves more than it promises, and never exhausts itself because it is not lavishly thrown away."

"O, a thousand times pardon, my dear Salentini," cried the duchess, laughing and stretching out her hand with a kind and merry air; "I did not know you were in love with the Boccaferri; if I had suspected it I should not have vexed you in speaking ill of her. Are you offended with me? Now, really, I did not know it."

I watched the duchess carefully. Had she been sincere in her kindness, I should have loved her again; but she could not bear my gaze, and the diabolic light gleamed stealthily from her eyes.

"Madame," said I, without kissing the hand I pressed so feebly, "you never need apologize for awkwardness, for I never was in love with Mademoiselle Boccaferri before to-night, and am beginning to understand her for the first time."

"And I have doubtless brought you to this discovery."

"No, madame, it was Celio Floriani."

The duchess shuddered, but I continued, calmly:

"It was in seeing how little conscience that youth had that I felt the value of it in painting and the other arts."

"Explain that to me," said the duchess, pretending to defend Celio. "I did not see that the handsome fellow lacked conscience; he lacked success; that was all."

"He missed everything that is most sacred," answered I, coldly; "he lacked love and respect for his art. He deserved to be punished by the public, although the public has rarely such instincts of justice and pride. Comfort yourself however, madame; his success only hung by a thread; and in proceeding always with boldness and self-satisfaction, an artist may be applauded, make dupes and find his victims; but I, who can see clearly and impartially through the matter, understand that the absence of charm and power in this young man is owing to his vanity, his desire for admiration, and the little love he felt for what he sang—to his lack of respect for the spirit and traditions of his part. I am sure that he has always been brought up with the idea that he could not fail, and that he had the gift of making an impression. Probably he is a spoiled child. He is pretty, bright and graceful. His mother, very likely, was his slave, and all his lady friends doubtless elate him with indulgence. That of praise is the most fatal of all. So he presents himself to the public, like a daring coquette, who dashes triumphantly by, spattering with mud the poor world from her high equipage. No one can deny that Celio is young, handsome and brilliant; but they have begun to hate him, because there is something coquettish in his manner. Yes, coquettish is the word. Do you know what a coquette is, madame la duchesse?"

"I have no idea, Signor Salentini, but you can tell me, doubtless."

"A coquette," answered I, undisturbed by her disdain, "a coquette is a woman who sells herself for vanity, as a courtesan for avarice. She assumes boldness to hide her own weakness; she pretends to despise all, that she may rid herself of the heavy weight of public scorn; she tries to crush the crowd, that others may forget how she bows and cringes in the dust to every one; she is a mixture of boldness and meanness, of rash bravado and secret terror. God forbid that I should apply this portrait to any of your friends! To Celio himself I do not apply it without great qualification. But I do say that almost every artist who labors for success without conscience and holy meditation, follows a little in the steps of the prostitute without knowing it. They affect to despise the good opinion of others, while they have labored all their lives to obtain it. They are angry at failing to triumph, because that triumph was their only aim. If they were in love with Art itself, they would be more calm, and would not trust their progress to a little praise or blame. Courtesans affect to despise the virtue which they envy. These artists of whom

I speak affect self-satisfaction because they are so ill at ease. Celio Floriani is the son of a great and true artist. He would not follow the traditions of his mother, and he is cruelly punished for it. God grant that he may profit by this lesson, and not fall back, but put himself to the work without anger or disgust. Shall I go and find him, madame, and invite him to sup with us after the play? He needs consolation, and it would be generous in you to cheer him in his misfortune. We are at the finale. I have a pass to go behind the scenes, and I will go and bring him here."

"No," answered the duchess, "I did not intend to sup to-night, and if you wish to prolong your evening, come and take tea with me and the marquis, whose obstinate sleepiness will leave the field free for our talk, and it seems that we have much to say to each other—that is, on the subject of Celio Floriani; so he would be *de trop* as much for me as for you."

She accompanied these words by an expression full of languor and passion, and rose to take my arm, but I waived the honor in placing myself behind the marquis. This woman, who only petted youthful talent when it was successful, and could abandon it so easily when it failed in public, suddenly became hateful to me. She affected me like those ugly and stupid children who chase a glow-worm through the grass, seize it, fondle it, and admire it while the phosphor brightens it, and then crush it, when the touch of their rude hands has quenched its light. Sometimes they torture it to reanimate it, but it grows dimmer and dimmer. At last they kill it, for it gives no more light, it shines no longer, it is utterly worthless. "Poor Celio," thought I, "where is your phosphor? Crawl into the ground for fear of being crushed. But I certainly will not profit by the *tête-à-tête* prepared for your triumph. I have a little light left, and I had rather keep it."

"Very well," said the duchess, imperiously; "then you are not coming?"

"Pardon me, madame," answered I; "I am going to congratulate Mademoiselle Boccaferri in her box. She has not succeeded better to-night than at other times, and she will sing as well to-morrow. I like to pay the feeble tribute of my admiration to those unknown and unappreciated talents who respect themselves, and console their hearts for the indifference of the public by the sympathy of their friends, and the inward certainty of their powers. If I meet Celio Floriani I shall seek his acquaintance. May I use your name? We are both your protégés."

The duchess crushed her fan and left the box without answering me. I felt that her suffering wounded me; but it was the last thrill of my heart for her. I sprang forward into the passages which led to the stage, resolved really to pay my homage to Cecilia Boccaferri.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE MUSICAL VILLAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUERSPERG.

There is, in Bohemia, a village to see,
Where each living thing a musician will be,
Like swallows reversed, in *spring time* flying,
In *autumn* you see them homeward hieing.

You think the nightingales all the world round
Must here, in one bush, together be found;
You think a thousand fountains gushing
In one melodious stream must be rushing.

Hark! with what rapture, in yonder inn,
An amateur twangs his violin!
The countries round are waiting to cheer it,
And you, lucky creature, already hear it!

But frightfully now, from a dwelling near,
The thumping kettle-drum stuns your ear,
As when, the miner's ear-drum smashing,
An avalanche down in the shaft comes crashing.

Hark! dulcet flute-tones, across the street,
Lull you to dreamy slumber sweet.
But here the trumpets, the whole air shaking,
Secure, with their din, your speedy waking.

Hark! voices of maidens! what lovely notes!
Your ear on a sea of harmony floats!
But alas! the bass-viol a neighbor pleases;
Your skiff, in the tempest, is shattered to pieces.

Hark! the wild bugle! magnificent sound!
The fragrant green-woods rustle around;
But yonder bagpipe's buzzing and humming
Warn you that bears to the woods are coming!

Here whispers the tender guitar the bliss
Of bowers of rose and the stolen kiss;
But a din of bassoons from yon house is sounding,
Like a gang of drunkards your sense confounding.

One practises on the clarionet,
Another his heart on the hautboy has set,
While down from the window comes harmony shattered,
Like a suicide's limbs on the pavement spattered.

Each single tone sounds pure and true,
And yet no concord will ever ensue,
As the chopped-up joints of snakes forever
Wind in and out, reuniting never.

And so it howls and whimpers and moans,
And screams and buzzes and mutters and groans,
As if the spirits of discord in choir
Were playing, with Satan to lead and inspire.

You fly to the door, a refuge to find,
And you feel that the birds are of just your mind,
The storks and swallows, who fled, on learning
That the crowd of musicians were homeward returning.

But when the snow is melted in spring,
Then forth from the village each living thing!
Man, woman and child, where fancy takes them,
North, South, East, West, or fortune directs them.

United now, as divided at home,
In couples, in trios, in bands they roam,
As the spirit of harmony garland-wise strings them,
And through the countries like flowers flings them.

All comes right in the village then,
The tribe of Larks make music again,
And back comes Lady Swallow flying,
And Master Stork is homeward hieing.

The players greet many a distant land,
Well-known and welcomed on every hand,
Find open ears and arms in all places,
And foaming tankards and smiling faces.

And now every bush has its nightingale,
And its waterfall every rocky vale;
In all the woodlands birds are singing,
Through all the valleys fountains are springing.

C. T. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 5, 1856.

CONCERTS.

COMPLIMENTARY TO—our Journal of Music!—The bantling has received a hearty God-speed upon entering its fifth year. On the very evening of the last publication day, which marked the completion of the first lustrum, or Olympiad rather, of its busy little life, we found it our first

pleasant duty (by way of prologue, as it were, to another round of musical reportship,) to attend a concert given to the child—our four-year-old-er, which has been on its feet and practising its parts of speech now long enough to answer for itself. Therefore please understand, dear reader, that it is the bantling itself that speaks, and that the parental editorial "we" is not after all entrapped into any personal self-reference.

The compliment proceeded in the first instance from the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, a society of amateurs, with which from its first formation on the basis of a little college musical club, about the time of our graduation, many of our pleasantest musical experiences and aims have been connected; a society of liberally educated men who have simply sought to elevate the character of music (in a land where it was but a pastime or a trade,) by bringing it somewhat into recognized relations with all serious and true gentlemanly culture, and by inducing possibly our Alma Mater to adopt and honor the divine vagabond and foundling; a Society which, claiming no place among the professors of the Art, (although it does not abandon the hope of counting among its other fruits some day a real live Professor of Music in the University at Cambridge,) has yet exerted not a little influence on the musical growth of this community: for instance, in founding the first musical library; in setting the first example of classical chamber concerts in this city; in initiating and placing beyond a peradventure the movement from which sprang our noble Boston Music Hall; and finally, in first welcoming into the world with its substantial sympathy this very Journal of Music, which it now cheers and encourages again, lest it should faint in the unceasing battle with the prosaic apathy, the open utilitarian hostility, the vulgar glittering counterfeits, the pretentious services of merely speculating and self-seeking allies, all conspiring to strangle the true life of Art in this so prosperous and rapidly expanding nation. Our Journal therefore has almost a filial tie with the Harvard Musical Association, and at the concert on Saturday evening we felt as if these first and best friends of the child had invited themselves there, with gifts in their hands, to celebrate its birth-day.

The compliment proceeded secondly, and equally, from the accomplished artists who so warmly testified their sense of social duty to an organ which with its humble means endeavors to uphold the true ideal of their Art, by furnishing the fine music of the occasion,—as well as from not a few besides of our best artists, vocal, and instrumental, who cordially offered their services to the committee. With great regret these offers had to be declined, in deference to the indispensable unity and limitations of a chamber concert. The will is as good as the deed.—And thirdly, acknowledgments are due also to the large, intelligent and sympathizing audience assembled in the lecture room of the Music Hall that night, drawn, we are sure, as much by interest in the Journal which has been so long a familiar guest in their houses, as by the exquisite music which so well illustrated the artistic spirit which it is our common aspiration to possess and cultivate.

The concert itself was truly one of the most beautiful of the season, and gave general delight. All the selections were of the choicest. We never heard our friends of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB play more finely than they

did in the Allegro and Andante of that delightful Quartet in B flat (No. 3) by Mozart. The Allegro is the most joyful, childlike, genial thing imaginable, and sounded like the most delicate and sure harbinger of Spring, singing, "Why, now comes in the sweet 'o the year." It confirmed all in the best humor, which the Adagio (as — is wont to say) "carried up to ecstasy." The only regret was that we could not have the other movements. MR. KREISSMANN, who in point of true artistic style and feeling is unsurpassed by any singer that we have among us, and who is perhaps our best interpreter of the best types of German song, sang first from Mozart,—not from the *Così fan tutte*, as set down in the programme, but from the *Entführung aus dem Serail*, that beautiful song in which the lover is full of hope and longing on the point of again seeing his mistress. *Gieb, Liebe, mir nun Freuden, und bringe mich zum Ziel*, (Give me, O Love, the long promised joys, and bring me to the goal). On these last words, repeatedly, the voice lifts itself by semitones through long sustained high notes in a manner most expressive of the ardent yearning, and the singer, so far as his voice enabled, did it with the utmost skill and feeling. OTTO DRESEL played but once, but that was a piece and a performance not to be forgotten. With a quintet accompaniment of muted strings, fit mystical background for such delicately dreamy, spiritual confessions of the tone-poet, he played most exquisitely the Romance (Adagio) from the first Concerto of Chopin. He was applauded and recalled most vehemently, but simply bowed acknowledgments, and would not volunteer the little gems of solos which everybody hoped to hear, knowing too well the danger of expanding the first part of a programme till the mind becomes too full, too weary for the last. MRS. J. H. LONG's first selection was most admirable, that best perhaps of the "Soirées Musicales" of Rossini, the barcarole, *La Gita in Gondola*, with the exquisite accompaniment played by Mr. Dresel, and of which we have before spoken as reminding us of the freshness and richness of the music in the opening of "William Tell." For so difficult a piece it was sung remarkably well, but should be heard more than once to be quite appreciated by an audience.

Part II. opened with the Adagio ("God save the Emperor") and variations, from Haydn's 77th Quartet, finely played by the Quintette Club. Then came three of the fresh and original songs of the great song genius of our day, ROBERT FRANZ, admirably sung by Mr. Kreissmann, and accompanied (in these songs as delicate and as essential a matter as the singing) by Mr. Dresel. All three songs were extremely seasonable; all fresh and fragrant with the coming in of Spring: the first a "Welcome to the Woods;" the second, entitled *Im Frühling*, tells how the new songs come with the earth's awakening and bursting its icy chains; the third, *Frühlingsgedränge*, sings the glad wild impulses and sad mysterious longings which revisit the poetic soul when Spring returns. MRS. LONG surpassed herself in rendering the dear old gem of melody, *Porgi amor*, from Mozart's *Figaro*. The whole closed with the richest and grandest thing it would be possible to find in the whole category of instrumental chamber music, the B flat Trio of Beethoven, for piano, violin, and 'cello. MR. TRENKLE played the piano forte in a way that

called forth general enthusiasm, and the brothers FRIES came in for a full share of the applause. With Otto Dresel turning over the leaves for his younger brother pianist, the whole thing had a truly artistic look, and Beethoven again spake to us, and was glorified in a true heart's homage.

The concert seemed as short as it was beautiful. We can only return sincere thanks to all who were so generously concerned in it, and to all who would have been had there been room for them. And we thank them the more that we may thus make this report and this acknowledgment save us the trouble of all other trumpet-blowing that might have been incumbent on us at this beginning of another volume. Let "these presents" signify that the Journal of Music has not failed to win friends and acquire a certain recognized value among music-lovers, even in its day of small things; and may this encourage others to subscribe and read, that it may have the means of doing greater things!

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The second of these orchestral entertainments drew out a crowd worthy of the music, and of the sweetest, sunniest Spring day we have yet had. Indeed nearly every seat in the Music Hall had its contented occupant, and the scene itself, without the music, was well worth the admission price. The Symphony was that charming one of MOZART, in E flat, which ranks only next to the "Jupiter" and the G minor. We know not when we ever have enjoyed a work of Mozart more. It was in perfect harmony with that sunny Spring day. Each of the four movements is unspeakably beautiful, so that we could hardly tell which we liked best; indeed they form an indivisible and perfect whole. The rich, majestic introduction commands and fills the mind at once; you give yourself up in glad, unquestioning faith to a guide who cannot mistake the way of beauty and of inspiration; and the Allegro is a glorious fulfilment of the promise. The Andante breathes the pure ecstasy of love, modulating anon into darker moods and shadowy terrors of the infinite, only to measure the height of so much bliss. It is one of the loveliest of Mozart's slow movements, exquisite in every detail, and leaving a most harmonious and profound impression. The naive, happy little Minuetto, which has recently become so familiar hereabouts in piano arrangements by SATTER and others, was intensely relished; and the Finale, so quaint and Haydn-like in its merry rondo theme, but interrupted by, or rather insensibly yielding to that purely Mozartean sigh of too much happiness, seemed quite as much an inspiration as all the rest. To describe the delicious instrumentation, the manner in which the strings, the reeds, and the sparingly used brass, conspire to perfect clearness and unity with never ceasing variety of utterance, would be to enter again into an analysis of the wonderful art of Mozart, which M. OULIBICHEFF has done for us better than we could do. Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra were remarkably successful in the rendering of every part of it; it evidently took effect upon the general audience; we did not feel our own enjoyment interfered with by the suspicion even of unsympathetic or apathetic presences. We believe a proposition for the repeating of the whole would have commanded a pretty large vote. Gungl's "Dreams on the Ocean" had perhaps more attraction to the younger audience; but he

never dreamed anything so fine as Mozart always lived and realized; indeed we fear his dreams, on the ocean or elsewhere, have been more of dollars than of divine beauty. Yet it was well after a solid symphony and overture to gratify the lighter tastes with Gungl, and the "Brightest Eyes Galop"; and to recall a touch of the dear Italian opera by the Lucia finale for those who find luxury in tears, and the MEYERBEER "Coronation March" for those who delight in pomp and celebration.

But before these various sweet-meats came the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Nothing could sound more utterly unlike the symphony by Mozart. Here was music altogether of another nature; somewhat hard, ungenial perhaps in contrast with the symphony, and yet music of decided power, music that shows imagination, that quickens imagination in the hearer; music in which the modern art of instrumentation is carried to a rare pitch of splendor and effect. Perhaps it was the influence of the Mozart music, but our ears were more sensitive than usual to the screaminess of those high violin passages, and to the jarring roughness of the trombones, and to the too literal pandemonium of the tamborine and cymbals. But we cannot resist the mighty progress of the piece, and the finale is indeed most powerfully worked up. Bating a certain roughness in some parts, the overture was clearly and effectively played, and the applause was hearty and emphatic.

GUSTAV SATTER'S PHILHARMONIC SOIREE'S. The third and last of these soirées filled the spacious room of Messrs. Hallett & Davis to overflowing. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.**
1. Overture: "Coriolanus." Beethoven
For two Grand Pianos.
Messrs. Gustav Satter and B. J. Lang.
 2. Adagio and Finale, Quartette in D. Haydn
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
 3. a "Bachlein, lass dein Hauschen sein" Haertel
b The Bard Slicher
August Kreissmann and Club.
 4. Duo Concertante, Benedict & David
For Piano and Violin.
Messrs. A. Fries and G. Satter.
 5. Andante and Finale, of the Quintette. Mozart
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
- PART II.**
6. Quartette, F Minor. Mendelssohn
Messrs. A. & W. Fries, Ryan, and Satter.
 7. Ronde et Barcarolle "Northstar," Satter
Miss Eliza Josselyn.
 8. a Praise of Song Maurer
b Serenade Marschner
A. Kreissmann and Club.
 9. Overture: "Egmont," Beethoven
For two Grand Pianos
Messrs. Satter and B. J. Lang.
 10. Overture to "William Tell," (by general request,) Rossini
Gustav Satter.

Certainly a very rich programme, but too long. Several items in it might have been retrenched to advantage, both in respect to quantity and unity. The two overtures by BEETHOVEN are two of his best, both intensely dramatic, full of rapid, concentrated fire, the counterparts to one another, yet essentially distinct creations. Nothing have we more longed for some years to hear our orchestras play than the overture to "Coriolanus." It embodies all the fire and spirit of the Shakspearian tragedy, as its companion piece does that of "Egmont." To hear it, to hear both well played upon two grand pianos, was next to the coveted satisfaction. Mr. SATTER and his young friend, Mr. LANG, played them with precision, force and brilliancy, and the effect was quite imposing. The Duo Concertante was on well-known themes from "Oberon," a very ingenious and pleasing variation piece, in which Mr. Satter displayed all his wonderful facility, equality and clearness of finger in the most difficult and liquid

running passages. MENDELSSOHN's piano quartet in F minor produced a great impression; it is a superb work; but some of the strong passages, especially the conclusion of the finale, were brought out with rather too much *furore* by the pianist. Mr. Satter's little Barcarole, &c., (from *L'Etoile du Nord*.) was creditably played by the young lady, whom we take to be his pupil; but considering the length of the programme, it could have been spared.

The contributions of the Quintette Club were of their best. That Adagio and Finale by HAYDN are always a luxury to hear; and those two movements from the Clarinet Quintet of MOZART are luscious as a golden pear. Nothing, however, in the evening gave us a fresher pleasure than the German four-part songs sung by Mr. KREISSMANN and a selection of voices from the Männerchor. The pieces were fine in themselves, and were sung with most admirable blending of parts, and observance of light and shade and all the points of expression. One or two of the voices, especially among the basses, were of quite a rich and refined quality; and the whole was really a model of male four-part singing.

We did not stay to hear the overture to "Tell," of which we had before heard Mr. Satter's wonderful piano-forte reproduction. After the "Egmont" it was too much; we renounced it contentedly, as we did gladly the "National Airs" promised in a note at the bottom of the programme, in answer to the "urgent solicitation of many."

Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, MASS., April 4. I have taken the liberty to send you a programme of choice music performed at a private concert in Worcester last evening. This most agreeable entertainment, generously provided by our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. B. D. ALLEN, assisted by eminent instrumental performers and by vocal talent of a high order, was listened to with undivided attention and even musical appreciation, and the performance as a whole was entirely worthy of so excellent a programme.

- PART I.**
1. Piano-Forte Duet. Sonata in F Mozart.
Allegro di molto.—Andante.—Allegro.
Miss Bacon and B. D. Allen.
 2. Four-Part Songs. Mendelssohn.
(a) O fly with me. (b) The hoar-frost fell. (c) Over the Grave.
Hauptman Club.
 3. Piano-forte. Andante Favori. Beethoven.
B. D. Allen.
 4. Four-Part Song. "Vale of Rest" Mendelssohn.
Hauptman Club.
- PART II.**
5. Piano-Forte and Violin Sonata in G. No. 5. Mozart.
Adagio.—Allegro Molto.—Tema con Variazioni.
Messrs. Burt and B. D. Allen.
 6. Songs. (a) The Summer's Call. (b) The Baby. B. D. Allen.
Miss Fiske.
 7. Piano-Forte. Rondau. Op. 16. Chopin.
Miss Bacon.
 8. Four-Part Songs. Mendelssohn.
(a) Passage of Spring. (b) The Primrose. (c) Festival of Spring.
Hauptman Club.
 9. Piano-Forte Duet. Schubert.
Marche caractéristique. Op. 121. No. 1.
Miss Bacon and B. D. Allen.

The rendering of Mendelssohn's "Four-part Songs," by the Hauptman Club, a private "Sängerbund" of twelve members, three for each part, under the very able direction of Mr. EDWARD HAMILTON of this city, formed one of the most noticeable and novel features of the evening's entertainment. The piano selections from Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin and Schubert, performed by Mr. B. D. ALLEN and Miss BACON, were, as usual, unexceptionable in character and interpretation, and the Violin Solo from Mozart, executed by Mr. BURT, with accompaniment, was highly creditable and pleasing. Without allowing

ourselves any further comment or criticism, may we not hope for "many happy returns?"

W. S. B.

NEW YORK, April 2. I will just mention an interesting affair at which I was present last week, as an item of musical intelligence. Mad. LAGRANGE, MORELLI, and BRIGNOLI sang for the pupils of the Blind Asylum at a private matinée on Thursday afternoon. They did it with a hearty good will and with an obvious interest in the poor unfortunates that was very gratifying. Mad. Lagrange surpassed herself. She sang "*Qui la voce*," her own waltz, a Trio from Verdi's *I Lombardi*, with Morelli and Brignoli, and the *Inflammatus* from the *Stabat Mater*, with the chorus by the pupils, thus showing a variety of styles. Morelli sang the "*Pro peccatis*," also from the *Stabat Mater*, but was hoarse, and Brignoli "*Com e gentil*" and "*La Donna e mobile*," very finely. These pieces were interspersed with choruses by the blind, sung with a correctness and precision that did great credit to their teacher, Mr. LASAR, and among which two or three of Mendelssohn's Quartets were conspicuous. It was altogether a very agreeable occasion, but at the same time deeply touching. Several of the pupils, particularly the boys, could hardly restrain their delight, and will probably long remember their great enjoyment.

Musical Chat-Chat.

OTTO DRESEL's fourth and last Soirée is unavoidably postponed. We misunderstood the nature of the Complimentary Concert which has been tendered to him; it is to be altogether a *private* affair. The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY gave a good performance of "*Moses in Egypt*" before a large audience last Sunday evening. The chorus seats were very full, (the many among singers love to sing this brilliant music as the larger many love to hear it), and both the choruses and accompaniments, under Mr. ZERRAHN's direction, sounded finely. The part of the queen was sung, for the first time, by Mrs. HARWOOD, with a brilliant telling voice, with spirit, and considerable execution, although there is room yet for artistic cultivation. The other solos, quartets, &c., were sustained by Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mrs. HILL, Mr. ARTHURSON, Mr. WETHERBEE, Mr. BALL, and Mr. ADAMS, with their usual ability. It is to be repeated to-morrow evening.

The next Wednesday Afternoon Concert offers an uncommonly fine programme. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, and the overture to *Freyschütz* are good enough for any classicist; Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" scarcely less so; it is as poetic as it is brilliant. The "Zanetta" is among the best of the light overtures, and that "vagabond" Polka ought to "comprehend all vagrants" for whom the rest is too good. The few opportunities still left for hearing this fine orchestra must not slip through our fingers.

A concert is to be given in the Tremont Temple next Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Church of Rev. Mr. GRIMES, the devoted pastor of the colored people in this city. The object is to liquidate a debt of \$4,000 which rests on the church; \$1,000 has been subscribed on condition that the whole shall be raised. Mr. and Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWICHELL, and Mr. J. R. ADAMS will sing, and Mr. B. J. LANG will play upon the piano; the programme is various and popular; the object certainly most worthy.... The concert for the German Benevolent Society, next Saturday evening, offers rare attractions; with the best overtures of Mozart, Weber, and Wagner, and the Andante of the Fifth Symphony, played by Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra; choruses by the German "Orpheus," led by Mr.

KREISSMANN, and solos by Mr. SATTER and Mr. SCHULTZE, it will be as good as one more "Orchestral Concert."

Worse than the "old clothes concerts," which hang their huge bonnet banners upon every wall, "Gift Concerts" still infest the musical atmosphere. One is announced in Portsmouth, N. H., in which Mr. Satter, the pianist, is to play; the gifts range from sleeve buttons to a horse and buggy. A friend, in sending us the programme, says upon the margin: "What a pity that Art's high priests are found serving in menageries!"

Sig. ARDITI's opera, *La Spia*, has run five times, and the season at the Academy was to close last night. Most of the New York critics complain of this cutting short; they agree that *La Spia* has in it the elements of success, and ought to draw for months.... At the third Sunday evening concert of BERGMANN's orchestra, a Symphony by Schumann (new in America), Beethoven's Septet, Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* overture, and an original overture by Mr. Bergmann, which was received with much favor. A march from *Tannhäuser* was encored. Miss BEHREND sang, among other things, the *Ave Maria* of Franz, with orchestral accompaniment.... The New Orleans *Picayune* learns that Signora ELISE OSTINELLI BISCACCANTI has been engaged for next winter at the Italian Opera in Paris.... The German papers in this country contain the call for the next great festival of the "Sängerbund," to be held in Cincinnati on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June next.

Some concerts have taken place in Lawrence, Mass., during the past month, which speak well for the progress of taste. In two of them Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD of this city conducted; overtures were played by a local orchestra, leader Mr. N. FITZ. Other overtures for four hands, among them that to *Egmont*, were played by Messrs. FITZ and G. W. COLBY, of Lowell. Each concert commenced with copious extracts from Handel's oratorio of "Samson," and a goodly variety of songs, glees, piano solos, &c., made out the remainder.

At a Charity Concert, too, given in one of the churches on a Sunday evening, the following was the programme:

1. Fugue for Organ.....Righini.
2. Kyrie, Gloria and Agnus Dei, 7th Mass. . .Mozart.
3. "If with all your hearts," (Elijah)....Mendelssohn.
4. "Where are thy bowers, O Canaan?".....Rossini.
5. Flute Concerto for Organ.....Rink.
6. Offertorium: "O Gloriosa Domina"....Lambillotte.
7. "I know that my Redeemer liveth".....Handel.
8. Kyrie, 1st Mass.....Haydn.
9. Offertorium: "Alma Virgo".....Hummel.

The concert given in London by Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT and her husband in aid of the Nightingale Fund was crowded to excess. The programme contained a mass of good things, solid English measure, to wit:

Part I.—Symphony (G minor). Mozart; hymn for soprano, chorus and organ, "Hear my prayer, O God!" Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, Mendelssohn Bartholdy; air, "Ah me di tanti affanni," Mr. Swift, (*Davidde Penitente*), Mozart; choral fantasia, pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus, pianoforte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Beethoven; the 130th Psalm, and other passages of Scripture paraphrased, for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, Otto Goldschmidt.

Part II.—Overture to Shakespeare's play of the *Tempest*, Benedict: aria and chorus. "Squallida veste e bruna," (*Il Turco in Italia*) Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, Rossini; concertstück, for pianoforte, with orchestra, pianoforte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Weber; trio, for soprano and two flutes (*camp of Silesia*) Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, flutes, Messrs. R. Sidney Pratten and Rémusat, Meyerbeer; part-song, "When the West with Evening glows," Mendelssohn; finale, "Alziam gli evviva" (*Euryanthe*), soprano part by Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, C. M. v Weber; march and chorus, from the *Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven.....Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

We clip the following from the London *Athenæum*:—

We had occasion not long ago, to express our surprise at the few good and real street songs which the American collections display. Yet there is no want of poets and tune-makers in the "Land of Promise": its drawing-rooms seem to be as liberally provided with

namby-pamby as our own; and the art of recommendation has rarely been more sweetly practised, and with more ingenuity, than in the following Advertisement, which caught attention in the columns of the *New York Musical Review*:—

"The 'Juniata Ballads,' by Marion Dix Sullivan—This work is a collection of original Ballads, intended for the use of Schools, and particularly adapted to the wants of little singers. They will be found very interesting and pretty. We give the Author's Preface:—'To my friends of the forest and the mountain, the river, the lake, and the sea-shore—of the poor—of the laboring—and to every child, the 'Juniata Ballads' are affectionately and respectfully dedicated. They are to be sung to the oar, the loom, and the plow—through the forest, over the prairie, and in the small log-cabin by the light of a pine-knot. They are written as they came to the mind of the composer, often unsought and undesired: the melody and the words together. The latter may not be poetical, but they at least harmonize with the former. Most of them commemorate in the mind of the writer some event, or place, or circumstance. 'The Blue Juniata,' [not inserted in this book, as it is not now my property,] was a wave of memory, bearing to my mind the beautiful river, with its voices, its color, and its wild surroundings. 'The Field of Monterey,' [not now in my possession,] commemorates the death of a brave young officer who fell in the streets of that city. 'Lightly on' was written as I riding along in the forest-land of Gen. J. J. Jackson, of Virginia, and its movement is the precise musical step of my brave and beautiful horse, Selim. The song is not now in my possession. Every one which the book contains is now published for the first time. The 'Surf-Song' was composed on the Pavilion Rocks in Gloucester, amid the shouts of the bathers and the coming-in of the flood-tide. The 'Evening Hymn to the Savior' was first written upon a broken shell with a pencil, in a small boat, coming across the harbor of Plymouth, near sunset. If I knew which were the heavy and uninteresting songs in this collection, I would leave them all out; but as I do not, I will trust those to whom it is frankly offered, to do that favor for me, and to their kindness it is cheerfully confided. M. D. S."

The *New Yorker*, a new paper, serves up musical matters in that city in the most original manner. It appreciates Gottschalk with a vengeance:

Of all the soloists, singers, harpists, violinists, flutists, guitarists, violincellists, or pianists, our own *American* pet, GOTTSCHALK, is the greatest rage. The long hidden, modest, unassuming, mysterious Gottschalk. The accomplished gentleman, the ardent student, the for so long a time "poetical myth," of whom vague and curious accounts used to come to our ears, as being a monster with ten fingers on each hand, &c., has appeared among us bodily, and, whether considered as a pianist, musician, linguist, gentleman, or scholar, must hold a rank attained, to equal perfection, only by the favored few in any single one of these various departments.

Let us consider him here as merely a pianist. What is so god-like in any art as perfection? His piano performance is perfection personified. How, therefore can our admiration for him fall much short of worship? O wonderful, electric, fascinating GOTTSCHALK! we can scarcely wonder that the ancients, ignorant of the Christian religion, and the existence and divine attributes of an ever-living God, bowed down to the glory of the Sun and the beauty of the Moon; but if *thou* hadst appeared amongst them, we firmly believe their adoration would have been quickly changed to *thee*, as soon as the dazzling effulgence of thine overpowering superiority began to unfold itself to the wondering gaze and open ears of those benighted nations!

There, let us take breath! Does not that beat all the high-falutin' puffs you ever read? But is the writer really in earnest? we are led to ask by finding in another portion of his article the following:

As to GOTTSCHALK's solos, what more can we say than has been said about this terrific, and yet semi-celestial pianist? As to his compositions, his melodies certainly are built upon a framework of fundamental chords which renders them very much alike, and though each piece of his is a gem alone, yet when two or three of them are played in succession, the idea of something spelt in very much the same way that *sameness* is spelt naturally occurs to one's mind.

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PROGRAMME
OF THE
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AT THE
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1. Symphony: A minor (Scotch).....Mendelssohn.
2. Overture: Zanetta.....Auber.
3. Invitation to the Dance.....Weber.
4. Vagabond Polka.....Gungl.
5. Overture: Der Freyschütz.....Weber.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame de Staël, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER III.

CECILIA.

But it was written in the book of my destiny that I should meet Celio on my way. I reached Cecilia's box, knocked, and some one opened; instead of the sweet and sad face of the cantatrice, I saw the angry visage of the debutant, who received me with a scornful glance and these insolent words: "What do you want, sir?"

"I thought I knocked at Signora Boccaferri's door," answered I; "has she changed her box?"

"No, no, this is it!" cried Cecilia from within. "Come in, Signor Salentini, I am very glad to see you."

I entered; she was changing her costume behind a screen. Celio sat down upon the sofa; without speaking to me, and even without deigning to pay the least attention to my presence, he resumed the conversation where I had interrupted it. To tell the truth, it was rather a monologue than a conversation. He went on with his exclamations and his curses, sending to the devil the dull and stupid pit of Germans, tipplers as cold as their beer, as pale as their coffee. The box-holders were no better used—"I know that I sang badly and acted worse," said he to Boccaferri, as if in reply to a remark she had made before I came in; "but who could be inspired before three rows of diplomatic asses and frightful dowagers? Cursed be the thought that made me choose Vienna for my debut! Nowhere are the women so ugly, the air so close, life so dull, and

men so stupid. Below, brutes freeze you, above, monsters frighten you. There are devils everywhere. I was like my audience, insipid and detestable!"

The naïveté of this tirade reconciled me to Celio. I told him that as an Italian and his countryman, I proclaimed against his sentence, and said I had not listened coldly, but protested against the severity of the public.

At these advances, he raised his head, looked me full in the face and came to me with outstretched hand: "Ah! yes!" said he, "you were in one of the stage boxes, with the Duchess de

— You sustained me, I noticed that; Cecilia Boccaferri, my kind companion, observed it too. That jade of a duchess deserted me too! but you struggled till the last moment. Well, give me your hand; I thank you. It seems that you also are an artist, that you have talent and success. It is a good thing to wish to assure and console the fallen! it will bring you good fortune."

He spoke so quickly, with such a firm accent, and so free a cordiality, that, although shocked by the harsh expression which he applied to the duchess, so lately my love, I could not resist his advances, or remain unmoved by the pressure of his hand. I have always judged people by this sign. A cold hand annoys me, a damp hand disgusts me, a dry pressure irritates me, a hand which only touches the tips of my fingers frightens me; but a hand soft and warm, which knows how to press mine without hurting it, and which does not hesitate to give its whole palm to a manly hand, inspires me with confidence and quick sympathy. Some observers of the human race judge by the expression, some by the shape of the forehead, some by the voice, others by the smile, others by the handwriting, &c. But I believe that the man shines through every detail of his being, and that every action is an index to his character. So that if one has time, all is to be examined; but from the very first, I own that I am won or repulsed by the first shake of the hand.

I sat down by Celio, and strove to console him for his disappointment, in speaking to him of his resources and his sure talents. "Do not flatter me, do not spare me," cried he frankly; "I was bad and deserved a fall; but do not judge me, I beseech you, by this miserable début. I am better than that. Only I am not old enough to be self-possessed in the cold. I need an audience that inspires me; and I found one to-night, that, from the very first, could only tolerate me. I felt wounded and vexed, before the trial; when I came on the stage I was chilled and struck by a gloomy presentiment. Anger is good sometimes, but it must act with the will. Mine was

not sufficiently cooled, neither was it hot enough; and I sank under it. O my poor mother! if you had been there, you would have inspired me by your presence, and I should have been worthy to bear your name! Sleep well, under the cypress, dear saint! This is the first time that I ever rejoiced that your eyes are forever closed upon me!"

A great tear ran down Celio's glowing cheek. This sincerity, this enthusiasm towards his mother, and his expansion before me, effaced all the bad effects of his appearance on the stage. I was softened, and felt that I loved him. Then, in seeing how truly beautiful he was, how thrilling his tones and sympathetic his expression, I forgave the duchess for loving him two days; I could not forgive her for loving him no longer.

It remained for me to find out whether he was loved also by Cecilia Boccaferri. She left her dressing room and sat down between us, taking us both by the hand, and turning to me, she said: "It is the first time that I press your hand, but it is with all my heart. You have come to console my poor Celio, the friend of my childhood, the son of my benefactress, almost my brother. But it is easy for you; I know you are a noble soul, and that true talent possesses kindness and frankness. Listen, Celio," said she, as if struck by a sudden idea; "go and change your costume; it is high time. I have a few words to say to Monsieur Salentini. You will come back after me, so that we can all go home together."

Celio went without hesitation and with perfect confidence. Was he then so sure of her fidelity to him? or was he not Cecilia's lover? And why should he be? Why should I have thought of it, when perhaps they never had?

All this passed quickly and confusedly through my mind. I still held Cecilia's hand in mine; I had kept it there, and she did not seem to dislike it. I questioned the mysterious fibres of that little hand, rather strong, slightly warm, and very calm, while I plunged into the depths of the large and grave eyes of the cantatrice; but a woman's eyes and hands are not so easily read as a man's. My skill in observing and my delicacy of perception have often enlightened or betrayed me according to the sex.

By a very natural movement to draw up her shawl, the Boccaferri withdrew her hand as soon as we were alone, without turning her eyes away from me.

"Monsieur Salentini," said she, "you are attentive to the Duchess de X—, and you were jealous of Celio to-night, but you are so no longer? Am I not right? You see you have no reason to be so."

"I am not sure but that I might have been

jealous of Celio had I been paying my court to the duchess," replied I, drawing near to the Boccaferri; "but I swear to you that I am not jealous, for she is not the woman I love."

Cecilia lowered her eyes, but with an expression of dignity and not uneasiness.

"I do not question your secrets," said she; "I am not so indiscreet. They cannot excite my curiosity; but I speak frankly. I would give my life for Celio. I know that some women of the world are very dangerous, and it has pained me to see him visit some of them. I foresaw that his beauty would be fatal to him, and perhaps his misfortune of-night is the result of intrigue and jealousy. You know the world better than I; I go into it sometimes to sing and observe without seeming to. Well, I saw Celio hissed to-night by people who promised their plaudits this morning, and I believe I understood some little dramas in the boxes near us. I also observed your generosity, and it touched me deeply. Celio, even during his short stay in Vienna, has made enemies. I am not in a position to save him from them; but when I have an opportunity of making and keeping a noble friendship for him, I must not neglect it. Celio did not aspire to please the duchess; that is all I had to say to you, Signor Salentini, and I can affirm that upon my honor, for Celio has no secrets from me, and I questioned him about that before you came in."

Every one knows the figure he makes when he finds the place occupied which he dreamed of conquering. I did my best to hide my disappointment.

"Kind Cecilia," answered I, "I assure you I do not care, and I give Celio permission to be or not to be the lover of the duchess, without changing my sympathy for him in the least, my impartiality as a critic, or my zeal as a friend. Yes, I will be his friend from the bottom of my heart, since he is yours, for you are one of those persons whom I esteem most highly. You understand it so, since you have so frankly told me the secret of your heart, and I thank you for it."

"The secret of my heart!" cried the Boccaferri, with a sincere tone which amazed me. "What secret?"

"Are you then so absorbed as to have told me without knowing it of your love for Celio, or have you already forgotten it?"

Boccaferri began to laugh. I had never seen her laugh before, and a laugh also is a sign to study. Her grave and reserved face seemed hardly made for gaiety, and yet that ray of mirth lit it up with a beauty I did not know to be hers. It was the fresh, harmonious laugh of a kind and merry little girl.

"Yes, yes," said she, "I have been very absent-minded to have talked as I did about Celio, without knowing that you must have supposed me to be in love with him; but what of it? It would be pedantic in me to defend myself, for it must seem very natural to you, and at all events very indifferent to you."

"Very natural, possibly—very indifferent—that too may be possible; but I beg you to explain yourself;" and I caught hold of Cecilia's arm with an involuntary brusquerie which I regretted in a moment, for she looked at me with astonishment, as if I had brushed away a spider or saved her from a burn. So I calmed myself and added: "I long to know if I am enough of a friend to be

confided in, or only so little of a friend that you care not to be known by me."

"Neither the one nor the other," answered she. "If I had such a secret, I must say that I should not confide it to you without knowing you and proving you better; but as I have no such secret, I am willing you should know me as I am. I will explain my devotion to Celio, and first will tell you that Celio has two sisters and a little brother, for whom I would devote myself even more, because they may need a woman's protection more than he. O yes, if I were independent, I would consecrate myself to filling the place of Floriani to her children; for the being that I love with passion and enthusiasm is a name, a departed woman, a holy souvenir, the great and good Lucrezia Floriani!"

The thought crossed me that an hour ago the duchess had charged her fondness to Celio upon an old friendship with his mother. The duchess was thirty years old, like the Boccaferri. The Floriani died at forty, having left the stage some twelve or fourteen years before.—Had these women known her so very much? I do not know why it seemed so improbable to me. I feared lest the name of Floriani served Celio better with women than with the public.

I do not know whether my doubt was visible in my face, or if Cecilia naturally anticipated my objection, for she said without changing: "And yet I never saw her more than five or six times in my life, and our longest intimacy was but a fortnight long, when I was still a child."

She paused; I did not break the silence; I watched her. A doubtful embarrassment came over her, but she soon continued: "It pains me to tell you why my heart is devoted to the worship of this woman, but I presume I shall tell you nothing new. My father, you know, is an excellent man, of ardent, generous soul and superior intelligence—or, perhaps you do not know that; and you only know with the rest of the world, that he has always lived in disorder, carelessness and want. He was too agreeable not to have a great many friends; he made new ones every day, because he pleased, but he never kept any, for he was incorrigible, and their aid could never cure his imprudence or his delusions. The list of those to whom we are indebted would be long indeed; but only one person has a right to our eternal adoration. Only one among the others, one only in the world never wearied of saving us every day, sometimes oftener. Inexhaustible in patience, in forbearance, in understanding and in her generosity, the great Floriani never despised my father, and never humiliated him by her pity or her reproach. Never did these cruel and bitter words escape her lips: 'That poor man had talent, but poverty has degraded him.' No! Floriani said: 'Jacopo Boccaferri may do his best, he can never be anything but a genius!' and it was true; but to see that, one must be his daughter or the great artist Lucrezia."

For twenty years, from the day she first saw him to the day she died, she treated him with the confidence of a friend who never doubts. She knew, at the bottom of her heart, that her gifts would not enrich him, and that every enormous debt which she paid, would lead to others. But she never stopped. My father only had to write her one word, and the money came immediately, and with the money came consolation, the soul's delight, a few lines beautiful and good! I have

kept all those precious notes, like so many relics. The last one said: 'Courage, my friend, *this* time fortune will smile upon your efforts, I am sure. Kiss Cecilia for me, and rely always upon your old friend.'

"Only see what delicacy and knowledge of life! It was the hundredth time she had so spoken. She always encouraged him to begin some new work. It never lasted, and made matters worse; but without that, he would have died in misery, long ago, and now he is alive, and may yet save himself. Yes, yes, Floriani bequeathed me her courage—without her I too might have doubted my father, but I have always faith in him, thanks to her! He is old, but not ruined. His wisdom and pride have lost none of their strength. I cannot make him as rich as a person of his imagination should be, but I can keep him from poverty and depression. He shall not fall; for I am strong!"

She spoke with wonderful zeal, although it was subdued by the calm dignity of her manner.

She was transfigured in my eyes, or rather, she revealed to me those treasures of soul, which I always imagined hers. I took her hand frankly this time and kissed it without reserve.

"You are a noble being," said I to her, "and I am proud of the effort which you have made to confess to me that nobleness which you hide from the world, as others hide the shame of their baseness. Speak on, I beg you; you cannot know the good you do me, to me, who was born to trust and love, but whom the world always saddens and alarms."

"But I have nothing more to say, my friend. Floriani is dead, but she still lives in my heart. Her oldest son is beginning life, and treads the path of his destiny with a venturesome foot. Shall I doubt him? Ah, if he is ambitious, imprudent, even powerless in his art, if he should be mistaken a thousand times and be guilty towards himself, I shall love and serve him like his mother. I can do but a very little, almost nothing; but whatever I am, I am willing it should be the stepping-stone to his glory, since in glory he seeks his happiness. You can see plainly, Signor Salentini, that it is not love I think of. My mind and heart are necessarily serious; I have no time to lose or strength to waste upon my own fancies."

"Ah yes! I understand you," cried I; "yours is a life of sacrifice and devotion! You are not on the stage to please yourself. You do not like the theatre, that is easily seen; you do not aim at success. You disdain glory; you labor for others."

"I work for my father," answered she, "and thanks to Floriani that I can thus work. Without her aid, I should still have been a poor needlewoman, gaining hardly a piece of bread all the day to keep my father from begging through the streets in our dark days. But she once chanced to hear me, and liked my voice. She told me that I might sing in drawing-rooms and even on the stage, in the second parts. She gave me a fine teacher; I did my best. I was no longer young; I was twenty-six years old, and had suffered a great deal; but as I did not aspire to the first rank, I rapidly reached the second. I dreaded the theatre. My father worked there as actor, decorator, and even as prompter, as his fortune rose or fell. I well knew, early in life, that mass of impurity in which no maiden can keep from stain without martyrdom. I hesitated a long time; I gave lessons, and sang in concerts;

but nothing was sure. I needed boldness, and could not intrigue. My patronage, from the first very modest and limited, lessened day by day. Floriani died almost suddenly. I felt that my father had no support but me. I leaped the boundary, conquered my aversion for that contact with the public, which wounds the purity of the soul, and dishonors the sacredness of thought. I have been an actress for three or four years, and shall remain one as long as it pleases God. I tell no one what I suffer by this concealment of my tastes, this wrong done to my best instincts. What good would complaining do? has not every one their burden? I am strong enough to bear mine: I follow my profession with conscience. I love my art. I should not say true, if I did not own that I love it passionately; but I wish I could have cultivated it under other auspices. I was born to play the organ in a convent, and to chant the evening prayer among the deep and mysterious echoes of a cloister. But what difference does it make? Let us talk of myself no longer; it is too much for me!"

Cecilia hastily wiped away a struggling tear, and held out her hand to me in smiling. I was beside myself. My hour had come: I was in love!

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Musical Times.)

Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

PART I.

Prior to the Revolution of 1789, no public musical institution existed in France. The only schools for music then in vogue, were the *maitries*, or chapels (attached, mainly, to the metropolitan churches), in which ten or twelve boys were trained for Divine worship. Received in the chapel at the age of eight or nine years, they left at sixteen or seventeen, the period of change in the male voice. Their musical acquirements were limited to singing and reading at sight, no instrument being taught them, except, perhaps, the organ, occasionally, or some other instrument with which the master of the chapel chanced to be acquainted. As the voice alone was cultivated, these boys devoted themselves for the most part to operatic pursuits. The revolution having monopolized all the funds belonging to the clergy, and closed most of the religious buildings, the chapels, or *maitries*, fell, with the corporations which supported them. And now music, with the other fine arts, seemed sunk in the waves of the revolution. This, however, was not the case.

About the year 1794, there was living in Paris a man whose name was unknown to fame. He was not even a musician; but nature had endowed him with taste and love for music; he was also a friend of learning and belles lettres, had travelled through Germany, and held intercourse with the greatest artists there. Fond of the fine arts generally, as he was, Italy attracted also his attention. He went to Rome, where he found the celebrated Zingarelli, then master of the Pope's chapel. Thence he repaired to Naples, where he met the illustrious and unfortunate Cimarosa. He also examined, with the closest care, the Musical Conservatory of this last-named city, as well as those of Milan and Florence. This man's name was SARETTE, the founder of the French Conservatory of Music.

Not to anticipate, however—on his return to Paris, Sarette found that civil disturbances were not yet settled, and the government being engaged in war with almost all the nations of Europe, it was difficult to see whence the money was to come for the enterprise he now had in view. Sarette, nevertheless, was not easily disheartened. He had frequent interviews with members of the National Convention, before whom he laid his plans, which received their approbation. However, it was not until the year 1795 that the establishment of a National Conservatory of France

was sanctioned by the decree of the Convention. The decree read thus:—That a National Conservatory of Music is about to be founded in the city of Paris, the expenses of which will be paid by the public treasury. The same decree appointed M. Sarette director of the establishment, with a fixed salary, the amount of which at that time I am not able to state. The present director's salary is 6000 francs, (1200 dollars). A building was also purchased in the *Rue du Faubourg Poissonniere*, which still continues to be the locality of the Conservatory. The passer by reads on a large stone over the door, the words:—*Conservatoire National de Musique et de Declamation*. The reason of the word *Declamation* in the inscription will hereafter be given. The Conservatory continued in the same condition until the period of Napoleon's consulship, 1800: at which time he fully developed the institution, regulated the subjects of study, determined the several departments, and enlarged the building. Sarette continued director of the Conservatory till the overthrow of the Empire, in 1814, when he was discharged, and CHERUBINI made director in his stead. Under this great man, the institution now became, and has since remained, the first musical school of the world. But we will now enter upon a detailed account of the interior regulations of the Conservatory, as they exist at the present day.

Though formed after the model of the Italian Conservatories, the Conservatoire of Paris differs very much from these schools. The Italian Conservatories are devoted *mainly* to the cultivation of the voice. Instrumentation may not wholly be excluded, but no great instrumental performer who has graduated from these schools, has been heard, I believe, in Paris, and the orchestras of the Italian theatres are admitted to be the poorest in Europe. Such is not the case in the Conservatory of France; not only particular care is given to the cultivation of the voice, but all instruments, from the violin down to the contrabass, from the flute down to the piccolo, from the sweet, melancholy horn, down to the shrill-sounding trombone, are taught in classes, by the most distinguished practical performers of the capital. Among the professors of singing, the Conservatory will always boast of Ellevion, Garat, Martin, Garcia, Bordogni, Ponchard, Duprez, and Mme. Cinti-Damoreau. In the instrumental department, the memory of the celebrated Baillot and Habeneck will never die. As professors of musical composition, counterpoint, and fugue, who knows not the names of Mehul, Gossec, Lesueur, Berton, Cherubini, Herold, Paer, Reicha, Catel, Fétis, Halevy and Auber? Of all these stars of song, some have disappeared from the heaven of harmony, some shine yet, and charm the world by their melodious strains.

The scheme of the Conservatory is not confined to musical matters. The main object of its founders in appointing classes of singing, and securing for them the most distinguished teachers in that branch of the art, was not to form mere *singers*, but they aimed also at furnishing the French stage with the most accomplished elocutionists, and they created, therefore, classes for the art of *delivery*, called classes of *declamation*. Thus, individuals of both sexes who have followed daily the several branches appertaining to the stage, are either able actors, or accomplished singers. *Fencing* and *dancing* have also been considered as accomplishments necessary for pupils destined to scenical pursuits.

The Conservatory of Paris, as regulated by Cherubini, indeed, is a model of its kind. It is an immutable rule for those who apply for admission as professors, to *compete* for their post. Should a performer of unquestionable talent seek a professorship in some instrumental department, and ask Cherubini to be excused from a *competition*, he would invariably answer:—"Sir, you must compete; I have made the rule, and can't break it." The same course holds with those who want to be admitted into any class whatever. They must submit to the severest examination.

I have stated that the Conservatory was created to impart musical knowledge to the youth of both sexes. But the pupils are not promiscuous-

ly thrust into classes suited to their capacity. Girls are instructed in a separate part of the house, and by female teachers. The boys cannot have any intercourse with them. Good morals demanded the adoption of this measure. Cherubini watched with the utmost care this particular point. If he caught a young man conversing with a girl, or loitering with her about the yards, corridors, or any other parts of the building, he would look at them with a stern and angry face, and give them a severe admonition; if found transgressing a second time, they were sent home, and without any hope for a second admission.

The first department of instruction is the *sol-feggio*, or solmization for the young people of both sexes. They remain in that class two or three years or more, till they are found ready to begin with some instrument, or make their first trials in singing. Most of the pupils in the Conservatory attend this class with the greatest assiduity; they are trained to sing the most difficult exercises written in all keys, moods, and measures, singing them in their original form, and transposing them into all the keys. It is not unusual, in the public competition for prizes which closes the year's studies, to see a pupil transpose extemporaneously an exercise for the piano from one key to another. Those who possess an accurate notion of the instrument, will have an idea of the difficulty of such an attempt. The palm is given to the young performer who accomplishes the task most successfully.

All the students of the piano, both male and female, are obliged to have attended a course of *harmony* for two years. None are received, in any class of the piano, unless they have fulfilled this condition.

The length of study, in *every* department, is *three years*. The pupils who have not been judged worthy of the first or second prize during that period, are obliged to withdraw from the class. Whether their failing be attributed to their negligence, or to their deficiency of ability, they are thought unworthy to remain in the same class. I should say, that, in order to be admitted to any instrumental or singing class whatever, it is not necessary to have learned music in the Conservatory. Whoever has received at home, or elsewhere, a sufficient musical training to undergo the examination required, has a chance for admission.

This admission is anxiously sought, particularly by the middling orders of the people of Paris; who see in it a means to secure a lucrative employment, and sometimes a glorious career for their children. (The Conservatory being supported by government, the instruction is of course given gratuitously.) Hence, to fill the place of a single pupil who has left, numberless applicants come to compete. This is especially the case with the piano, for which very often the choice is between a hundred rivals; who, in view of so many competitors and so strict an examination, have practised their instrument previously; and a place in the piano class is often given to a person who would be considered a consummate performer in a saloon. Hence it happens in many instances, that a pupil gains the first premium the very same year in which he has been admitted.

After the piano, the classes for the violin are the most crowded. These two classes, (piano and violin) have furnished France, and especially the city of Paris, with the most admirable professors and performers of the world. To the violin class thanks must be rendered for those unrivalled *orchestres*, which so marvellously perform the great works of Beethoven, Mozart, and other celebrated masters. One who has never heard the inimitable orchestra of the *Conservatoire*, can hardly boast of having ever heard instrumental music. This is the peculiar glory of the French Conservatory, a glory in which no other institution whatever shares.

Violin performers from the Conservatory earn considerable money both in Paris and the provinces. Piano players, although shut out from orchestras, have abundant occupation, on account of the popularity of the instrument. The violoncello and contrabass classes of the Conservatory have not so many applicants, and yet they produce a good number of able performers. The

classes for wind and brass instruments are also not very numerous attended, as persons who play at all on these instruments, find it easy to secure good situations for themselves in orchestras, or ball and military bands. As teachers they would hardly be able to secure a livelihood for themselves and families. Therefore, instruction on these instruments is hardly to be found, out of the Conservatory.

Every quarter the pupils of each department have to submit to an examination. There recurs a circumstance to me in which I myself was concerned, and which may serve to illustrate, somewhat, the character of Cherubini. The pupils in Reicha's department of counterpoint were being examined, and the examiners were Lesueur, Berton, and Cherubini himself: for he considered it a duty to be present at all examinations. The pupils of the class were twelve in number, including myself. Lesueur and Berton had read through my exercises without making an observation. I considered them irreproachable. But I was greatly mistaken. Cherubini took my exercises and ran through them in the twinkling of an eye. I observed that he frowned at a certain point. After he had finished the exercise, which was a four-part fugue with 8vo counterpoint, he placed it before him, crossed his arms over his breast, and turning to me slowly, said: "Well, Sir, did you really learn harmony?"—"I believe so, Sir," I replied (a little nettled at the insinuation). "Take your exercise Sir," resumed Cherubini, "and look at the seventh measure of the last staff of your work." I took the manuscript and looked at the point indicated. "Sir," answered I, "I look, but can see no mistake in it." Lesueur, Berton, Reicha, and all the others present had their eyes bent on me, increasing my confusion and rendering it impossible for me to discover the mistake which had caught the eye of Cherubini. "As you are unable to discover your own blunders," said he, "give me the exercise again." But, at that very instant I perceived that there was indeed a hidden fifth (*quinte cachée*) between soprano and alto. "Excuse me, Sir," I remarked; "another time I will try to be more cautious." Cherubini smiled, turned his eyes to another side, and the examination went on.

This little incident will give some slight idea of the scholastic severity, and the keen perception of the great contrapuntist.

SCHUBERT AND MENDELSSOHN.—No one can fail to recognize a good deal of truth in the following contrast drawn between the two most admired German composers after Beethoven, by the *Musical Review*.

While yet Mozart and Haydn were scarcely dead, and Beethoven was in his full power of genius, there lived in Vienna, the very place where all this musical grandeur and splendor was displayed, a young man of the name of FRANZ SCHUBERT. He composed songs, trios, quartets, symphonies, some of them as good as anything which has been written, without, however, eliciting much praise from the public. He composed for his own pleasure, and for that of his friends; lived mostly in his miserable lodging or in some wine-cellar, and passed by as unnoticed as a second or third-rate music-teacher in our own city would do. He lived a poor, miserable, neglected life for some thirty years. His death was like his life—a modest death, known, noticed only by the few, and regretted only by the few.

Some few years later, when Germany, in a general dearth of genius and talent, lived only in its former musical grandeur, a young man started up in Berlin, who was suddenly proclaimed as the lawful inheritor of the powers of the golden classical epoch of music. Born of rich parents, surrounded from his childhood by eminent literary men, educated with the utmost care, and endowed besides with a very good ear, very good memory, fine taste and talent, the young man of the name of MENDELSSOHN very soon made his way even beyond the boundaries of his native country. His works were performed, praised, and largely paid for. Being himself in an eminent social position, he very soon attained a musical one in Leipzig, as conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts, and held for a long time artistic supremacy in Germany as well as in England. When he died, his fame was universal and his funeral a stately one, attended with

all that pomp which is called forth on such occasions. Now, supposing Mendelssohn had lived at the time of Mozart and Beethoven, in the same miserable circumstances as poor Schubert, and the latter had occupied his cradle in Berlin, what would have been the present fate of both? Would we have Mendelssohn, and no Schubert, Festivals?

We thought of this, when we heard, at Messrs. Mason and Bergmann's Matinée, first the trio of Schubert, and then the quintet of Mendelssohn; and having said this, our criticism upon both men and their works is said. Schubert had not the neat miniature details of Mendelssohn; he is often careless, but he has grand ideas; almost every measure is fresh and original; and as to modulations and knowledge of the carrying out his ideas, he stands nearer to Beethoven than any body else, Schumann perhaps excepted. The lives and fate of both men is a very curious subject, which has not yet been treated sufficiently.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Two new operas have been exciting some interest. The first, by SCRIBE and AUVER, was produced at the Opera Comique in the last week in February. The correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* thus describes it:

Its title is *Manon Lescaut*—it might just as well have been anything else, for M. Scribe never more abused the license of the dramatist than when he gave the title of the Abbé Provost's immortal story to this new comedy-opera. It is really curious to see how M. Scribe has contrived his plot. Manon is a young country seamstress, rich in beauty and youth, who has come up to Paris to get work, and soon forms a friendship with another grisette, who has a lover who is merely discounting his future happiness, which will be duly honored by the law and religion when the "good time" comes. Manon discounts the love of the Chevalier Desgrieux, and at once engages him (who has little fortune) to sell his last jewel for 690 livres that they may enjoy a merry dinner. Manon's youth and beauty have tangled the eyes of a colonel, who posts a boor (who happens to be a cousin of Manon) to keep him acquainted with Manon's proceedings. While Manon and Desgrieux are dining, this boor goes to a neighboring "hell" and loses all his money; he returns and borrows all Manon has, and she has Desgrieux's purse, so that when "Rabelais quarter of an hour" comes, neither can pay for the dinner, whereupon they are grossly insulted and menaced with the gaol. Manon takes a guitar, and singing on the boulevard, soon gathers a good deal of money; after paying her debt she goes after Desgrieux, and finds that he has enlisted in the regiment of the colonel who is in love with her. His misconduct soon places him under arrest, and she goes to crave the colonel's pardon for him. The colonel gives his consent very willingly, but he insists on one condition—which Manon cannot accept. She next hears that Desgrieux has broken from his prison after soundly beating his gaolers, and consequently has incurred capital punishment. She again appeals to the colonel, who consents to pardon Desgrieux, provided Manon promises never to see the latter again, and sup with him, the colonel. She consents, and the colonel is called out. Desgrieux appears; he reproaches Manon for her infidelity; she justifies herself by avowing unabated love and engaging him to eat the colonel's supper. They have scarcely commenced the attack on the supper when the colonel reappears. There is a duel between him and Desgrieux, in which he falls, and as he dies he tears up the engagement of Desgrieux, which releases the latter from the army. But Manon is instantly arrested for robbery (she is innocent, her cousin being the culprit) and is condemned to transportation. We see her in the third act in Louisiana. Desgrieux immediately rejoins her; he spends his last louis to fee the gaoler to allow them to meet; they escape from gaol and wander from bayou to bayou until they fall exhausted; as she is dying, messengers come to announce that her innocence is recognized, and that she is freed from prison.

This opera was interesting—apart from the very great attention paid to every production from MM. Scribe and Auber—as being the piece in which Mme. MARIE CABEL appeared there. This songstress has long been the idol of the Théâtre Lyrique, but a good many persons thought she would not be very successful at the Opera Comique. These were mistaken. She is perhaps the most charming and brilliant comedy opera songstress in Paris. M. Auber was never younger, gayer, clearer, more elegant than in this piece.

The other is "The Siege of Florence," by the great contrabassist, Sig. BOTTESINI, in whose doings our readers will of course be interested. The *Musical World* (London) says of it:

The scene of *L'Assedio di Firenze* is laid in the beginning of the 16th century. The reader of Italian

history will remember the siege of Florence, which commenced in October, 1529, and lasted for eleven months, during which the inhabitants suffered all the tortures of prolonged famine. It is related that more than twenty thousand citizens and soldiers perished in that time. An episode in the history of the siege has furnished the story of the opera. The youthful Ludovico Martelli, on the side of the Republic, sent a challenge to Giovanni Bandini, in the army of the Emperor, Charles V. Bandini accepted the challenge. The combatants met, with two seconds, in presence of the Florentine and Imperial armies, and fought, the seconds engaging at the same time. The second of Martelli, named Dante di Castiglione, slew his opponent; but Martelli was so seriously wounded by Bandini, that he was forced to yield himself vanquished, and died shortly afterwards. The records of the period hinted that patriotism alone was not the cause of the duel, and that there was a lady in the case. It was this hint which inspired the poet, or rather the romancist. The lady was Maria di Ricci, wife of Signor Nicolo Beninetti. M. CORGI, the reputed author of the libretto, merely altered the original book, which was written at New York, by M. MARETTA, who took his story from *L'Assedio di Firenze*, a romance by F. D. Guerrazzi. The librettist has interpolated the character of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who figures largely in the poem.

While differences of opinion exist as to the special merits of the music, all agree in proclaiming Signor Bottesini a thoroughly accomplished musician, and his opera a very able work. The choruses are universally praised for their vigor and character; and the orchestration for its richness and variety. A chorus of women in the first act has been particularly noticed for its grace and elegance, and is by some considered the capital *morceau* of the opera. A *cavatina* for Michael Angelo in the second act also produced a great effect. A scene in the third act, where Bandini and Ludovico meet Maria in presence of Michael Angelo, and sing a quartet, is said to recall the second finale of *Lucia*. Signor Bottesini, however, has not availed himself of Donizetti's ideas, but has treated the situation in a novel manner, and with dramatic power. This scene was greatly applauded. The opening chorus of this act, more especially the *ritournelle*, is said to be beautiful. The fourth and last act—as is too often the case in modern opera—is described as not so suggestive in situations, nor so rich in musical illustrations. The final scene, where Ludovico enters wounded and dies on the stage, again reminds some critics of the last scene of *Lucia*. Here, however, the musician appears once more to have displayed originality in his manner of treating the subject, and has nothing in common with his predecessor.

The reception accorded to the new opera must have been flattering to the composer. The execution was entrusted to Mme. PENCO (Maria), Signors MARIO (Ludovico Martelli), GRAZIANI (Bandini), and ANGELINI (Michael Angelo). Mme. Penco sang delightfully, and Signors Graziani and Angelini acquitted themselves in their parts with excellent effect. As for Mario—a first performance being nothing more than a rehearsal—little need be said. He was not himself—he never is entirely himself on a first night. The public should wait until the second, third, or fourth. Mario, in all probability, will then be *himself*—that is something beyond comparison. The directors have spared no expense in the scenic decorations and dresses. The "getting up" of the *Assedio di Firenze* indeed, is praised by all the authorities as splendid and complete.

M. AMANDI has appeared at the Grand Opera as Robert in *Robert le Diable*. His voice and singing are praised, but his acting criticized. The change in the direction of the Théâtre Lyrique has at last taken place. M. Carvalho has been nominated in lieu of M. Pellegrin. A new opera, in one act, called *En venant de Pointoise*, has been produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, and introduced Mlle. CLAIRE COURTOISE. Both piece and artist were successful.

M. Calzado, determined that the "Italiens" should wind up the season with *éclat*, engaged Mme. GRISI for six performances. Mme. Grisi had not been heard in Paris since 1848, when her first part was Semiramide (Alboni making her *début* on the Parisian stage as Arsace). The opera on Monday week was again *Semiramide*, with Mme. Borghi-Mamo as Arsace, and Signor Everardi as Assur. Mme. Grisi carried away all the enthusiasm, and was recalled several times in the course of the evening. It was as Semiramide that, twenty-three years ago, she made her *début* before a Parisian audience, and as Semiramide that, nine years ago, she appeared on the opening night of the unfortunate Royal Italian Opera—April 6, 1847. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should regard it with something approaching to superstition as a lucky part. She has since appeared twice in *Norma*.

London.

The destruction of the Covent Garden Theatre has made the chances of Italian Opera this season somewhat doubtful. Mr. Gye had engaged all his singers, but there are difficulties in the way of his going either to Her Majesty's Theatre, or to Drury Lane; besides,

the latter is too small for such expensive opera as the London fashionables have been used to have. There may be a chance for Lumley. Gye, having made all his engagements, must "play or pay," or both. All he wants is a house. There may now be a chance to see how far Opera is a genuine passion with the English; let it now show its recuperative vitality, if it be more than fashion....JENNY and OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT are to perform both in the Old and the New Philharmonic concerts. ERNST is to accompany them on a provincial tour of some six weeks....Mr. G. A. MACFARREN has composed a new concert overture, entitled *Hamlet*....Mr. ELIA is delivering lectures on Melody, Harmony and Counterpoint to crowded audiences at the London Institution....Sig. PICCO, the famous player on the "Tibia Pastorale," or common whistle, has created a *furore* at the Hanover Square rooms. He played *Costa Diva*, the "Carnival of Venice," the *Andante* by Ernst, with variations of his own, &c. He was accompanied in his pieces by the band of the Orchestral Union....Of Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT's new Psalm, performed at the late "Nightingale Fund Concert," the *Musical World* says:

It not only shows the knowledge but the feeling of a musician. It consists of an introduction for the orchestra; a *soprano* air of plaintive character—"From the deep I cry;" a chorus upon Luther's *corale*, "Aus tiefer Noth;" an instrumental interlude; a chorus (female voices)—"See all the lilies," which is charmingly melodious; a very effective duet for *soprano* and tenor—"From thee are grace and mercy sought;" a chorus (male voices)—"Then let thy soul await;" a graceful *arioso* for *soprano*—"Though all the night;" and a grand chorus, well developed—"Then in the Lord hope." The instrumentation is good throughout. We cannot, however, judge of such a work (and it is a work of pretension) at a single hearing, and we are much mistaken if Herr Goldschmidt's Psalm does not merit another. It was generally well executed, under the composer's own direction, by the band and chorus. The *soprano* part was perfection; no wonder, it was Mme. Goldschmidt who sang it; and Mr. Swift took great pains in his duet with the accomplished Swede. The end was followed by great applause.

The election of a Cambridge Professor of Music in the place of the late Dr. T. A. WALMISLEY, took place on the 4th ult. in the School of Arts. WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT was the successful candidate, having received 173 votes. Dr. Elvey had 24, Mr. C. G. Horsley 21, and the others were scattered among nearly forty candidates. This professorship, to which no salary is attached, was founded in 1684. The late Professor Walmisley was elected in 1836....The University and town of Oxford were greatly excited by the public performance of an exercise for the doctor's degree in music, composed by Mr. E. G. MONK, precentor and musical professor of St. Peter's College, Radley. There were nearly 4,000 persons present. The work consists of Gray's poem of "The Bard," which forms the subject of an Ode for solo, chorus and orchestra, of about an hour in length.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 16.—DEAR DWIGHT:—It is from no want of will, and just as little from any lack of material, that week after week has gone by, and now Spring has come, and yet you have had no musical reports from Berlin. Other causes have operated to break off so entirely my former frequent correspondence; and whether I shall now make out a few notes upon a fortnight spent in Dresden and Leipzig last month—we will see to-morrow. I like to go to Dresden and Leipzig—at the one place I find good pictures, pleasant walks and occasionally a good opera, and at the latter more or less good fellows digging into the mysteries of harmony and composition, who give me as much pianoforte music as I can well carry off, and take me to the *Abend Unterhaltungen* of the Conservatorium, or introduce me to the professors.

I like to go to Dresden dearly, and deposite my travelling bag in chamber No. 3, of *Das Kleine Rauchhaus*, a nice comfortable little German inn, where the

guest-chamber, the dining-room, the sitting-room and parlor of the family are all one and the same apartment. Everything is neat as wax and white-wash can make it. The great broad passage-way, which leads from the street to the little court in the centre of the house, is as nicely kept as the front entry of an American dwelling, though it is paved with stone, and carriages and carts pass in and out. I should really like to know how many centuries that two-story building, with its high peaked roof pierced with rows of little windows like port-holes, has stood there, looking over across to its more pre-tending but less respectable neighbor. No shingle palace that!

I have been several times to Dresden, and after the train reaches the Elbe and is running along the low plain between the vine-covered hills and the river, I begin to think of my inn. I imagine the madame and the master of the house welcoming me and making me at home, and wonder whether I shall get No. 3, with its two casement windows sunk in the thick wall—and have other wonderings and vain imaginations. The train stops, I take my bag and jump into the first droschky, and away we go through the gate, by the Japanese palace with its library and casts of antiques, through the narrow street which leads to the guard house and bridge; over the long stone bridge from which I get such exquisite views up and down the river and of the city beyond; across the square, with the theatre, picture gallery and Catholic Church on the right, the Brühlische Terrace on the left; through the arched way under the palace,—up the street along the market place to Scheffel Gasse, down which the driver turns and soon the *kellner*, or head waiter and book-keeper of *Das Kleine Rauchhaus*, is running out to open the droschky door and welcome me.

I follow him into the dining-room, and Madame, though her name be *Sauermann* (Sour-man) welcomes me most sweetly. "How have I been? Has it gone well with me since I was there last? Shall I honor them with a good long stay this time?" and so on. And Herr Sauermann, a tall, thin, dark looking man, smiles sweetly and kindly and shakes hands heartily—and the dark-eyed daughter of sixteen, or thereabouts, smiles a welcome, and the son looks up from his mathematical book that he is studying in the corner, and greets me—and I go marching up stairs to my room half believing that they are glad to see me and not the guest. Now all these things make one feel good—and give him more contentment in the little *Rauch* (Smoke) *haus* than he would get in the Astor or Tremont. When dinner is all away and the room cleared up, the mistress of the cooking department, whom I take to be a sister of madame, comes in with her knitting, and spying me on the sofa, also bids me welcome. And so would the pretty chambermaid have done, but alas! she is away and an ugly middle-aged woman is in her place, which is not satisfactory.

This last stay at "the Little Smokinghouse" was just three days, as we reckon time at American hotels, and my bill, including servant's fees, fire, lights and everything, was four thalers, 16½ new groschen—less than \$3.50. Satisfactory!

One of these three days was Sunday, and Dresden has two churches which a musically disposed American must visit—the old one, near the new picture gallery, where SCHNEIDER plays the organ and where Mr. Mason (see his musical letters) heard such magnificent congregational singing, and the Catholic Church—the church of the court. Owing to some mistake in the hour, I lost the long extemporaneous voluntary with which Schneider is said to open the service at the former church, and which I have heard described as something most wonderful. You know SCHNEIDER of Dresden, and HAUPT of Berlin, are now the two great organists. The first time I was in Dresden, April 1851, I went up to

the upper gallery of this old church and heard a choral come swelling up from I suppose a thousand voices below. It was one with which the people were familiar, and the effect was such upon me as Mr. Mason describes it to have been upon him in the same place some months later. But this morning (Feb. 17) was cold, windy and raw, and the people were shivery—the choral was one which seemed not generally known, and the organ went on ahead dragging everybody along by a chain of half a dozen measures of notes after it. Such a distressing confusion, such utter absence of anything like musical feeling, expression or effect I have seldom heard; such intolerable nasal, snuffling, wheezy, impure, cracked, brassy, tinny, wooden voices I hardly ever heard. It was unbearable, and after the third stanza I left the church to its fate. I for one do not possess enough of religious principle to ever make me willing to take up such a cross Sabbath after Sabbath.

John Murray's red-covered hand-book, speaking of the Catholic Church, says "the music in this church is celebrated all over Germany. It is under the superintendence of the director of the opera, who merely transfers his band from the orchestra to the organ loft, * * * no stranger should miss hearing it." So everybody who has Murray goes to hear the mass, and comes away saying "splendid! magnificent!" if he is an American, and "very nice! very clever!" if he is from John Bull's island. Now I have been there repeatedly, and the impressions of 1851 have been but confirmed by subsequent hearings. The music I understand to be directed by REISSIGER, and I am told that the operatic orchestra supplies the instruments, the operatic chorus the basses and tenors, but the sopranos and altos are boys. Now unless the music sung be properly adapted to boys' voices, and the want of power in their young organs be supplied by numbers, and if they are obliged to exert themselves to be heard above an orchestra, the result is universally that the soprano sounds impure, screechy and boyish. This has always impressed me as being the case here in Dresden. The Domchor at Berlin always sing *alla capella* (without accompaniment.) The small Domchor in Breslau, of which I wrote last year, sing to a gentle organ accompaniment or *alla capella*. Here at Dresden the attempt is made to use boys' voices like those of women, in fully accompanied compositions; and this seems to me out of place, at all events the effect of the voices is to me not very good.

But, suppose in all this I am mistaken, in another point upon which the music must depend almost entirely for its effect, I mean the musical composition as such, I am not mistaken, and that is that the church is built so in utter defiance of all the laws of acoustics, that there is hardly a point to be found in the building where a man can pick out even with painful attention the thread of a composer's idea. Suppose the choir is to reply to the priest at the altar in the *Gloria in Excelsis*. You hear a confused blast from trumpets, and the roll of drums, and the 'gl' of the word *gloria*—followed by roaring of tones echoed from all quarters, made up of inarticulate 'orias'—and then by an explosion of the sibilants in the word *excelsis*. You sit for a minute or two, in uproar and confusion worse confounded, and then the sound dies away in faint echoes, and the *gloria* is ended. It is utterly abominable. And it is the fashion to praise up the Dresden court music, and so every traveller, who does not know one tune from another, tells you: "Ah, if you wish to hear church music, go to Dresden!" I appeal to all the young musicians in Boston who have been to Dresden, if this statement is exaggerated. If they say it is, I can only reply that tastes vary.

I am afraid you will think that I was in Dresden this time in quite the disposition of Smellungus, im-

mortalized by Sterne. By no means. On the other hand, I was in an excellent mood, and yet I was sadly disappointed in the NET, and in TICHATSCHKE, at the opera. During my stay there was one performance, and the piece was MEYERBEER'S "North Star." The whole thing was beautifully put upon the stage, the orchestra, chorus and ballet fine, and MITTERWURZER, the first bass, with TICHATSCHKE, first tenor, I thought, on the whole, better than the corresponding singers at Berlin. The bass is fine, but as I said, the tenor, celebrated as he is, rather disappointed me. So did Frau BUERDE-NET.—Though rather too fleshy, she looks very well, and her fine expressive face is very pleasing. I like her all the better for not being very tall—it is in pleasing contrast to our WAGNER and KOESTER. The voice is a delicious, pure, full soprano, but now getting a little worn. I noticed here and there false notes, though a blemish of this sort occasionally, in a long opera, is of little importance. The tenor struck me on this once hearing as being of the pure PERELLI sort, but stronger than that voice, which I remember with such delight in *Stabat Mater*!

Have you had the story of the "North Star" in the Journal? I suppose so, but do not remember. The first act is in Wiborg in Finland, and in this, Peter of Russia, under the guise of a carpenter, becomes acquainted with a confectioner, Danilowitz, and a girl named Catharine.

Peter and the girl fall in love, and she urges him to high ambition, not knowing who he is, as I understood it. A fine scene in this act is one in which she practices upon the superstition of a horde of Tartars, and delivers the village from plunder. The second act is in the Russian camp, on the boundary of Finland. Catharine appears here as a soldier, and happens to be placed as sentinel by a tent into which Peter and Danilowitz enter, have a drunken bout, and make love to a couple of girls. Catharine, for a time, has no idea that her Peter is there, but the voice strikes her, and peeping into the tent, she is shocked and amazed at what she beholds. The conduct of Peter is too much for her, she neglects her sentinel's duty, and is found by the corporal listening to what is going on. Of course the corporal cannot allow that, and finally gets a box on the ear, for which she incurs the penalties of disobedience and insulting behavior to her superior.

Peter is roused from his drunkenness and made sober by news of insurrection among his own soldiers, and of the approach of enemies. He rushes out among his troops, and promises to deliver Peter into their hands if they will only follow him and fight for the defence of Russia. He reasons with them, but they utter nothing but threats and the determination to spill Peter's blood. At last they inquire who this man is.

"Who am I? The Czar!—strike!" of course—for this is always a matter of course in these European operas—the divinity that "doth hedge a king," dazzles all, and down they go, kneel to him, and now will give their lives for him. (It is a curious thing to trace how the *jure divino* and the fine porcelain manufacture of kings and the nobility is taught here on the stage.)

The third act is in Peter's palace, and Catharine is here crazy. Her restoration to reason is brought about, as in Weigl's "Swiss Family," by surrounding her with recollections of former days; for which end a great picture of Wiborg is hung up, behind which a multitude of the people of that village, brought hither for the purpose, sing the chorus in the first act, and Peter plays a flute solo that he used to play to her. So all ends happily. Peter gets Catharine in a much more romantic manner than history says he did, and the confectioner becomes the ancestor of the present Menchikoffs, just as history says he did.

It is a military subject, and much of the music is military and capital good.

I liked the opera much. There is a good deal of the comic in it, and some quite touching points. The music is exceedingly well adapted to the subject, and some of the best of the peculiar effects of Meyerbeer's skill in the vocal and instrumental combinations are to be heard in it.

I enjoyed it much. I wish that it might even be given in our country, with such an orchestra and chorus, and such attention to scenic effects. If all I read and hear about the new Boston Theatre is true, I may yet have that pleasure. What is to hinder the translation of this work (by some one capable of it) and its production, with all its pleasant spoken dialogue, upon our stage? The spoken parts are as pleasant to me, in such an opera, as are the prose scenes which break the stately march of SHAKESPEARE'S noble verse.

A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 12, 1856.

Superlatives.

To judge from the newspaper musical notices from all parts of the land, which fall under the eye of one in our position, there is no country on the globe which at the present moment possesses so many transcendent and inimitable artists as our own. Whoever is not great in one city has only to announce himself in another to become greatest of the great. Thus OLE BULL is now in the South-west; a Memphis paper tells its readers that:

"Like a standard book which has passed the ordeal of criticism, and takes its place among the sources of thought and culture, this great, and, at the present day, *unrivalled* artist has elevated himself above the reach of analogy or comparison, and consequently sets the critics at bay."

Such extravagance of eulogy is the common staple of musical criticism in the amiable and independent press of these United States; nor is it limited to parts remote from the more musical centres. The other day we cited a specimen of New York ravings about GOTTSCHALK. If a man have real titles to distinction, as he has, they are sadly compromised by such superlatives. So too, not long since, appeared in the New York *Express*, a parallel of two superlatives, GOTTSCHALK and WILLIAM MASON, which the *Musical Review* copied as a rare specimen of sound, discriminating criticism, "far removed from ordinary puffs," and which ended with declaring: "Gottschalk is the jeweller, Mason the Gothic architect. It is a comparison of the art of Cellini to that of Angelo." Rather a tall comparison that!—to say nothing of the originality of the connection indicated between Michael Angelo and Gothic architecture! The New York *Musical World* offsets this with a biography of GUSTAV SATTER, the certainly very highly accomplished pianist now residing here in Boston, but of whom it is either too early or too late to say: "He is *the very model of an artist*,—ever inspired, whilst performing; a true friend of all that is beautiful and good, and an *unrelenting foe to all humbug*;"—that he "plays everything, from Bach down to Liszt and himself, with the same perfection, never abandoning the charm of nature for the clownish tricks of modern virtuosos," &c. &c. Now we are sorry to say that it has been just the yielding to these same virtuosos tricks, which has disappointed those

who at first found so much to admire in this young artist's talent. What becomes of "the honor" of those "wreaths and flowers" at the Musical Convention Concerts, when it is known that it was by variations upon "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," &c., that they were won! What shall we say to that "Anvil Chorus" fantasia which we heard him play the other night? and how does the "unrelenting hostility to humbug" comport with the announcement to play at a lottery "Gift Concert" in New Hampshire! We may pardon these mistakes to early youth, amid the bewildering influences of such a world of trade and humbug; but until they are repented of and put away, let us not talk about the "very model of an artist," and a "true priest of Art." The tone of the whole article indeed would seem to convey the impression that here has another young Mozart been born in Germany, to be neglected there, and first appreciated here. Mr. Satter may well pray to be delivered from his friends who write him up in that style!

We have purposely selected our examples from the wholesale eulogies of men who are in some sense superior artists. Give each his due. But this ready way of placing each upon the pinnacle of his profession, in order to say a kind thing, is demoralizing and destructive to all true criticism, as it is insulting to the taste and sober judgment of the musical world proper. Such things belong to the mere flaming show-bill order of literature; and as in the modern style of announcing new books, especially novels, the advertisement is more ingenious and startling, if it be not even longer than the book itself. If every singer, violinist or pianist, who is in any way remarkable, cannot be pronounced so without at the same time intimating that he beats all the world; if this is done too even in journals which are musical authorities, who can wonder that all classes of pretenders, down to musicians of no science and no gift at all, should come in for their share of such cheap spoils, and keep the newspapers all ringing with their praises, as the prime secret of success!

CONCERTS.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—"Moses in Egypt" does not draw the overflowing audiences it has done in past years, yet it was a large company who listened in the Music Hall last Sunday evening. And they had abundant reason to be pleased with the performance. The solo singers all did their best and the whole thing went off with spirit. The impression of Mrs. HARWOOD'S fine, clear, equal, noble voice grew upon us. It was refreshing from the first, and in the latter more pathetic portions of her rôle (that of the Queen), she sang with such expression and sustained power as gave great present pleasure and inspired rare hopes.—The piece was repeated, to a smaller audience we understand, on Thursday (Fast) evening.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS. On Wednesday the Music Hall was crowded, and MENDELSSOHN'S "Scotch" Symphony, as it is called, the one in A minor and the best, was played remarkably well. The "Invitation to the Dance" too, by WEBER, for so difficult a piece of instrumentation, and so rapid a movement, scarcely admitting of perfect unity and cleanness in any but the original form for the piano, was made quite effective

and seemed very generally relished. With our orchestra the overture to *Freyschütz* never fails. The lighter pieces were as good as usual. The Afternoon Concerts seem now in the full tide of success.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE; Descriptive, Critical, Humorous, Biographical Philosophical, and Poetical. By SAMUEL GILMAN, D. D.

Such is the title of an elegantly printed volume of between five and six hundred pages, just published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co. It contains some of the best fruits of the literary leisure of a highly cultivated, genial, Unitarian clergyman, who, educated in and loving New England, has for many years been settled in Charleston, South Carolina. It is enough here to say that Dr. Gilman is the author of the "Memoir of a New England Village Choir," a charming little book, for some time out of print, which those who have read in any of the three editions through which it has passed, (it was composed in 1828,) will rejoice to meet again in a collection of other good things from the same source. Those who never read it, have yet to know one of the most true and charming sketches of New England village life at the beginning of this century, that have been produced. So far as it is the history merely of the troubles and dissensions of a choir, the picture is almost as true of this day as of that. Indeed, these little worlds of rustic, unskilled singers of mere psalmody reflect in little nearly all the strifes and jealousies and changing fortunes of great operatic troupes. The book is worth possessing, if for this alone. But besides this it is full of various interest. The graver papers, such as those on Brown's metaphysical writings, the reciprocal influence of national literatures, &c., will command the attention of thinkers. The literary criticisms are of value. The humorous sketches are exquisite. A genial, humane, Christian spirit, a tone of true, refined culture, quick perceptions and sympathies, a rare grace and sincerity of style and easy, masterly command of language, are perceived throughout. A few graceful poems, mostly occasional, complete the volume, among which it is pleasant to recognise "Fair Harvard!" the verses sung at the centennial celebration at Cambridge in 1836. But it is in the sketches of New England life that we find the most peculiar charm. These must live among the most genuine and national products of our literature. Better even than the "Village Choir" is the "Rev. Stephen Peabody and Lady," a sketch of a New Hampshire pastor living at the close of the last century. Take as a specimen this about "Sir Peabody's" musical endowments:

His musical powers and habits were extraordinary, and he almost revelled through life in an atmosphere of sweet sounds of his own creating. On rainy days, when unlikely to be disturbed by capacious or narrow-minded visitors, he would take out his golden-toned violin from a little closet, and draw from its strings the richest and most bewitching notes, a sweet and serene half-smile all the time playing over his lip and cheek and eye. His voice was of vast compass, and exquisitely flexible. He was at home in every part in music. When there was no choir in the meeting-house, he led the singing himself; and when there was one, he supplied the deficient parts, rolling out a mellow and deep-toned bass, or warbling with his treble or counter over the whole concert, like an animated mocking-bird. He sang on week-days at his work, and sometimes talked aloud to himself most agreeably. He would sing on his rides about the town, or when travelling in his chaise, alone or accompanied, by night or by day; and all the solitudes and echoes of that region have many a time rung with his loud and melodious voice. He was most fond of sacred music, but did not disdain a scrap now and then of secular. He would sing you, in perfect taste, with graceful gesture and a happy look, either sitting or standing, various extracts from the delightful old anthems of Arne or Purcell, or from the oratorios of Handel. Coming home from public worship, if a favorite tune had

just been sung there, he would repeat it over and over as he entered the house, stopping you in a companionable way, looking you smilingly in the face, and asking if it was not beautiful. He would, except on Sunday mornings, awaken the whole household of sleepers at sunrise, or as soon as he had made the fires, by singing up and down stairs, "The bright, rosy morning peeps over the hills," "The hounds are all out," or some other hunting-song equally stirring. He would take into his lap a little round, favorite dog, and, commanding it to sing with him, he would begin by roaring some tune aloud, the dog immediately joining in with a louder and responsive roar. The only inconvenience from this practice was that the dog one Sabbath followed his master unperceived to the meeting-house, and up to the platform of the pulpit-stairs, and too zealously practised there the musical lessons which he had been taught at home. On some warm summer afternoon, when all the windows of the house were open, and one of his young boarders, far up in the garret at his studies, might happen, for variety's sake, to burst out in some cherished tune or strain, such, for instance, as old St. Anne's, his venerable friend, in the lower story, awaking from his transitory nap, would fall in with his mellifluous bass, and so would they sing for a long time together, until, looking out of their respective windows, they would smile upon each other, as who should say, "Were there ever two better friends than we?"

Musical Chat-Chat.

There has been a very large sale of tickets to the Orchestral Concert in aid of the German Benevolent Society, to be given at the Music Hall this evening, and the programme (see last page) is really a rich one.... The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY concluded their season on Friday evening of last week, by a musical entertainment before an invited audience in Mercantile Hall. Selections from "St. Paul," and other good things were sung. (What a pity that this Society has not found an opportunity to let the public hear "St. Paul" entire this season!) The first part closed with the presentation on the part of the members of a silver pitcher and salver to their retiring president, Gen. B. F. EDMANDS.... At the Boston Theatre Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is shortly to be produced, with splendid scenery, &c., and with MENDELSSOHN's overture and intermezzi; but the vocal music, it is said, will be by Purcell, Arne, Bishop, Mr. Comer, the conductor of the orchestra, &c. Why mix these up with Mendelssohn? Why not his music throughout, so as to make one artistic whole of it?

Our excellent friend the "Diarist," in other words our Berlin correspondent, "A. W. T." is probably by this time on his way home from Germany, and we shall soon have leaves "From my Diary" at home. His visit will be brief, however; its chief object being the benefit of a sea-voyage to a brain long over-taxed and health run down. Before the summer is spent he will return again, true to his long and faithfully pursued purpose of mastering all the materials in Germany for that "Life of Beethoven" which has occupied so many of the best years of his life, and which we are happy to hear is fast approaching its completion. It will no doubt be a work of which we may be proud, as of that other American monument to the great master, the statue in our Boston Music Hall. By the way, our friend brings with him some hundred or two complete sets of the Piano Sonatas of Beethoven, (thirty-two Sonatas in all,) which he can furnish to subscribers here at about half the price of the cheapest editions we have hitherto known. It is said to be a neat and correct edition. We shall be happy to receive the names of any who may desire to possess a set, at the very low price of six dollars. In more ways than one is our friend destined to be a promulgator of Beethoven upon this side of the ocean.

The *Musical Review* takes quite good-naturedly our remarks about its "Prize Songs." It admits

that there may be some truth in our suspicion that that the best song will not win the prize, and even adds: "It is a fact that decidedly the most meritorious song of the eight has thus far the least votes of all!" but intends, after the prizes are awarded, to dispute our proposition that Art is not benefited by the enterprise. Well, let us have all that can be said for it—and for the eight songs also.

Mr. HENRY AHNER, with an orchestra which he has organized into a permanent society, is giving concerts every Saturday afternoon in Providence, R. I.... At the last concert of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society, on the 1st inst., the main attraction was the appearance of the new American Opera Troupe, in which Miss HENRIETTE BEHREND is the prima donna; Mr. HARRISON MILLARD, the tenor; and Mr. BORRANI, (late of the PYNE troupe,) the baritone. They met with much favor.

The Italian Opera at New York closed on Monday evening with an extra performance of *Don Giovanni*; Mme. LAGRANGE was Donna Anna, Miss HENSLEE, Elvira, and Mme. BERTUCCA-MARETZKE, Zerlina. It does not appear what is to be done with the Academy of Music, whether the singers are to scatter or re-organize. There is some talk of Mme. Lagrange turning *impresario*; also of her going back to Europe; also of a tour to be made by the troupe to the Lake cities. It is only certain that, as hitherto managed, opera at the Academy is a losing business. In their short flight to Philadelphia and Boston alone money was made. Why should not the whole troupe come here and give us our usual Spring season? But if they do, why can they not give us something new? Say the *Nozze di Figaro*, or at least "William Tell," of which the novelty has not yet been worn off for us?

The Lyons papers tell a very good story. The bedchambers of two wealthy gentlemen, who belong to different social circles, are adjacent, and, as is usual nowadays, thin partitions divided them. One spends all his nights at his club-house never returning home before half-past 5 o'clock in the morning. His neighbor rises at 6 and sits down at once to his piano, which he does not quit until dinner. The former complained to the commissary of police, who laughed in his face, and told him to keep better hours. As he had a lease for six years he could not change his apartment. He thought of sending a challenge to his neighbor; his neighbor was paralyzed in the lower limbs. He had his walls lined with thick hair-matresses, still the "sharps" penetrated into his room. He made his servant play the French horn—his neighbor had him fined by the police: the French horn cannot be played except during the *jours gras*. He made his servant take a hammer and rap against the wall—his neighbor waited until he was tired, and then began to play. He then bought a large hand organ which was sadly out of tune, and ordered a turn-spit which would turn eight days without being wound up, and which he had fitted to the organ. The turn-spit was put in motion, after it and the organ had been placed next the chamber wall. The piano-player bore the organ for nineteen hours; at the end of the time he sent a letter of truce; he was told the club-haunter had gone out of town and wouldn't be back for a week. The pianist sold his lease.... the organ is still going!

Advertisements.

PROGRAMME OF THE FOURTH AFTERNOON CONCERT, AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL, Wednesday, April 16th, 1856.

Symphony No. 6..... Haydn.
Overture: 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Mendelssohn.
Waltz: 'Magic Sounds,'..... Wittman.
Aria from 'Ernani,'..... Verdi.
Horn obligato by M. TROISI.
Allegretto from Eighth Symphony,..... Beethoven.
Overture: 'Semiramide,'..... Rossini.

Concert to commence at 3½ o'clock.—Package of six tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$1. Single tickets 25 cents.
The Fifth Concert will be given Wednesday, April 23d.

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PROGRAMME.**PART I.**

- 1—Overture to the "Freischütz,".....C. M. von Weber.
- 2—Chorus: "The Young Musicians,".....Kücken.
By the German Singing Club.
- 3—Fantasia on themes from "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser"
Mr. Gustav Satter.
- 4—Chorus: "The Bard,".....Silcher.
German Singing Club.
- 5—Andante of the Fifth Symphony,.....Beethoven.

PART II.

- 1—Overture to the "Magic Flute,".....Mozart.
- 2—Chorus: "Mine,".....Härtel.
German Singing Club.
- 3—Solo for Violin: "Sounds from Home,".....Styrian Air.
Mr. Wm. Schultz.
- 4—"Chorus of Scotch Bards,".....Reiter.
German Singing Club.
- 5—Overture to "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubrion, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER IV.

A STROLL.

She had risen to go, and drew her large shawl over her shoulders. She was badly dressed, shockingly dressed, like a poor tired-out actress, who hurries to throw off her stage costume, and joyfully envelopes herself in a large and warm dressing gown to go home on foot. She had a rusty black veil on her head, large shoes on her feet, for the weather was rainy. She hid her pretty hands (how minutely I recall that detail!) in coarse and ugly knit gloves. She was very pale, perhaps a little sallow, as I had observed she became when she removed the ashes which covered the glow of her soul. Probably she would have seemed homely rather than beautiful at that moment to any other person.

Well, I found her, for the first time in my life, the most beautiful woman I had ever looked upon, and I am sure that she really was so. That mixture of despair and firmness, of disgust and courage, that utter sacrifice in so energetic a nature, and consequently so capable of tasting life with fulness, that deep flame, that saddened memory, veiled by a smile of naïve sweetness, made her shine in my eyes with strange radiance. She stood before me like the soft light of a little lamp just lit in a vast church. First it is only a spark in the darkness, and then, as the flame grows, it becomes clearer and the eye grows accustomed to it, and the objects about it are gradually illumined. Every detail is distinct, while

the general effect loses none of its clearness, none of its sad severity. At first one cannot walk in the twilight without stumbling, but afterwards one may read by the cathedral lamp, and the images in the church become slightly colored and wave before you like living beings. The picture grows upon you every second, like a strange sense, perfected, satisfied and idealized by the gentle influence of a light which is pure, steadfast and serene.

This metaphor, so long to relate, flashed through my thoughts in an instant. Painter as I am, I saw the symbol with my imagination, as I beheld the woman with the eyes of sense. I rushed towards her, threw my arms about her neck, and cried out like a madman:

"*Fiat lux!* let us love each other, and there will be light!"

But either she understood me not or did not hear my vain words, for she was listening to the sound of voices in the next box.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" said she, "my father is quarreling with Celio. Let us go and interrupt them. My father has just left the café, and is very much excited, and Celio is ill-disposed to listen to a discourse upon the emptiness of glory. Come, my friend."

She seized me by the arm and ran to Celio's box. A long time passed before I had another chance to confess my love to her.

The old Boccaferri was half undressed and half drunk, as he always was when he was not entirely so. Celio, washing his face with *pâte de concombre*, was stamping furiously.

"Yes," said Boccaferri, "I will repeat it, even if you strangle me. It is your own fault; you were *bad*, shockingly *bad*. I knew you were bad enough, but I really did not think you could be quite as *bad* as you were to-night."

"Don't I know that I was *bad*, *bad* drunkard that you are?" cried Celio, rolling up his napkin to throw at the old man; but seeing Cecilia, he stopped this dramatic gesture, and the napkin fell at our feet. "Cecilia," began he, "deliver me from your plague of a father. The old fool is giving me a last kick, and if he does not stop, I shall throw him out of the window."

Celio's violence partook so strongly of the low actor that I was shocked; but the peaceable Cecilia seemed neither surprised nor astonished. Like a salamander, accustomed to walk through the flames, like a sailor familiar with tempests, she glided between the combatants, took their hands, and forced them to join them, saying:

"And yet you love each other so much! If my father is beside himself to-night, it is grief which makes him so. If Celio is unkind, it is because he has been unfortunate, but he knows

well enough that it is his own misfortune which makes a fool of his old friend."

Boccaferri threw himself upon Celio's neck, and, pressing him in his arms: "Heaven knows," cried he, "that I love you almost as much as I do my own daughter;" and he began to weep. His tears came both from his heart and from the bottle. Celio shrugged his shoulders in embracing him.

"It is only because," continued the old man, "I wanted to place you, your mother, your sisters, and your little brother, in the highest heaven, with a glory, a crown of lightning round your brows, like the old gods; and now you have made a *fiasco horrible* for not consulting me."

He talked nonsense for a few minutes, and then his ideas grew clearer as he spoke. He said excellent things upon the love of art, upon the personality, misunderstood, which injures that of talent. He called that the *personality of the person*. He expressed himself at first in rude, obscure and strange terms, but as he talked his drunkenness passed off, and he became wonderfully clear, and even found agreeable expressions which made the stubborn Celio accept his criticisms. He really said about the same things which I had said to the duchess; I mean that he conveyed the same ideas, but differently and much better expressed. I saw that he thought like me, or rather that I thought like him, and that he summed up my own thoughts before me. I had never before paid any attention to the old man's words, his negligence had so disgusted me; but I saw that night that he had intelligence, subtlety, and great knowledge of the philosophy of art, and at times he used words which a man of genius would not have disclaimed.

Celio listened sulkily, defending himself badly, and showing, with the generous naïveté so peculiar to him, that he was convinced in spite of himself.

The hour was passing away; they were putting out the lights in the passages, and were about fastening the doors of the theatre. Boccaferri was at home everywhere. With that admirable indifference which is a *grâce d'état* for the dissipated, he would have slept on the boards or talked until daylight without thinking of the fatigue of others any more than his own. Cecilia took his arm to lead him away, said good-night to us in the street, and I was left alone with Celio, who, too much excited to sleep, asked to walk home with me.

"When I think," exclaimed he, "that I was invited to sup at ten different houses to-night, and now none of my acquaintances seek me to console me! No one is troubled about me, no one regrets my absence, and I have not

had one friend who has fairly sought me, for I was in Cecilia's box, and not finding me in my own, they did not care to inquire if I was not on the other side of the partition. Across that accursed partition I heard words which should make me reflect: 'What! already gone? he must be in despair!' 'Poor fellow! upon my word, I am going off. I will leave my card for him. I am rather glad I did not find him,' &c. So did my sweet and faithful friends talk together, and I kept quiet, delighted to hear them go away. And your duchess, who was going to send her companion for me in her carriage—I did not even have the chance to refuse her tea. You like that duchess, hey? You are wrong; she is a shameless woman. Only wait for a *fiasco* in your art, and you will tell another story. From the first I saw she measured every one by her standard, and that to be in her favor one must carry his certificate of great man in his hand."

"I do not know," answered I, "whether it is spite or habit which makes you cynical, Celio, but you are so, and it is a fault in you. Where is the use of such bitter language? I could not even call a woman shameless of whom I had a right to complain. Now, as I have not that right, and am not in the least in love with the duchess, I beg you to speak coldly and politely of her in my presence; you will do me a favor, and I shall think better of you."

"Listen, Salentini," answered Celio quickly; "you are prudent and you manœuvre through the world like many others. I do not think you are right; at least it is not my way. One must be frank to be strong, and I wish to be that at any price. If you are not a lover of the duchess, it is only because you do not wish it, for, for my part, I know I might have been, had I desired it. I know how she spoke of you at the first flattering word which I addressed to her, (and I assure you I only did it out of sheer curiosity, for my own amusement.) I was looking at a pretty sketch which you had made of her, and which she had hung, richly framed, in her boudoir. I thought the portrait flattered, and told her so, plainly, without her contradicting it, intimating that such a noble interpretation of her beauty could only have been rendered by love."

"Speak lower," said she, with a mysterious air. "I have a great deal of trouble in managing that man." Just then the bell rang. "Ah, good heavens!" said she, "perhaps that is he forcing my door. Let us leave this room; I do not wish to make any enemy for you at your *début*."

"Yes, yes," answered I, ironically, "you are so kind to me that you would make him happy to save me from his hatred."

"She thought it a declaration, and, stopping on the threshold of her boudoir, she said:

"What are you saying? If you fear nothing for yourself, I only dread the ennui he will give me. But let him come, let him be angry—here will we stay."

"Was not that charming, Monsieur Salentini? I awaited my success or my failure. If you will come with me, we will laugh at her. Come, will you?"

"No, Celio; I do not wish to persist with women; above all, coquettes do not deserve the trouble. The bitterness of spite flatters instead of mortifies them. My vengeance, if vengeance I seek, shall be henceforth the greatest indifference of mind and manner towards her."

"Well, you are better than I. To be sure, you have not been hissed to-night, which is a very hurtful thing I assure you, and jars one's nerves horribly; but you seem to bring me calm. Do not be hurt by the word; a spirit which calms is often one which rules, and perhaps calm is one of the greatest forces of nature."

"It is the producing force," said I. "Agitation is the storm which disturbs and overthrows."

"As you will," said he; "there is a time for all—everything has its uses. Perhaps the union of two such opposite natures as yours and mine may make a complete force. I wish to become your friend. I feel the need of you, for you know that I am selfish, and shall undertake nothing without asking how I shall be affected by it; but it is only in the moral and intellectual that I seek profit. In material things I am almost as careless as old Boccaferri, who would be one of the first of men if man was not the last of the races. He was right to-night, and I was wrong not to bear his insolence just now. He told the truth. I failed because I was below myself. Upon that I agreed with him; I did not do my best, and lacked inspiration, because I have gone all wrong until now. A healthy, well balanced talent can always find inspiration. Mine is unhealthy, and I must cure it. So I shall follow his advice and not listen to yours, which was prompted by politeness. I shall not make a second trial without invigorating myself. I ought to be beyond these sudden failures, and hence I must consider differently the philosophy of my art. I must return to my mother's lessons, which I have neglected to follow, but which are written in sacred characters upon my memory. To-night old Boccaferri talked like her, and the peaceable Cecilia, that cold artist, who neither praises nor blames what surrounds her, yes, my old Cecilia, slipped in, like the *point d'orgue* in her father's theories, two or three words which made a deep impression upon me, although I pretended not to hear."

"Why do you call her old Cecilia, my dear Celio? She is only a few years older than you and I."

"O, that is only a way I have, a habit of my childhood, a term of fondness, if you will. I call her '*mon vieux fer*.' It is a nickname taken from her surname, and it does not offend her. She has always been old beyond her years, sad, thoughtful and considerate. When I was a child I used to play with her sometimes in the corridors of old palaces; she always gave up to me, which made me think her as old as my nurse, although she was then a pretty girl. We have only become intimate since my mother's death, or rather since she entered the theatre, and after I had left the nest where I was sheltered with so much love. I have learned a great deal of the world in two years. I was backward in experience, and eager to gain it; I quickly found it. The eager desire which I had of trying life alone first diverted my thoughts from my great grief; for I had a mother whose like no other man has seen. She bore me in her heart, her thought, and in her arms even, without remembering my age; neither did I remember it, I was so happy thus; but when she sought the skies, I longed to wander, to build and possess on the earth. I am already weary and my hands are empty. Now I really feel that I have no mother; now I weep and mourn for her in the loneliness of my heart, and still in this frightful solitude, heart-rending to one so used to the exclusive, passionate love of a mother, there is one

who still does me good, and near whom I breathe freely—Cecilia Boccaferri. Listen, Salentini—I will tell you something which may astonish you, but weigh it well and you will comprehend it. I do not like women, nay, I detest them, and I am very ugly with them. I shall only except one, Cecilia, for she alone resembles my mother somewhat—resembles her whose perfection makes others hateful to me. Do you understand that?"

"Perfectly, Celio. Your mother lived only for you, and you became used to the society of a woman who loved you more than herself. Ah! you do not know, Celio, to whom you speak and what different tortures that name of mother awakens in my heart. The more my childhood has differed from yours, the better can I understand you, O spoiled child, insolent and handsome as good fortune! As long as your boyish inexperience lasted, you believed that woman was an ideal of devotion, and that the love of woman was man's highest good; in short, you thought that woman was made to serve us, to adore us, to protect us, and guard us from danger, evil, trouble, and even ennui, did you not?"

"Yes, yes, it was so," cried Celio, stopping and turning his eyes upward. "The love of a woman, in my idea, was the bright and trembling light of a star, which never pales nor fades. My mother loved me as a star pours out the fertilizing light. Near her, I was a living plant, a flower as pure as the dew with which she nourished me. I had not a single evil thought, not a doubt, not a desire. I did not care to live a separate life, when life might have wearied me; and yet she suffered; she died, worn out by a secret grief, and I, wretch that I was, did not perceive it. If I questioned her, she reassured me by her answers—I believed in her smiles. One morning I held her lifeless in my arms. I bore her home, thinking she had fainted. She was dead, dead! and I was clasping her corpse."

Celio sat down on the parapet of a bridge which we were just then crossing. A cry of despair and terror came from him, as if a ghost had passed before his eyes. I saw well that the poor child did not know how to bear trouble. I feared lest this awakened remembrance, embittered by his recent misfortune, might be too violent for him, and I took his arm and led him gently away.

"You can understand," said he, taking up the thread of his ideas as we walked on, "how and why I am egotistical. I cannot be otherwise; and you can see too how I became full of hatred and anger as soon as I sought love and friendship among my fellows. I was jarred and wounded by selfishness like my own. The women whom I have met (and I begin to think all are alike) only love themselves, or if they like us a little, it is for their own sake, because we satisfy their vanity or their passion. When we are of no use to them, they trample upon us and cast us aside; and do you want me to respect those ambitious, sensual creatures, who tell me that I am handsome and may have a glorious future? Oh, my mother would have loved me had I been a hunchback and an idiot; but the others! Just trust in them once, Salentini, and you will see."

"My dear Celio, you are right in general; but for the sake of possible exceptions, you should not curse all. I, who have never been indulged, never even been loved, hope still and expect always—"

"No one has ever loved you? Then you had no mother, or yours was worth no more than other women. Poor boy! Then you must have been alone with yourself, and that must be such a terrible *tête-à-tête*! Ah, Salentini, I wish I were loving, that I might love you. It must be such happiness to make others happy!"

"What a strange soul you are, Celio! I do not yet understand you, but I desire to know you, for it seems to me that, in spite of your contradictions and your inconsistency, in spite of your pretensions to hatred, selfishness, and harshness, there is in you something of that soul which showered its treasures upon you."

"Something of my mother? I cannot think so. She was so humble in her greatness, incomparable soul, that she always feared to destroy my personality in substituting her own. She developed the feelings I showed to her; she took me as I was, without dreaming that I could ever do wrong. Ah, that is loving, and not so do other women love us—agree with me."

"How is it that, understanding so well the greatness and beauty of devotion and love, you do not feel it living or budding in your own soul?"

"And you, Salentini," answered he, stopping me quickly, "what do you bear and cherish in your soul? Is it devotion to others? No, it is devotion to self, for you are an artist. Be sincere; I am not one of those who are satisfied with sounding words, vulgarly called the humbug of sentiment."

"You make me tremble, Celio," said I to him, "by so cold an examination; you will make me doubt myself. Leave me till to-morrow to answer you, for I am here at my door, and I fear lest you are fatigued. Where do you live, and at what time do you shake off the poppies of sleep?"

"Sleep! Another humbug!" answered he. "I am always awake. Come for me to breakfast as soon as you like. Here is my card."

He lit his cigar by mine and walked away.

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Musical Times.)

Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

PART II.

In the regular order of the public examination, the piano-class comes next. The boys are first tested. It is not unusual to find among these young lads some of twelve or fifteen years, who have already attained a proficiency which full-grown men might envy. After the boys come the girls, who are far from affording the audience the same degree of musical gratification, although they are, oftentimes, not wanting in talent. But you seek in vain for that fulness of sound and that boldness of touch in their playing, which is so captivating to the ear. Nevertheless from other causes, they are welcomed with more enthusiastic applause and hurrahs: in which it is easy to see that the French spectator pays his usual tribute to some fine pair of eyes or rosy cheeks; and the fair owner never fails to avail herself of whatever advantages she may possess, by which to awaken enthusiasm, and elicit the favors of applauding hands.

The composers whose works were used at examinations during my connection with the Conservatory, were Hummel and Herz: now, Thalberg's works are *à la mode*. Clementi, Cramer, and Dussek, who, as composers, were superior to all the fashionable piano-writers of the present day, are quite forgotten as too *easy*, now that both performers and hearers aim only at *tours de force*.

The two most distinguished professors of the piano in the *Conservatoire*, have been Louis

Adam—now dead, and father to the present composer, Adolph Adam—and Zimmermann, equally distinguished as contrapuntist and pianist, who died last year. Louis Adam presided over the female class, and Zimmermann the male. On the death of Adam, his professorship was solicited and obtained by Herz; he soon resigned, however, having yielded to the attraction of American and Californian dollars: similarly attracted, he would, no doubt, have re-crossed the Pacific again and visited Australia, had the Australian mines been discovered at the time of his tour.

But we now pass on to the singers, who come next in order. The vocal classes are the last examined, and are the most interesting as regards the professors who have them in charge. The public here meet with names they have often greeted upon the great stage of the capital. These names I have already mentioned on a previous page. To name them is to praise them—they are their own best commendation. The reader will easily conceive that such men impart to their pupils some of their own *prestige*. It would be difficult to express the degree of attention and sympathy which is given to these young singers, especially the female ones. Here the young ladies possess an unquestionable superiority over the young men. Some of them, even in the Conservatory, enjoy a considerable degree of fame, and are crowned with the first laurels of their class. Such pupils are, of course, destined for the great stage of the metropolis, the Grand Opera. On the day of their *début*, the house is thronged with multitudes of spectators. The examination consists in the performance of an aria, with recitatives, selected from the operas of the most celebrated masters, particularly Italian, with accompaniment of piano. The pupils of the vocal department having performed their several tasks, the general examination closes.

After the competitions in each of the classes have thus been heard, the jury, or committee, deliberate "on the spot," and then mention the names of those who have been deemed worthy of the first and second premiums. In the violin and violoncello class, the first premium is a corresponding instrument: that is, either a violin or violoncello, obtained from some of the very best makers of Paris, such as Lupot, Gaud, Thibault, and Willaume. The instrument bears upon it the name of the successful competitor, with these words: "The National Conservatory of Paris to the pupil, 18—." The only award to the second competitor is the proclamation of his name. If I remember rightly, a flute is also given to the best pupil on that instrument. To the successful piano competitor, a selection of the best piano-music is awarded. A piano-forte has been deemed too costly a premium for the Conservatory, which has otherwise such heavy expenses to sustain. To the best singer a musical *score*, richly bound, is presented. The second best singer has merely his name proclaimed.

I must remark, however, that these prizes mentioned, are not *presented* at the time when the names of the successful competitors are announced: another public and ceremonious occasion is ordered for this. Immediately after the examination, a vacation commences, which lasts till the first Monday in October. At this time a great festival is arranged by the director, and publicly announced in the Parisian journals. It takes place on the day preceding the term which commences another year, and that is, on a Sunday evening. All the pupils are called upon to exert their talents to grace the occasion; and, now, the successful competitors for the first prizes are again listened to, and then receive the final award of their genius. In addition to this performance, a theatrical entertainment is furnished, consisting of an *opera comique* in three acts, sometimes, however, only in one act, and occasionally a single act of an Italian opera is performed. This beautiful festival, to which the most brilliant society in Paris is bidden, under the *monarchy* was presided over by the Minister of the Royal House, and sometimes by the Minister of the Interior. I remember to have seen Marshall Count of Lauriston presiding, who was, at the time, minister of Louis XVIII. He made the pupils and professors a

most flattering and eulogistic address, which created not only among them, but the spectators present, the warmest enthusiasm. It is by such acts as these that a government promotes the progress of ART, and makes a nation greater than by the bloody battle-field and the shock of arms.

I have thus far said nothing about the class which is most worthy of mention—a class which has furnished France with distinguished artists, and which has raised the Conservatory to a proud distinction; I mean the class of Musical Composition. This is quite distinct from the classes of harmony, counterpoint, and fugue, which have their separate teachers. I will also here state, that there are, in the Conservatory, three *Examiners*. In connection with the directors, the examiners form the High Council of the Conservatory, by which are examined, quarterly, the pupils in fugue and counterpoint. The examiners are selected from the ranks of the very best French composers, and are members of the Legion of Honor and of the Institute of France. Their only duty (beside that of examining the pupils just mentioned), is the teaching of musical composition. Each examiner has two or three pupils under his care, to whom he gives three lectures a week. He is not subject to the rules of the Conservatory, as the professors are, but instructs his pupils at home, and at any time most convenient for himself. His system of instruction is thorough and rigid to extremity; and the progress of the pupils is correspondingly certain and satisfactory.

After studying three years under these illustriously and conscientiously severe masters, the pupils come to competition for the *grand prize*. Three successive trials are had,—1st. An exercise in Counterpoint. 2d. A Fugue. 3rd. A Musical Composition, with an orchestral accompaniment. The third piece, till within the last three years, had been an *aria*, preceded by a *recitative*; but it has been enlarged, and is now a drama, in one act. I heard that, a few years ago a drama, called *Sappho*, which had gained for its author, M. Gounod, the *grand prize*, was brought out with success at the Grand Opera in Paris.

Previous to the competition for the *grand prize*, which takes place in the large Hall of the Institute of France, each pupil is for three days locked in a room; writing materials being furnished him, also necessary food. During this time, he is allowed to have no intercourse with anybody; and should he violate this rule, he would be expelled, with disgrace, from the class of competitors. And why is he thus locked up? and what does he do in his solitary room? He there composes his third piece with orchestral accompaniment; and he is thus locked up that it shall not be possible for him to gain any aid from friends or books, but that he must, in those three days, produce the composition out of his own head. The exercises on fugue and counterpoint are handed in before the competitors are locked up. When a pupil has finished his composition, he selects some device and writes it carefully on one corner of his score, as a mark by which his production shall be distinguished from all the rest. He then carefully signs, folds up, and seals his score, and then it is handed to the director of the Conservatory. The director examines every device, that he may know to whom each score belongs, and then removes the signature; so that the judges determine the merits of a composition without knowing who is its author; and thus is even the *suspicion* of partiality avoided. Let me now relate how the decision is given on this important matter.

The music section of the Institute of France, consisting of five members, all first-rate composers, meet upon an appointed day, in the Hall of the Institute. A piano has been carried there, and able artists summoned. Each composition is performed in presence of these equitable and incorruptible judges, and each of them drops his vote into a bag, giving, at the same time, his motives of praise and blame. After every piece has been thus performed and judged, the votes on each work are compared and verified, and the *grand prize* is awarded. The decision is made known publicly by the papers. All that I have described

takes place in August, in which month also the general examination comes off. But that is not the end. The composition to which the *grand prize* has been adjudged will be honored with a public execution. In October all the sections of the Institute of France meet publicly; and in that illustrious assembly, before an immense concourse, to which the first artists and the orchestra of the Grand Opera, with their great leader, Habeneck, have been called—in such a place, I say, the happy young Laureat enjoys with rapture a performance, which, alas! will perhaps be the last for him.

Napoleon was the founder of this *grand prize*. He had remarked that in every other branch of the fine arts, painting, sculpture, architecture, &c., a premium was granted to the pupil who produced the best work; and that music, by some unexplainable, and in his view unjustifiable, reason, was made an exception. He resolved at once to place music on the same footing in this respect with her sister arts, and to this end he founded the *grand prize*.

Great advantages were, and are still, attached to the gaining of the *grand prize*. The pupil who wins such a distinction, is maintained during three years at the expense of the government: he is sent to Italy, to stay one year in Rome, where he makes himself acquainted with the musical resources, performances, and models, which the art can afford an artist in that city. The second year he visits Naples, Milan, and Florence, where every facility is given him for holding intercourse with such celebrated masters and singers as he can meet with there. The third year he is allowed to visit Germany. This closes his tour, and he is ordered back to France. Another privilege which was invaluable under Napoleon, belongs still to the young musician crowned with the *grand prize*. He was exempt from enrollment in the army. This shows the high degree of esteem Napoleon entertained for the art of music, of which he was exceedingly fond. There is no better proof of this than his restoration of the Chapel of Music in the Chateau of the Tuileries. He loaded with presents and regards Lesueur, his Chapel Master; he summoned from Italy to France the celebrated Paisiello, to whom he gave a high salary taken from his private treasury; the composer Paër accompanied him in all foreign expeditions, to compose masses and *te Deums* to celebrate the victories gained by his armies over the enemies of France. No other sovereign ever did so much for the arts in general, and music in particular.

[To be continued.]

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 17. To go on with my visit to Dresden and Leipzig: It was still dark when I bade farewell to "Smoking house" friends and trudged off, with a boy to carry my bag, down to the noble new bridge built for the railroad, and so across the Elbe to the station. The policeman watches you, and if he hears you taking a ticket for Leipzig or Berlin, he demands the passport. You present it—a pleasant little reminder of the paternal care taken of you by these governments. At last we are off, running along the smooth river bottom of the Elbe, with a vine-covered side-hill not far off. By and by we see Meissen four or five miles away to the south; for we are not so far from the river; then again we pass through a tunnel, and our vineyards have disappeared; then we reach the river again at Riesa and cross it, having accomplished some thirty miles; and now straight across the level country forty miles farther, and there is Leipzig.

There were kind hearts awaiting me still, although but one or two are left of the friends of last year; but the fewer the number the warmer the welcome. CLAPP I found plunged into the mazes of WEBER's and MENDELSSOHN's concerted music, with the pleasing prospect of being called upon in a few weeks to play one of these pieces in presence of the pillars of the musical church—a little episode in a

pianist's life, like a young lawyer's first argument before the U. S. Supreme Court in the days of MARSHALL and STORY. However, you may be sure he will do Boston credit. His touch seems to me exquisite, and his power of imitating, no, reproducing, the styles of other players, from such men as MOSCHELES down to the author of the sweet song: "Little children, love your ma," is wonderful. He has no ambition though to become a virtuoso, but is devoting himself to a thorough study of the best methods of instruction.

This visit to Leipzig is a green and sunny week in my calendar. If for no other reason, the contrast between my student lodging in Berlin, and the sitting room of a noble American woman, with its delicious home feeling, enlivened and refined by her presence and that of her children, was enough to make it so. But musically, this visit was worth more to me than any of my former ones. I had more opportunity of meeting, seeing and hearing the men to whom Leipzig owes its present musical renown than formerly, and had for the first time opportunity of attending one of each of the two great concerts, the "Quartet" and the "Gewandhaus."

To one who has lived as much as I have in the musical periodical literature of England and Germany of the last sixty years, there is hardly a living musician whom one could visit with more interest than MOSCHELES. Years ago, how I used to pore over a set of the old London *Harmonicon*, another of *Bacon's Musical Review*, and the early volumes of the London *Musical World*! Later, the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung* came in my way, and in the columns of that noble work I found could trace back the history of him whose name filled so large a space in the English musical press, to the boy composer of fourteen years, to the boy virtuoso of ten years, astonishing the public at Prague by his performance of variations of their new kapellmeister, WEBER, and playing with Fräulein MELITSCH the double concerto for two piano-fortes in E flat by MOZART. I follow him to Vienna, and there find him arranging BEETHOVEN's *Fidelio* for the piano, and at the end he writes: *Fine, mit Gottes hülf*, (Finis, with God's help;) to which Beethoven adds: *O Mensch, hilf dir selber!* (O man, help thyself.)

I follow him from volume to volume of the *Zeitung* in his artistic journeys, gaining ever a higher position, becoming more widely known, filling the places left vacant by the setting of the great stars of fifty years since, until I reach the era of the *Harmonicon*, when he is in London, the great composer, the great director, the great pianist, the most honored and popular man, as it seems, in the London world.

And at last MENDELSSOHN comes upon the stage, and "Moscheles and Mendelssohn" are names to conjure by; and still later, covered with honors and wealthy, he leaves the great capital and settles in quiet Leipzig—to my feelings, the great link which connects the present with the past. He is still active, still guiding the young virtuoso in the true path, still impressing the great lessons of the past upon the present, still stemming the current of fate in its efforts to break away from all the restraints of the true and the classic. He knew BEETHOVEN and probably HAYDN. If not, he knew those who did know both HAYDN and MOZART; and so you can follow the chain back to the days of BACH and HANDEL.

It was therefore with no small pleasure that Clapp brought me permission to call upon one of whom I had read so much. I had seen him at the Conservatory and in other places, but to visit him in his own house was another thing. Such a call would in any case be of interest; but where a man has improved his many opportunities, and has collected so many little remembrances of the distinguished persons whom he has known, this interest

becomes an hundred fold greater. Such objects are a variety of Beethoven matters, autographs, likenesses, &c., and a volume of MS. letters of Mendelssohn, in which his talent for drawing and his wit are shown conspicuously. But this is no place to give an inventory of the objects of interest in that drawing room. During another visit he was kind enough to offer to play, and selected Beethoven's Variations, Op. 35, a work new to me, and which I now for the first time saw. Its theme forms the last movement of the "Sinfonie Eroica." Of the beauty of these variations, so played, I need not speak. Moscheles must now be over sixty years of age, but I should not dream it from his appearance. Health to him for long years to come!

Another interesting visit was to the well-known organist, C. F. BECKER, whose musical bibliographical works sustain a very high reputation. Herr Becker has devoted himself mostly to the history of church music, and certainly his collection of works illustrative of the rise and progress of modern sacred music, is one to "make my mouth water." Herr Becker seems hardly yet past the middle age, and I hope that we may yet have much from his pen. His catalogue of the musical works of the 16th and 17th centuries is a work of great labor, and one I would not willingly be without.

Besides Prof. PLAIDT, of whom I have before spoken, and who is just as industrious and as skilful a teacher as ever, I may mention that in one of our walks we met a man whose name has become known in America within the last few years, and whom I saw once or twice afterwards. This was JULIUS KNORR. He is rather a tall, slender man, somewhat past the middle age, I thought. I did not hear him play, though I saw him show some tricks of fingering, which no hand but one with such an immense span as his can ever hope to perform. I was reminded of the stories told of Waelff, the rival of Beethoven in the days of his virtuoso glory in Vienna, who used to play Mozart's Fantasia in F minor, for *four hands*, without omitting a note, as old Tomaschek has recorded.

One evening passed pleasantly at the *Abend Unterhaltung* of the conservatory. The pieces given were a Quartet in A by Beethoven, the performers, except the violoncello, being pupils; a sonata for piano-forte and violin, by Schumann, by pupils; Piano Trio by Moscheles, which pleased me much, and none the less so because the Scherzo, if not a regular Scotch reel, was much of that character.

The Gewandhaus Quartet Concert which I attended was on the evening of Feb. 25, and the programme was this:

Trio by Beethoven, in G, performed by Herren Röntjen, Herrmann and Grätzmacher.

Quartet, No. 1, E flat, by Cherubini, performed by the same gentlemen with the addition of DAVID as first violin.

Variations for two pianos, by O. Singer, quite a young man, and I think a pupil in the conservatory. I cannot say that I was much impressed either by the melody of the theme or by the character of the variations. There was no resting point; the hands seemed to be always full of chords; and when it was finished, one wished to know what all that was about.

The second part of the concert was filled by Mendelssohn's Octet. Once hearing is not enough for me to be able to enjoy a work of this extent, or indeed to follow its ideas, especially in the case of a composer like Mendelssohn, who deals so little in broad, clear melodies. The author of the fairy music in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," however, was fully confessed.

But how can I express my astonishment at my first look into the hall of the Gewandhaus, of which we have heard and read so much! A little, miserable, unventilated room, which can scarcely, when

crowded to its utmost capacity, I judge, hold eight hundred auditors. Though well fitted for quartet concerts, can it be possible for an audience to get more than a faint idea of the due effect of a large orchestra? This remained to be seen. Well, four days after came a so-called "Gewandhaus Concert," *par excellence*, and I had opportunity to hear for myself. First came Spontini's noisy overture to the *Vestalin*. Now it is clear that to one who is in the habit of being in the very tumult of the sounds of an orchestra, and has learned to look for this sort of effect, the clear distinctness with which we who are used to the large concert rooms of Boston and New York hear the various voices and parts, with the utterances of the themes from all the different instruments, and the subdued tone of the whole, must appear to be a defect. I do not seem to have said just what I mean. Take a comparison. An orchestral work is to me in music what a great painting with many figures is in a sister art. The artist can find enjoyment in a near view, which will enable him to trace the hand of the master and appreciate the evidences of his skill. But we, the laity, go to a distance and sit down, to let the work as a whole speak out its intent and find its way into our hearts. It is one kind of pleasure to sit in the choir and join in Handel's mighty choruses, in which the singer is borne along as upon a mighty flood of tones; it is quite another thing to sit in our noble Boston Music Hall, and follow such choruses as clearly and see their construction as distinctly as we do a vocal quartet in a small room. Some of our first critics here in Berlin are now finding fault with the great numbers of performers, both vocal and instrumental, employed in producing Beethoven's great Mass in the Sing Akademie. "For the room," says RELLSTAB, "the number of performers was too great. In such cases also there is a golden medium."

To me, then, used to the most distant seats in the Berlin concert rooms, which, though small, still are larger than that of the Gewandhaus, a seat on the main floor of this latter seemed to place me in the midst of a rush and torrent of confused sound—noisy, but not musically sonorous—loud, but dead. The exquisite manner in which the orchestra played was not to be denied, though my standard of comparison is the Royal Orchestra of Berlin; but for real enjoyment of the work played, give me either a larger hall or a smaller orchestra. DAVID can make himself more conspicuous—he is a magnificent orchestral player—doubtless, in a small room; but when one hears an orchestra he wishes to hear no single performer—not Paganini; he listens to Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, not to the men who are performing them.

Well, after the overture came a scene and air by SPOHR, with Clarinet obligato, sung by Fräulein Bianchi. She is all the mode just now in Leipzig—a pretty girl and a sweet singer, but why so much praised, why rated so highly, I cannot imagine.

Concertstück for oböe, by Rietz, played by Herr Diethe; neither the composition nor its performance better than Ribas used to give us in Boston, Diethe's tone by no means so good.

Terzet from *Fidelio*, sung by Fräuleins Rodi and Bianchi, and Herr Eilers. No better singing than we often hear from Boston artists.

Overture "for the Emperor's Nameday," Op. 115, by Beethoven; exquisitely played, but to me not effective from causes above discussed.

Trio from Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage," by the two girls above named, and the violinist Droyschok's wife, who took the contralto. Her part pleased me best of the three.—By the way, why do not your Italian opera troupes give this work by Cimarosa? It requires no chorus, and is a perfect masterpiece of fun and music.

The second part of the concert was filled by a new

Symphony by Taubert in C minor, led by the composer, who had come on to Leipzig for the purpose. At its close there was just enough of applause to prove that it had fallen dead. I felt sorry for Taubert; but why, after so many failures in this class of compositions, does he venture new manuscript works among strangers? On the whole, this was a pretty poor programme and very unsatisfactory concert to some.

I enclose a specimen of the programmes to the private concerts of the "Aufschwung,"* a musical club, of which our Boston representative, Clapp, is entitled to the honor of paternity. It will give you a good idea of what the young musicians in Leipzig can do and are doing.

PART I.

1. String Quartet, in E flat,.....Cherubini
Played by Herren Japha, Langhans, Koning and Lutz.
2. Cavatina from "St. Paul,".....Mendelssohn.
Sung by Herr F. Rebling.
3. Piano Pieces,.....Schumann.
a Nos. 1 and 10 from the "Davidbänder-tänzen."
b "Warum?" and "Grillen," from the "Fantasie-Stücken."
Played by Herr J. von Bernuth.

PART II.

4. Salon Piece for two pianos, eight hands, Oesterley.
Played by Herren H. Bosch, N. B. Clapp,† J. von Bernuth, and W. Saar.†
5. a Romanza, }Beethoven.
b Sarabande, } for the violin,.....Spohr.
c Melody,Molique.
Played by Herr Toste.
6. Three Songs :.....Schumann.
a "Nichts Schöneres."
b "Ständchen."
c "Ausallen Märchen winkt es."
7. Sonata, op. 106, 1st movement,.....Beethoven.
Played by W. Saar.†

[To commence precisely at 6½, P. M., and end at 7½.]

And so, with no diminution in my pleasant recollections of Leipzig, the next evening I was again in Berlin.

A. W. T.

P. S. The "Stern Orchestra Society," in connection with his Singing Society, is going to give us a Beethoven night to close with, which will be as near the acme, the *ne plus ultra*, as it is easy to get. What do you think of just these three numbers on the programme? Selections from the "Ruins of Athens," the Piano Fantasia, with Orchestra and chorus, and the Ninth Symphony entire. For this latter work our public is well prepared, as the first three movements have been played by other performers some half-dozen times in public this winter, and all is fresh in our memories and ready for the addition of the vocal finale. Stern is a public benefactor..

A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 19, 1856.

A Compliment to Otto Dresel.

Of all the "complimentary concerts" we have known, the most beautiful and the most hearty was the Private Concert given at the Messrs. Chickering's rooms last Monday evening in compliment to our admirable pianist, composer, and musician *par excellence* among all who have ever resided among us, Mr. OTTO DRESEL. The concert was a token to him of esteem and gratitude on the part of a little club of amateur ladies and gentlemen, including about an equal number of our best professional singers, who for two winters past have met weekly in a private house for the practice, under Mr. Dresel's direction, of some of the choicest vocal compositions of the German

* The word means *Aspiration*—equivalent here to our Longfellow's motto: "Excelsior."—Ed.

† Americans.

masters. In this way they have studied, and by dint of the severest and most patient drill, have mastered several entire Psalms of MENDELSSOHN, SCHUBERT and ROBERT FRANZ; Motets of BACH; portions of MOZART's *Requiem*; the *Christus*, the *Athalia*, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" choruses, and many four-part songs of MENDELSSOHN; parts of GLUCK's *Orfeo*; choruses by WEBER, SCHUMANN, &c. Never probably, has so pure and beautiful an ensemble of voices (to the number of four or five upon a part) been brought together in our city, and never has such thorough drill, with such artistic spirit and result, been known in any of our vocal combinations.

The members of the club have felt it a rare privilege to be thus initiated into such satisfying music by a guide so sure and so inspiring. The fruits of their practice have several times delighted little parties of their friends at the hospitable house; this time it was their wish upon a somewhat larger scale to make the attraction of their singing serve the purpose of a substantial compliment to their instructor, and yet to do it in a way that should have as little as possible of the unpleasant publicity of a concert. The Chickering room therefore was chosen as the fittest place; the tickets were disposed of privately, even to the last seat that the room would hold, some weeks before the concert, and the disappointed applicants were almost as many as the fortunate who found admittance. The room was exquisitely adorned with huge bouquets of flowers, which, with the youth and beauty of so many female singers, and the well-dressed audience, made a charming scene. The selections were all vocal, sung by the members of the club, reinforced by a few extra voices in one or two of the last pieces, and directed and accompanied on the piano by Mr. DRESEL, aided by Mr. TRENKLE, wherever a greater breadth of harmony was required. This was the programme:

PART I.

- 1—Psalm cxvii, for Double Chorus,....Robert Franz.
- 2—Psalm xlii: "As the Hart," &c.,....Mendelssohn.
Chorus. Soprano Solo. Recitative, Soprano Solo with Chorus of Women. Chorus of Men; Full Chorus. Recitative, Soprano Solo. Quintet for Soprano and Male voices. Finale.
- 3—Psalm xlii: "The Lord is my Shepherd," Schubert.
Quartet for Treble voices.
- 4—Oratorio of "Christus,".....Mendelssohn.
Recitative. Trio for Male voices: "Say, where is he born, the king of Judea, for we have seen his star, and are come to adore him."
Chorus: "There shall a Star from Jacob come forth and dash in pieces Princes and Nations," and Chorus.
Recitative. Chorus: "This man have we found perverting all the nation, and forbidding to render tribute to Cæsar," &c.
Recitative. Chorus: "He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them."
Recitative. Chorus: "Away with Jesus, and give Barabbas to us."
Recitative. Chorus: "Crucify him."
Recitative. Chorus: "We have a sacred Law; guilty by that Law let him suffer."
Recitative. Chorus: "Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children."

PART II.

- 5—Selections from "Orpheus,".....Gluck.
Dance of Furies.
Chorus: "What mortal dares enter these shades, guarded by Cerberus."
Solo: Orpheus, answered by Chorus of Furies.
Chorus: "Unhappy mortal, what brings thee hither?"
Solo—Orpheus: "Endless woes, unhappy shadows," &c.
Chorus: "Ah! by what magic does this mortal irresistibly soothe our fury?"
Solo—Orpheus: "Infernal gods! Pity my despair!"
Chorus: "Let him enter the infernal gates."

Chorus: "Enter the abode of the blest, noble hero, faithful lover."

- 6—I. Chorus of Elves, from "Oberon,".....Weber.
 II. Four-part Song: "Come, let us roam the Greenwood,".....Mendelssohn.
 7—I. Chorus of Houri, and
 II. "Sleep on, sleep on, in visions of rest,"
 from "Paradise and the Peri," R. Schumann.
 8—Choruses of Elves, from "Midsummer Night's Dream,".....Mendelssohn.

It would take many pages to describe the characteristic beauties of all these pieces, not one of which, we believe, was ever publicly performed in Boston. Admirable as each was separately, the gradation and contrast of effects in the whole series was not less admirable. The Psalm for double chorus by FRANZ is a noble composition, learned, almost BACH-like in its spirit, with the same fresh originality and truth of expression which we find in his songs; a truly religious work, elaborate and very difficult, ending in a fugue, which, like all the rest, was sung with the most perfect balance, precision, and purity of intonation and expression. The sopranos were all fresh and telling, without any harshness, and sounded together like one voice; and so the contraltos, which were extremely rich and musical. MENDELSSOHN'S Psalm: "As the hart pants after the water-brooks," &c., is one of his most beautiful productions, full of sweet and tender feeling, and with such contrasts of solos, choruses, now of women, now of men, quintet, and grand full chorus for finale, as to keep the interest always fresh. The soprano solos, each by a different voice, selected with careful reference to the peculiar fitness of each to the speciality of the passage, were all sung in an artistic and expressive manner which we rarely hear in concerts. Of course we may not particularize.—SCHUBERT'S Psalm, sung by four fine, fresh treble voices, is a piece suggestive of angelic harmony, and has all the peculiar imaginative charm of that rare genius.

But the profoundest impression of the sacred half of the programme was produced by that wonderful fragment (all that was completed) of MENDELSSOHN'S *Christus*. The Trio of the three magi, which was finely rendered, excites expectation marvellously. The chorus: "There shall a star come forth," &c., has a sweet and starlike beauty. But the narrative recitatives, (admirably delivered by Mr. ARTHURSON,) with the accusing choruses before Pilate, are extremely, terribly dramatic, especially those multitudinous echoes of "Crucify, crucify, crucify him," and the inexorable sound of "We have a sacred Law," &c. And again, what is more exquisitely plaintive and pathetic than that weeping chorus at the end? The rendering of the whole fragment seemed near faultless, and everything else was forgotten in the expression and intention of the music. To judge from this fragment, (of which we published a fuller analysis a few weeks since,) the "Christus" would have been Mendelssohn's greatest sacred composition.

Part II. gave us sprites and fairies of all shades and nationalities, from Greek mythology, from German WIELAND'S brain, to music equally imaginative by WEBER; Eastern houris, and Mendelssohn's Shakspearian elves. Such purely imaginative, romantic music made the most agreeable relief after the graver pieces of the first part. It was changing from the solid to the "light," without resorting to aught trivial or empty, but keeping still to works of real creative genius.

The selection from GLUCK'S "Orpheus" was perhaps the most admired of anything that evening. It represents Orpheus at the entrance of the infernal regions seeking his Eurydice. First we have one of those short instrumental interludes, called in the score *balletta*, here representing the dance of the Furies. Mr. Dresel had arranged it, as well as the following accompaniments, for four hands in such a manner as to bring out the maximum of power from the piano for the simple but appalling harmony. The bark of Cerberus, accompanying the chorus of demons, who dispute his entrance, is strongly marked and quite impressive. All the music, incredibly simple as it seems in its construction after works more modern, is wonderfully dramatic and effective; and the alternation between these loud, inexorable choruses and the pleading melodies of Orpheus, with lyre-like accompaniment, (beautifully sung by a rich and sympathetic amateur contralto,) shows the highest art of contrast. Wonderful and beautiful is the gradual softening and yielding of the infernal chorus; a drowsiness comes over the stern chords, and the last piece is serene and peaceful as the songs of blessed spirits. Yet through the whole one musical motive, one and the same ever-repeated figure reigns, so that the change seems not one of form, but only atmospheric, imperceptible in its degrees. Here was real musical dramatic *genius*; with the simplest means, such wonderful results produced in the imagination and feeling of the hearer! Yet never before has a scene from one of Gluck's operas been heard, that we know, in this country! It moves us to repeat more earnestly than ever the wish, that some opera company, after all these highly spiced Italian operas, will deign for once to let us hear an opera of Gluck, that we may judge of opera from a standard of simple musical dramatic *truth*. Alas! too well they know that it would be to kill the charm of all their modern hot-house products.

The *Oberon* chorus is perfectly lovely; why not as finely imaginative in its way as Mendelssohn's fairy music? Indeed, we even question whether Weber's does not indicate more freedom from a certain musical one-ideaism, and whether its charm may not wear longer. It is the opening of the opera; Oberon sleeps, and his elfin ministers and subjects flit round his head with whispering, cautious strains, warning the noisy bee and fly to keep farther off, and the little rill to run more quietly and not disturb their monarch's dream. On a ground-work of exquisite accompaniment, slumberous chords, broken by little dream-like snatches, partly borrowed from the overture, the voices (soprano, alto and tenor,) hum little fragments of a low, half-connected strain, in a peculiar rhythm; voices and instrument together making one sweet whole. It was charmingly sung, with the most delicate light and shade. The merry little four-part song, called in the original "The Birds of the Forest," was sung with rare truth and unity, without accompaniment, and gave such pleasure that it had to be repeated.

The SCHUMANN choruses gave us a higher idea of his "Paradise and the Peri," than we had gathered from reports. The first one: "Deck we the steps of our Allah's throne!" is very original in its melodic design, and very beautiful; some of the modulations, two, are striking and significant. The other: "Sleep on," is a beauti-

ful soprano melody (beautifully sung by an amateur), upon a soft, suffused background of chorus.—Finally, the fairy choruses from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," for female voices, (near twenty in all, and all so fresh and pure and musical, all so refined in quality), upon the ground-work of those humming figures from the overture, very nicely sketched on the piano, truly suggested the delicate chorus of the souls of little flowers—a sort of musical exhalation. They were sweet sounds to go home to sleep by.

Thus closed a most delightful and successful evening. The only source of regret was that more persons could not hear it. To the self-sacrificing artist, to whose honor these fruits of his own watering were offered, it must have been one of those sweet rewards which Providence fails not to let fall in the thorny path of every sincere and uncompromising devotion to the Beautiful and True.

Organs and Organ-building.

We alluded a few weeks since to the movement now in progress to place in the Boston Music Hall a Grand Organ, such as is now the boast of Haerlem and of Freyburg. The plan, we understand, is still being pushed vigorously—may we hope, successfully.

It may not be inappropriate, in this connection, to quote the following sound and practical hints, touching the necessary negotiations which must be had between the purchasing and building of such an instrument. They are taken from the recent work of HOPKINS, (Organist of the Temple Church, London, &c. &c.) "*On the Organ and its construction*."

After describing in detail the various elements which go to make up a perfect instrument, he says: "We have now arrived at the last, but by no means the least important question for consideration, namely, the *price* of the organ. This matter necessarily rests, to some extent, with the builder chosen, but remains to a much greater degree in the hands of the purchasers. From what has been explained in the preceding sections, it must be obvious that there is a durable, complete, but *costly* way of building an organ, and an unsubstantial, incomplete and *cheap* way of making it. It is also equally evident that organ-building may be viewed as a calling of high Art, or treated merely as a matter of business; and it will be exercised in either the former or the latter spirit, according to circumstances.

"Under the most extreme circumstances the organ-builder must *exist* by the exercise of his calling; but, at the same time, it is only consistent with the proper feeling of ambition that actuates every genuine artist, that he should prefer *also* rearing specimens of his art to which he might point with pride, as well as his successors for generations after him. But this second condition must depend obviously on the means placed at his disposal.

"On being applied to to make proposals for the construction and erection of an organ, an organ-builder may draw up a specification for an instrument of given contents, and, intending to use certain materials, and to devote much attention to various matters of detail and finish which cannot be specified in an estimate without extending it to the length of a pamphlet, place his charge at a certain sum, say £1,000. He may, however, have good reason to know that that figure will

ensure him the loss of the 'order'; accordingly, without altering one of the written conditions of his contract, or foregoing one penny of his own fair profit, but simply by reducing the standard or substance, or both, of his metal, and paying less regard to the minute excellencies of his work, he can, 'to meet circumstances,' at once lower his estimate from £1,000 to £850. It is in this sense that 'the price of an organ' is said to remain so much in the hands of the purchasers. But when the organ is completed, will it rank so high, as a *work of Art*, as it was originally intended by its designer it should do? Will it reflect more than a *temporary credit* on its builder? A few years pass, and *the organ itself* probably solves these problems. Crooked or bruised metal pipes, cracked wooden pipes, drumming sound-boards, twisted rollers, double frictional resistance opposed to the fingers at the keys, and numerous other such fatalities, too frequently indicate what are and probably must ever be among the most probable distinctnesses of the 'cheap organ.' Nor is the builder exactly to be held responsible for this, if he gave timely advice and warning.

"So far it has been shown by how easy a course the price of an organ of a given size may be materially reduced, to accommodate the estimate to particular circumstances. But the process may be reversed: i. e. the size of an organ may undergo great *apparent* increase, when 'a Grand Organ' is desired for the price of one of ordinary dimensions. An organ with say fifty stops, may cost either £1,000, or nearly £2,000, according to circumstances. If its specification be drawn up in a spirit consistent with the magnitude of the work, as *implied* by the number of its stops—if the stops chosen are introduced mostly in a 'complete' form, and if a just proportion be observed in their distribution between the manuals and pedal—the cost of such an instrument will certainly approach the higher of the two rough estimates above given. But then it will also be a genuine specimen of the German system of organ-building, carried out in its amplitude and integrity. Among the fundamental laws of that system are these: if a great manual be furnished with sixteen stops, these should include at least two double stops, one of which must be a double open diapason throughout. Or, to follow the German form of expression more closely, the great organ should be a 'sixteen feet manual.' Then all the manuals—by which is meant the *organs* as well as the *keys*—should be of equal, that is, of CC range; and the pedal moreover should, as a *minimum* proportion, have at least one third as many stops as the great manual.

"These and other governing rules of the science, however, can only be recognized, or at least followed, when the price will admit of their being so. But it too frequently happens that the approximate price for the organ has already been fixed, and the hoped-for number of stops also considered; in which case all that is left for an organ-builder to do, who desires to secure the order, is to prepare a design that will as little as possible run counter to these pre-formed expectations. He sees clearly that the plan for an instrument on the genuine German principle will exclude itself by its appended estimate; that there is every probability of the prize falling into the hands of him who can prepare the most 'promising' specification; therefore ideas about Art must subserve to those relating to *business*.

"Nor can organ-builders fairly be accountable for adopting the obvious alternative thus imposed upon them, and which amounts to this in effect if not in words: he who will prepare the specification that seems to promise the most extensive instrument for the stated terms—who, in fact, can the most successfully make what would seem a smaller organ look like a larger upon paper—will stand the best chance of securing 'the order.' And the ingenuity sometimes displayed in estimates drawn up to meet such expectations, almost calls for admiration. First, instead of the specification stating that the proposed instrument shall be built on the German *system*, which would be embodying a great deal, all it will promise, if it be prudently drawn up, is that it shall be made to the German *compass*, which implies but little. Next, several of the stops are planned to draw *in halves*; every such divided stop thus appearing as *two*; or they are introduced in an incomplete form, to meet other incomplete stops. In this manner a great step is made toward securing the necessary array of 'stops'; many persons judging of the excellence of an organ by the number of its *handles*, rather than by the excellence and completeness of what those handles *govern*. The couplers, even, to swell the number, are sometimes enumerated as stops. Then the important distinction between 'standard size' and 'size of tone' is overlooked; and the two portions of the stopped diapason, which together in reality form but one stop of eight feet *tone*, in consequence bear the aspect of two stops of eight feet. The bourdon, also, if divided, appears as two stops of sixteen feet. In this manner the stops in question, and by consequence the department to which they belong, are left open to a flattering estimate of their real dimensions.* The *one sesquialtera* of five ranks, again, which is to be found in all the most important organs of Germany, as well as in those of Bridge, Byfield, Harris and Smetzler in England, has to be made to draw as two or even three stops. Then the swell organ—a department in the construction of which an organ-builder takes peculiar pride and interest—this must be cut short at tenor C; which denudation deprives the swell of its finest octave, though to be sure at the same time it effects a saving of nearly £100 in the cost of that department alone, and must therefore be resorted to as one means of keeping down the price of the instrument. The swell *manual* perhaps runs 'throughout,' though that is of little value without its proper pipes. Numerous small and inexpensive stops, again, find admission, which assist in making up the required number, at no great outlay; while many large and costly ones are necessarily excluded, to bring the instrument within the narrow bounds prescribed by the stipulated terms. In this manner the admirable rule which lies at the foundation of the German system of organ-building—that the pedal shall have, at the least, one third as many stops as the great manual—and which is specially intended to check all excess in small or incomplete stops, as well as the slighting of large and more important ones, is perforce treated as though it had no existence. By the above and other such means, a specification for an organ of almost any number of stops—i. e., handles—may be provided, to suit almost any

* It must be borne in mind that it is not the *tone* of the deepest *sounding* covered stop, but the 'standard length' of the largest stop of the open diapason species, that fixes the size of a manual or pedal organ.

sum that may be named. But it cannot be supposed that any organ-builder who has a real love for his Art, can *prefer* building an instrument according to so unhealthy a system, however readily he may *consent* to do so.

"Yet despite the discouraging influences under which it has been sometimes carried on, Organ-building has nevertheless progressed marvellously, particularly in respect to those mechanical details which ensure quietness in the action generally, and which relate to lightness and promptness in the touch of large instruments, as well as in the selection and variety of the stops; but in regard to the completeness in the compass of the stops, and the excellence of the metal used in their construction, great 'progress' might still be made in *going back* to the customs of a century or more since. But these latter returns, whenever they may take place, must be *preceded* by a corresponding return to something akin to the fair and liberal terms paid to the artists of former times. We need not wonder, then, at the completeness, so far as they went, goodness of material, excellence of finish, beauty of tone, and durability of old instruments, made under such favorable auspices."

The above matters relating to the price, excellence and completeness of an organ, have been entered into thus fully and unreservedly, first, because emanating as they do from one who is wholly unconnected with the organ-building business, and who therefore can in no way be interested in the issue, beyond what is shared by all who admire excellence, irrespective of size, they may perhaps be permitted to exercise some influence with those who have to detect the actual merits of competing estimates; and secondly, because they really involve the permanent interest of the purchaser, the credit of the builder, and the progress of the Art, in equal degrees.

OTTO DRESEL gives the last of his Soirées at Chickering's this evening, assisted by other pianists, by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, and in the vocal department by Miss ELISE HENSLEY, fresh from new operatic triumphs in New York. She will sing Cherubini's *Ave Maria* and the Romanza from "William Tell." For piano solos, Mr. Dresel will play again his fine arrangement of the Andante from Schubert's Symphony; Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, in E flat; the Adagio from Chopin's second Concerto, and his Andante and Polonaise, op. 22, both for the first time and with quintet accompaniment. These, in addition to the larger features of the bill, which are Bach's Concerto for three Pianos, with quartet accompaniment, (not the one played two years since,) and Mendelssohn's first Trio (in D minor) for piano, violin and 'cello, which has not been aired here for a year or more.... For next Saturday evening, (26th.) at the new Mercantile Hall, our old friend, WILLIAM KEYZER, the violinist, announces a Benefit Concert of classical chamber music, with the aid (as will be seen below) of some of our best instrumental artists. Mr. K. enters a field somewhat different from any that has been occupied of late by our other chamber concert givers; he is to preach to us the gospel of SPOHR, the larger half of his programme being occupied with two of the most important compositions of that often tedious, but always elegant and learned, and sometimes delightful master. Judged by symphony and oratorio, he has never taken a deep hold on our musical affections here, and is really far less known among us than so great a master should be. His Piano Quintet and his Double Quartets rank among his very best works. CHORLEY, whose criticism on him we once copied, admits that "Dr. Spohr's music has its times and places of vitality and individual intelligence, as well as that general air of swooning, over-luxurious, elaborate grace, which conceals its poverty in significance and variety so well and so long, with some even forever." And he speaks of his Quartets as works "in which the compromise betwixt what is classical and severe, and what is exciting and gracious, could hardly be carried to higher perfection." Mr. Keyzer has many friends in Boston, and we hope he will have a full house.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeaut, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER V.

VEXATION.

I was fatigued, and yet I could not sleep. I counted the hours as they passed, but could not sum up the emotions of the evening and decide for myself. There was but one thing certain for me, and that was that I no longer loved the duchess, and had barely escaped learning a severe lesson in becoming attached to her; but a wounded heart soon seeks another wound to efface that which has mortified self-love, and the strong desire of loving made me feverish. For the first time in my life I was not absolute master of my will; I was impatient for the morrow. Since midnight I had entered into a new phase of existence, and not understanding myself, thought I was ill.

But I had never been so; my health had been my strong point, and I had grown up with a wonderful physical equilibrium. I was frightened in feeling my pulse slightly quickened. I jumped from my bed, looked at myself in the glass, and laughed outright. I lit my lamp, sharpened a pencil, and sketched upon a bit of paper the ideas which crossed me. I drew a composition which pleased me, although it was bad. It was a man seated between his good and bad angel. The good angel was anxious and full of solicitude for a pilgrim, whom the bad angel was tempting. Between these two angels, the principal personage, left to himself and relying upon neither of them, was looking smilingly at a little flower,

which to him represented nature. This allegory had not even common sense, but to me alone it signified a great deal. I thought I had conquered my nervousness, and went back to bed, dozed a little, had the nightmare, and dreamed of murdering Celio.

I left my bed decidedly, dressed myself by the first light of the dawn, took a walk upon the ramparts, and, when the sun had risen, went to Celio's lodging.

Celio had not been to bed, and I found him up and writing letters.

"You have not slept," said he to me, "and you have wearied yourself with vain efforts. I did better than you; I passed the night out. When a person is excited, he must seek still more excitement; it is the quickest way of finishing the matter."

"Fie, Celio," said I, smiling; "you shock me."

"Without any reason," answered he, "for I passed the night discreetly, talking and writing with the purest of women."

"Who? Mademoiselle Boccaferri?"

"Eh! how came you to guess? Can it be that—but it would be too late, for she has gone."

"Gone!"

"Ah, you are pale. Come, come, I did not notice that. I was wholly absorbed in myself yesterday. But listen: when I left you last night I felt very angry with you. I should have been glad to have talked two hours longer, and you told me to go and rest, which meant that you had had enough of me. Determined to talk until daylight, no matter with whom, I went straight to old Boccaferri. I know that he never sleeps so soundly, even after he has drunk much, as not to be able to awake instantly with a clear head and always ready to talk. I saw a light at his window, knocked at the door, and found him up and talking with his daughter. They came towards me, embraced me, and showed me a letter which had arrived during the evening, and which they had opened upon their return. I cannot tell you what the letter contained; but you will know before long. It is an important secret for them, and I gave them my word of honor to reveal it to no one. I helped them pack and am commissioned to arrange their affairs at the theatre; I talked over my own with Cecilia while her father went for a carriage. Finally, I saw them get into it an hour ago and drive out of the city. Now you see me settling their accounts, waiting the time to go to the theatre and secure Cecilia from all pursuit. Do not question me, for my mouth is sealed; but I beg you to observe that I am very busy and gay this morning, and do not mind wasting the fresh-

ness of my voice, and am devoting myself to my friend like a simple *épiciér*. Don't let this astound you too much. I am obliging, because, instead of its troubling me, it occupies and amuses me, that is all."

"Can you not even tell me towards what country they are travelling?"

"Not even that. Am I not cruel? Blame no one but Cecilia, who did not even except you in the silence which she imposed upon me, so ungrateful and perverse is woman."

"I thought you made Mademoiselle Boccaferri an exception in your anathemas against her sex."

"Are you serious? Then she is truly an exception, and I own it. She is a pure woman; why? because she is not beautiful."

"Are you quite sure that she is not beautiful?" asked I, eagerly. "You speak like an actor, but not like an artist. But I am a painter and learned in such matters, and I assure you that she is much more beautiful than the Duchesse de X—, whose reputation is so great, and than the ruling prima donna, who has caused so much talk."

I expected either a jest or a denial from Celio. He answered not a word, but changed his coat and we went to breakfast. On the way he said to me hastily:

"You are perfectly right—she is the most beautiful of all women. I had the bad grace to deny it, for I thought I alone had discovered it."

"Celio, you speak like a possessor—like a lover."

"I!" cried he, turning his face towards mine with great assurance. "I am not, I never have been and never shall be her lover."

"How comes it that you do not desire it?"

"Because I respect her and wish to love her always, because she was the protégée of my mother, who esteemed her, and because after me, (and perhaps as much as I,) she is the person who best understood, best loved and best lamented my mother. Oh, my old Cecilia, never! Hers is a sacred head, and the only one which wears a bonnet that I would not like to trample under foot."

"Always strange and inconsistent, Celio! You know her to be estimable and loveable, and you so despise your own love as to guard her from it as if it were a stain! Can your breath then only degrade and wither what it touches? What sort of man or devil are you? But allow me to use one of those slang words you so much admire: this all seems *humbug* to me, an affectation of *Mephistophelism*, which your age and experience cannot justify. To tell the truth, I do not be-

lieve you. You want to astound me, affect the bold, the invincible and the satanic; but in reality you are an honest youth, rather wild, rather boastful, rather lawless, but not enough so to deny that a man ought to marry the girl whom he has betrayed; and as you are either too young or too ambitious to decide hastily upon so modest a marriage, you will not consent to lay siege to Cecilia's heart."

"Would to God I was as you think!" said Celio, without getting angry or contradicting; "then I should not be unhappy, as I am now. What I suffer is terrible. Ah, if I was pure and good, I should be candid, and marry Cecilia tomorrow and lead a calm, serene, charming life, more so than you think, as it might not be so humble a marriage as you now believe. Who knows the future? I cannot explain myself upon this subject; but know this—that even if Cecilia were a great heiress, honored with a noble name, I would not love her. Listen to a great truth, Salentini, though hackneyed and commonplace: the love of bad women kills us; the love of good and noble women kills them. We only love much that which loves us little, and that but little which loves us much. My mother, at forty, died of that, after ten years of silence and agony."

"Then that is true? I had heard so."

"And he who killed her still lives. I could never make him fight with me. I have insulted him bitterly, and although he is no coward, no, far from that, he bore it rather than raise his hand against Floriani's child. So I live like a reprobate, with a vengeance unquenched, which causes my torment, and I have not the courage to kill my mother's destroyer. You see in me another Hamlet, who does not affect grief and madness, but who is consumed by remorse, hatred and anger; and you called me good! All egoists are easily satisfied, tolerant and kind. But I shall not follow Hamlet's example, and I do not want to break poor Ophelia's heart. She should get her to a nunnery sooner! I am too unfortunate to love; I have no time nor strength for it; and the Hamlet within me becomes entangled with other passions. I am ambitious, selfish; Art is only a strife for me, glory only a revenge. My enemy prophesied that I would never come to anything, for my mother had spoiled me. I long to prove his falsehood before the whole world. As for Cecilia, I do not wish to be to her what he was to my mother, and yet I shall be; it is my destiny! The storms and griefs of our childhood fasten themselves to us, and when we try to free ourselves from them they draw us on by some fatal instinct of imitation to renew them at some later period; crime is contagious. I feel the injustice and folly I so hated in my mother's lover rising within me whenever I begin to love. So I will not love, for if I were not the victim, I should be the executioner."

"Then you are afraid lest you might be the victim unawares? You confess that you are capable of loving."

"Perhaps so; but I saw by my mother's example into what an abyss devotion may plunge us, and I shun it."

"And you do not really believe that love is subject to any laws but this terrible alternative of misplaced and sacrificed devotion, or that of mad tyranny and homicide?"

"No."

"Poor Celio! I pity you, and see that you are

a weak and passionate man. At last I know you; you are destined to be either the victim or the destroyer; but apply that only to yourself—the human race is not your accomplice."

"You scorn me because you think yourself better," cried Celio, bitterly. "Well, wait awhile. If you are sincere, we will moralize upon it some other day; we will not dispute now. Until then, what do you intend doing? making love to my old Cecilia? Look out! I watch over her defence like a keen and snarly little dog. You must walk uprightly with her. If I respect her so much, others shall not possess her even in their most secret thoughts."

I was struck by the bitterness of these words and the tone of hatred and spite which accompanied them.

"Celio," said I to him, "you will be jealous of Boccaferri; you are so already. Confess that we are rivals. Be frank, since you say frankness is a sign of strength. You told me you were not her lover and should never be; but look into the depths of your heart and see if you are sure for the future; then you can tell me if I am in your path, and if from to-day we are friends or enemies."

"You ask me a rather delicate question," replied he; "but I will not delay my answer. I never lie to myself or to others. I shall never be jealous of Cecilia, for I shall never be in love with her unless she first loves me, which is as probable as that the duchess will become sincere and old Boccaferri sober."

"And why not, Celio? If, unfortunately for me, Cecilia should see and hear you now, she might well be moved, trembling, wavering. . . ."

"If I saw her wavering, moved and trembling, I should flee, Salentini, I give you my word of honor. I know too well what it is to profit by a moment of excitement, to take women by surprise. Not so would I be loved by a woman like Cecilia; I should find no glory nor delight in such a love, because she is sincere and fruitful; she would not hide from me her shame or her tears, and instead of pleasure I should only bestow and receive sorrow and remorse. No, not thus would I win a pure woman; and as I only seek excitement, I shall woo only those who give it. Are you satisfied?"

"Not yet, my friend. Nothing proves that Cecilia does not love you deeply, and that the friendship she professes for you is not love, which she hides even from herself. If it is so, you will find it out some day, and when you do you will dispute her with me?"

"Yes, certainly, sir," answered Celio, unhesitatingly; "and since you love her, you must know that her love will be no light thing. . . . But in such a case, my friend," added he, seized by a sad emotion which clouded his expressive face, "I beg you to fight with me. I might be killed, for I fight badly. I excelled in my fencing lessons; but in presence of a real adversary I am agitated, anger carries me away, and I am always wounded. My death would save Cecilia from my love. So do not fail me if we should ever come to such a pass. But now let us breakfast, laugh, and be friends, for I am sure that she only considers me a child, and I only see in her an old friend; so, if this goes on so, I shall not take offence. . . . But you will marry her? Otherwise I could fight coolly, and surely kill you, depend upon it."

"Good!" answered I. "These words of yours prove to me what she is, and this respect for virtue in one who pretends to be vicious would drive me to marriage with closed eyes."

We shook hands and our breakfast was merry. I was full of hope and trust; I cannot tell why, for Mademoiselle Boccaferri had gone; I did not know when or where we should meet again, and she had never even given me a look which could make me believe she loved me. Was I infatuated? No, I really loved. My conversation with Celio strengthened my belief in the merit I had guessed at the night before. Love enlarges the soul and purifies the air which reaches it. It was my first true love; I felt happy, young and strong; everything about me was colored with a livelier, purer radiance.

"Do you know of what I have been dreaming lately," said Celio, "and which returns to me more seriously since my fiasco? To go and pass a few weeks, perhaps months, in some quiet, secluded corner with foolish Boccaferri and his sensible daughter. Together they possess the secret of Art; each represents a separate phase. The father is particularly inventive and impulsive—the daughter eminently conscientious and learned; for Cecilia is a great musician; the public do not imagine it, and you probably know nothing of it. But I can tell you that she perhaps is the last great musician Italy may boast. She understands the great composers more than any new singer now in vogue. If she sings in the chorus, with her voice that can hardly be heard, all go on smoothly without dreaming that she alone keeps together and rules the rest by her mere intelligence, while the strength of her lungs has nothing to do with it. They feel it, but say nothing. What favorites of the public would own the supremacy of talent which is never applauded? Go to the theatre to-night and you will see how the opera goes on. The void made by Cecilia's absence will be a little noticed. Of course they will not say what causes this lack of harmony and of united movement. It may be the hoarseness of this one, the distraction of another; the singers will blame the orchestra, and *vice versa*. But I, who shall look on to-night, shall laugh at the general confusion and say to myself: 'Foolish public, you had a treasure and never understood it! Is it roudades you desire? There are plenty. Are you satisfied? Strive to know what you do want; until then, I observe and rest myself.'"

"You teach me nothing new, Celio. Only last night I quarrelled with the duchess de — about the superior and elevated talent of Mademoiselle Boccaferri."

"But the duchess cannot understand that," answered Celio, with a shrug of the shoulders. "She is no more artist than my old shoe; and a person must be extremely well versed in such matters to recognize merits which are buried under a perpetual fiasco, for that is Cecilia's fate. When she renders the most insignificant parts of her rôle, like a mistress of her art, four or five true dilettanti scattered about in the vast theatre smile with wondrous delight. A few half-way musicians say: 'What beautiful music! How finely it is written!' without remembering that they could not notice such perfections in the detail of a great thing, if the *seconda donna* was not a great artist. So goes the world, Salentini. As for me, I want to astonish, and I seek success

with all my will, but it is to revenge myself upon the public, which I detest, and to despise it still more. I mistook the means, but I shall find them with the aid of Boccaferri and his daughter, and myself above all. I must perfect myself like a true artist; it will not take long; each year to me is equal to ten years of common life; for I am energetic and persistent. When I shall have found out what I needed, then I shall know what the public needs to understand true merit. I shall succeed in being infinitely worse than I was yesterday, and so shall please infinitely more. Such is my theory. Do you understand?"

"I understand how false it is, and that if you do not seek the true and beautiful that you may teach it to the public, thinking that falsehood will please them, you will never possess the truth. You can never do both. No one can make a grimace without wrinkling even the most beautiful face. Take care; you have gone all wrong and will ruin yourself."

"But look at Cecilia's example," cried Celio, warmly. "Does she not possess the truth in her? Does she not persist in only giving truth to the public? and is she not misunderstood and unknown? You need not say that she lacks strength and fire. For only two days since I heard her sing and declaim alone to four walls, not knowing that I listened. The atmosphere burned with her passion; she uttered tones which might make a crowd thrill and start like one man. Yet she does not scorn the public, only she does not love it. She sings well before it for her own sake, without anger, passion, or boldness. The public remains deaf and cold; it claims first that one should trouble himself to please it, and I will; but it shall pay me well, for I will only give it the refuse of my passion and my knowledge, and that will be too good."

I could not soothe Celio. He drank a great deal of coffee, all the time swearing against the insipidity of Viennese coffee. He strove to get more excited. The anger of his failure came back to him with fresh bitterness. I reminded him of his affairs at the theatre, and thither he went, after appointing a rendezvous for the evening at my house.

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Musical Times.)

Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

PART III.

I must now add a few words on the *Pensionnat*. I use this term, because it has no synonym in English. The *Pensionnat* is not a boarding-school. It is used here to mean that part of the Conservatory in which the male singers, twelve or fifteen in number, are supported and instructed *gratuitously*. It is of them I shall speak, whenever I mention the male singers in this narrative. No other male members of the classes of singing are allowed to reside in the establishment. They are severally confined, and never permitted to go out and wander about the streets, without a written permission from the director. They are subject to a rigorous discipline, the violation of which is followed by the exclusion of the transgressor. They are only allowed to take a walk on Sunday. Formerly, female subjects were received in the *Pensionnat*; but some abuses and reasons of morality have induced the Government to suppress the female branch, and girls are now admitted into the classes of singing, as day-scholars only.

I have now given all the details concerning the Conservatory that will interest the general reader, and it only remains for me, in conclusion, to say

a few words about the great man who stamped his name on the National Conservatory of France: that man is CHERUBINI.

I do not intend to write Cherubini's biography; that has already been done by abler hands. I need not speak of his mighty genius; that is universally acknowledged. He has no rival in the art of fugueing; on the sacred harp he is equal to Mozart, and has left Haydn far behind him. My design here is to speak of the man, and the reader will doubtless be pleased with some particulars concerning him, which I gathered in my social intercourse in Paris, from friends who are artists, and some of whom are Cherubini's relations.

Cherubini's poverty in Paris and the Conservatory was as proverbial as that of the Grecian Aristides. About 1816 or 1817, after his return from London, where he had been called in 1815, he found himself greatly injured by the political changes which had taken place in the French Government, and he retired from his employments in disgust. After a while, it was acknowledged that the Government had dealt wrongly with him, and to make amends, he was appointed Professor of Composition in the Conservatory and Chapel Master to the King, or rather, to use the term of the time, Director to the King's Music Chapel. But, learning that, before he could enter upon the duties of the latter office, his friend Lesueur would have to be discharged from the directorship of the Music Chapel, in which he had been maintained after the downfall of Napoleon, Cherubini (who at that time was miserably poor), unhesitatingly and peremptorily declined the office, which he said, was so satisfactorily filled by his friend. All possible means were used to prevail upon him to take the position, but he was unshaken in his resolution. At length it was decided that both Lesueur and Cherubini should share the charge of the King's music; and, on such terms, Cherubini accepted the office; and both these most honorable artists continued in this employment till 1830, at which time, to the great detriment of the art, the King's Chapel fell with the dynasty, and has never been, and, perhaps, never will be restored.

Cherubini, though warm-hearted, was of a serious and stern disposition. He was never found laughing or even smiling in his intercourse with the pupils. He was always in earnest, and had no time for frivolity. He inflexibly insisted upon the observation of the regulations of "his house," as he called the Conservatory. Every professor, previous to the opening of his class, was obliged to sign a book, called "le registre de presence," in order to show that the members of his class were all present and taught by him. Cherubini never failed to examine daily the register, that he might know whether every one's task had been fulfilled. But he required no more from others than he performed himself; he attended to all the duties of his station with exemplary exactness and promptitude. At ten o'clock in the morning, he regularly sat at his bureau, either writing or answering letters, sending orders to the classes, or hearing the professors and pupils, or any other person, who might occasionally call upon him. When he had to dispatch a letter, summons, or message of any kind, he rang a little bell which was always near at hand, and a servant, who was always attending at the door of his cabinet, immediately presented himself uncovered, to know what was wanted and to perform what was commanded. When the business of his charge was over, you would find Cherubini copying either the parts of one of his own scores, which was to be performed, or writing out the score of some great master. His wife, on a certain occasion, asked him what profit he could get from such copies:—"Oh!" said he, "there is always some good to be got from them, which remains in one's mind." His favorite employment in moments of leisure, was drawing and cutting flowers, of which he was exceedingly fond, or classifying plants, for he was very conversant with botany. He was most patient in writing his own scores; if by chance a drop of ink fell on the paper, he immediately took a penknife, cut round the mark, and adapted another piece of paper to the place with such

skill that it was impossible to discover the place of the blunder. In consequence of so much care, his scores were so neatly done, that no printing could rival them in clearness and beauty. At twelve o'clock Cherubini left his bureau, and then was engaged in reviewing the classes or other parts of the establishment; at two o'clock he went home, and his day's business was ended.

Cherubini was, *par excellence*, a classical man, not in his works only, but in his tastes, habits, and manners; and when he judged another's productions, he could not rid himself of the influence of the principles which ruled him when writing. This caused him to err on many occasions in the appreciation of modern masters. It will hardly be believed, that such a great man, so well fitted to judge rightly in musical matters, on first witnessing the performance of Beethoven's Symphonies, exclaimed:—"It is impossible to understand all this, it is a mere *devergoudage*." I use the French word, and don't know of any synonym in English. He had forgotten the saying of a celebrated French poet:

"Souvent un beau disordre est un effet de l'art."

He changed his opinion afterwards, and became an admirer of the great Symphonist.

Cherubini could not bear the music of Berlioz, —he had the the most profound aversion for it. This, perhaps, was also owing to the above-mentioned disposition. Berlioz from the very first time he was brought before the public, evinced the most evident desertion of the classical school. He affected to transfer to music, and especially to the Symphony, a genius which was in fashion in the literature of the time, the *domantisme*. The *domantisme*! which was a heresy in the opinion of Cherubini. Berlioz, though not to be compared with Beethoven, is certainly a man of talent and the first Symphonist in France. One day, Cherubini crossing the yard of the Conservatory, joined a group who were speaking of the performance of Berlioz, which had taken place some days before. Each person, occupying a different point of view, expressed a different opinion. Cherubini listened without uttering a word. At length one of the group remarked that Berlioz was an inveterate enemy to fugue and fugue writers; "Yes," said Cherubini, "Mr. Berlioz hates fugue, but fugue hates him still more,"—every one present laughed heartily at so unexpected a reply, and so did Berlioz himself when he heard it.

Cherubini was endowed with a manly genius; his strain is always broad, round, and soaring heavenward, leaving the earth at an immeasurable distance below. And this manliness of style and freshness of creation did not abandon him even when near to his grave. His second Requiem, which was his last work, ranked among his masterpieces, though composed in the 79th or 80th year of his age. Although his body bent under so great a weight of years, yet his eye was full of fire, his face full of majesty, his forehead full of brightness. It was delightful to contemplate his curled, silver hair, which thickly covered his head, and played beautifully round his ears and temples.

Many statements have been circulated in relation to his second Requiem. It has been said that Cherubini composed it for his obsequies. This is a mistake. The facts, according to the most authentic authorities are simply these. In France, female singers are excluded from Catholic churches, although they are admitted in the Chapel of the restored Dynasty, because it was considered as a private building with which authorities had nothing to do. It is well known that Cherubini's first Requiem was composed for the funeral of the ill-fated Duc de Berry; and as it was to be performed by the members of the King's Chapel, the soprano parts were written throughout for first and second soprano, for the performance of which Cherubini availed himself of the female singers attached to the Chapel. This Requiem was generally pronounced equal to Mozart's Requiem, and everywhere it was crowned with great success. In many instances at the decease of persons of distinction, the performance of Cherubini's Requiem was desired, but not permitted because of the exclusion of female singers from churches. Annoyed by such

vexations, Cherubini determined to compose a new Requiem for male voices only, and the result was the second Requiem;—which, indeed, was first performed at the obsequies of the author himself. This composition closed the artistical career of this celebrated master. He departed this life in the 84th year of his age; and his soul rose up to heaven, to keep her seat by the side of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven.

A Sunday in a German Church.

[We take the following chapter from Mr. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS's very interesting and instructive little book, entitled "Our Church Music," of which we shall have more to say ere long.]

I once found myself in one of the cities of central Germany. The leading Protestant Church of the place had been closed for some months, while undergoing repairs, and meanwhile the Roman Catholics, with a liberality of feeling sometimes met with in that country, had thrown open their magnificent edifice to the worship of the Protestants, the Protestant service immediately succeeding the ordinary morning service of the Catholics. The only change made was the concealment of the altar by a curtain dropped from the ceiling. In front of this curtain was a temporary desk for the clergyman.

On a Sunday morning I entered this cathedral, upon the front of which was inscribed in imposing capitals the solemn word, DEO. The immense edifice was crowded with worshippers. The Duke and his court (a Protestant house) were present, occupying a separate tribune on the side of the pulpit. The body of the edifice was filled, promiscuously, with garrison troops, citizens, and peasantry from the surrounding country in their picturesque national costumes. The introductory voluntary was just commencing. The powerful organ, which seemed to have its place near the altar, and was concealed by a curtain, was crowding every arch and corner of the immense pile with its massive harmonies. The air around us was a sea of music; its rich surges broke majestically on the vaulted roof, and echoed among the lofty arches, and beat solemnly upon the silent heart.

Meanwhile the assembled multitude had found the first hymn, which, as usual in German churches, was indicated upon tablets, placed at convenient intervals upon the wall. And now the rich tone-masses of the organ gradually merged into the familiar strain of an old church choral. At this well-known signal the great assembly, from the sovereign to the peasant, arose. The introductory strain of the organ ceased, and a trumpet behind the veil led off in clear, courageous tones the choral melody, sustained by full organ accompaniment. Simultaneously with this, a chorus of a thousand voices rolled up from the congregation in a mighty song of praise to Jehovah—a song which the lofty roof seemed scarce capable of repressing—majestic, soul-thrilling.

As the last echoes of this choral hallelujah died upon the ear, a clergyman, who until now had not been seen, advanced and pronounced, in a deep-toned and solemn voice, the opening prayer. He retired, and again, unheralded except by the invisible organ, the thousand-voiced chorus swelled to the skies. The sermon immediately succeeded, brief and impressive; then a closing choral was sung, and after the benediction the cathedral doors were once more thrown open to the congregation; while the parting tones of the organ followed us as we passed into the outer world, like sacred memories of the hour.

Now, here was a combination of singularly felicitous circumstances, and which afford us, I think, some valuable hints as to Church Music.

1st. The machinery of the music was concealed. Here was no twitching of curtains by the choir; no preparatory whisper and flutter, and turning of leaves; no clearing of throats, no obtrusion of personalities in any way upon the audience.

2d. The act of worship was simultaneous and seemingly spontaneous. The clergyman did not announce, and then recite, preparatorily, the invocation to Jehovah about to be made. Why should an invocation to the Supreme Being be recited before-hand?

3d. All united, from a common level of devotion—prince, priest and people. There was no unnecessary personal intervention; each soul bore its humble, individual part in the common worship; and, moreover, with the greatest reverence and earnestness—a feature so unusual in our churches at home, and yet so common abroad! A very observable thing, also, was the utter unconsciousness of each worshipper—both of the observation of others and of any possible effect produced by his music.

I do not claim for this example of congregational singing, that it could be copied in every particular, or that it were desirable so to do: many of the circumstances mentioned were incidental: but the unanimous participation in the service, and the withdrawal of all unnecessary personality, were parts of a well-considered system.

It is evident that in our present Church Music we greatly lack purity of style. We should clearly distinguish between the different forms of church song, and the purpose each is best calculated to subserve. An ornamental and impressive style of music, as legitimately represented by choir performances, we should never confound with a devotional style, as represented by congregational singing. Let us act intelligently, when we act at all. Let us not thwart our church devotions, by making them the responsibility of a few, whose only realized responsibility is the music. Let us not, on the other hand, impede the development of high musical Art, by attempting to make it ornamental and impressive, and, at the same time, congregationally simple and devotional.

We need to simplify the congregational style, and amplify the choir style. Our present choir music is too difficult, and on too extended a vocal scale for the mass of worshippers, on the one hand, and too cramped and hampered for the glories of sacred Art on the other. A short tune of four lines, which, in itself, is but half of a legitimate melody, (a completed melody consisting of eight,) is but very insignificant material to work with, in an Art whose resources are boundless as those of music.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 26, 1856.

The Prize Songs—The Award.

The New York Musical Review of Saturday announces the result of the voting of its subscribers for the two best songs among the eight selected by a committee and published in successive numbers of that journal. The first prize of *Two hundred dollars* has been awarded to Mr. OTTO DRESEL, of Boston, for Song No. 1, to Tennyson's words: "Sweet and low, wind of the western sea." Mr. CHARLIE C. CONVERSE, of New York, takes the second prize, of *One hundred dollars*, for Song No. 4, entitled "My gentle Mother's Song." This announcement in the Review is accompanied with the following statement of facts and gratulatory reflections on the enterprise:

While the number of votes received has been small in comparison to the large list of our subscribers—smaller indeed by far than we anticipated—they come to us from all parts of the country, and in sufficient number to give a true indication of the opinion of the majority of those to whose decision the award was submitted.

The Song No. 1, by Mr. Dresel, to which is awarded the first prize, has received about twice as many votes as either of its competitors. The Song No. 4, by Mr. Converse, to which the prize of \$100 is awarded has received nearly three times as many votes as either of the others with exception of No. 1. The song which has received the least number of votes, (one only,) is No. 5, 'The Baby,' a song which is by no means the least meritorious of the eight.

It is no wonder that this enterprise should have caused much excitement amongst artists, amateurs, and critics; no wonder that many comments have been made upon the merits and demerits of the songs; and last, not least, no wonder that some of our kind friends of the musical press should have pronounced the whole set (of course, always with exception of one or two) decided trash. Now, this last symptom of sympathy from artists and critics is such a common thing with regard to prize-songs and prize compositions in general, that we should have wondered very much if the contrary had occurred. In fact, we do not think that there ever were prize compositions of any kind that were not declared by some bad, and by others indifferent. But has this necessary diversity of opinion prevented the small or great amount of artistic benefit which was derived from them? Certainly not; for when time has removed the excitement and bad blood which the award of prizes

had necessarily created amongst the unfortunate competitors and their friends; when a calmer reflection has produced a more just opinion, at least *something* good has been discovered where before nothing was found but want of merit, or even that which was positively bad. It has been said that to award prizes for compositions is of no use to art itself. One of the German papers lately had a long article upon this subject, and Mr. Dwight has repeated it. With regard to our prize-songs this is certainly not true; for the "very fine song," the "real work of art," of the eight, which, according to Mr. Dwight, would, if awarded a prize, "do true service to the cause of music as an art," has received the first prize. But even if our subscribers had voted for two others of the songs, for instance, for No. 7 or No. 5, there would have been exhibited on their part no want of appreciation for good music. For both songs are meritorious; No. 7 as much so as any of the whole set. In fact, each of the songs, if viewed in the remembrance that musical culture of a higher order is rather of recent date in this country, may claim some merit for itself.

We could not have expected that every competitor should write in the style of Schubert, Schumann, and Franz. If every song of the eight had shown this character, America would be the most advanced musical country of the age. We have no glorious past of our own in this kind of composition, and it would be folly to presume that we were ripe enough to commence where the Germans arrived only at a very late period of the history of their musical art. But that we have offered some good songs, in spite of the little which has been done here in this field, is already a very good sign, and must be attributed to nothing else but the fact that we offered prizes of two hundred and one hundred dollars for the two best songs. If we had not tendered this encouragement to our artists, the public would have been deprived not only of the benefit of their efforts, but also of the opportunity of showing its own soundness of judgment and knowledge of the matter. That we have afforded this opportunity is a just source of pride and satisfaction to ourselves. When we started the idea of making subscribers judges over the songs, there were many who feared that the votes would not be a very flattering testimonial of the state of musical art in this country. But we had a better trust in the progress that art has made within a few years; we even thought that our own efforts in this journal for the cause of good music would not have been without some influence upon the large number of our readers. The result of the vote shows that we thought aright, and we may now say with some propriety that our enterprise has been crowned with a glorious success—a success not only as regards the benefit of musical art, but also as a triumphant justification of our desire to test the musical knowledge of our country in a just and appropriate manner.

In another place the Review says:—"This award of the first prize, however unexpected, will no doubt be highly satisfactory to Dwight's Journal of Music, and give its editor a much better opinion of the *vox populi* than he has hitherto professed," and then adds: "How about the 'real interests of Art, of music in America,' now?"

The result (in the case of the first prize) is certainly as satisfactory to us as it was unexpected and indeed altogether strange. And this it may be without altering our opinion of the *vox populi* as arbiter in such a competition, or weakening the ground we took in regard to prize compositions generally, and these prize songs in particular. We did not think, no one who feels the difference between what is Art and what is not Art, thought, that the best song would win the prize. We are happy that the result is so much better than we dared predict. We enjoy it none the less, that the strangest freak of Fortune's wheel is where it coincides for once with right and reason. The confession of the Review, a few days before the award, that so far the best song had received the fewest votes of any, did not of course tend to remove our scepticism;—or was that a sheer piece of waggery to draw us more completely into the pleasant little trap? Enjoy your joke, good gentlemen! for after all it is a joke, and it is perhaps answer enough to your

question: "How now about the interests of Art?" that we enjoy it with you.

In reconsidering Mr. Dresel's song, we do find in it certain elements of popularity. In the first place a melody, sweet, simple, easily fastening itself in the memory, easily sung, and separable enough from its artistic and quite difficult piano accompaniment to satisfy the untaught love of mere melody, though to an appreciating taste accompaniment and melody make up one vital and inseparable whole. In the next place, the subject, a lullaby, and Tennyson's sweet words, were of a kind always popular. This may account for the large vote in its favor, without implying any hocus pocus. Yet that in a land where \$20,000 have been made upon the sale of "Old Folks at home," where publishers grow rich on "Negro melodies," and are ever readier to buy the copyright of some stale, imitative, commonplace, sentimental ditty, which sells only because it is *not* new, but runs in the same old well-worn channels of a humdrum melody, than they are that of a really new and true work of Art;—that in such a land, the majority of the subscribers, in town and country, to a popular journal, should select the artistic, poetic and refined song in preference to others more after the type of those that *sell*, is, to say the least, anomalous. Happy should we be to see such anomaly become the rule; and if the Messrs. MASON BROTHERS, by their prizes and their *Musical Review*, will make it so, they shall have credit among the greatest benefactors to the cause of musical Art in our wide country.

But let us look a little farther. How is it as regards the *second prize*? And here we find what we were about to say anticipated by an exchange paper, which we just took up. "It is a little remarkable," says the Worcester *Palladium*, "that the two best songs should have received, one the largest, and the other the smallest number of votes." We are quite of the opinion of this writer that decidedly the second best song (though we may see it at a greater distance from the first best,) is that poor No. 5, "The Baby," which got only *one vote*! At all events, as the *Review* itself seems well aware, the real question lay between that and the No. 7, only that the two songs are of so different a character that they are not easily compared. One or two others should we place above the successful "Mother's Song," which certainly is commonplace enough, in melody and accompaniment, and has a prelude (recurring as symphony and conclusion) of the most senseless, awkward kind, an empty period of three bars complete in itself, with a full cadence. But we did not intend to enter into any special criticism of the songs; there will be time enough for that when Mr. Richardson shall have published his revised edition of the eight. We shall cheerfully qualify somewhat, in some instances, the judgment we first passed on them collectively. Enough for the present for the vindication of our distrust in the popular vote, that it has signally failed in the other cases, if it did guess right in the first. So the exception only proves the rule; the result of the balloting helps not our unbelief, from which we should be thankful to be quite delivered, because it is most pleasant to believe that what is best is also the most popular.

We said: "If there were any certainty that the one really fine song would win the general

vote, then indeed would a true service be done to Art." This result, as we have seen, proves not that certainty. Yet we gladly recognize some good to Art in the award of the first prize. It draws attention to a good song, and leads to a comparison of it with the others, which cannot fail to be somewhat instructive. The little factitious excitement about these songs will provoke much sharp and careful criticism, such as our native efforts in this line have not often been exposed to. In this the publishers of the *Review* are right. But these benefits are not incidental solely to the popular vote system. A more competent jury would inspire nobler competition, ensure more just awards, and lend the matter all the éclat it now has. And still we fall back upon our first general position, based on the world's experience, that prize products of all kinds, especially in music, do somehow, as a *general rule*, bear the stamp of mediocrity. Genius finds not its best inspirations in such competitions. We said, it rarely happens that the best work was written *for* the prize; and so, we chance to know, it was in the case of this first prize song. It dropped into the competition without much serious purpose of competing; and no one could have been so much surprised at the result as was the author. Again, on the other hand, this very song, although so beautiful and so artistic, and so much above the others, is by no means a *great* song, nor what a composer of such gifts might be expected to regard as more than a happy little chance inspiration. Nor can we see that the published fruits of the competition, with this exception, are much better on the whole than we have been getting through the ordinary channels.

Is Art, then, the gainer by this enterprise? It has given distinction to one good song; it has hung a poor one in almost the same favorable light; it has cast another good one wholly in the shade, comparatively, while collectively it has surrounded good, bad, and indifferent with about the same éclat. We have above shown how Art may incidentally derive some gain from it; but is it so sure that the weeds do not thrive equally, or even faster, under the same warm sun?

A New Composition by Satter.

Two weeks ago we took occasion to remark, under the heading of "Superlatives," upon the extraordinary disposition in the press of this country to heap the highest eulogistic epithets upon all sorts of musical artists. We quoted specimens from certain extravagant eulogies or "puffs" upon such artists as OLE BULL, GOTTSCHALK and WILLIAM MASON; and pointed out the wrong done by that kind of talk to Art, to the musical public, as well as to these really distinguished artists themselves. All who read the article, or who will take the trouble to refer to it, will find in it not one word or hint against those gentlemen themselves, as artists or as men. For further illustration, we were reminded of certain very frank and piquant "Letters from Boston," written to the New York *Musical World* by GUSTAVE SATTER, the pianist, largely taken up in praise of his own concerts here, and in magnificent professions of the uncompromising pride and dignity of high Art; also of a "Biography" of the said Satter, conceived in very much the same tone, but which we did *not* declare to be an *auto-biography*, or even hint the possibility of such a thing, although it is indeed difficult to

see where most of the *materials* could come from, unless from the modest young man himself. What we did was to contrast these lofty artistic claims with certain familiar clap-trap performances. We hoped that he might profit by the lesson, for that he has talent no one will deny. But in the last number of the *Musical World*, his letter is addressed to us, and is a composition of so strange a character, that we do not wonder it "surprised" and mystified our good friend RICHARD WILLIS, the editor of the said *World*. Perhaps it also furnished him a new phase of his Boston correspondence. We will now copy both Mr. Willis's introduction, and Mr. Satter's incoherent mess of boyish rage and nonsense. First Mr. Willis:

A SURPRISE.

We were thoroughly aroused from our editorial repose the other day by the reception of the letter herewith appended. Our excellent friends Dwight and Dresel of Boston appear in some manner (unknown and uncomprehended as yet of ourselves) sensitively to have come into collision with Satter the artist.

Mr. Satter, as our subscribers are aware, has been furnishing for the *N. Y. Musical World* a series of letters from Boston over his own signature. These letters (it must be acknowledged) have been *exceedingly* written by Satter. That is, with a frankness and ingenuousness by us inexperienced before, Satter has written a weekly critique of his own concerts, a very successful series of which has just closed. This was something new; this was something piquant—to our subscribers, doubtless, as well as to ourselves.)

* * * * *
Touching the biographical sketch of Mr. Satter, to which allusion is made, we received it (as we stated in the brief introduction) accompanied by a letter from the Boston admirers of this artist and a request for publication. It was interesting as furnishing statistics of an up-coming celebrity, and as such we published it.

As to any unworthy inducements for a publication of the same, we feel as confident that Mr. Dwight has insinuated nothing of the kind as that he would never think it of us. We say this anticipatively, our copy of his journal not having yet come to hand, and we being still ignorant of the entire grievance of our irate correspondent.

Mr. Satter (whom we have never yet had the pleasure of seeing, except once across a concert room,) is an artist of decided ability. His enemies even, (if he has any,) will willingly concede this. It is a pity, we think, that an artistic vitality which must inevitably make its own way, should be impeded in its progress by exterior personal animosities, so foreign to the spirit of Art and so injurious to an artistic nature.

But let not Mr. Satter think that Mr. Dwight has any other than a pure motive in what he says and does; all the world believes this of Dwight. And as to Otto Dresel, he is a veritably true artist; though he does (it must be confessed,) sometimes, in his conscientiousness, unnecessarily tread upon the toes of people. But this is coupled with so true and uncompromising a fidelity to high Art, as he understands it, that they afterwards make it a point to forgive him; as (if he has sought against him) Satter must do.

We herewith present the letter, then, without any emendations of Mr. Satter's English, which, for a foreigner, he certainly writes remarkably well. The tone of the communication is an unaccustomed one in our columns, but as the *casus belli* apparently originated in the *N. Y. Musical World*, we cannot deny Mr. Satter a hearing.

This is courteous, kind and reasonable. Our friend does only justice to the motive of our article; and of course we need not assure him that any suspicion of "unworthy inducements" in his insertion of the "Biography" was the thing farthest from our thoughts. What we did suspect was, that he was possibly taking too much upon trust, as all amiable natures will. When we remarked that "Mr. Satter might well pray to be delivered from his friends," we meant of course the friends who flatter his vanity and write such biographies of him to send to unsuspecting editors.

One other point in the above requires remark. Why mix up the name of Mr. DRESEL in the matter? Surely he is in no way concerned in it. We wrote the article, and with no prompting and no aid from any one. From this jumble of Satter's, which seems to have misled Mr. Willis, as well as from like hints which have once or twice appeared in other quarters, there would seem to be a notion in the heads of certain persons—we know not how many or how they came by it—that OTTO DRESEL, the pianist, is part editor or manager of Dwight's Journal of Music. Let it be understood, once for all, that that gentleman has not and never has had any interest or part whatever in the conduct of this paper. That we can count him among our friends, that we owe much to him both as an artist and a wise judge and teacher of his art, we should be ungrateful to deny; and that it is our duty, as our pleasure, as one who would do somewhat to improve the public taste, to learn what we can from him, as from all other greater or lesser lights in the divine art, is what no sane mind will dispute. Surely of all the musicians with whom we have had to do, no one has taken less pains to forestall the good impression of our columns. Now for Mr. Satter:

AN OPEN LETTER TO J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC, BOSTON.

If a man whose merits are comparatively nothing, in the line which he pursues, has the meanness to deny laurels to an artist who sacrificed his whole life to one and the same object, and who earned these very laurels, not from the pre or post-paid editorials of any paper, but from public opinion, we must consider such proceedings as the mere result of want of education; for an editor cannot envy an artist, though he may hurt him, and an artist, if he is one, will never care for a single man's opinion, though this man may have a letter-press, a printer, or a compositor. But if this very man is acknowledged the "head puffer" of his friends, and laughed at for this very reason by many intelligent people, and he fights for criticism, and raises a flag of defiance against those upon whose protection he chiefly depends, then, I say, this very man appears in a very different light, and he becomes an odium for Art and Artists. I have nothing at all against J. S. Dwight as a man, but as an editor I declare him incompetent for any musical paper. My friend W. H. Fry has defended himself and his talent; so shall I. But not only me alone; but not only Ole Bull, Gottschalk and William Mason; but not only pianists and violinists; but the whole world of artists. I have the satisfaction to prove plainly and to show that there is one man left in this world who will never bow to the good graces of an editor, as this man knows—that most of those men who raise a paper have only one object in view, money, and that J. S. Dwight complained very bitterly, a short time ago, about the non-payment of his subscribers.

1. I hereby declare that the biography which my friend Willis kindly published has been inserted without my knowledge, and without any pecuniary, friendly, or otherwise shaped arrangements. If R. S. Willis considers me a man of merit, or if my Boston friends do, all right; if not, all right too. But I earnestly hope that Willis will keep the manuscript of this biography, and show it to any one who is acquainted with my hand writing. If R. S. Willis had taken any pay for it from me, he would probably despise me as much as I would him; and if R. S. Willis has published this article from a feeling of esteem, I thank him sincerely. And at last, this biography has not given me a heartfelt delight for one very heavy reason, viz: that there appears a certain kind of blame against my honored and beloved parents, who have ever wished and acted for my best, although they may have been mistaken in the way to do it. Family struggles should never appear as a matter of publicity, and I earnestly hope that the author of my biography, kindly and nobly as he meant it, may never cherish any bad feelings in and against his own family.

2. Gottschalk enjoyed a great reputation, long before J. S. Dwight thought of enjoying the editorship of a paper, and William Mason will be a fine and thoroughbred artist, despite all the Dwights in the world. If the *Musical Review* says, that "Gottschalk is the jeweller and Mason the Gothic architect, and that it is a comparison of the art of Cellini to that of Angelo," the *Musical Review* does not say, that these two artists are Cellini and Angelo. Gottschalk and Mason do at all events infinitely better in their way than J. S. Dwight in his, for they are modest, at least in a certain degree. They do not attempt to do anything beyond their sphere, and their success is sure; I wish I could say the same of J. S. Dwight.

If anything may beat J. S. Dwight in his protestations against florid language and flaming show-bills, take his own criticisms of my concert in Boston last year, and you will find a perfect description of the four seasons, of crispness and new words; or still later, read his inspired exertions for Otto Dresel, a music teacher here in Boston, who must at least be another Beethoven, Bach, Schumann and Robert Franz, (all four together), "neglected in Germany and first appreciated here," if I am "Another Mozart." And if anything may beat the veracity or more plainly said, the truth of J. S. Dwight's writings, take his criticism of my "Six Morceaux de Concert" which he describes as six little pieces, whilst three of them are not yet published at all, and among these three there is not one less than eighteen pages long, and among these three again there are the *Lore-Romances* dedicated to my friend Hector Berlioz, and which I consider my very best composition.

4. J. S. Dwight says: "What becomes of the honor of those wreaths and flowers at the Musical Convention Concerts, when it is known that it was by variations upon *Yankee Doodle*, *Hail Columbia*, etc., that they were won?" Is J. S. Dwight an American or not? Is he ashamed to listen to the hymns of his country? Does he pretend to be a musical Benedict Arnold? Does J. S. Dwight know, that I got the wreath at the *Convention Concerts after the performance of my Sonata in F sharp major*? And if he does not know it, how can he be bold enough, to utter such a falsehood in public, and insult at the same time those, who admired my composition? Does J. S. Dwight know, that Europe loves its national airs quite as well as America? And finally, does Mr. Dwight know, that Liszt, Dreyshock, Thalberg and Schulhoff played more English, Russian, French and Austrian national airs in their concerts, than fugues of Bach or Sonatas of Beethoven?

5. J. S. Dwight says: "How does the 'unrelenting hostility to humbug' comport with the announcement to play at a lottery Gift Concert in New Hampshire!" These words are the alliest, that ever man spoke, and though I never believed much in Dwight's logic, I did not think that he was quite so flat. If Dwight means, that "humbug" has to do with the concert, let him write to the managers, and tell them to stop the lottery: but that Mr. D. gives me the blame for playing there, is not half as mean as it is ridiculous. I know, that Mr. D. is very amiable towards any one, who subscribes with \$2.00 for his paper, and that he never asks the persons, whether they are from Boston or from the Feejee-islands: why should not I play for my friends, who pay me fifty or a hundred dollars for fifty or a hundred minutes entertainment? I am not so aristocratic and so silly, as to believe, that a farmer's dollar is less worth than even Rothschild's dollar, and the very fact that I played already three times in the same place in N. H. shows, that people like me. What do I care for the rest? How perfectly ridiculous it is, to stick to a certain clique, and to attack innocent little artists, who have quite as capacious a stomach as Mr. D., and even a better one, doomed as they are, to swallow the Schoolstreet pills!

6. As to ridiculing Ole Bull, Mr. D. ought to be ashamed of himself. Let Mr. D. write twenty columns a year about the incompetency of "such lonely, forlorn, miserable critters" as Gottschalk, Mason and Satter, and these poor individuals will curse their unlucky fate. But let Ole Bull alone, for Heaven's sake! Ole Bull.....J. S. Dwight!! The Great Spirit.....an Indian serenade!! Ole Bull's name will sound through the world and through generations, when every single copy of Dwight's *Journal of Music* shall have perished: and to prevent that, Mr. D. must assume a very different course with artists, like Ole Bull, Gottschalk, Mason and Satter, whose company should be his greatest delight, whose support his greatest pride.

7. Mr. D. seems rather to be a spy of American musical matters under German pay, than anything else. Instead of rejoicing at the growth, at the grandeur of Art in his country, he cries over it. He says: "To judge from the newspaper musical notices from all parts of the land, which fall under the eye of one in our position (who, Mr. D. or Mr. Dresel?) there is no country on the globe which at the present moment possesses so many transcendent and inimitable artists as our own." (Is Mr. D. sorry for it, or does he prefer an emigration of the Leipzig school of Germany to this independent country, where almost every musician and publisher has his own "Journal of Music," and praises his own publications, whilst he drags all the others in the mud!) And in another place: "Such extravagance of eulogy is the common staple of musical criticism in the amiable and independent press of these United States." (These United States, Sir, give you a good living, liberty and moral security; and this amiable and independent press is the very same who tried to get your Journal into circulation. And you, who are one of the press, allow advertisements to be inserted, which ought to make you blush to your very bones.)

And so I think, that Ole Bull, Gottschalk, Mason and I will do best, to thank you for your kind exertions, to ask for no further notices, to declare every single word that you write about us, valueless, and to pursue our own way with the idea, that whatever Dwight and Dresel may say, it will never be more or less than "Fiddle D. D."

GUSTAVE SATTER.

This surely calls for no reply or comment upon our part. We will only for the further amusement and instruction of the reader, append a few piquant extracts from the aforesaid "Boston Correspondence."

Some people told other people that my fantasies on *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable* were not written by myself. Now, I have had until the present moment two ways to compose—for the publishers, and for use. Those in the first style I consider, myself, "mere trash," but I have the sorry satisfaction to say, that I just as truly made the last pieces as I promise never to write in the former style again.

The first of the series of three concerts under the title, "Philharmonic Soirées," comes off next Thursday, at the splendid and newly decorated rooms of Hallett, Davis & Co., and if you think that a man who feels tickled to death by seeing his subscription list over-filled, may write an impartial criticism of himself and the assisting artists, then, I say, I am very happy to tell you, with profound reverence: "My dear Willis, I am the man."

The receipts of the Beethoven Festival were appropriated to pay the expenses previously contracted in the six orchestral concerts, which did not quite meet the expectation of the founders. We think that more variety and the engagement of great artists would have done more credit to the managing committee. Indeed, if we except Mr. Wm. Mason, there was nobody worth noticing among the solo performers. Orchestral concerts ought not to serve as "encouraging opportunities" for friends and favorites, and if they have an object, it ought to be for composers, whose names are not a sufficient guarantee to give instrumental concerts on their own account.

Mr. Gustave Satter (poor me!) had his usual *encore* after having used the anvil of the *Tyrannator* and the imperial dresses of *Ernani* in a fantasia; and having commenced with "clap-trap," I persisted in clap-trapping, and "brass-banded" the *Coronation March*. I am so disgusted with playing this kind of music, that I wish all the time some strings would break, and I would send an apologizing "alter ego" on the stage; but Hallett & Davis's pianos are just as obstinate as can be, and whenever I intend to punish their firmness by a thirty-finger chord, all that people say is: "What a noble instrument!" and that *ere* piano grins at me most sarcastically, as if it wanted to reap all the laurels for itself, and leave for me the more interesting part of acknowledging its merits.

The first of the Philharmonic Soirées met with the most flattering success; there was such enthusiasm manifested for Beethoven and the undeserving writer of this epistle, that henceforth I do not envy the Crescent city for her plantation dances and their interpreters to large audiences.

My second piece, *Fantasia on themes of Lohengrin and Tannhäuser*, met with still more applause, and towards the close I was greeted with such an impetuous demonstration of satisfaction, lasting for about five minutes, that I gave for an *encore* my Transcription of the fourth act of the *Prophet*.

Perhaps some of your readers (particularly those who try to put a man down because they fear him,) think that there is a good deal of humbug or of arrogance about my editorials in favor of myself. Be it so. It is better to tell people how you get along in the world, and to knock down base calumniators by the strength of truth, than to rely upon the exertions of a vile mob, who tear a new pair of gloves to pieces every night for an oyster supper and an occasional drink. When I first made my appearance in New York, though it was rather an apparition, owing to the small number of evenings, I knew nobody, and according to my principles I went to no editor, no critic, to no professional man; for success which is due to a handsome pile of dollar bills or to a certain quantity of bows is no success. I trusted to my own facilities, to my energy, and to my will; and it came out just as I anticipated. Of course a few papers, startled by the novelty of such proceedings, threw occasional thorns among the three roses which I plucked in the concert rooms; but the fact that they alone blamed, and blamed continually, when the others gave vent to their utmost satisfaction in a body, convinced me that the gardener, who intended to spoil my flowers, did so because his roses lacked not the superiority in color, but the fragrance of mine. In Boston it amounted to the same thing. I came and conquered. Now the host of music teachers which crowd this city (I except some very honorable men,) burst almost with jealousy, and as they could not possibly attack the artist, they assailed the man. Exactly as in New York. But, although the eccentricities, oddities, educational faults, sins and unfavorable reports, which were lavished upon my little frame, are enough to fill two handsome royal octaves, it came otherwise than they thought, and the very man whose "stay could not possibly exceed a fortnight," has crowds of devoted friends, anxious to prove to him their love and esteem on every possible occasion. You know, my dear Willis, that your correspondent has never had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, and it is something very queer not to know you; but principles and nothing but principles. Next fall I'll be happy to invite you to my New York concerts, provided you pay for your ticket; that is the only way to tell me what you think of my playing, truly and honestly.

The second Philharmonic Soirée came off on Thursday. If I merely observe, that a crowd of "bellies" completed the desired harmony of the evening, and that the attendance and the enthusiasm were equal to the preceding concert, I have said enough. A *Fantasia* of my composition on themes of *Ernani* gained applause, and a tumultuous *encore*. Stephen Heller's *Sonata-Fantasia* had a "succès d'estime." I answered to a general demand by playing one of my concert-studies, a kind of dreamy, up-and-down running piece, with occasional sighs, sobs and sufferings, fit for tender hearts, etc. After the greater part of the audience had left, a few kind and persevering friends led me again to the piano. I saw with great satisfaction the élite of Boston musicians assembled, and am happy to say, that they applauded just as good-naturedly, as did many of those whom their kind influence had secured to assist at my concerts.

The piano again was a splendid instrument: the rooms looked very elegantly, and the audience, which kept tolerably cool for the first six pieces, raised the thermometer to almost 150 degrees, when the delightful strains of Verdi began to obliterate the classic remembrances of Stephen Heller! As for me, I felt rather warm when I played Stephen Heller, and very much at my ease when I played Satter; there must be

some close spiritual affinity between me and the latter gentleman.

The third and last of my Philharmonic Soirées came off at the Rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., last Wednesday, with the assistance of Miss Eliza Josselyn and Mr. B. J. Lang, pianists, Mr. A. Kreissmann and a chorus of twelve gentlemen, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Before I attempt my description of the concert, I feel bound to thank the Boston public for the unprecedented and unexpected sympathy which they displayed on the occasion, every single seat being occupied, even the entry being filled, and the saloon crammed to suffocation. As to the reception with which I met, I am proud to say that this day was one of the brightest in my life. One of the bouquets which fair hands and sympathizing hearts sent to the retiring-room stands before me in all its freshness, and long after those sweet orange-blossoms will have faded away the remembrance of my friend's kindness will be fresh in my heart. Among the audience I discovered almost every one who professes to call himself a real musician and critic, excepting only some few, who never go to my concerts, deeming themselves so much superior to Satter, and calling his scales "illegitimate." I did actually not miss one of this city's eminent talents. The whole concert was more of a festival than anything else, and those who were so anxious to make me feel all the bitterness of Art's quassa cup saw their last hopes drowned in the furore which prevailed from A to Z through the evening, from 7 to half past 10 o'clock. And so I came to the happy conclusion that conciliatory movements are only needed, when both parties were wrong, and that a man needs only to act, and his success and reputation will be complete, despite all hostile efforts. The programme, undoubtedly the choicest and choicest one which I ever presented to my audiences, consisted of Beethoven's two Overtures to *Coriolanus* and *Egmont*, Mendelssohn's Quartet in B minor, Haydn's last two movements of the quartet in D major, Mozart's Quintet with Clarinet in A major, Rossini's Overture to "William Tell," Benedict and David's duo on themes from *Obéron*, Songs for male chorus of Silcher, Haertel, Marschner and Maurer, a Transcription of the *Ronde Bohémienne* and Barcarole of the *North Star* by your humble servant, and a medley of American airs, (Musical rockets, as J. S. Dwight says.) Strange to say, Mendelssohn's Quartet took the prize, and so evidently, that at the beginning of the last two pieces of the Finale, a thunder of applause followed the remaining wild strains, such as shook even me, with all my generally reliable strength and composure. At the end of the "William Tell" Overture, a second edition was issued, and the American air which I gave as an encore, and at the urgent solicitation of half the audience, secured the final demonstrations of my friends. Though I dislike nothing so much as to play "Wait for the Wagon,"—(wait for applause,) "Old Folks at home,"—(court the mother and love the daughter,) "Hail Columbia,"—(I am a foreigner, but I beg you to believe my sincere gratitude for your republican applause and dollars,) and last of all, "Yankee Doodle,"—(I hope there is no Englishman among the audience); nevertheless I found myself bound to comply with the general request, and with the immortal harmonies of "Pop goes the weasie," young and old left perfectly delighted! Beauty before age; Miss Josselyn before Germany. Miss Josselyn is a young lady of a very prepossessing appearance, of very great talent, of great energy, and one of my cherished pupils. Pupils? no! friends. That is the very reason that I want to speak plainly to her, and to deny her, what the vulgar crowd is ever anxious to bestow, poisoning flatteries. Miss Josselyn has two paths before her, the one which leads to "Slang-bang" the Capital of Central Stupidity, the other which leads to "Fame" metropolis of After World. The first path is covered with silver, gold and diamonds, the second with copper, lead and iron; the first path is crowded with miners, emigrants and swindlers, the second is lonely and solitary. Miss Josselyn has so much execution that mechanical difficulties are no longer a doubtful feature in her performances; she lacks but one thing: Poësy. Let her feel from her own heart, let her create instead of imitating, let her ruin diverge from the fashionable nightmares and attend Music's divine service, let her forget her listeners and inspire herself, whenever and before she plays: if so, she bids fair to become a great artiste, considering her youth, her unrelenting perseverance, and her rare gifts. The moment has come for her to decide, and may it prove in her favor.

The Prize Songs of the *Musical Review* are the most abominable trash in this line on record, with the exception of the first, which has at least something like merit in its two pages; though it is flat. Who is to blame? The composers or the public? Who may be laughed at? The judges or the very idea of calling such cheese-envelopes "prize-songs?"—Gustave Satter, the pianist writes musical letters for Willis's *Musical World* over the signature of Gustave Satter, the critic.

CONCERTS.

OTTO DRESEL's fourth and last Soirée was remarkably well attended, and in many respects the most interesting of the series. This was the programme:

PART I.

- 1.—Concerto for Three Pianos, C major, with Quartet accompaniment, (first time,)..... J. S. Bach.
Allegro—Adagio—Finale.
- 2.—Ave Maria,..... Cherubini.
Sung by Miss Elise Hensler.
- 3.—Andante from the Symphony by..... Schubert.
(Arranged for the Piano by Otto Dresel.)
- 4.—First Trio, D minor, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello,
Mendelssohn.

Allegro molto agitato—Andante tranquillo—Scherzo—Finale.

PART II.

- 5.—Sonata for Piano, Op. 81, E flat,..... Beethoven.
Allegro—Scherzo—Tempo di Minuetto—Finale.
- 6.—Adagio from the Second Concerto, with Quintet accompaniment, (first time,)..... Chopin.
- 7.—Romance from "William Tell,"..... Rossini.
Sung by Miss Elise Hensler.
- 8.—Andante and Polonaise, Op. 23, for Piano, with Quintet accompaniment, (first time,)..... Chopin.

The triple Concerto by Bach proved even more interesting than that other, which was played here in

Mr. Dresel's soirées two or three years ago, and more recently in the Mendelssohn Quintette Club concerts. Especially beautiful and striking, full of a deep feeling, was the Adagio. The whole was played with admirable unity, precision and expression by Mr. DRESEL, Mr. TRENKLE, and a lady amateur, at the three pianos, with Quartet of strings by the Quintette Club. Miss ELISE HENSLEER was most warmly greeted, but seemed somehow more embarrassed before the room full of friends than in the larger theatre, nor did she quite recover herself during the *Ave Maria*. Yet there was no mistaking the rare beauty of the voice, nor the habitual style and feeling of the artistic singer. In the Romance from "Tell" she was all herself, and never were we so charmed by her singing or by that lovely melody itself, as in her singing of it. Vain were the efforts to recall her; once they seemed to have succeeded, but the audience had to laugh at their own disappointment, as she prettily seated herself at the piano to turn the leaves for Mr. Dresel in his last piece. Schubert's lovely Andante goes to the very heart, the more one hears it; and Mr. Dresel gives the spirit and the outline of it in a very satisfactory manner. It was pleasant to hear again the D minor Trio of Mendelssohn; it made a deep impression, although we think we have heard it once or twice, and by the same artists, brought out with more perfect ease and self-possession.

That Piano Sonata (the third of Op. 31,) is one of the most original, imaginative, and quaint (at least in the first movement) of all Beethoven's works. The interpreter seized the spirit of it perfectly, and made it very clear. We know not when we have heard a Beethoven Sonata played so finely. The Chopin Adagio he has often played before in part, without accompaniment. To hear it entire and with accompaniment was a rare treat. The recitative passages, with tremolo of strings, after the exquisite *cantabile*, were exceedingly impressive. The Polonaise is also a remarkable and characteristic work, but was less clearly apprehended by most hearers, we opine.

FIFTH AFTERNOON CONCERT. Haydn's 7th Symphony is perhaps the best and largest of the set. The first and last movements come nearer than any to the grand and complex works of later symphonists. The Adagio has a great deal of simple and methodical beauty, but fatigues somewhat by its length, especially when taken so slow as it was. But as a whole it was finely played and much enjoyed. How much richer, stronger, and more full of imagination was the *Zauberflöte* overture, which came out grandly! The marvellous Andante to Beethoven's 7th Symphony, without the rest, had a cruel, tantalizing charm. Lumbye's "Farewell to Berlin" waltz, a richly instrumented "Gipsy Galop," by Koppitz, and the "Wedding March," superbly played, made out the entertainment. Only one more concert remains, of which the excellent programme will be found below.

[Crowded out last week.]

CONCERTS.—We were unable, to our great regret, to attend the Concert in aid of the GERMAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. The Music Hall, we hear, was very full, and the net proceeds added to the funds of the society were between \$600 and \$700. We were particularly sorry to lose the singing of the German Männerchor, the "Orpheus," under the direction of Herr KREISSMANN, which all say was a model of fine part-singing. The overtures to the *Freyschütz*, *Zauberflöte* and *Tannhäuser*, and the Andante to the Fifth Symphony, were of course well played by Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra.

The last Wednesday AFTERNOON CONCERT drew another hall full. Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony pleased by its cheerfulness and grace and clearness; but it sounded like child's play in comparison with Beethoven, or even with the best of Mozart, which have so much more in them, besides mere elegance of style. The overtures to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and to *Semiramide* were well played. But the gem of the concert was the little Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—short as it was sweet. Wittman's "Magic Sounds" is a fine, rich, swelling

sort of waltz, strong enough to float off a whole Music Hall floor full of waltzers. The horn solo by M. TROISI was a remarkably smooth and clean performance.

Musical Chat-Chat.

BOUND VOLUMES of the past year of the *Journal of Music* are now ready.... We offer twenty-five cents each for perfect copies of No. 4, Vol. V., or No. 15, Vol. VI.

Do not forget the concert of our old friend KEYSER to-night; the memory of past services, respect for character, and a programme at once classical and novel, should attract a numerous audience.

The GERMAN TRIO, before leaving for their engagements in the English Provinces, intend giving a Farewell Concert here about the end of next week. We hope it will be well attended by their friends.—There will be a select programme, including a new trio of RUBINSTEIN. Full particulars will soon be announced.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS is delighting Salem and other large New England towns with concerts.

The Paris papers are warm in praise of BISACCIANTI's performances at the Italian Opera. It is said that MARIO offered to sing with her her first night, but that owing to professional jealousy in some quarter, she saw fit to decline the aid.

The New York Academy of Music was re-opened last week, for a new season (four weeks) of Italian Opera, under the auspices of MAX MARETZKE as "sole director." BOLCIONI and COLETTI have been added to the troupe. *Ernani* was the first piece, with Mme. LAGRANGE, MORELLI, BOLCIONI and COLETTI in the chief rôles. The list of pieces promised is somewhat richer and more tempting than heretofore. It includes Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, Weber's *Freyschütz*, (in Italian, we suppose,) and "William Tell," besides a sufficiency of Verdi, (*Travatore*, *Luisa Miller*, &c.) The German operas came on the "off nights." "Tell" was given last night; to-night the piece will be Flotow's "Martha."... Messrs. MASON and BERGMANN are following up their Classical Matinées with some equally successful Soirées.... Mr. BERGMANN's Sunday Evening Orchestral Concerts grow more and more in public favor. The programmes remind one of the good old "Germania" days.... GOTTSCHALK gave his fourteenth piano soirée on Thursday evening.

The *Gazzetta Musicale* of Florence, under date of 11th October, 1855, contains a Life of LUIGI PICHIANI, Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint in the Academy of Fine Arts of Florence. After a brief biography and list of works of this eminent composer, the author gives a list of his most distinguished scholars, "as a proof," he says, "of his skill in teaching the art he professes." Among these we are happy to find that of our townsman, FRANCIS BOOTT, Esq., mentioned as an honorary member of the Academy. "Few masters," observes the author, "can boast of so brilliant a crown of scholars and disciples, and it is for this reason that we take pleasure in recording their names." There is an amusing apology in a subsequent paragraph, for some errata of the press, in which the editor "asks pardon for having unjustly Russianized Mr. Boott by printing his name *Rooff* instead of *Boott*."

A new German Opera House is to be erected in New York, at the corner of Crosby and Prince streets. It is contemplated to erect a Musical Hall, somewhat similar to the opera houses of Milan, Paris and Lon-

don. The stage and parquette are to be portable, and the boxes (of which there will be four tiers,) will entirely surround the stage. The interior will be so arranged that it can be used for balls, concerts, public meetings, and a theatre. The whole cost will be in the neighborhood of \$200,000, more than half of which sum is already raised.

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All of whom have kindly volunteered.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.
Quartet,.....Haydn.
Allegro-Adagio-Scherzo-Finale.
Messrs. Keyser, Schultze, Eckhardt and Fries.
Grand Quintet, for Piano-forte solo, 1st and 2d violin,
tenor and violoncello, (first time in Boston,).....Spohr.
Messrs. Gustav Satter, &c.

PART II.
Duo Concertante for Piano and Violin,.....Hers and Lafont.
Messrs. Satter and Keyser, (by request.)
Aria: "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*,.....Bellini.
Sung by a Boston Lady.
Double Quartet,.....Spohr.
Larghetto-Scherzo-Finale.
1st Quartet-Messrs. Keyser, Schultze, Eckhardt and Fries.
2d Quartet-Messrs. Suck, Meisel, Eichler and A. Suck.
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PROGRAMME
OF THE
SIXTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,
AT THE
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
Wednesday, April 30th, 1856.

1—Symphony No. 5,.....Beethoven.
2—Overture: "Oberon,".....Weber.
3—Waltz: Die Elfen,.....Labitsky.
4—Andante, 9th Symphony,.....Haydn.
5—Galop: Une Fleur de Danse,.....Gung'l.
6—Overture: "Zanetta,".....Auber.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubouant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DUCHESS.

I expected Celio at the appointed hour, but I only received from him the following note:

"My Dear Friend—I send you money and papers that you may close up Mademoiselle Boccaferri's business at the theatre. Nothing is simpler. You have only to pay the enclosed sum and take a receipt, which you are to keep. Her engagement was almost over, and she is only responsible for the two performances which were remaining. She has found elsewhere a more profitable engagement. As for me, I am going away, dear friend. I shall be gone when you receive this adieu. I cannot endure the air of this town and the condolences of politeness for an hour longer. I should get angry and say or do something foolish. I am going elsewhere; I press farther on. Onward! onward!

With all my heart, yours,

CELIO FLORIANI."

I turned over the letter to see if it was really directed to me: *Adorno Salentini, Place —, No. —.* Nothing was wanting.

I fell back astounded, disturbed by dreadful anxiety and dark suspicions, shocked at having lost all trace of Cecilia and of him who might take her from me or help me to rejoice her. I believed myself duped. Days and weeks passed, and I heard nothing of Celio nor of the two Boccaferri. No one had minded their departure, as

it took place almost at the close of the operatic season. I eagerly read all the musical and theatrical journals which came in my way. Nowhere did they speak of an engagement for Cecilia or for Celio. I knew no one who was intimate with them except Mademoiselle Boccaferri's old teacher, and he knew nothing or pretended to know nothing about her. I prepared to leave Vienna, where I began to grow sullen, and went to say farewell to the duchess, hoping that she might tell me something of Celio.

All this adventure had harmed me grievously; just when my heart was opening to love, trust and respect, I was pushed back into the regions of doubt, and felt the poisonous touch of scepticism and irony. I could not work; I sought excitement, and found it nowhere. I was more malicious in my conversation with the duchess than Celio himself would have been in my place. This gave her a passion for me—I should say *against* me; thus are coquettes made.

The ill-disguised anxiety with which I inquired for Celio made her think me still jealous and in love with her. She declared she did not know what had become of him since his unfortunate debut; but believing me fascinated with her, and seeing how firmly I denied it, she formed a great idea of my strength of character. She resolved to conquer it, and prepared herself for battle; a desperate combat with a man who showed no weakness, and who had abandoned her upon a mere suspicion, seemed worthy of her skill.

I left Vienna without seeing her again. I went to Turin; in two days she was there also; she compromised herself openly, and did for me what she had never done for another. This woman, who had held me in her balances with Celio, coldly weighing the chances of our budding fame, that she might choose him who would best flatter her vanity—this wise coquette, who kept us both in such a way that she might dismiss him whom the public cast off—this fine lady, until now very discreet and skilful in the management of her love affairs, threw herself heart and soul into the way of scandal, before I had gained an inch with the public, solely because I resisted her.

Yet Celio had been cruel with her too, and she had not been thus affected. So resistance alone would not make her thus enamored. She saw that Celio did not love her and perhaps was not capable of loving her seriously; but whether my character and *savoir-vivre* made her more sure, she had seen me really moved by her; she thought me capable of great passion, and imagined that she might inspire me in spite of my courage and pride. She was too late in the day, and did for me when I was cold what she would

not have dreamed of during my zeal. Women are never so skilful as to keep away from the snare of their own vanity.

Thus I saw her thrust herself upon me when I did not care for her, and when I was suffering for another. I needed neither courage, virtue nor pride to repel her at first, and to strive to make her renounce her own ruin. I put myself to this work with an energy which only pushed her farther. Had I been a rascal, a roué, an enemy determined upon her downfall, I could not have acted more successfully to push her to extremes and make her trample under foot all care for her own reputation. She thought I was trying her love, and should place mine upon the result of this decisive final trial. This woman, so dangerous to others, suddenly became fatal to herself in the midst of a life of selfishness and calculation. She exerted all the strength of her will to conquer an aversion which she took for mere defiance. The crisis of her wounded pride carried her beyond her accustomed cold and disdainful vanity. Perhaps, too, she was weary of herself; perhaps she wished to feel the storm of a real passion or a terrible strife.

My continued resistance so enraged her that she declared that she would force me by surprise to fall at her feet. She sought insult in public, that I might defend her. She drove to see me in broad daylight in her carriage. She confided her pretended secret to three or four dear friends, women of the world, and she chose the most indiscreet. She dropped her mask in the midst of a ball, while she caught my arm; she even followed me into a box at the theatre, where she would have shown herself to the public gaze had I not insisted upon leaving with her.

These tortures lasted for a week, and all the time she kept up this incredible warfare. This indolent woman, superb in her languor, was suddenly seized by an unceasing activity. She neither slept nor ate, and was frightfully changed. She prevented my departure by making me believe that she came to bid me farewell and had renounced me. I would have liked to soothe the grief I caused her, bring her back to good resolutions, leave her nobly and manfully with friendly words. I only roused her despair, and it grew more terrible, more imperious, more entangling, at the moment when I had at last flattered myself that she had yielded to reason.

It is impossible to tell what I suffered in that week. The love of any woman is perhaps irresistible, and she was beautiful, young, intelligent and full of charms. The grief which had consumed her so rapidly gave a terrible character to her beauty, well made to work upon an artist's imagination. I had always thought her sensual;

she had passed for that; but to me she seemed dying for the want of a heart which might lull her senses and adorn her with the new charm of chastity. I felt myself on the edge of a bottomless abyss, for I knew if I loved her but one moment I was lost. Of that I had no doubt; I knew what a reaction of tyranny I should undergo after I had once yielded my soul to the perfidious syren. I knew myself and could foresee the future. Strong in combat, I was too artless in my defeat not to be harassed forever by my conscience, and I could still persist because I forbade myself to love her, she was so far from my ideal; it was devotion to be sure, but devotion in fever, energy in weakness, enthusiasm in forgetting self-respect, and no true strength, no dignity, no possible endurance in this sudden infatuation. She filled me with horror and pity, while she aroused wild emotions and severe curiosity within me. I saw my future ruined, my character lost, and myself an object of attack to all bold and coquettish women, to draw me away from a powerful rival, and to sport with me like panthers with a gladiator. I saw myself become an adventurer—I, who so detested that vile trade, considered a charlatan by chaste souls, who would accuse me of having sought fame in scandalous deeds instead of progress in my art. I felt myself yielding, and when the fire of passion mounted in my veins, a cold sweat of fear ran down my forehead. If this woman should be lost through me, or only accepted by me in her voluntary fall, I should be bound to her by honor and could not forsake her. In vain might I try to divert and exalt myself in striving for her; I should always drag about my feet the degradation of a love imposed by the weakness of a moment upon the grandeur of a whole life.

She had already threatened to poison herself, and in her present situation one hour of rage and delirium might drive her to suicide. Heaven suggested a *mezzo termine*. I resolved to deceive her in leaving a possibility of a performance of my promise. I insisted upon a return to her family and friends in Milan. I made it a condition of love, telling her that I should blush to profit by the fever into which she had thrown herself to obtain her, and that my conscience would be quiet if I saw her take her old place in the world and her old rank in public opinion—that I should stay in Turin, not to compromise her by following her, but that in a week I should be near her, to be hers in all the charm of mystery.

I had hard work to persuade her, but I was really touched, and so distrustful of my own strength as to make her believe that hers was not powerless. She departed, and I staid, exhausted by conflicting emotions, fatigued by my victory, uncertain whether I should flee to the ends of the earth or follow her to leave her no more.

I was weaker after her departure than in her presence. She wrote me insane letters. Her language and manners awoke an instinctive hatred within me, which passed off when I remembered her connected with so many proofs of sacrifice and passion; and then, too, solitude was insupportable. Worse follies tempted me. Cecilia had forsaken me; Celio was false. The world was empty without one being to love exclusively. When the week had expired I ordered a coachman to drive me to Milan.

They were putting on my baggage; the horses

were waiting at the door. I went back into my studio to take a last look.

I had come to Turin intending to stay for a long time. I loved the town which called back my childhood, and where I had always kept up pleasant connections. I had hired delightful lodgings; my studio was charming, and the very day I arrived there I had worked with pleasure, flattering myself that I should forget my cares and make great progress. The arrival of the duchess had dispelled these sweet hopes, and I feared lest all happiness was dispelled from my life. I was overwhelmed by remorse, terror and regret, against which I strove in vain. I threw myself on the sofa; they were calling me in the street; the driver was getting impatient; his little horses, young and spirited, were pawing the pavement. I did not stir. I was not decided enough to say I would not go, but said to myself, with childish satisfaction, that I had not yet started.

At last the driver came himself and knocked at my door. I can see now his cap of otter-skin and his coat of fur. He had an agreeable face, both displeased and friendly. He was an old soldier, annoyed by my want of punctuality, but submissive to the idea of subordination.

"Ah, my dear sir, the days are so short at this season of the year! the roads are so bad! If night overtakes us in the mountains what shall we do? It is a full hour since I am at your commands, and my little horses only ask to run for your pleasure."

That was all his complaint.

"You are right, friend," said I to him. "Get up on your seat; I am ready."

He went out, and I intended to do the same. A paper which fluttered before me on the floor diverted my attention. I picked it up; it was a leaf from my album. I recognized the sketch which I had made the night when Celio went home with me after his fiasco. I saw the good and bad angel, both occupied by a sly looking personage, who had Celio's stage costume and mien. I remembered that sleepless night when the duchess had seemed to me so vain and false, and Cecilia so pure and grand. I do not know what reaction seized me. I ran to the door, ordered the coachman to unharness and go away. I came back; I drew a long breath; I put my album upon the table, as if to take fresh possession of my studio, my work, and my liberty; then the fear of solitude crossed me. Those bare walls of an unfurnished studio weighed upon my heart. I fell back upon the sofa and began to weep and sob even, like a child undergoing punishment, and miserable at the sight of the chamber which is to be its prison.

Suddenly I heard a woman's voice singing in the street the first words of this air from *Don Juan*:

Vedrai, carino,
Se sei buonino,
Che bel rimedio
Ti voglio dar.

Was it a dream? I heard the voice of Cecilia Boccaferri. I had heard her twice in the rôle of Zerlina, in which she had a charming simplicity, but lacked the necessary shade of coquetry. Just then she seemed to address me with a tender fondness she had never shown in public, and as if she called me with irresistible tones. I rushed to the door, ran out into the street. I only found

the *vetturino*, who was taking out the horses. I made a thousand careful searches. The street was deserted. It was hardly day, and a sharp breeze came from the mountains.

"Come back to-morrow," said I to my driver, giving him a *pour-boire*; "I cannot go to-day."

I spent twenty-four hours in hunting for information. I inquired high and low for Cecilia, her father, and Celio. No one knew what I meant. One told me that the old drunkard died ten years ago; another that he had no daughter; all said that the son of Floriani must be in England, for he had passed through Turin three months since, saying he had an engagement in London.

I concluded that I must have been mistaken, that it was not Cecilia's voice which had sung those four lines, too tenderly for her; but during those twenty-four hours my feeling had changed; the duchess had lost her power over my imagination. At the dawn of day the brave *vetturino* was at my door. This time I did not make him wait. I myself put on my baggage; I got into his frail *legno* and told him to drive westward.

"But, my lord, that is not the way to Milan."

"I know it; I am not going to Milan."

"Then, master, tell me where you are going?"

"Where you will, my friend; go as far as possible in the direction opposite Milan."

"I could drive you to Paris with my horses; but still I should like to know whether you wish to go to Paris or to Rome."

"Go towards France, directly to France," said I, obeying an inward impulse. "When I am tired, I will stop you, or when the beauties of nature invite me to contemplation."

"Beautiful nature is ugly enough in this weather," said the brave man, smiling. "See how deep the snow lies below the mountains! We cannot easily pass Mont Cenis."

"We will see; perhaps we may not care to. Come, let us start; I am eager to travel. If your carriage takes me away from Milan as well as Turin, that is all I care for to-day."

"Alions! alions!" said he, whipping up his horses, who slid along the pavement, glittering with frost. "An artist's notions are a fool's notions! but prudent people are often stupid and always stingy. Long live artists!"

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

IX.

DEPARTURE FROM COLOGNE—PARIS—THE SALLE BERTHÉLEMY AND THE HALL OF THE CONSERVATOIRE—DEARTH OF GOOD MUSIC ROOMS ON THE CONTINENT—MISS HENSLEY IN PARIS—MILITARY MUSIC OF THE FRENCH—ORGANS AT ST. DENIS AND THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

My latest experiences of Germany, as were likewise the first, are connected with the Cathedral of Cologne. And I would fain have lingered among the shadows of this grand old pile, about which so much has been written and said, and yet the half has not been told. But the limits of my allotted time did not allow. So, passing from the Cathedral direct, I took my departure from Cologne. An hour or two afterwards, straining out of the window of a car, I looked back upon the town, and watched the outline of the majestic structure, as it receded in the distance, growing more and more shadowy and in-

distinct, till it is merged at last in the mists of the Rhine.

A day and a night of tedious travelling has brought me again to Paris. Several times I tried desperately to get a hearing of the famous orchestra of the *Conservatoire*, but without success. Why is it, I could not but ask myself, that such an orchestra must needs be cribbed and cabined in so limited a sphere? And this question applies with equal fitness to most of the cities of Germany. Really, there is not on the continent of Europe, so far as I could learn, a concert room of sufficient amplitude to give to orchestral music its proper and legitimate effect. The rooms employed for this purpose in Dresden and Berlin, as is well known, are cramped in their proportions, ill-ventilated and uncomfortable, and hardly competent to contain a thousand auditors. The *Gürzinich* Hall at Cologne, the chosen *locale*, for many generations back, of the festival music of the Rhine, is described by CHORLEY as "a quaint old building, which commands its street almost like a castle, the burgher warlike aspect of which is enhanced by the turrets at its corners—having almost every fault which persons experienced in acoustics would denounce as fatal, being too low, too ill-proportioned, and divided down its centre by a row of squat pillars." The hall of the famous *Gewandhaus* Concerts at Leipzig is much of the same sort. Nor are Frankfort and Munich greatly superior in this respect.

I had heard of a Hall which had been recently constructed in Paris on a new plan—the *Salle Berthélemy* Rue du Chateau d'Eau, which its friends had predicted would prove the *ultima Thule* of acoustic success. The principle here adopted was the rejection of rectilinear surfaces, and the substitution of curves everywhere in their stead—walls, ceilings, floors and stage being made to conform to this theory. This is the building which a correspondent in a previous number of this journal, (No. 19, Vol. II,) under the signature of "C," quotes, in substantiation of a similar notion, as *leaving nothing to be desired in point of acoustic effect!* I took an early opportunity to visit this anomaly of acoustic construction and test its properties. Its interior figure is ellipsoidal, being that of a much elongated oval—a sort of colossal egg in fact. Its extreme length is 137 feet, its width 72 feet. It will accommodate an audience of perhaps three thousand persons. The building, as in ordinary theatres, is partitioned off into parquette, stage and galleries, the latter, of which there are two, running entirely around the sides of the apartment except the end appropriated by the scenes. In the middle of the concave ceiling, high up against the roof, is the hanging balcony, so called, a sort of basket-work suspended by iron rods and chains, capable of containing thirty or forty people. This has always been alluded to as one of the novelties of the building;—and so it is indeed. But of what possible use it can be, or what inducement it can offer to visitors, in compensation for toiling up a crooked stairway of some 60 feet, to descend again, through a hole in the roof, to their dizzy perch, it is difficult to conceive. To the amateur rigger or sea-faring man, perhaps, it might present peculiar attraction; but for seeing and the proper hearing and appreciation of sound therefrom, it is out of the question. From the peculiar conformation of the apartment, we might judge, *a priori*, it would possess, in an aggravated degree,

that most serious of defects in a music room, excessive reverberation of sound. Such was indeed the case. To remedy, in some measure, this fault, the hanging gallery above named had been bandaged with cloth, festoons of which were also extended from the centre to the sides of the room at several points. It was soon abandoned as a concert room. At the time of my visit it was being used for the exhibition of a gigantic panorama of California, over which an orchestra of some twenty-five or thirty instruments presided, who played at intervals the national airs of America. The music, as might be supposed, was not of the highest excellence, but it served well to test the qualities of the room. There was, I imagined, a peculiar intensity imparted to the sound. The drums and the heavier brass instruments returned a distinct echo, and the effect of the whole, as in the case of the Court Church at Dresden, before alluded to in these papers, was inarticulate and confused. Touching its present condition, "Spiridion," the spirited correspondent of the *Daily Atlas*, says, in a recent letter from Paris: "The celebrated *Salle Berthélemy*, which was to open a new era in theatre building, after having ruined its builder, (he was worth 1,000,000 fr.,) and failed as a concert hall, show-room and ball-room, is about to be made into a church." After such experiences abroad, I recurred to our own beautiful hall with a new feeling of gratification and pride. It is thus by contrast with the boasted music rooms in other parts of the world, its superiority can be fully appreciated.

Miss ELISE HENSLEY was at this time pursuing her musical studies in Paris, under the direction of the eminent BORDOGNI. This distinguished master, as is well known, draws his pupils from all parts of the world. In voice-training, by which I mean the bringing out and developing, to their fullest extent, the vocal powers, he is still, I doubt not, unrivalled. Miss Hensley's voice, in these first six months of her pupilage, had gained greatly in fullness and strength. Just before I left I was present at one of her morning lessons. It was on this occasion, as I have somewhere before mentioned, after the successful performance of a long and difficult exercise, that her teacher, patting her upon the shoulder, turned aside to me and exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "*La petite Sontag!*" In one year more of such application," he continued, "that voice will double in power and volume." Whether fortunately or unfortunately, that year was passed, away from Paris, under other, possibly equally eminent masters. And in the subsequent and frequent changes which became necessary, it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that the line of of action and prominent aim in the teaching of Bordogni, as suggested in the remarks above quoted, was for a time departed from; nor that, amidst the cares and duties incident to the successful and brilliant career of the young debutante at *La Scala*, it could not be immediately and systematically renewed. But this may yet be accomplished. Success, however flattering, will not, we are confident, be allowed to interfere with the hours of practice and study, in a young artist whose student life is as yet but just begun.

Between the hours of seven and eight o'clock, in summer, it is the custom of the military bands, connected with the various regiments stationed in Paris, to play in rotation at the foot of the Column

of Napoleon in the *Place Vendôme*. These bands are commonly composed of about forty instruments. In some instances the number is increased to fifty. They comprise among their ingredients a proper proportion of reeds and brass, though in the latter I was sorry to observe a preponderating tendency towards the family of sax-horns and cornets. In this respect the military bands of the French compare disadvantageously with the well-appointed collections to be found in the Austrian and Prussian service; so, also, in the character of their music, which is light and trashy, in comparison with both the German and English military music. Snatches of French and Italian Opera and the national airs of the country are the most popular pieces on the programme of such out-door entertainments. The great fault of these band performances, here as elsewhere, is, they attempt too much, and grasp at effects outside their legitimate sphere and entirely beyond their reach. They are not content unless they usurp the part of an orchestra. How much better and more effective when confined to their own peculiar province; for there is a department of military, or *harmony* music, as the Germans call it, within which it is possible to produce unique and thrilling effects; nor is it confined, of necessity, to stirring and martial subjects, but has its temper and theme for every occasion of out-door music.

It was interesting to watch the effect of this martial serenade upon the excitable populace of Paris. The square was always thronged. The spot is well chosen, politically speaking, for such exhibitions. Nowhere else could the military tendencies of Young France be so aroused. A strong police force is always near at hand. At such times I have seen old men lean against the iron railing and weep. Others, who have come joyously to hang garlands upon the projections of the column, would sit down at its base and bury their faces in their hands at the sound of some familiar strain. But in itself considered, the place is ill adapted for music. The reverberation from the semi-circular rows of massive buildings, on either side, is tremendous and utterly destructive of all unity in effect, unless one pushes his way into the very midst of the players. Add to this the uproar of the twenty-four drums of the regiment, which come into the *Place Vendôme* at eight o'clock to escort the band to its quarters, and the noise becomes truly infernal.

There are some famous organs in Paris and its vicinity. Among those of recent date are the fine instruments in the churches of St. Vincent de Paul and the Madeleine, and that in the Abbey Church at St. Denis. These are the productions of the celebrated M. M. Cavallé Coll, of Paris, who hold the same position among the organ builders of France as that commanded by the Messrs. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, in Germany. Among the instruments above named, that at St. Denis—the Westminster Abbey of the French—is the largest and most complete. It contains 69 sounding stops, arranged upon 8 manuals and pedal. "Among the most remarkable features in this organ," says HOPKINS, "is the adjustment of wind. Not only are the reed stops placed on a heavier wind than those of the flue species, but the upper octave of all the stops are in common supplied with a stronger blast than the lower; upon the principle that wind instrument players exercise a greater pressure of the muscles upon

the lungs when producing the acute sounds." There are also several stops of a novel kind, called by Cavaillé "Harmonique," which sound the octave above the note that the length of the pipe would indicate. The organ has also the pneumatic lever attachment for lightening the touch. Its compass is, upon the manual, from CC to *f* in alt., 54 notes; on the pedal, FFF to tenor *f*, 25 notes.

The organ in the Church of the Madeleine, though smaller in calibre than the one just mentioned, is not inferior in excellence. It was completed in 1846, and in October of that year was opened and formally dedicated at the church with much ceremony. It has 4 manuals and pedal arranged as follows:

CLAVIER DU GRAND ORGUE.

Pieds.	Pieds.
1 Montre.....16	7 Prestant.....4
2 Violin-Basse.....16	8 Quinte.....8
3 Montre.....8	9 Doublette.....2
4 Bourdon.....8	10 Plein jeu X ranks.
5 Salicional.....8	11 Trompette.....8
6 Flute Harmonique.....8	12 Cor. Anglais.....8

CLAVIER DE BOMBARDES.

13 Sous Basse.....16	19 Bombarde.....16
14 Basse.....8	20 Trompette Harmonique.....8
15 Flute Harmonique.....8	
16 Flute Traversière.....8	21 Deuxième Trompette.....8
17 Flute Octavante.....4	22 Clairon.....4
18 Octavin.....2	

CLAVIER DU POSITIF.

23 Montre.....8	28 Dulciana.....4
24 Viola di Gamba.....8	30 Octavin.....2
25 Flute douce.....8	30 Trompette.....8
26 Voix Celestes.....8	21 Basson et Hautbois.....8
27 Prestant.....4	22 Clairon.....4

CLAVIER DE R&CIT. EXPRESSIF.

33 Flute Harmonique.....8	38 Voix Humaine.....8
34 Bourdon.....8	39 Trompette Harmonique.....8
35 Musette.....8	40 Clairon Harmonique.....4
36 Flute Octavante.....4	
37 Octavin.....2	

CLAVIER DE PÉDALES.

41 Quintaton.....32	45 Grosse Flute.....8
42 Contre-Basse.....16	46 Bombarde.....16
43 Basse-Contre.....16	47 Trompette.....8
44 Violoncelle.....8	48 Clairon.....4

COMBINATION PEDALS, &c.

1 Positif to Great.	8 Tremulant to Choir and Swell.
2 Great to Pedal.	
3 Bombarde to Positif.	9 Great Reeds.
4 Pedal to Great.	10 Bombarde Reeds.
5 Gt. Organ Sub-octave.	11 Choir Reeds.
6 Bombarde Sub-octave.	12 Swell Reeds.
7 Pedal Octave above.	13 Pedal Reeds.

The compass of this instrument is, on the Manuals, from CC to *f*², 54 notes; Pedal, CCC to tenor *d*, 27 notes. The above is a fair example of the selection and arrangement of the stops in the large French organs. There is to be found in these instruments great variety and beauty of effect, conjoined with lightness and promptness of action, and a rare brilliancy of tone. But they lack character—are wanting in grandeur, dignity, profundity—and, on the whole, must be ranked as inferior to the great works of England and Germany.

Death of Bochs, the Harpist.

Robert Nicholas Charles Bochs, the celebrated harpist, died at Sydney, Australia, on the 7th of January. The only biographical sketch that we possess of this rather famous individual, says that he was born at Montmedi, in the department of the Meuse, in France, in 1789, so that his age was but sixty-seven, though he was generally supposed to be older. His father was first performer on the hautboy in the Grand Theatre at Lyons, and he began to learn music before anything else. Indeed some of the stories told of him remind one of the infancy of Mozart; for he is said to have publicly performed a concerto on the piano, when only seven years old, to have written "a duet and

symphony for the flute" when only nine, to have composed ballet overtures and a quartet when only eleven, and an opera called "Trajan" when only sixteen.

His family having removed to Bordeaux, Bochs began to study composition under Beck, and marvellous stories are told of his progress, and of his rapidly acquired skill upon nearly every instrument of the orchestra, but especially upon the harp, the pianoforte, the flute, and the tenor. From Bordeaux he was taken to Paris, placed in the Conservatory, under Catel, and at the end of the first year, won the first prize in harmony. He then continued the study of composition under Mehul, but at the same time devoted himself greatly to the harp, receiving lessons from Nadermann, and afterwards from the Vicomte Marin. In a little while he not only surpassed his masters, but became the greatest living performer on the harp, maintaining this pre-eminence until years and rather premature infirmities, diminished his powers.

In the days of his youth and greatest skill Bochs was the pet of the leading courts of Europe. In 1813 Napoleon the Great appointed him the first harpist of his private concerts. In the following year, on the Restoration, he was appointed to compose an opera called *Les Heritiers Michaux*, which was graciously received by Louis XVIII. and by the Russian and Austrian Emperors. In 1815 he wrote a grand Requiem by command of Louis XVIII. He was also appointed harpist to the King and the Duc de Berri. In 1817 he went to England, where he became the pet of the court and nobility, performing frequently at concerts, and writing many compositions for the harp. In 1822 he was made director of the oratorios, and also a life governor, professor of the harp and secretary of the musical department of the Royal Academy. He retained these offices for many years, and derived a handsome revenue from his concerts and his publications.

During his residence in London, Bochs made the acquaintance of Madame Anna Bishop, an accomplished woman, and a charming singer, who had been raised from obscurity, educated, and afterwards married by Sir Henry R. Bishop. The great harpist was then a very handsome, as well as a celebrated man. The result of the acquaintance was that the lady deserted her husband and followed the harpist, to whom she has been a faithful and devoted servant ever since. Their visit to the United States is remembered by all our readers. Since they have left us, they have visited Mexico, South America and California, and finally, Australia; the great harpist who had been petted by Bonapartes and Bourbons, and had instructed empresses and princesses, finding at last a grave in the land whither, if all that is said of him be true, he should have been legally sent years ago; for among the eccentricities of his genius was one which used to prompt him to lay violent hands on finery and jewelry belonging to ladies who attended his re-unions—this peculiarity being one of the reasons why he could not venture back to the scenes of his early European triumphs.

Bochs was a vain, petulant, domineering, bad-tempered man. The hints we have given are sufficient to indicate his moral deficiencies, so we need not enlarge upon them. He was, unquestionably, a wonderful harpist, and a composer of skill. But he lacked genius and inspiration, so that among his couple of hundred works, there are none that will live, except as mere studies for the harp.—*Phil. Bulletin*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21st. On Saturday evening the Philharmonic season came to a worthy close in the finest concert which this winter has brought us, and which was particularly refreshing in contrast with its immediate predecessor. BEETHOVEN'S Fourth Symphony, in B flat, ever new, ever beautiful and grand, formed the chief feature of the evening. It was played with a great deal of spirit, and

very correctly, with the exception of the few notes of the bass-viol (?) in the last bars of the Andante, which were on this occasion, as they had been at all the rehearsals, fearfully out of tune. The audience tried hard for a second hearing of this exquisite movement, but, after some hesitation, Mr. BERGMANN preferred to proceed with the Menuetto.

Besides the *Melusina* overture of MENDELSSOHN, which was fairy-like, undulating, graceful as ever, we had another overture, to *Hans Heiling*, by MARSCHNER, a composition full of vigor, pleasing melodies, and rich instrumentation, which was very favorably received. BADIALI sang two arias from VERDI'S *Attila* and MERCADANTE'S *Normanni in Parigi*, with his usual magnificent voice and excellence of rendering. The MOLLENHAUERS gave us one of their astonishing duets, and Edward rendered very finely the first part of a violin concerto by VIEUXTEMPS, a work of very great merit.

And so we have bidden farewell to the Philharmonic orchestra for another six months, heaving a sigh as the last notes of the Symphony died away, that so long a time must pass before we hear more of the same sort. We shall not, however, be quite bereft of our orchestral music before we scatter for the summer; one rich treat is promised us, in the shape of a concert by Mr. EISEL in the early part of next month. At this, the circulars say, calling it a "vocal, instrumental, and dramatic" concert, the whole of BEETHOVEN'S music to *Egmont* will be given, in connection with a dramatic reading. Rumor connects the names of some of our first artists, but as nothing is yet certain, I will not mention any of them at present.

There have been several concerts in the last week or two, as various in the character of the music performed as in its execution. The best of them have been the Sunday concerts. SCHUBERT'S Symphony and MENDELSSOHN'S in A minor have been performed at these, besides overtures and minor pieces of more or less merit. MASON and BERGMANN have advertised two soirées on the plan of their matinees. At the first, last Tuesday, BEETHOVEN'S Quartet, Op. 95, and that of SCHUMANN for piano and stringed instruments, were performed, with some solos by Mr. Mason, and a couple of songs which were quite spoilt, by Miss BEHREND. For the second one, to-morrow, more quartets of Beethoven and Schumann are advertised, with singing by Mrs. Brinkerhoff, which is certainly no attraction. GOTTSCHALK, in consequence of a disabled finger, has been obliged to suspend his soirées for a while.

APRIL 29th. The last of EISEL'S Soirées and of MASON'S Matinees came off respectively on Saturday evening and this afternoon. The former was one of the most enjoyable concerts we have had this season. Mozart's third Quartet, in B flat, and a Quintet for stringed instruments, in C minor, began and ended the programme—each a perfect specimen of its composer. Mr. BURKE took the first violin in the second piece, and although his playing might have been clearer and truer in some portions, yet the admirable manner in which he brought out an exquisite melody in the finale, which he had alone, must have delighted all. The members of the "Glee and Madrigal Union," i. e., Mr., Mrs. and Miss LEACH, and Mr. FRAZER, gave us a charming quartet of Mr. Eisel's, "A voice from the lake," and one of Dr. Callcott's glees very finely, and the soprano and tenor each sang a solo besides. The remaining number was Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, in which the piano part was taken by an "amateur lady," who acquitted herself exceedingly well, and played with wonderful ease and self-possession, and yet at the same time in a very modest and unassuming manner. She is a young married lady, who, under her maiden name, was well known as one of the two best lady players—pupils, the one of SCHARFENBERG, the other of TIMM—in town.

She proved on this occasion that she had not lost her claim to this reputation in changing her name.

At the *matinée* we had, first, a curiosity in shape Beethoven's 13th Quartet, (one of his best works, if I mistake not.) which has, I believe, never been played before in this country. I found it much more comprehensible than I had supposed. It is unusual in form, consisting of six parts: 1. Adagio, Allegro; 2. Presto; 3. Andante con moto; 4. Alla Danza Tedesca; 5. Cavatina; 6. Finale, Allegro. Of these, the four middle ones were the most attractive—the Cavatina particularly beautiful. Mr. MASON played some solo pieces: his pretty "Silver Spring," charming little "Lullaby," and immensely difficult "Etude de Concert," and the piano part in Schumann's Quintet for piano and string quartet, Op. 44, a very fine composition. The Andante: "in modo duna Marcia," is to me almost unsurpassed in its kind. Of the singing on this occasion, the less said the better. Mad. v. BERKEL, "prima donna from the principal theatres of Germany, and of the new (future) German Opera in New York," must give the uninitiated but a miserable idea of those same "principal theatres," and of the promises for German Opera here. All the good I can say of her is, that she sings true, and evinces considerable skill in some of her *floriture*. Otherwise she is beneath criticism, and her gestures and motions while singing must strike every one, as they did me, as supremely ridiculous.

The above mentioned "Glee and Madrigal Union" are about to give a series of concerts at a very low price, for the production of old English music of the kind which their name denotes, as also ballads, duets, etc. Their voices harmonize finely, and as there is much that is beautiful and interesting among these compositions, much pleasure may be derived from these entertainments.

Music at Nazareth Hall.

BETHLEHEM, PA., APRIL 28. Your humble servant having been kindly invited to a musical evening given by the tutors of this venerable institution, and presuming you would have no objections to hear reports in matters of music from any obscure corner of the land where Euterpe may choose to fix her abode, I take the liberty of sending you a few notes of silent observation.

The edifice known as Nazareth Hall was built just a century ago, for the use of Count ZINZENDORF, and has been occupied, with some small intermission, for nearly ninety-seven years, as a boarding school for boys. Its history has therefore become somewhat eventful and even classic, and the poetry of age begins to surround it and its venerable grounds.

The reunion spirit has been awakened among its old pupils, and during the two past summers many of them have assembled here to live over in imagination old events, and realize once more many of the heart's lost and forgotten emotions.

But let us now to the music and the subject in hand. The principal music teacher of the Hall, Herr AGTE, aided by Mr. BECK and others, has opened a course of agreeable and genial soirées, held in the little chapel where the boys usually assemble for devotional and recitation purposes. Here, in company with the pupils as listeners, and in part performers, we met to enjoy a programme of classical and well selected music.

The opening Pot Pourri, a duet for the piano from *Robert le Diable*, was agreeably and skillfully performed by Messrs. AGTE and KLUGE, a composition which every critic might designate by his own peculiar fancy or idiosyncrasy, but which I will simply characterize as Meyerbeerian. A good English song by RUSSELL, "Man the life-boat," was well sung by Mr. Beck, to the no small delight and approbation of the ladies, so much so that they

would have it repeated. Then among the "Airs Ecossais," Herr Agté gave us, in an extremely sympathetic vein and gentler touches of feeling, "Robin Adair," on the violoncello, accompanied by Mr. Kluge on the piano. Herr Agté is decidedly a virtuoso on the violoncello, and although he possesses the most versatile powers in several departments of music, he is most appreciable on this finest of all instruments. Although we have never yet heard him produce those remarkable flageolet notes which rendered KNOOP's instrumentation such a phenomenon, yet he responds to your inmost movements of musical thought by the precision of delivery and delicacy of touch that constitute the life of the violoncello. We next had a good selection of morceaux from FÜRSTER, STUNZ, MENDELSSOHN, DE BRIOT, WEBER and others, which rendered the entertainments of the evening chaste, joyous and spiritual.

The song: "*Der Krieger und Sein Ross*," by HOELTZER, is a sombre but popular piece here among us, and was well received by the select little audience. Then came, in conclusion, UHLAND's well known *Wanderlieder*, sung in Quartet by four of the gentlemen, calling up all the truly German feelings of that natural part through the interpretation of the equally German tone-master, VON WEBER.

The boys of the Hall were quite enthusiastic in their appreciation of the *Wanderlieder*, sung by as excellent a representation of the *Vaterland* as you could easily imagine.

The associations of the locale of this chamber concert are also of interest, as in this very chapel, somewhat modernized in contrast with its former appearance, the sounds of real and classic music have had an utterance for nearly a century. Here the "Creation" was performed upwards of thirty years ago, and all the good old symphonies of HAYDN, including one which brings up pleasant memories in the mind of your humble correspondent, by the extinguishing of lights until the last taper burnt alone, to the final cadences of the solitary violinist; and when his last sounds died away, he cast darkness over the scene by putting out his own light. We have the gratifying hope stored away that Herr Agté's Soirées are but the beginning of good things to come, and hope also, for the pupils' sake, that these ambrosial evenings may come often and increase in the interest they inspire.

Your special correspondent from these parts had indulged the expectation of sending you some account of ROSSINI's *Stabat Mater*, performed by the girls of the Bethlehem Boarding School, and which rumor spoke exceedingly well of; but the earth and heavens being unpropitious on the appointed day, the writer could not attend. When the next great musical feat shall come off, "may we be there to see.

Very truly yours,

T. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 4. Thinking it might be interesting to yourself and your readers to know what kind of a place California is in regard to music, I will tell you what I have seen and heard in the four or five weeks I have been here. I left Boston on the last of January with many regrets, feeling it would be a long time before I should enjoy the delightful music of such concerts and operas as we had there. But I am agreeably disappointed to find much good musical taste and good music here in this new country.

I have attended two concerts of a series of six given by the "Germania Society;" and when I tell you the programme consisted of the compositions of Weber, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and three movements from Beethoven's Grand Symphony in C minor, one or two lighter compositions to vary the performances, you will decide with me in my estimate of musical taste.

The orchestral performances, by thirty musicians, who seemed to feel what they had to do, were excel-

lent, and, judging from the goodly number present, I should think, were well patronized. A flute solo by Mr. KOPFRTZ, I think was superior to any thing I ever heard upon that instrument.

The vocal part of the performance was decidedly poor. There is at present only one good female singer here—Signora GABATI, whom I have not yet heard. This is the first attempt of this kind, giving a series of concerts, and it meets with general satisfaction. One great trouble here I would were obviated; that is, the lack of good pianos. I heard, a few evenings since, a fine performer execute Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, upon an instrument said to be the best to be had. O how my ears ached for a sound *something* like those elicited from one of Chickering's Grands!

Mr. Atwill, formerly of New York, tells me he sells much first class music here; so all or any of your publishers and music dealers must not suppose the Californians will purchase any thing Bostonians would refuse.

One thing I must not forget to mention. We have here a musical prodigy, a native Californian guitarist, who executes wonders, having all the facility that Ole Bull has on the violin, and performs the "Carnival of Venice" with quite as much effect. Four years ago he had never seen a guitar. He reads music with considerable facility, but is able to play melodies and harmonies, after hearing them performed by an orchestra, accurately.

I think an English Opera company might do well here; can you send one?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 3, 1856.

Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas.

We have received from the publisher, J. A. NOVELLO, London and New York, "*Six Grand Sonatas for the Organ*," composed and dedicated to Dr. F. Schlemmer, by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. Op. 65." It is a work of rare interest and value, and the cheapness (see advertisement) of the edition, which is one of the most beautiful specimens of English musical publications we have seen, should place it in the hands of every student of true organ music. For true organ music it is, although it partakes enough of the form and character of some of the best piano-forte sonatas, to justify its title. The six Sonatas show the thoroughly Bach-ian culture of Mendelssohn; they breathe the spirit of Bach and the old chorale and fugue music, mingled with something of the form and something of the spirit of the modern romantic and even dramatic sonata style of Beethoven. Not precisely following the usual sonata division and sequence of three or four movements, they are nevertheless composed each of several movements related by the same sort of inner spiritual tie.

Among the thousand and one "improvements" kindly suggested in the newspapers for our late Beethoven Festival, the most amusing was, that it ought to have commenced with a Sonata of Beethoven, played upon the organ! Were there to be a Mendelssohn festival, the ingenious critic might be gratified. Here we have Sonatas written for the organ, by one in whom the art and spirit of the grand old organists resided as in no musician of these latter days. What Mendelssohn writes for the organ is surely organ music. A few very general directions are given in the com-

poser's preface, and occasionally in the Sonatas themselves, as to the selection of stops or registers. We could wish these had been more precise, considering the various shades of feeling and dramatic contrast in the music. As to the special contents of the several Sonatas we cannot give the reader a better idea than by translating from an analysis by another distinguished German organist, A. G. RITTER.

"Sonata No. 1 (*Allegro moderato e serioso*, F minor, common time,) begins with full, strong chords, of a general and introductory character, which lead in the eleventh measure into a principal thought, which bears such an expressive stamp of character as to justify the epithet *speaking*. It is the sad complaint of a soul oppressed, sounding out in tones ever louder and more anxious, as the dreaded fate draws near. Then, after a close in C minor, there resounds a choral-like sentence, borne on angel voices. It brings comfort from the heavenly heights. To be sure, it is interrupted, now for a shorter, now for a longer time, by the more and more warmly wrought leading theme; to be sure, there is a tone of complaint even in itself; but soon the song of consolation rings out at a victorious height, far above all earthly sorrow. In soft chords, and then borne on by the mighty stream of the full organ tone, it closes the first part. Still it is no jubilant song of triumph. The minor third reminds us of the painful conflict just endured. It is only in the following *Adagio* (A flat major, 3-4 time,) and in the Recitative, which forms the transition to the last movement, that the heart finds rest. Complaint is silent. In tones as glad as mortal breast can feel, exults the redeemed (*Allegro assai vivace*.) Flashing, fiery chords resound in animated motion, borne on the roaring flood of bass. And as the heart, filled with lofty joy, strives in vain in its first enthusiasm after definite expression, and only finds the right words when it is more calm; so the chords at first sweep vaguely to and fro, but gradually gain in connection and in grouping, till they finally compass the jubilant melody, which now sounds on and on, below, above, and leads at last into the full, luminous F major chord with the Third above. Here is the proper conclusion of the whole. The *arpeggi* which now follow, filling four bars, and not entirely suited to the organ, are to be considered an appendix.

"The second Sonata opens with an introduction in C minor, (*Grave*, 4-4,) which leads, through a long organ-point upon the Dominant, into an *Adagio*, also in C minor. Here the thinking player has an opportunity to employ the different Manuals to advantage. The *Adagio*, with a characteristic and discriminating treatment of the several key-boards, (including the Pedal,) forms an orchestra-like movement. The melody, played by the right hand on the second Manual, is delivered by the wind instruments; the violins, accompanying in flowing, song-like passages, are represented on the first Manual by the left hand; finally, the basses—the Pedal—indicate the ground-tones *pizzicato*. * * * To an *Allegro maestoso e vivace*, (3-4 time) which, with all its musical beauty, to our feeling borders somewhat on the secular, succeeds a dignified, simple, and yet artistically developed Fugue, which brings the piece back to the true ground.

"The third Sonata, next to the first our favorite, and bearing in its poetic tendency a certain resemblance to the first, raises itself, supported by an interwoven chorale as if by a verbal text, to a truly dramatic expression; but for this very reason it presents the greatest technical difficulties, since of necessity just where the idea of the creative artist is so clear and definite, admitting of no shade of modification, the interpreting artist must hit exactly the right point if he would seize the true intention of the former. In bright chords, a full and swelling movement opens the Sonata, expressive of calm and joyful trust. A short solo passage of the same import is answered by the full choir in the still brighter and more flashing F sharp major, till the whole leads back through the Dominant into the prevailing key, and closes the brief movement. This is immediately followed by a movement in A minor, marked *Un poco meno forte*. The real Mendelssohnian theme :



maintains, by the twice recurring *superfluous Fourth*, just the right hostile, soul-disturbing expression, to be set against the Chorale afterwards delivered by the Pedal: *Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir*. Whether the leading character of this theme above noticed, being more suited for stringed instruments, can also find its fitting representation on our present organs, is a question which the player has to solve in view of the mechanical structure of said organs. With the direction: "*Da questa parte fino a Maggiore poco a poco più animato e più forte*," there enters an accompaniment to the Chorale in sixteenths instead of in quavers, as before. Finally, to the ever-increasing movement the Pedal too is added, after it has held out for a long time the concluding tone of the *Canto fermo* in an organ-point. While the Manuals repeat the main progression of the theme in full chords and in the highest registers, it burrows down in wild and thundering passages into the depths, to rise again from the ground-tone of E, through the tones, F, G sharp, B, d, f, g sharp, b, to the high d. Gentler and gentler it sinks gradually down from there and leads back again to the first movement, in A major, which, except some few but very effective and significant changes, (for example, in the fifth and sixth measures,) is repeated almost literally. The *Andante tranquillo* which now follows, also and with propriety in A major, closes the whole like a silent, deep-felt prayer of gratitude."

We must reserve the description of the remaining three Sonatas until next week.

CONCERTS.—Our musical season is now fairly over. Oratorios, Orchestral, Chamber music, each and all have made an end of it, and nothing more remains except such scattering, miscellaneous concerts and virtuoso visitations as a large city is exposed to in all seasons of the year. There is some hope, however, of Maretzke's Opera troupe, about the middle of this month. The week past has afforded two good concerts, bringing both the Classical Quartet and the Orchestral series to a worthy close.

Mr. WILLIAM KEYZER, the veteran violinist, and whilome leader of the old "Academy" orchestra, in the days of our first hearing of the Seventh and other noble symphonies, had a very large, intelligent, en-

thusiastic audience at his concert in the new Mercantile Hall, last Saturday evening. It was a marked testimonial to his long-trying character as a musician and a man. The Quartet by HAYDN, one of the last and best of the eighty, was played with great spirit and truth by Messrs. KEYZER, SCHULTZE, ECKHARDT and WULF FRIES. Our old friend bore the leading violin part throughout the whole evening, and surprised all by the energy and fervor of his playing. In the *Adagio* his breadth of tone, and well-sustained, expressive *cantabile* were quite remarkable. The Quintet by SPOHR, for piano solo, with quartet of strings, is one of the freshest and most enjoyable compositions of that master which we have ever heard. Mr. GUSTAV SATTER played the piano part with rare perfection; nothing could exceed the delicate precision, grace and brilliancy of those long passages in thirds and sixths. It was received with the warmest plaudits. It was with great regret we had to lose what doubtless was the most important feature of the programme, the Double Quartet by SPOHR, which we hear was highly relished by the best judges.

The sixth and last AFTERNOON CONCERT crowded the Music Hall. Beethoven's C minor Symphony, the old favorite, was played with remarkable spirit and effect, especially the last movement, which even made the gabbling fiats and butterflies listen awhile in spite of themselves. The overture to *Oberon*, whose romantic and imaginative charm wears even better than MENDELSSOHN's fairies, was beautifully rendered. The *Andante* to HAYDN's Ninth Symphony was new to us, and certainly one of the most pleasing and un-commonplace which we have heard. The dance pieces and the *Zanetta* overture of course were sunshine to the butterflies.—It seems a pity that these concerts cannot go on for another month; but we are told that the full hall does not always pay. To the managers, the orchestra, and especially to Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, the indefatigable, able, ever gentlemanly and conciliatory leader, our musical public is under lasting obligation.

New Music.

Prelude for Piano and Violin, or Violoncello, by C. C. PERKINS, pp. 7, (Nathan Richardson.) The piano part is simply what the name denotes, a prelude, consisting of the same arpeggio figure uniformly repeated in each measure, only the chord varying. Upon this background, after a few bars, the violin enters in a sweet, chaste, serious melody, in sustained notes, always *legato*, and only tasking the expressive art of the performer. It is an unpretending, pleasing little salon piece, free from ordinary clap-trap and poor sentimentality. Toward the close the piano part acquires more energy and fulness, and becomes polyphonal.

DE MONTI's favorite *Mass*, in B flat, with an additional *Alto part and English Words*. pp. 40. (O. Ditson.) Another of Mr. Ditson's uniform large octavo edition of celebrated masses. Of the composer we know nothing save what here appears. It seems to be one of those light, easy, warbling, almost secular masses, which are much in use here in our Catholic churches. You are constantly reminded of the lighter movements in Haydn's masses; but it is only a weak dilation of Haydn; Haydn has ideas, musical invention, richness of modulation, and occasional passages of imposing depth and grandeur; here it is all one level of sweet commonplace, with solos of a warbling and popular character, the charm being altogether melodic. Doubtless most congregations and most choirs would feel that they could better spare a better mass.

If the above belongs eminently to what is called the voluptuous and "secular" style of church music, we have here something from the opposite direction:

"*The Psalter Noted, by the Rev. THOMAS HELMORE, M. A., carefully compared and made to agree with the Psalter of the Standard Prayer Book of the Church in the United States of America, by the Rev. E. M. PECK, M. A.*" (New York: J. A. Novello.) This is a Manual for the musical guidance of the responses of the congregation in the recitation of the psalms in the English Episcopal Church. It is the simplest form of Ritual Music. The 150 psalms are printed in small book form, under an old-fashioned staff of four lines, and over each syllable is set a note in antique characters. The object, as set forth in the preface, "has not been to obtain that which would please and amuse the curious, but to restore to the use of the Church Catholic these simple and sublime melodies, which are the most fitting accompaniments to our incomparable Liturgy, and which formed the Ritual Music of ancient days."

Les Vêpres Siciliennes—VERDI. Mr. Ditson has commenced publishing a series of eight selections from the last opera of Verdi, which was so popular in Paris. Nos. 5 and 8, now out, are two Romances: "*Ami! le Cœur d'Hélène*," and "*La brise souffle*," &c., with English version by THEO. T. BARKER. They are in a sweet, quiet, simple vein of melody, for Verdi, especially the last. Both are kept within moderate compass, saving the elaborate cadenza at the end of No. 5.

Music Abroad.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The younger Philharmonic took the lead this year. The first concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms, April 2, Dr. WYLDE conductor. The novelties of the programme were two compositions by MOZART, but recently brought to notice. The *Times* says of these:

The "*sinfonia*" in B flat for violin and viola (*concertante* would be a better name) is not only attractive as a relic of Mozart, but recently made known to the world; it is a composition of rare merit, and an extremely happy specimen of the master. The combination of solo instruments is unusual; and the orchestral score, in which the only wind instruments written for are oboes and horns, is equally worthy of notice, as an example of how much Mozart was able to do with small means. The accompaniments display astonishing variety, and set off the solo passages—which are brilliant, effective, and admirably dovetailed—to the highest possible advantage. The form is that of the symphony—invariably adopted by Mozart in his concertos—M. SAINTON and Mr. BLAGROVE, who undertook the principal instruments, played to perfection. The Litany is a work of greater pretensions than the "*sinfonia*," although not equally well balanced. The choruses, from the *Kyrie* to the end, are splendid, superior, indeed, to anything in the masses, and occasionally—as in the *Tremendum ac vivificum*, and the *Pignus futura glorie*—rising to the level of the *Requiem* itself. The *Vaticum in Domino* in which an old Gregorian melody (*Pange lingua gloriosi*) is given to the soprano voices, in unison, as a *canto fermo*, and accompanied in the most ingenious manner—must also be cited. The "*Pignus*" is one of the greatest specimens extant from the treatment of the words, "*Miserere nobis*," as an episode which becomes incessantly an interruption, and at the same time a relief to the contrapuntal progress (*secundum artem*) of the chorus. The execution of the Litany was unfortunately just as bad as that of the *concertante* was good. The chorus was sadly deficient; and this hitherto little known example of the glorious genius of Mozart has, consequently, yet to be appreciated. The solo vocal parts were intrusted to Madame Rüdersdorff, Miss Rüdersdorff, Mr. G. Perren, and Signor Gregorio.

The other selections were the overtures to *Egmont*, *Freyshütz* and *Le Domino Noir*; Beethoven's Symphony No. 4; Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto in G minor, played by CHARLES HALLÉ; Chorus of Derwishes, Beethoven; Air: *Hat man nicht Geld*, from "*Fidelio*"; and Scena from Spohr's *Faust*, sung by Mme. RÜDERSDORFF. The orchestral pieces were, it is said, extremely well performed. But it is encouraging to hear an English critic complain of the concert as "a third too long!"

OLD PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—These concerts commenced later than usual this year. There are to be only six, instead of the usual eight, concerts, and

without reduction of price of season tickets. Professor STERNDALE BENNETT is the conductor, to the joy of the anti-Wagner-ites; and Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT has volunteered to sing one evening, which the *Times* thinks almost equivalent to insuring the whole expenses of the season. Mme. SCHUMANN (Clara Wieck) was the star of the first concert, which took place April 14th, with the following programme:

PART I.
Sinfonia in C minor (dedicated to the Philharmonic Society).....Mendelssohn.
Recitative and Aria: "Dove sono," (Nozze di Figaro).....Mozart.
Concerto in E flat, Piano-forte, Madame Clara Schumann.....Beethoven.
Overture (Don Carlos).....Macfarren.

PART II.
Sinfonia in A, No. 7.....Beethoven.
Recitative and Aria (Il Giuramento)....Mercadante.
Solo, Piano-forte (variations sérieuses), Mme. Clara Schumann.....Mendelssohn.
Overture (Preciosa).....Weber.

Mme. CLARA NOVELLO was the vocalist. The *Times* is delighted with Bennett's conducting, but says the orchestra has suffered by the loss of four of its best violins, (Sainton, Blagrove, Dando and A. Mellon.) It also complains of the want of graduation of power, of pianissimo, in the symphonies, and of the taking of some of the tempi too slow. Of the pianiste it says:

The novelty of the concert, and the great point of interest was the first appearance in this country of Madame Clara Schumann, the wife of Herr Robert Schumann, the well-known composer. This lady, many years ago, as Mademoiselle Clara Wieck, won universal renown in Germany. She was acknowledged to be the most admirable performer of her sex in the whole of that very musical and metaphysical country; and, what is still more to her credit, has retained her position undisputed ever since. Of all the famous continental pianists, Madame Schumann is the only one who has obstinately remained a stranger to England. Better late than never. Her performance last night more than justified the reputation she has so long enjoyed. Madame Schumann is not merely an accomplished and admirable executant, but an intellectual player of the highest class, with a manner and expression of her own as original and unlike anything else as they are spontaneous and captivating. We have never yet heard a lady play the E flat concerto of Beethoven entirely to our satisfaction; nor, so far as the opening movement is concerned, can Madame Schumann be said to have broken the spell; it wanted breadth, it wanted fire, and, above all, it wanted grandeur. All the rest, however, was enchanting. The slow movement was expressive throughout, the *rondo* sportive, capricious, and varied with exquisite delicacy and unerring taste. The applause at the end was not a bit more hearty than was due to the merits of the performer. In the "17 variations" of Mendelssohn Madame Schumann was quite as successful. Without accompaniments she evidently possesses as much the power to charm as with them. Mendelssohn has composed nothing to which it is more difficult to impart the proper expression and effect than these variations; but either Madame Schumann must have heard him play them very often, or she instinctively feels them as he felt them, since the style in which she executed them—except that in two or three places she took the passages faster (too fast)—was almost identical with his own.

ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION has entered upon its twelfth season. The first concert (April 2) was distinguished by the first appearance in London of the great Parisian violoncellist, FRANCHOMME. The programme consisted of Mozart's 7th Quartet in D; Beethoven's do. in F, op. 18; and Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor. M. HALLÉ, pianist; M. SAINTON and Mr. CARBODUS, first and second violin; HILL, viola; FRANCHOMME, cello. The *News* says:

It will be seen that, in the selection of these fine pieces, their fitness for bringing out the talents of the accomplished stranger was kept in view. In all of them the violoncello plays a prominent part, full of striking effects and beautiful solo passages. M. FRANCHOMME's performance was exquisite in every respect. We have heard greater strength and volume of tone, but never, we think, such a combination of sweetness, delicacy, and vocal quality. It was often like the singing of MARIO or GARDONI. And this tone had the further fine quality of blending charmingly with those of the other instruments. In style, phrasing, and expression, M. Franchomme's performance was perfect. The other performers, too, played their best, and we could not even imagine a more exquisite performance of all the *chefs-d'œuvre* we have mentioned.

In addition to his part in the concerted pieces, M. Franchomme played a short solo, consisting of a slow movement composed by himself, and a "Ballade" of Chopin's, arranged by him for his instrument. These he executed with the utmost grace and delicacy. M.

HALLÉ also played a pianoforte solo in his usual admirable manner.

Mr. Ella's excuse for the want of novelty in his programmes is not flattering to the composers of the day. "To those," he says, "who for the last thirty years have played or listened to the standard works of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, more novelty in our programmes would be welcome; but among a pile of expensive music purchased by us for examination, with the exception of a few untried works by Spohr, there is not a single concerted piece that could stand comparison with the earliest production of the last of Nature's favored sons in the classic soil of Germany—Mendelssohn. In the present dearth, then, of creative genius, we must be content to repeat known and admired *chefs-d'œuvre*."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. GYE, in spite of the loss of Covent Garden Theatre, has issued his prospectus. He retains all the artists whom he had engaged, and announces performances, until further notice, at the "Theatre Royal of the Lyceum." The personnel is composed of Mmes. GRISI, JENNY NAY, BOSIO, (whom the London *Court Journal* calls "the most elegant, facile and brilliant of modern singers,") DIDIE, MARAI and TAGLIAFICO; and MM. MARIO, TAMBERLIK, (before his departure for Rio Janeiro,) GARDONI, GRAZIANI, LUCCHESI, TAGLIAFICO, POLONINI, ZELGER, HERR FORMES, RONCONI and LABLACHE. Conductor, M. COSTA. The star of the ballet will be Mlle. CERRITO. The repertoire consists of *Rigoletto*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *Il Barbiere*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, *Lucia*, *La Favorita*, *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Conte Ory*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *La Traviata*, Verdi's last. To open April 15th, with the *Trovatore*, DIDIE, &c.—Mr. Gye, to employ his expensive company, gives twelve concerts at the Sydenham Crystal Palace; he underlets the Lyceum on the off nights to RISTORI. He further announces that he is about to take measures for the erection of a new Opera-house, with a large concert hall attached.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. LUMLEY takes advantage of the Covent Garden catastrophe to try his fortune in opera once more, and has been to Paris to engage singers. The rumor that JENNY LIND has overcome her aversion to the stage enough to consent to sing for him, is scarcely to be trusted. JOHANNA WAGNER, too, and VIARDOT GARCIA are mentioned among the probable engagements. But the following appear so to be the only facts really known about it:

The *prime donne* engaged are ALBERTINI, PICCOLOMINI, and ALBONI, who re-appears after an absence of five years from London. Alboni will open the season on the 6th of May. Piccolomini will arrive on the 10th, and will soon afterwards appear in Verdi's last opera, *La Traviata*, which is new to this country. Albertini will arrive on the 18th of May, and will appear in a few days afterwards in the character of Leonora in the *Trovatore*,—Albani performing the part of Azucena, the gipsy. Albertini is a young Englishwoman, whose great powers as a singer and actress have recently created a strong sensation throughout Italy. In addition to these, there is a young lady of remarkable beauty and great promise, named FENOLI, and GIUDITTA RIZZI, a first rate *prima donna*, besides two *seconde donne* who are not named.

The tenors will be, SALVIANI, who has a remarkably fine voice, and sang the *Prophète* at La Pergola for forty nights, indeed during the whole season, with the greatest success; BAUCARDI, whose plaintive voice was heard some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre; and CALZOLARI, already a favorite in London, who has just returned with fresh laurels from St. Petersburg. The baritone BENEVENTANO, who has a fine voice and is a first-rate actor(!), is likewise engaged. There are also the basso VAIRO, the buffo ZUCCONI, and other performers of note.

DRURY LANE.—The new operatic company, under the management of Mr. J. H. TULLY, opened with *Il Trovatore*, in English; Mrs. EASTCOTT, as Leonora; Miss FANNY HUDDART, Azucena; Mr. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM, Marico; and Mr. HENRI DRAYTON, the Conte di Luna. Everybody was recalled at the end of every act. After the opera a "musical magical sketch," entitled *Marguerite*, adapted from Goethe's poem, with music by Mr. Tully, was performed. This introduced Miss FANNY REEVES and Miss DYER, as Faust and Marguerite.

Concerts of every description are announced in such abundance, that we can barely mention the half of them. Mr. HULLAH gives "Orchestral Concerts," with an orchestra of fifty members, every Saturday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, and at the *shilling* price. He gives classical and modern music, with singing by Mrs. SHERRINGTON, SIMS REEVE, CLARA NOVELLO, &c. Among other novelties, Mr. Hullah was to bring

out a new oratorio, entitled *Jephtha and his Daughter*, by Herr RHEINTHALER, a young German composer, lately arrived in England.....COSTA's oratorio, *Eli*, was to be again performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society on the 25th; principal singers, Mmes. VIARDOT and CLARA NOVELLO, Mr. SIMS REEVES and Herr FORMES.....HAYDN's birth-day was celebrated at the Royal Panopticon by a performance of his "Creation." The Monday evenings are to be devoted there to similar performances.....STERNDALÉ BENNETT has commenced his twelfth season of classical Chamber Concerts.....The "Reunion des Arts" (Sir GEORGE SMART, president,) is giving *Soirées* of a mixed character; and Mr. W. H. HOLMES, with his pupils, Piano-forte Concerts, in which Concertos by LITOLF, GADE, REINECKE, GOLDSCHMIDT, and other young German composers, alternate with works by older masters. Chamber Concerts also are announced by Mr. WALTER MACFARREN, by Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN, by Mr. and Mrs. ALFRED GILBERT, &c. &c.Orchestral Concerts are in progress by the "Amateur Musical Society," (HENRY LESLIE, conductor,) by the "Royal Academy of Music," and by the "Orchestral Union," (ALFRED MELLON, conductor.).... Mr. BENEDICT's annual concert, with the usual interminable length of miscellaneous programme, and all the great artists under the sun, from Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT down, was announced for the 21st inst.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubreuil, for the
Journal of Music.

OMISSION.—The following important sentence, at
the conclusion of the note in the beginning of the last
chapter, was accidentally omitted:

"You shall soon hear from me and *others* who
interest you still more."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHERRY RIBBONS.

I do not absolutely believe in fate nor in in-
stincts, and yet I am forced to believe in some-
thing which seems like a combination of both, a
mysterious power, which is not unlike the attrac-
tion of destiny.

It happens sometimes in our life as if we
crossed great magnetic currents without being
borne onward by them, but towards which we
rush ourselves, because our peculiar nature seems
admirably predisposed to receive the influence of
that which is our natural element, although long
unknown and misunderstood. When we are
drawn along by this irresistible power, it seems as
if everything conspires to make us yield to the
sovereign impulse, and that all around us tends
towards it in such a way as to cause us to deny
chance; in short, that the most natural circum-
stances, at other times insignificant, exist, only to
press us towards the goal of our destiny, whether
it be an abyss or a sanctuary.

The following facts seemed for a long time
wonderful to me, and were nothing more than
the meeting a circumstance corresponding to my
ennui and uneasiness.

My coachman was married not far from the
frontier, near Briançon, to a young and pretty
wife, from whom he was often separated by his
profession. I told him that I wished to go towards
France, and I desired it because my route must
be the very opposite from Milan, and also because
I had heard a few vague rumors upon the recent
passage of Celio through the country in which I
was travelling. My *vetturino* saw that I did not
know exactly where to go, and as he wanted to
go to Briançon, he naturally took the road by
Susa and Exille, crossed the frontier with the
Dora, and entered into the department of the
High Alps by Mt. Genève.

As we drew near Briançon he asked me if I did
not intend to stop a few days, with the tone of a
man determined that I should; and as I hesitated
to answer him before I discovered his design, he
told me that his youngest horse was ill and would
not eat, and he was afraid he should be obliged
to send for a surgeon to bleed him. I got out of
the carriage and examined the horse; his eye
was clear, his breathing calm; he was no sicker
than the other.

"My friend," said I to master Volabù, (that
was his name), "I beg you to be sincere with me.
You want an excuse to stop, and I am not
obliged to wait for you. I shall not want your
carriage if you do not want me. All I ask is to
reach Briançon. There I shall determine what
to do, and shall have at my disposal all the requi-
site means of travelling. If you insist upon
leaving me here, (we were not more than five
leagues from Briançon,) I may also insist upon
your proceeding, for I engaged you for eight
days. Be frank then, if you wish me to be kind.
In these environs you have business which con-
cerns either your purse or your heart, and that is
why your horse does not eat."

The honest man began to laugh, and then he
bent his head with a melancholy look.

"I am no longer young," said he; "my wife
is only eighteen, and I would have liked to sur-
prise her. She only lives a short distance from
here, in a place they call the *Wilderness*. By
the cross road we can be there in a half-hour; the
road is good, and since you like to stop anywhere,
to walk at random in the snow, you will see a
fine place there and fine snow, or the deuce take
me! We shall start again to-morrow morning,
and we shall be at Briançon before noon. There,
I have been frank, and will you be a good
child?"

"Yes, since that was my agreement. Start
for the *Wilderness*! The name pleases me, and
the cross road too. I like those landscapes which
are not to be seen on the highways. But, com-
rade, what if you should take a fancy to stay

longer with your wife? What if your horse re-
fuses to eat to-morrow?"

"Will you trust to the word of an old soldier,
mon bourgeois? We shall start to-night if you
like."

"I will trust you," answered I; "go on!"

You will know soon, dear reader, whither he
conducted me, and you can tell me if in my fit
of good-natured loitering, which impelled me to
yield to his caprice, there was not something
which a more presumptuous man might have
called divine inspiration.

And in the first place, the clever Volabù had not
deceived me. The scenery through which he led
me was both grand and simple, and enchanted me
the more that I had not counted upon my guide's
discernment of the picturesque. No doubt it
was his love for his young wife which made him
instinctively like the country in which she lived.
He wished to prove himself grateful for my kind-
ness by showing me all possible hospitality.

He possessed a few acres of land and a very
neat cottage, whither he drove me, and when he
had found his young housekeeper at work, very
gay, very good, and very pure, (that was easily
seen by the unfeigned joy with which she threw
her arms about his neck), there was nothing
which they did not do for me. They made great
exertions to prepare a better repast than I could
have had at the village inn, and when I told
them I should be satisfied without so much
trouble, they declared it was none of my busi-
ness, which meant that they should lodge and
board me gratis.

I left them at their frying, intermingled with
sweet words and loud kisses, that I might admire
the surrounding view. It was simple and superb.
Steep hills, serving as a first approach to the
great mountains of the Alps, all covered with
pines and larches, encircled the valley and shel-
tered it from the north and east winds. Beyond
the village and half way up one of the nearest
and most sloping hills, stood a proud and ancient
castle, probably an old frontier defence, now a
peaceful and comfortable dwelling; for I saw,
from the fresh look of the oaken window sashes,
framing large and clear panes of glass, that the
old mansion had a civilized proprietor. A vast
park, nobly thrown on the slope of the hill, the
harsh outline of its boundaries veiled by that ex-
cess of vegetation becoming so rare in France,
formed one of the happiest parts of the picture.
Notwithstanding the severity of the season, (it
was the last of January, and the ground was
covered with hoar frost,) the evening was mild
and pleasant. The skies had that rosy flush
peculiar to frosty evenings; the snowy horizon
glittered like silver, and the soft, pearly clouds

awaited the sun, slowly sinking to plunge into them at last. Before hiding himself in these soft mists, he seemed to long to smile once more upon the valley and shed upon the high roofs of the old castle a ray of purple, which transformed the sober and moss-covered slating into a dome of resplendent brass.

As I was dressed according to the weather, I took great delight in walking upon the glistening snow, brightened by the cold, and crackling under my feet. As my shadow fell upon the broad surfaces, hardly marked by the footsteps of birds, I studied attentively the greenish reflections which were cast by this dazzling white, beside which ermine and swan's down would seem yellow and soiled. I now thought only of painting, and thanked Heaven for turning me from Milan.

In walking along, I drew near the park, and could see the great lawn, outlined by black walls, stretching before the castle. They had modernized the surroundings of this severe dwelling by filling the old trenches and raising up the grounds, and in continuing the garden, the lawn and the gravelled walks to the court-yard and to the door of the apartments, as we do in the present time, that we may feel at once the comfort and poetry of castle life. The enclosure was well secured by great walls; but in front of the mansion they were lowered for some thirty metres to allow a prospect of the country. This opening formed a terrace of moderate height and was defended by an exterior ditch. A little staircase, contrived in the thickness of the stones of the terrace, descended to the water, as if to allow the gardeners to draw therefrom in the summer. As the water was covered with very strong ice, I remarked that it would be an easy matter to gain access to the lordly residence; it seemed that its owners placed great dependence upon the discretion of the villagers, for no precaution had been taken to secure this weak spot of the castle.

As the place seemed deserted, I was tempted to enter it and admire more closely the trunks of those magnificent yews and centennial pines, whose groups formed, within the enclosure, a great many landscapes, just as true, although better composed than those of the surrounding country; but I prudently and respectfully restrained my painter's rashness, as I heard two women approach the terrace, who at a nearer view proved to be two charming girls. I watched them running and frolicking in the snow without their noticing me. Although they were enveloped in cloaks and furs, they were as agile as the white hound which gambolled around them. One of them seemed old enough to be married, although one could see by her *insouciance* that she was not, and did not think of such a thing. She was tall, slender, fair, pretty, and by her manner of dressing her hair and her attitudes, she recalled to me the marble nymphs which adorned the gardens of the age of Louis XIV. The other seemed still a child; her beauty was striking, although her figure seemed less elegant to me. I cannot tell why I was moved in beholding her, as if she recalled a well known and beloved form. Yet it was impossible then, and has been since, to discover whom she resembled.

These two beautiful girls frolicked so that they passed me without seeing me. They spoke Italian, but so fast, and often both at a time, and every phrase was so interrupted by long and loud

shouts of laughter, that I could not make any sense out of their talk. Further on they stopped and pitilessly began to break off superb branches from a green tree. They made a parcel of it, the fair Vandals! and after all left it on the snow, saying:

"Faith! let *him* come and get them *himself*; they are too cold to handle!"

They were just passing out of my sight, to my deep regret, I will confess, for there was something exciting and sympathetic to me in the petulant gaiety of those sweet girls, when one of them cried out:

"Good! I have lost *his* bow, his famous sword-knot, which I pinned on to my hood!"

"Well, what of it?" said the elder; "we can make another; that is nothing!"

"O, he made that himself! he says that we don't know how to make bows, as if he was so very wise! He will scold!"

"Well, let the old cross thing scold!" answered the other.

And both began to laugh, as young girls laugh, without any reason, but simply because they must laugh at something.

"O, there! I see it—my bow! *his* bow!" cried the child, bounding towards the ditch; "there it is, spread out on the snow. O, the beautiful red poppy!"

She reached the end of the terrace, but just as she was picking up the knot of red ribbons, which I had noticed, she laughed again; a sudden breeze caught it and laid it at my feet upon the ice of the ditch. I took it up to give it to the lovely laughter, and then she saw me for the first time and blushed as red as her cherry ribbons.

"To bring it back to you, mademoiselle," said I, "I must cross the ditch; will you allow me?"

"No, no, don't do that," said the child, in whom a roguish assurance had quickly conquered her first timidity, "it would be dangerous. The ice may not bear you."

"Is that all?" said I; "it would be nothing to risk so slight a danger to do you a service."

I boldly crossed the ice, which cracked a little. In seeing that there really was a little danger, the child blushed and came half way down the steps to meet me. She laughed no longer.

"What are you about? What are you doing there, little sister?" said the other, who had come back for her, and was looking surprised and displeased.

She was evidently a young lady, and had some prudence. She was at least twenty years old.

"You see, mademoiselle," said I, in reaching to her sister the ribbons on the end of my cane, "I stop at the boundaries of your empire. I do not even put my foot upon the first step."

She saw at once that I was well-bred, and thanked me with a sweet and lovely smile. As for the child, she seized the ribbons quickly and motioned to me not to stay on the ice. I turned back slowly, and bowed to them from the other side. They cried out, "Thank you! thank you, sir!" with a great deal of grace, and then I heard the elder say to the little one:

"If *he* had seen that, how *he* would scold!"

"Let us run away," answered the child, beginning to laugh, as fresh and clear as a silver bell.

They took hold of hands and ran towards the castle. When they had disappeared, I sought the modest abode of Monsieur and Madame Volabù, somewhat occupied with my little adventure.

I found my supper ready. Had I been Grandgousier himself, they could not have treated me more handsomely. I am afraid Mme. Volabù's poultry yard suffered for it. I could not complain of this prodigality when I saw the air of honest triumph with which these good-hearted people did the honors. I insisted upon their sitting down with me—also Mme. Volabù's mother, Madame Peirecote by name, still a robust virago, who seemed to take upon herself the responsibility of her son-in-law's honor.

I had to keep up a violent combat to keep myself from an attack of indigestion, for my brave *vetturino* seemed determined to stuff me. As soon as I could obtain any respite, I profited by it to make some inquiries about the castle and its tenants.

"The chateau is very old," said Volabù, with a shrewd look, "and ugly too; don't you think so? It looks like a great dungeon. But it is prettier inside than one might think; it is very well kept and arranged, although the furniture is out of date. There are furnaces in it, upon my word! The old marquis denied himself nothing. He was not very generous to others, but he liked his comfort, and he staid here almost all the year. In the winter he only went to Paris for a short time, never to Italy, although it was his native land."

"And who owns the castle now?"

"His brother, the Count of Balma, who has just become marquis by the death of the eldest. Faith! he is no longer young! It is the fate of our village to have nothing but an old castle and old people in it."

"Bah! youth is not wanting at the castle," said Mme. Volabù; "the new marquis has five children, and the oldest is no older than monsieur here." While speaking, she pointed at her husband, whose eyes were wide open, while his mouth was twisted into a rather laughable pout.

"Oh, ho!" cried he; "M. de Balma has sons now! When I left, only a month ago, he had but one daughter."

"So it seemed then," spoke Mme. Peirecote in her turn. "In that month a large family has arrived—two other daughters and two sons, all handsome as little loves; but what do you care, Volabù?"

"I don't care at all, mother; but at the same time our old marquis is mightily reserved, for I heard him tell the curé that he had but one daughter, she who came with him the day after the late marquis died."

"Very well," said the old lady, "perhaps the others are not his lawful children. That is no sign of a bad heart, to bring them all together, now he is rich and noble. No doubt he means to establish them well, that he may atone for his old sins before God."

"And perhaps they are not his," observed Mme. Volabù.

"He calls them all 'my children,'" answered mother Peirecote, "and they call him 'papa.' It is not easy to find out the exact truth. That house is full of secrets—more than ever now, under the present marquis. Nobody knows anything sure about him. But they say all sorts of things. 'M. de Balma had a brother who died in the Indies,' say some. Others say it is not so. 'The younger brother is not dead, nor so far off as some think. He has changed his name because he has got into debt and committed many extravagances, and it is many years since the

marquis would even see him.' Others say again: 'He could not pardon his bad conduct, but he sent him money secretly.' Others answer: 'He never sent any thing. He was too hard-hearted for that. He is not the worst of the two, who is so considered.'

"And can no one throw light upon this matter?" asked I. "Is there no one in the country better informed than you? It is strange that a member of a great family should so suddenly rise from the ground."

"Sir," answered the old lady, "nothing can be found out about them. I will tell you what I know and saw in my youth. There were two brothers Balma, of a Piedmontese family, anciently settled in this country. The eldest was very upright, but not very kind-hearted. The youngest was wild, but not proud. He had no property, and I never saw so handsome a child. The Balmas lived away a long time. One day the oldest came and took possession of the estate, and lived in the castle, without allowing any one to ask questions, and put every one out of doors who inquired for his brother. He lived eighty years without marrying, without adopting any child, or having any relation near him. He died without making a will, like one who thinks: After me comes the end of the world! But lo! the young man arrives with all the necessary deeds to prove his inheritance of the name, the castle, and the large family estate. There are at least two, three or four millions of property. That was something for a man who was, as they say, in great poverty. Poor child! I went to greet him; he remembered me, and was as gallant as if I was but fifteen."

"But this young man, this child of whom you speak, mother—do you mean the new marquis?" said Monsieur Volabù. "Diantre, he does not look like a dandy, however."

"He may be seventy-two years old now," answered Mme. Peirecote naively; "and he has changed a great deal. They say he has reformed, and that his daughter is prudent and economical, which is surprising in people who were supposed to make way with every thing in one day."

"Plague! I should think it high time to reform," cried Volabù. "Seventy-two years! the young man must have put water in his wine."

Seeing that I had finished eating, the Volabùs began to clear off the table, and I drew near the fire, managing to detain mother Peirecote there to make her talk more. I could not imagine why this story of the Balmas so excited my curiosity.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

X.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—RURAL FUNERAL AT FOLKSTONE—THE BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL AND ITS ORGAN.

Late in the afternoon of a September day I landed, or rather was pitched on shore, at Folkstone. There had been a storm raging for a couple of days previously, which had served to stir up, in an unusual manner, the never too placid channel that separates the envious shores of England and France. Tom Hood has said all that can be said of the horrors of a passage at such a time, and yet, methinks, if I would, I could add another chapter of trying experiences. Even when our dogged little steamer had got quite within the piers on the English side—safe, as I

thought, beyond a peradventure, from further troubles, we were again "unsettled all," by a swash and parting surge from old Neptune, that would have done him credit in mid ocean.

It wanted yet two hours of the time for the departure of the train, which I determined to while away in explorations about the town. Those who have had the curiosity to inform themselves in this particular, will remember Folkstone—that portion of it out of the immediate vicinity of the harbor and railway station—as a quaint old place, in a state of semi-dilapidation, with a look of having been asleep since the period of the Middle Ages. A certain air of antiquity pervades and broods over it like a cloud. After a ramble of half an hour, I found myself in the vicinity of a high walled churchyard, enclosing within its ample space a picturesque-looking church,—“one of those rich morsels of quaint architecture,” in the language of Washington Irving, “which give such a peculiar charm to English landscape.” Church and churchyard, like their surroundings, wore the aspect of age and profound repose. A couple of vagabond boys, were balancing themselves on the edge of a tombstone hard by; else there was no sign of life. I passed into the enclosure through a turnstile in the wall. The door of the church stood open and I entered. The clouds had now dispersed, and the sun, near its setting, was throwing a flood of golden light, through the windows of stained glass, upon the floor.

At this point my attention was arrested by the appearance of a funeral train, approaching by a direction opposite to that by which I had entered. It wound its way slowly among the graves, and halted just in front of the church. The retinue was not large; it consisted of the immediate friends only of the deceased, and a few stragglers from the village, attracted thither by idle curiosity. I stood leaning against the porch, but a few paces distant, and could read the lines of sorrow graven on the faces of the mourners. In solemn accents the ritual for the burial of the dead was commenced. It was the first time for many months I had witnessed such an event, except it were attended with popish ceremonies uttered in an unknown tongue. I was never so affected by the sublime and touching burial service of the English Church. Circumstances favored these impressions. The hour of rest after a day's weariness and care—the serenity and beauty of the autumn evening—the distant voice of the sea subsiding from the storm—the almost supernatural repose of the spot—all conspired to lend an indescribable interest to the scene.

I have already given some account, in these pages, of such concert-rooms as I could gain access to, both in England and upon the continent. To this catalogue should be added last, but by no means least, a description of the noble Town Hall at Birmingham, which took the lead among the public buildings constructed with some regard to acoustic principles, in England, and still holds the preëminence. This structure was completed and opened with a grand festival concert in 1834. It stands in a central part of the town. Exteriorly there is nothing to command especial attention. Its interior dimensions are 140 feet in length, by 65 feet in width, and 65 feet in height. It will seat comfortably 2,600 persons, but at the grand Festivals, which are given here triennially, it is made to accommodate an audience of 3,000. The

floor of the apartment is level. Its walls are rectilinear, divided, at equal intervals, into compartments, by pilasters, and are surmounted on all sides by a coving deeply groined, which terminates in the flat roof above. The ceiling, which is framed in wood and plastered in the ordinary manner, has panels sunk deeply into its substance. A narrow gallery extends along the sides and across one end of the room. The orchestral platform at the opposite end, is in the same plane as the gallery, being elevated some ten feet from the floor. From this platform the choral seats rise, in a semi-circular form, extending backward to the wall. This stage (or orchestral gallery, it should be called,) will accommodate a band and chorus of 500 performers. Placed against the wall, and partially enclosed in a recess constructed to receive it, stands the magnificent organ, so often alluded to. The front of the instrument projects into the hall eight or ten feet, and is composed of clusters of pipes grandly grouped. There are no chandeliers or pendants, the room being lighted at evening from the sides by gas jets upon brackets placed against the walls. It is warmed by means of hot water cockles beneath the floor, which diffuse a mild and pleasant heat through a series of gratings opening under the galleries at each side. The system of ventilation, which is ample and effectual, is connected with the warming apparatus, and is, in principle, similar to the plan adopted in our own hall.

The total cost of this hall was £56,000, exclusive of the land. Mr. Hansom, the architect, who had contracted to build it for less than half the amount, soon became bankrupt, and was obliged to retire. The town of Birmingham (to their credit be it said) assumed the enterprise, borrowing £25,000 upon the property, and assessing their treasury for the balance. The idea of the structure was first suggested by an association of scientific and music-loving gentlemen, (headed by Mr. JOSEPH MOORE, well known in the musical circles of England,) who determined the principles that should govern its architecture. As originally designed, the figure of the apartment was that of two cubes in juxtaposition, (i. e. 130×65×65), but, at the earnest solicitation of the Festival Committee, for the better accommodation of the organ and the choral forces, ten feet were added to its length. The Managers of the Festival paid £1,100 towards this alteration. The gross receipts of this opening festival, which lasted several days, were £13,000 sterling.

I have before spoken of the Grand Organ, which adorns the Birmingham Hall. For many years it held its place as the largest and most powerful, if not the best, of the British instruments. It has 53 sounding stops, and a total of about 4,200 pipes. The principal metallic pipe (32 ft.), standing in front of the organ, is five feet eight inches in circumference. The largest wood pipe CCC, is twelve feet in circumference, and, in its interior measurement, two hundred and twenty-four cubic feet. Originally the great and choir organs (says Hopkins) were of sixteen feet compass; but these were afterwards altered to the CC or 8 feet range; the great being at the same time converted into a "16 feet manual," in the German acceptance of the term. The organ has a fourth manual, in connection with a combination or solo organ, upon which can be played any stop or stops out of the swell or choir organs, without interfering with their previous arrange-

ment on their separate manuals. The dimensions of this instrument, as it stands in its case, are 40 feet in height by about 35 feet in width, and 15 in depth. Its weight is 40 tons.

The Hall is open on two or more days in the week, between 11 and 12 o'clock, for the exhibition of the organ to strangers, as at Haarlem and Freyburg, in consideration of a small admission fee. Organ concerts are also given, at cheap rates, one evening in the week during six months in the year, which, I was informed, are always fully attended. On these occasions, Mr. Stimpson, the excellent organist of the Hall, presides at the instrument. These exhibitions, I was told by both the organist and the superintendent, yield a sum sufficient to pay the ordinary current expenses of the building.

OPERA LIBRETTOS.

BY MEISTER KARL.

LUCRETIA BORGIA.—[Tune, "Old Dog Tray."]

Oh, once there was a Pope,
Had a daughter, all his hope,
And she was very pretty, but too fast, as one might
And she, too, had a son [say,
Named Gennaro, (i. e. John);
And her name was Lucretia Borgia—
Singing, d'un pescador ignobile
Esser figluol credei;
Maffio Orsini Signora son io
Passi primi anni mei.

Now Gennaro didn't know
If he had a 'ma or no,
But he went into the army and did uncommon well,
Till in Venice, on a bender,
He met a lady, tender

And as gentle as a crab without a shell.
Singing Ama tua madre tenera,
Esser figluoi credei, &c.

Now, while talking and a kissin',
His friends came round a hissin'
And said it warn't becoming to consort with such as
When Gennaro asked "Why so?" [she,
Says his friend, "I'll let you know,"
And pulled away her mask, quite bold and free.

When Lucretia's husband found
That his wife was running round,
And showing of attention to a bold soger boy,
He told a Star to watch her,
And if he could, to catch her,
And to spot the chap he wanted to destroy.

Now Gennaro's friends, when "sprung,"
Used to go it while you're young,
And cut up most owdacious, as history doth tell.
So they went to Borgia's dwelling,
And while hollering and yelling,
They twisted off the handle of her bell.

But trouble came at last,
The Duke got Gennaro fast,
And says he, quite deceitful, "young feller—what
This quarrelling's all folly: [d'ye think?
It's better to be jolly—
Suppose we block the game and take a drink!"

But the worst part of the fix
Which turned up among his tricks,
He made his lady go and put pison in the rum,
And pour it—only think,
For her only son to drink,
And smile and be politeful too, by gum!

But Lucretia wasn't slow,
For med'cine she did go:
And gave it to Gennaro till she'd fixed him off O. K.
Then says she, "my dear," says she,
"If you'll take advice from me,
You'll travel off like winkey, right away."

Then Lucretia gave a supper,
And invited all the upper-
ten, which included Gennaro's sassy friends.

Gennaro he went too
For to help 'em put it through,
Though no soup ticket to him the lady sends.

When they'd drunk away sobriety,
And got to being rioty,
They heard an awful growling and saw a curtain fell:
There stood Lucretia Borgia—
Says she, "At this here orgy,
You've been pisoned for a stealing of my bell!"

But when Lucretia found
That her son had got aground,
Once again, with her med'cine she wasn't no ways
But Gennaro wouldn't take, [slow.
Then says she, "dear, for my sake,
I'm your 'ma, you know what's good for you, you
know!"

"Son' Borgia!" he did cry,
(That means Borgia's son,) "oh my!
That makes the matter worser by a jug full!" he
So the pison got to working, [cried.
And Gennaro got to jerking,
And he rolled, and jerked, and hollered till he died.
Phila. Bulletin.

MUSINGS OVER THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE RUINS.—Dickens thus quaintly alludes to that great conflagration, and gives his contemplation while witnessing the spectacle:—"If Covent Garden Theatre was fated to be burnt down, the fire should have burst out—provided all could have got away—in the last scene of *Le Prophète*, with Mario singing the drinking song, surrounded by his beautiful bacchantes, as the flames began to lap and twine about the gilded doors and costly draperies of the palace of Munster. But it was saddening to think of the low, dull, brutal orgy that had immediately preceded, and perhaps hastened the catastrophe. I heard that such a scene of vicious riot and rampant snobbery had never before been witnessed in London. 'It's burst out again over the property room,' said a fireman to his fellow, as they passed. Here was enough matter for speculation connected with departed glories. Many were thinking of the manuscripts, the scores, and the documents destroyed: my mind wandered to humbler things. I wondered at what time was burnt the letter B, that Gennaro cut with his dagger from over the Borgia's door, always of a different color to the 'orgia,' and palpable as to its destination. I wondered, also, how long it took to melt the Norma gong; how soon to consume the fish that were thrown up to the *pescatori* on the sunny strand of Portici; how rapidly the red candles must have melted that adorned the chandelier in the act of the 'Huguenots;' and whether the 'Der Freischütz' owl winked when the flames deranged his machinery. And I pictured the general and hurried destruction of the Druids' beards, and Mario's long chocolate-colored boots, and the bright breastplate in which Soldi sang the 'Rataplan'—the Somnambula mill-wheel, with the candlestick that Viardot let fall from it, and the padded bricks she pushed aside with her feet when the plank cracked; the sword that Tagliafico cracked across his knee when he declared he was not an assassin; the profile horse of the statue in 'Don Giovanni;' and the pony chaise that brought on Ronconi in the 'Elisir.'"

Ferdinand Hiller.

A correspondent of the *London Musical World*, writing from Brunswick, March 31st, gives the following account of some recent doings of one of the best musicians of Germany.

Last week was marked by various musical performances worthy of notice. In the first place, the Ducal Chapel most worthily concluded, on Thursday, the series of its *Symphonie-Concerte* for this year. Herr Ferdinand Hiller, Capellmeister, from Cologne, who had undertaken the direction of the concert, produced his overture to *Ein Traum der Christnacht*, and his symphony *Es muss doch Frühling werden*; he performed, also, a pianoforte concerto of his own composition.

Lastly, the programme included Weber's masterly overture in *Euryanthe*. With regard to Herr Hiller's compositions, of which we had previously received a very favorable account, the opinion of the assembled audience, consisting mostly of excellent judges of music, was decided during the concert, as was proved by their frequent applause. We never joined, indeed, in opinion with greater delight and a more intimate conviction than we did in this case. A great many specimens of *tone-poetry* (*Tondichtungen*)—if indeed we can call them tone-poetry—have been presented to us in the course of the present as well as of the past year, but they left nothing for our feelings and our mind save a sentiment of wild discomfort and disconsolate emptiness, and, consequently, a painful longing after some fresh vivifying oasis in the wide and barren sandy desert. To this oasis has the genius of Herr Hiller conducted us, by offering to our notice creations distinguished by profundity and clearness of thought, carried out in a masterly and invariably correct manner, and marked, lastly, by an admirable and noble instrumentation, free from all straining after mere effect. These compositions, without ignoring the present, are connected, in all their attributes, with a period of art, whose productions and influence a more modern race of dwarfs would willingly consign to oblivion, in order to pass for Titans themselves. Into what details shall we enter, after having thus recorded our opinions? We have already given the reader to understand that Herr Hiller's compositions have nothing to fear from the most searching critical examination; we are, moreover, contented with that answer which our heart gives to our question. We will only especially say thus much, that, in the symphony, we assign the first place to the noble Adagio, so full of profound feeling. The pianoforte concerto, a concerto in the highest sense of the word—that is to say, a work of art not made up of a thousand eccentric leaps and jumps, destitute of all inward sentiment—was executed by Herr Hiller, in addition to great technical perfection, with a grace and depth of feeling such as are not to be found among modern virtuosos with few exceptions (one of these exceptions, an artist holding a prominent position, both as composer and virtuoso we may proudly boast of having among us). The performance of the Capellmeister was faultless, and we can, therefore, not do otherwise than conclude this account with the wish that the *Symphonie-Concerte* of next year may begin in the same manner as those of the present year have ended. I will only add, that, after the concert, an entertainment was given by the members of the orchestra and several lovers of art in honor of Herr Hiller, and that, in the course of the evening he was presented with a laurel wreath. May he look upon it not only as a most appropriate emblem of his talent, but as a memento of the high artistic enjoyment he has afforded the public of this town.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 10, 1856.

M. Fétis on Abuses of the Church Organ.

On the 11th of March a new organ, built by M. Cavallé Coll of Paris, for the Church of St. Nicholas in Ghent, was inaugurated in that city by a grand performance, the organist being the celebrated Parisian player, M. Lefébure Wely. The *Ghent Messenger*, in giving an account of the effect produced upon the large audience, which filled the church, by the performance of the organist, makes certain remarks to this effect—viz: that the Parisian organist's style has less religious austerity, &c., &c., than that of the German organists, nourished as they are upon classical traditions and principles. "Leaving to the great German masters the Fugued style, he adapts himself to the sensual necessities of the public. In a word,

he tries to please, and he succeeds, proof being the warm applause and the bravos which saluted his offertory in C sharp minor, and especially his effect of a storm." The paper also thanks the organizers of the concert for the ingenious idea of lowering the gas in the midst of the storm, which scenic effect added greatly to the illusion."

In an article written for the *Musical Gazette* of Paris, and headed, "The Organ Mundane, and Sensual Church Music," M. Fétié, the Director of the Brussels Conservatoire, handles this double degradation of the church and the organ in a very righteously indignant mood. His remarks seem so sound that we have been induced to translate them for the *Journal of Music*. He asks, after reprinting the paragraph from the Ghent paper: "What do you say to that? It is not to you, artists, who are inspired with a pure love of art, men of science and taste, who have like myself the conviction that the purposes of art are only valuable in so much as they conform to its true ends, that I address this question. Like me, you have sighed over the degradation of the art of organ playing in France, as shown in the lists of the "Universal Exhibition." Doubtless you blushed then like me in perceiving the contempt of the strangers who listened to the vulgarities which were poured into their ears on every side. To you I have nothing to say that you do not know as well as myself. But you, Christians, what have you to say about it? You see, it is no longer necessary to possess a style redolent of religious austerity and classical gravity. There is no longer any dissimulation in stating that church music should give satisfaction to the "sensual instincts and necessities." Pagan divinities of Paphos and Lampsacus, Christians, Catholics, undertake to do for you what Julian the Apostate could not with all his efforts succeed in. The recompense of the organist when he has sufficiently moved the sensual instincts of his audience, will be their prolonged bravos and warm applause. God will be no longer glorified in his church, but in his stead, the man, the artist, will be venerated. The congregation, no longer an assembly of faithful worshippers, will become the organist's audience, his public, and no doubt applauders will be hired to magnify the glory of his triumph. And it will not stop here—for to complete the illusion of the storm we shall have a consecration, a communion, with scenic effect, and the Divine offices will be rendered with all the attraction of a ballet. There is no half way possible; if you admit a gross sensualism into religion, there, where man should only approach his object despoiled of his passions, and seeking to elevate himself to an ideal beatitude, religion must disappear and its outward seeming only remain.

"Leaving aside the ingenious intricacies of Art, let us speak only of Sentiment, which lies at the very antipodes of sensuality. Which of us does not remember to have been at some time while at church, deeply penetrated and moved by a prelude, deep and solemn, played upon the lower register of the organ, and serving as introduction to the majestic chant: *Tantum ergo*. Who has not felt his soul penetrated, at such an hour, by a pure and religious sentiment? Such are the feelings which the organist should seek to excite in the hearts of his listeners—feelings widely separate from sensual instincts and wants. When the Fathers of the Council of Trent wished to

furnish music for the church services, they did not dream that the day would come when a share in the worship of God would be openly demanded by such wants and instincts."

He adds towards the end of his article: "None of the French organists are capable of playing the great Organ Fugues of Bach; none of them know what style is, or can distinguish one school from another. All their attention is directed to instrumental effects, oppositions of sonority, and other means of satisfying and exciting sensual instincts. Since the seventeenth century the art of organ-playing has been lost in France. F. COUPERIN was the last of the great organists. Since his time agreeable or surprising effects have been the object in view. The "Storm" effect came in with the eighteenth century."

Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas.

The analysis in the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, which we commenced translating in our last, proceeds as follows:

"The first movement of the Fourth Sonata (in B flat major, *Allegro con brio*, 4-4,) consists for the most part in the elaboration of a rather orchestral than organ-like principal theme, accompanied partly by single strokes in full chords, partly by a running motive in semi-quavers, introduced at the very outset. Well as this movement in itself is worked up, and little as it falls short of the effect sought by massive organ music, still it seems to lack the breath that quickens and warms up the hearer. But for this we are fully compensated by the *Adagio religioso*, which again makes admirable use of the alternate Manuals, and by the *Allegretto*, 6-8 time, into which it leads, and which is as charming and as tender as only Sebastian Bach's *Pastorella* can be. A middle voice executes upon the first Manual the ductile accompaniment, written in fleeting semi-quaver figures; the Pedal marks the ground-tone in single crotchets, separated by pauses. The melody, in F major, lies at first in the upper voice, and is also played on the first Manual; then there enters a counter-theme, situated in the tenor and performed upon the second Manual, of a wonderful, romantic expression in its more sombre minor coloring. At last both voices unite in continuous and unbroken companionship, and so the movement ends as a duet. An energetic, skilfully wrought Finale of considerable compass closes this Sonata.

"No. 5 is introduced by an earnest, devotional Chorale, whose perhaps rather artificial closing turns are as remarkable in a harmonic point of view as they are suited to the organ. In the orchestral manner again, but not the less organ-like, is conceived the following somewhat gloomy and constrained *Andante con moto*, in B minor, with its *pizzicato* basses, and which finds a fresh and glad solution in the appended *Allegro maestoso* in D major. The tempo of this Finale must indeed be fiery, but it cannot be taken too fast without compromising its effect upon the organ, which does not admit of very great rapidity in the somewhat piano-like triplet figures here employed.

"The Sixth Sonata contains, besides the plain Chorale: "Our Father who art in Heaven," several variations of the same, a fugue upon a theme taken from the *Canto fermo*, and lastly, a Finale, *Andante*, D major, 6-8 time. The Cho-

rale, which belongs to the Dorian mode, is here treated throughout in D minor. The first variation is like so many written by Bach; for three voices, each of which pursues its own self-determined course, entirely characteristic and distinct from that of the others. In the second variation the Pedal has a figured bass in triplets, while the Manual bears the simple Chorale in full harmony. In the third the tenor takes the melody; the Pedal, in a short, fragmentary manner, accompanies the right hand, whose movement is now short and broken, now more or less bound, for the most part duet-wise, in Thirds and Sixths. The two treatments of the Chorale which now follow, in the first of which the Pedal executes the *Canto fermo*, while in the second it is divided among the several upper voices, have for their accompaniment a figure in broken chords, whose so extended use we cannot altogether like. On the other hand, the Fugue, which follows, with its spirited and lively rhythm, and in its dignified and simple keeping, brings us back to the right ground. With this we would have gladly ended the sonata. Truly beautiful, full of childlike piety and devotion as the following *Andante* (Finale) in itself is, and much as we recognize the deep significance which the composer meant to give to this movement in this place, yet it seems to us, in its ever modern, although noble coloring, to contrast too strongly with the antique Chorale of Luther, which, as treated in this Sonata, tells far better than the one incorporated in the third. It does not seem to set the right seal on the whole as the concluding piece.

"And so we close our notice of a work in many respects so new and so peculiar. It conceals a great wealth of things excellent and beautiful, and must surely have a weighty influence on our present organ literature, which cherishes the traditional forms more than it does the ancient spirit."

"Superlatives" again.

When Dwight's *Journal of Music* again has occasion to refer to the "extravagance of eulogy" which, according to the opinion of its editor, is "the common staple of musical criticism in the amiable and independent press of these United States," it may find a forcible illustration, much more forcible than any to which it has referred, in an article in the following number of its own issue, headed "A Compliment to Otto Dresel." What a difference it makes whether "my ox gores your cow," or your ox gores my cow!"

N. Y. Musical Review.

We have carefully read the article referred to, and find that we are quite willing to stand by it. It contains no such "extravagance of eulogy" as we objected to in a previous article upon "Superlatives." It is to be sure a rather enthusiastic description of a private complimentary concert given to Mr. Dresel;—not more enthusiastic than might have been heard from most of the best judges of good music in this city, who were largely represented at that concert. Two thirds of the article related to the compositions performed, (by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Gluck, Weber, &c.) and spoke of them with admiration. Does the *Review* think that extravagant? The manner in which they were performed, too, was highly commended. Was there more than one opinion about that? Where then was the "extravagance of eulogy"? Point out where "our ox has so gores your cow." Doubtless it was in the

high estimate expressed of Mr. Dresel as an artist; and, as the strongest thing we said of him was to call him the "musician *par excellence* among all who have ever resided among us," we must presume that to be the sore point. All the comfort we can offer is to deliberately repeat the remark. We believe it to be simply true. The statement is by no means extravagant, at least in the sense above referred to. We spoke from sober conviction, not carelessly or lightly formed. Our conviction may be at fault; but in this case it happens to be a conviction which we share with the largest number of those who have had opportunity to judge, and whose opinions are the best worth having on our side. The statement belongs not at all to the same category with those which we had been denouncing as extravagant. We did not hint that Mr. Dresel was another Bach, another Mendelssohn, or even another Ferdinand Hiller, or Liszt, or Robert Franz. We did not make him out a "Michael Angelo" of music! We did not pronounce him "without a rival in the world"; nor did we apply to him any of those wild statements of which we had before cited specimens from the American press. We placed him at the head of the musicians who have resided *here*. Will anybody undertake to say that any really *great* musician ever *did* reside here? Clever and accomplished ones we have and have had; but one need not have risen to the point where he can once be mentioned with the great names, to merit to be acknowledged as the head and master of all the representatives of "the divine art" hereabouts. Call you it extravagant to say so much of Mr. Dresel? Then it is because you know of others here, it may be in New York, who are his superiors. Name them; we shall be too glad and proud to know them and believe so much of them. But no more, if you would persuade us, no more of your Michael Angelos!

A New Piano-Forte.

The New York *Mirror* of April 30 gives a glowing account of the trial, before a large party of musical professors, editors, critics, &c., of a New Piano-forte, invented and patented by Mr. SPENCER B. DRIGGS, of Detroit, and now of No. 505 Broadway, New York. The improvements claimed are said to be "vital to the future of the instrument." They seem to have proceeded from an attempt to resolve the piano, so far as its body (case, sounding-board, &c.) is concerned, into a variety of the Violin family; to reduce its ponderosity till it shall have all the lightness and vibratory freedom of the belly of the violin. The points of difference between the old and the new instrument are thus summed up by the *Mirror*.

THE CASE.—In the old system the case is from one and a half to two inches thick; in the new, the case is only half an inch thick.

INTERIOR OF THE CASE.—In the old system the case is almost filled up by large and ponderous blocks of wood for the double purpose of strengthening the case and deadening the vibration; in the new, there is not a single piece of wood inside the case, except the wrest plank, and therefore nothing to eat up or absorb the tone. The strength in the new system is derived from a light upper and lower iron frame, firmly bolted together, which sustains the strains of the strings, which cannot give, nor yield, nor warp, and is entirely independent of the thin case, upon which there is no strain whatever.

THE BOTTOM.—In the old system, the bottom of the Piano-forte is usually made of three layers of wood, each from one and a half to two inches in thickness glued together, forming a body of wood six inches thick, not very well calculated as a sensitive and sympathetic medium for the transmission of sound; in the new, the bottom is composed of a single veneer

of wood about the eighth of an inch in thickness, which is rendered stiff and sonorous by being pressed into a strong scantling frame a little too small for it, thus preserving a concave form, like the back of a violin. This highly sensitive sounding medium has a clean sweep of the whole length and breadth of the instrument.

THE SOUND BOARD.—In the old system, the sound-board is glued to the case, and rendered stiff or resonant by ribs of wood traversing its under surface; in the new, its stiffness is secured without the aid of ribbing, by means of a delicate iron frame into which the sound-board, being purposely made somewhat too large for it, is pressed, thus stiffening it, arching it, and imparting to it a vibratory power fully equal, in a larger degree, to that of the belly of the violin. The sound-post, which connects the upper and the lower sounding-boards, and by means of which the slightest vibration of the one is instantaneously communicated to the other, is an entirely new and valuable application to the piano-forte.

THE STRINGS.—In the old method of resting the strings zig-zag upon the wooden bridge, a side-bearing is unavoidable. Side-bearing is thus explained: When the hammer strikes the string, the vibration communicated thereby is perpendicular; but when this vibration meets the bridge, it is checked by the zig-zag thereon, and the string receives a new or side motion. These two opposite motions merge eventually into a circular motion, thereby disturbing the direct vibration, which becomes immediately impure and incapable of evolving the true and perfect individual tone. In the new system, metallic saddles are placed over the bridge, each end being fastened to the sounding-board, on which the strings rest, and through which they pass, in a clear, unbroken run, from end to end, offering no obstruction to the pure and direct vibration, and banishing all side-bearing or impure vibration from the piano forever.

To our understanding the difference in favor of the Driggs' method over the old system is as a Violon, clear and open, as made by the old masters, and one, the same in form, with bottom and sides ten times as thick, filled up with blocks of wood and strings all awry. The illustration is a strong one, but to those who have read carefully the above stated comparison, item by item, it will not seem either forced or strained, but on the contrary, a fair and apposite figure in illustration.

The principle involved is certainly a good one. Whether the practical difficulties of reconciling so much lightness and vibratory freedom with the strength required by the enormous strain of all the wires of a piano, have been really and fairly overcome, is what time alone can show. We derive all our present information from the *Mirror*, which declares its satisfaction in the most enthusiastic terms:

The tone is wonderful in every respect—in melody, sympathetic, singing quality—in sparkling brilliancy, each note being a point of pure tone, no matter how rapid in its passage—in richness, and sonorousness and power of sostenuto. The bass is like the booming of some great bell, or the satisfying depth of musical intonation of a dozen double basses, but although its power is so great, the purity and the gravity of its tone forbid it being too prominent when in connection with the upper notes of the instrument.

GOTTSCHALK says, that it is the most important improvement he has seen—that with the exception of —'s grand pianos, it is the finest instrument he ever heard.

MASON says, it is a perfect poem in its power of expression and sentiment.

WOLLENHAUPT pronounces it beyond all comparison, the most perfect square piano he has ever played on. We could multiply these oral testimonials *ad infinitum*.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We are now able to supply bound volumes of the Journal for the past year. Also on hand a few sets bound from the beginning (four years.) Many of our subscribers, who commenced with the second year, may wish to complete their sets from the beginning. We have a large quantity of all the numbers of the first year remaining on our hands, which we will furnish (unbound) at half price.

Concerts are not entirely over, as we were led to declare in our last weekly review. We had barely room in that very number at the last moment to

give place to the announcement of the concert of the "GERMAN TRIO," at Chickering's, last Saturday evening. The room was very full. The Trio by RUBINSTEIN, for piano, violin and 'cello, which was played with great spirit by Messrs. HAUSE, GAERTNER and JUNGnickel, seemed to us a much more striking composition than the Quartet which we heard in the winter by the same composer, and appeared to give great pleasure generally. Miss PAULINA MAIDHOFF, a young and pretty German blonde, who recited Uhland's "Castle on the Sea," first in English and then in German, has a sweet and musical voice, and one would think a gift for language, but the rendering was not very spirited. The remainder of the concert we were unavoidably compelled to lose. The German Trio are bound for a summer tour in the British Provinces, where we doubt not they will do not a little to inspire a love for fine chamber music.... The AFTERNOON CONCERTS at the Music Hall, too, have been resumed for three more weeks, by the members of the orchestra on their own account, with Mr. ZERRAHN for conductor as before. On Wednesday they played Beethoven's Second Symphony (in D) for the first time this season. The other selections, including the *Freyschütz* and *Semiramide* overtures, and the usual admixture of the dance element, were familiar and good. As to the manner of performance, it is enough to know that it was the same orchestra from which we have been hearing these things all the winter. It is a good season for such concerts, and we wish them all success.

A Musical Service will be given by the Choir of St. Paul's Church, under the direction of Dr. TUCKERMAN, on Wednesday evening next. The object of this performance is to show the decline of Church Music, during the last two centuries, and its gradual approach towards the secular school. Examples in the different styles of the English and Italian schools will be given. The public are invited.

Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON (Musical Exchange) has at last issued the eight "Prize Songs" of the New York *Musical Review*, to which we have more than once alluded. Our readers will now have an opportunity to judge of them for themselves. They average quite above the common run of songs produced in this country; and two or three of them would hold their place in most of the collections called "Gems of German Song," which have appeared here and in England. We have not time now for a close comparison, which it will be an instructive exercise for each purchaser to make for himself. They are engraved in the most beautiful style of any musical publications in this country, with tasteful vignette title pages, headings, &c., and do great credit to the enterprising publisher.

Music entered largely here into the juvenile festivities of May-day. The Music Hall was filled day and evening by the children of the Warren Street Chapel and their friends, under the kindly auspices of Rev. Mr. BARNARD. Music by the Germania Band, dances, flowers, &c., made summer within, however easterly and cold the wind without. A Floral Concert of children, under the direction of Mr. J. C. JOHNSON, was given at the Tremont Temple.... The operas in New York the two last weeks have been *I Puritani*, "William Tell," *Lucia*, *Ernani*, *Norma*, *Trovatore*. Flotow's *Martha* drew crowded audiences of Germans the two last Saturday nights. To-night the *Freyschütz*, for the first time, with Mme. LAGRANGE as Agatha. *Luisa Miller* is in active preparation. BADIALI took his old part of William Tell; Miss BEHREND, the German singer, appeared as Adalgisa. We hear no more said of the *Nozze di Figaro*.... Mme. LAGRANGE and GOTTSCHALK have been giving a concert with their unaided strength, in Philadelphia, exciting great enthusiasm. PARODI and the STRAKOSCHES are there too,

and announce among other things "the extraordinary musical novelty, *The Star-Spangled Banner*," arranged as a duet. Mr. ARTHURSON is with them. The Harmonia Sacred Music Society (Philadelphia) announce LEOPOLD MEIGNEN's new oratorio, "The Deluge," for the 7th inst.

The *Courier and Enquirer* speaks highly of the Piano-forte Soirées of Mr. BASSFORD in New York: "Mr. BASSFORD, though quite a young man, has greater command of his instrument than many pianists of mature years who in time past have won great popularity here, and the high appreciation in which his talents are held by those who know them best cannot fail to be soon shared by the public at large."

A successful series of Saturday Afternoon Orchestral Concerts has been given in Providence, R. I., under the direction of Mr. HENRY AHNER—so successful that a second series is to be commenced this afternoon. We have had occasion before this to allude to Mr. Ahner's earnest efforts in the cause of good music in that city, which he has made his home since the dispersion of the "Germanians." He has organized a small orchestra, with which he treats the public to mixed programmes of "classical" and "light" music. The newspapers that were so scandalized at the idea of his Sunday evening concerts of sacred music, now speak warmly in his praise. They have compromised upon Saturday afternoon; so music at all events will get a hearing, and perhaps prove whether it is altogether unworthy of the most sacred seasons. Mr. Ahner is also giving a series of evening subscription concerts, the last of which will come off on the 14th inst., for which occasion he has engaged Miss HENSLEY, Mr. SCHULTZ, Mr. CARL WEISE, the pianist, residing in Providence, and others.

The Worcester *Palladium* has the following:

The Mozart Society, after their successful closing concert, have counted their gains, and already there is a talk about the production of Haydn's "Creation" for another season. But here is a result of their late efforts, so humble, that no one else will chronicle it. We heard, the other day, a boy on his way home from school, whistling the air of the "Wonderful" chorus, "For unto us a child is born," as accurately as the most fastidious could desire; and a little prattler, at another time, listening to the song of a robin, said: "He's singing 'All we like sheep.'" The Society is sowing seed in new soil. May the seed be of the best!

Musical Journals are springing up in all parts of the country. Two new ones lie upon our table.—The first is the "PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL JOURNAL AND REVIEW," which is issued every other Wednesday, at \$1.25 per annum, J. M. WILSON, publishing agent. It is plainly a very near relative of the New York *Musical Review*, almost twin-like in appearance, and made up largely of the same reading matter, music, advertisements, &c., with the exception of a few columns devoted to musical matters of local interest in Philadelphia. Five numbers are already issued.—The other, and the newest comer, is the "CANADIAN MUSICAL REVIEW," published on the first of each month at Toronto, at 7s. 6d. per annum. "Communications and subscriptions to be forwarded to Mr. GEORGE F. GRAHAM, Professor of Music, Toronto, C. W." From which we infer that that gentleman is the proprietor and editor. Each number contains eight small quarto pages of letter-press, very beautifully printed, and four pages of music. No. 1, for May, contains brief editorials on the importance of Music to the Canadas, on the desirableness of forming Choral Societies, and on music in Congregational worship; a letter from New York; scraps of musical news filling two or three columns; selections, anecdotes, &c.; and notices of new music sent by the (Canadian) publishers. These latter, it is stated, will be "so arranged that parties purchasing music may rely upon being able to select it, on reference to the *Review*, without any hesitation

as to its merits or difficulties." Rather a formidable undertaking, that! The musical portion will be chiefly devoted to the publication of "meritorious compositions by Canadian authors." Success to music in Canada and to the new *Review*!

A friend learns by private letter that JOACHIM, the great violinist, has married GIESELA, the youngest daughter of BETTINA VON ARNIM, authoress of the celebrated "Correspondence of a Child with Goethe."

"Gamma," of the New Orleans *Picayune*, writing from Paris, April 3, says:

Dramatic performances are not the only—I should, perhaps, say, are not the favorite methods of amusing company at parties here. Comic singers are more in demand than any other class of performers. For example: Levassor, of the Palais Royal Theatre, makes \$12,000 a winter by his evenings in society, for he sometimes sings at three or four parties a night. Some of the other comic singers ask from \$20 to \$40 a *séance*, and nearly all of them have engagements; but unless they have a good deal of tact, they cause some droll scenes. Some years ago there was an ex-farmer of lotteries over here, who was trying, by dint of good dinners and splendid balls, to reach New York society. *via* Paris. Levassor was at all of his balls, and Levassor would invariably sing twice or three times of an evening. "On n'y vient que pour manger votre rôti," that being his newest and most popular song. There was more than one suppressed titter in the room. Last week, one of M. Offenbach's comic singers was engaged at the house of a stock-broker, who is known for the most obstinate operator for the "fall," and, as a matter of course, his friends are chiefly among the operators for the "fall." In the course of the evening he sang the popular song, "La Bourse," which is a biting satire, directed against the operators for the fall. It represents them as ferocious beasts, who delight in their country's misfortunes, who dream of but disasters and catastrophes. No laughs greeted the comic song, I warrant you, and the poor singer, disappointed to death, sunk into his seat, and was unable to raise another note that evening. And a somewhat similar accident occurred recently in one of the most aristocratic drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St. Honoré. Levassor himself was singing an epigrammatic song about old women. In the midst of his song, an elderly English woman, who resembled Mrs. Caudle in person, attire and voice, bounced out of her seat, furious. She abused him in the roundest terms, and walked out of the room with offended dignity. The first feeling which prevailed in the drawing-room was consternation, for "scenes" are rare in well bred parlors; but when the company recalled the odd costume, the queer face and the whimsical character of the departed guest, they burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. No one would have discovered the joke if the old lady had not been at the trouble to "wear the cap."

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The journal *L'Europe Artiste* brings together the opinions of the various Parisian journals upon the recent début of our Boston prima donna, ELISE BISCACCANTI. We translate from a few of them.

Le Moniteur.—"A young lady, of a very great talent, made her début March 16, 1856, at the Théâtre Italien. Mme. Biscaccianti sang the *Sonnambula*. She has a soprano voice of the greatest compass and the greatest flexibility, which reaches, without any effort, the *mi* and *fa* in *alt*, and plays with passages the most difficult and complicated. She phrases with much elegance, and vocalizes with as much purity as agility. She was warmly applauded and recalled after the finale so dramatic and *entraînant*, and after the rondo: *Ah! m'abbraccia*, which she sang perfectly. We regret that Mme. B. arrived so late; prior engagements, it is said, call her to Italy; but she will return hereafter."

Revue et Gazette Musicale.—"Mme. Biscaccianti possesses a *soprano sfogato* voice, really rare in its extent, its *timbre* and expression. Never have we heard a sound sustained with more power and purity than her's, twice in the rôle of Amina. She has the instinct of song, she has the fire, the dramatic passion,

and we believe her called to take rank among the illustrious lyric artists."

Messenger des Théâtres.—"The public could admire in Mme. B. a beautiful soprano voice, very extensive in compass, very agile, very pure, traversing with extreme facility the higher register, a method elegant and correct, passages of a rare hardihood and irreproachable accuracy, *slan*, accent, taste."

Le Théâtre says: "Of all the singers we have heard for some years in the *Sonnambula*, Mme. Biscaccianti is perhaps the only one who has the most approached the perfection that disappeared with the divine Sontag."

La Verité.—"Mme. B. is not only a *cantatrice* of talent, taste and expression, but she acts with intelligence and a profound feeling of the dramatic situation. She is destined next year to become one of the most precious elements in M. Calzado's troupe."

L'Union.—"Mme. B. came to demand the Parisian sanction of the brilliant successes which she had already obtained. Her hope was not deceived, for she had one of the most sympathetic receptions, and there was decreed to her with one accord the brevet of a great artiste. . . . From the first measures the audience perceived that they had to do with an artist of superior merit; that beautiful manner of phrasing and shading the melody and of caressing the note, that rich and brilliant vocalization, all revealed the artist of taste and knowledge, thoroughly familiar with all the secrets of her art."

We might multiply these citations still further; the same tone runs through them all. Mme. Biscaccianti had intended to sing only once as she passed through Paris, but this success compelled her to appear once more.

Our theatres are taking advantage of their last "good days" to bring out new pieces, for they must press now or the fine spring weather will seduce more people out of doors than their most elaborate paste-board groves and canvas parterres of flowers. What do you think they have brought out at the Ambigu? *Paradise Lost*, "a drama in five acts," in which Eve appears in paradisaical costume! It is a sort of *pot pourri* of Milton, De Chateaubriand, De Lamartine, Gessner, (death of Abel,) and reaches an incredible height of sublime—fun! It opens with the fallen angels thrown from Heaven; then comes a revolt in hell, Satan on his throne, &c. Oh! Frenchmen! Frenchmen! what droll animals you are! In music we have had a fair début at the Grand Opera. Mlle Donati, soprano, sent us by Italy. At the Italiens we have had Mme. Grisi in "Semiramide;" "Norma" and "Lucrezia Borgia," with Mario (her success has not been great.) At the Opera Comique, a pretty one act opera by M. Besanzoni, a young composer. At the Theatre Lyrique, a new opera by M. Ad. Adam, for the reappearance of Mme. Meillet. At Notre Dame last Monday, M. Gounod's mass was executed by eight hundred performers: and it rains! concerts—the walls are covered with concert bills.—*Corr. of N. O. Picayune.*

The *Gazette Musicale* says: "Never was historical and retrospective music more in honor than just now. DELSARTE, the able singer and professor *ultra classic*, would fain go to the chamber music of the old French king Pharamond to prove that the past is worth more than the present. It is a conviction like any other, and which has its arguments. For the present he has only gone back to the fourth century, to the hymn of St. Ambrose (*Creator alme*), to redescend to the sixth century, and let us hear the hymn (*Lucis Creator*) for four voices, by St. Gregory the great, Pope and doctor of the Church. In the curious concert which he gave us on the 27th of March, this zealous explorer of the music of the past transported us from the fifth to the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Lulli, Rameau and Gluck were laid under contribution. Francois Delsarte is not only the publisher of this retrospective music in his *Archives du Chant*—he is the naïve and true singer of it, comical and tragical; he touches you and makes you laugh in the delicious chansons: *Languirai-je toujours, mon bon laboureur*, as he strongly moves and shakes his audience with terror in the recitative of Medea in the ninth scene of Lulli's *Thésée*. Mme. Viardot and Mme. Gaveaux-Sabatier lent their aid in the execution of this curious music. * * * * Of all the concerts of the season, this, with its old music, has presented the most novelty."

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubéant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REVELS.

"And the two young ladies," said I to my old
hostess; "do you know them?"

"No, sir, I have as yet only seen them. They
have been here but a fortnight, and the last of
the young men, who cannot be over fifteen,
arrived night before last. This makes the vil-
lagers say that perhaps he is not the last, and
they do not know where this family will end.
Every one has a word to say. We have to laugh
some to console ourselves for knowing so little."

"Then the new marquis has the same myster-
ious ways as the former?"

"Nearly the same; if anything, worse, for he is
doubtless even more interested than his brother
in concealing what he has been and what he has
done for so many years; but then he is a differ-
ent man. People begin to believe me when I
say the present marquis is the best of the two,
and they will do him justice some time. The
other one's heart was dried up as well as his per-
son; this one is rather brusque in his manners
and detests long speeches. He does not trust to
every one; he seems to understand all the tricks
and turns of those who beg needlessly; but he
seeks information and consults with his daughter,
and help comes quietly to those who really need
it. The priest has remarked that, and he was so
troubled at the arrival of this reported bad man;
now he begins to say that the poor have gained
by the change."

"Now you are coming to an explanation, Mad-
ame Peirecote, and the story gains in morality
what it loses in wonder. This proves the old
proverb, you know of course: Bad heads make
good hearts."

"You are right, sir, and it is sad to say that
good heads often make bad hearts. He who
thinks only of himself profits no one else. . . .
But still there is enough of the wonderful going
on in that house. A great many things have
always happened in the Castle of the Wilderness
which poor people like me could never under-
stand. In the first place they say that the
Balmas are all magicians from father to son, and
if they should tell me that the eldest daughter
had her share, I should not wonder, for she
neither speaks nor acts like other people; she
does not dress according to her station; she
wears neither plumes nor cashmeres, like the
other fine ladies of this country; she is almost
as pale as death. The two other young ladies are
more elegant and seem gayer; but the eldest of
the young men acts like a perfect fool. He talks
to himself all alone, and has been seen making
frightful gestures; and charitable as the marquis
may be, he has rather an evil look. Indeed, sir,
you may believe me or not as you choose, but the
servants of the castle are very glad to be sent
away at 7 o'clock in the evening, that they may
pass the night and sleep with their families, for
the marquis brought no servants with him to be
questioned. Those who are employed at the
castle are hired by the day, for all the old ser-
vants were dismissed. So, for twelve hours
during the night, no one can find out what hap-
pens in the castle."

"And why do they suppose that anything does
happen? Perhaps the Balmas are merely great
sleepers and dread the noise of the office."

"Oh, no indeed, sir! they do not sleep. They
go all over the castle, up stairs and down, cross-
ing the old galleries and staying in chambers
which have not been inhabited for a hundred
years perhaps. They move the furniture, carry
it from one place to another, talk, cry, sing, laugh,
weep, dispute—they even say that they fight, for I
tell you there are riotous revels going on there."

"How is this known, when every one is sent
off so early?"

"Yes, and they shut themselves up, bar every-
thing, doors and shutters, after having gone the
rounds to see that no one is peeping. The gar-
dener's son, who hid in a wardrobe out of curiosi-
ty, barely escaped being thrown out of the win-
dow, and he was so frightened that it made him
ill, for he pretends to say that the young men,
the young ladies, and even the marquis himself,
were dressed like devils, and it made his hair

stand upright to see them so, and to hear them
say things unlike anything he had ever heard
before."

"Ah, that is fine, Madame Peirecote! Now I
begin to be interested. Old castles where noth-
ing supernatural happens are good for nothing."

"You laugh, sir; you do not believe me. What
if I should tell you that I went as near as I could
to listen with my daughter, and saw something?"

"Really! tell me about it."

"Through the cracks of an old shutter, which
did not shut so closely as the rest, and which
opens into the old guard room of the castle, we
saw lights pass back and forth so swiftly that
spirits alone could carry them as fast without ex-
tinguishing them, and then we heard the sound
of thunder and wind whistled through the castle,
although it was a beautiful, frosty evening, calm
as to-night. Then we heard a loud shriek, as if
some one was being murdered, and our blood ran
cold. It was only last week, sir! We ran away
as fast as we could, for we believed some great
crime had been committed, and we did not wish
to be brought forward as witnesses, for it hurts
poor people to witness against the rich. We
could not sleep a wink all night; but in the
morning every one was well at the castle; the
young ladies laughed and sang in the garden as
usual, and Monsieur le Marquis went to mass, for
it was Sunday. Only the servants told us they
had burned more than fifty candles in the night,
and the supper was all eaten to the very bones."

"So it seems that they entertain the devil right
joyfully."

"Every night a good supper of cold meats,
cakes, confectionary and excellent wines is set for
them in the dining room as soon as they have
cleared away the dinner. No one knows at
what hour nor with what guests they sup; but
they are not spirits who live upon air. In the
morning the arm chairs are found placed in a
circle round the fire in the great parlor, and in
the rest of the house there is no trace of the con-
fusion of the night. But there is one part of the
castle which has not been used for a long time,
which is so locked and bolted that no one can
even peep into it. Besides, they have very few
servants for so great a house and so many people.
They have received no visitors yet, except the
mayor and the curé, and they simply saw the
marquis in his own room, without any of the
children except his eldest daughter. The young
ladies have no lady's maids, and they seem ac-
customed as the gentlemen to wait upon them-
selves. The house work is done by women, who
go away as soon as they have swept and arranged
everything, and you know, sir, that men are so
stupid! When there are no women interested

in the affairs of a household, nothing can be found out."

"That is really discouraging, my dear Madame Peirecote," said I, hardly restraining a hearty laugh.

"Yes, sir, yes! Ah, if I was young and was not afraid of catching the rheumatism while I watched, I should soon find out what to do. For instance, the other day the girl who makes the beds found at the foot of that of one of the young ladies mis-mated slippers. Let them do their best to conceal everything, they forget sometimes; and, sir, guess what there was in place of the slipper lost during their revels."

"What? a great green toad with eyes of fire, or a horse-shoe which burnt the poor girl's fingers?"

"No, sir—a pretty little white satin slipper, with a bow of pink and gold ribbons!"

"The dence there was! that seems more like a revel. The young ladies must have been to a ball on a broomstick."

"With evil spirits or somewhere; there was a ball too at the castle, for people heard dancing tunes, and the floors showed marks of it; but who were invited? and how did the fine company leave the castle? For neither visitors nor carriages had been seen, and unless the merry guests came down and went up the chimney, I cannot see for whom the young lady should have put on white slippers with pink and gold ribbons."

I could have listened to Madame Peirecote all night, so much did her stories interest me; but I saw that the kind people wanted to retire. I set the example. Volabù showed me his best room and best bed, and his wife favored me with a thousand little services, and they would not leave me till I had assured them I wanted nothing more. Volabù asked me outside my door at what time I wanted to start for Briançon. I begged him to be ready at seven, as I did not wish to be at any further expense to him.

I had not the least inclination to sleep, for it was only seven in the evening, and I had twelve hours before me. A good pine fire crackled in the chimney of my little room, and a large pile of resinous branches on one side, allowed me to keep off the cold breeze which whistled about the loosely swung casement. I took out my pencils and sketched the lovely Mesdemoiselles Balma in the costume and attitudes in which I had seen them; neither did I forget the beautiful white hound, nor the background of immense dark cypresses covered with heaps of snow. All this passed over my imagination more swiftly than my pencil the paper, and I could not resist a sensation similar to that which we feel in reading one of Hoffmann's fantastic tales, in associating these charming figures, so pure, so merry, and apparently so happy, with the strange recitals and fiendish stories of my hostess. As in those German tales angels upon the earth constantly struggle against the snares of an evil spirit, full of envy, anger and sorrow, I saw these sweet children proper, unawares, under the evil influence of some old alchemist covered with crime, who brought them up delicately, that he might sell their souls to Satan, to free his own from some fatal agreement. The little one was yet unsuspecting; the other began to rebel. In the midst of their gayety they seemed afraid of some master whom they dared not name.

"Let the cross thing scold!" they had said.

And then again, when they spoke of my crossing the dangerous ice, the oldest had said:

"If he had seen that, he would scold us."

Was it their father whom they so dreaded, while they pretended to laugh at him? Nothing had proved that they were daughters of this old marquis, restored by magic, after having passed for dead. What did I say? after having probably been dead for fifty years. He must be a vampire. He tormented them every night, and in the morning, thanks to his power, they had forgotten their tortures, and went back to life again. Alas! it would not last much longer, poor little dears! Some morning they would be found strangled in some fountain near the old mansion.

Some realities were mingled with these foolish reveries. I do not know what the ribbons had to do with it; but the pink and golden bow of the little slippers coincided somewhat with the cherry ribbons I had picked up.

"His bow!" she said, "his sword-knot!"

Who in the castle still wore the costume of our ancestors, the sword and the sword-knot? It was really wonderful, and he had made it himself! He pretended that those lovely little fairy hands could not make a bow worthy of him! So this tyrant of youth and beauty was imperious and hard to please! Whether he was old or young, this man of the sword, this knot-maker, was ungallant and unfatherly. He must either be the devil or one of his foul instruments.

A great many fantastic ideas came into my head, but I did not sketch them. Mother Peirecote had breathed the poison of her curiosity into my veins. I thought it must be late, I had dreamed so much in so short a time. My watch had stopped, but the village clock struck nine, and I knew not how to pass the rest of the night, for I did not want to draw; I could not read, and I longed to go out, student-like, to seek some poetical or ridiculous adventure under the castle walls.

First, I wished to assure myself of a noiseless exit, and I found one before I had decided to make use of it. The window blinds moved without creaking, and opened upon a little garden, fenced only by a very low hedge. The house was but one story high. This was so easy and so tempting that I could not resist. I armed myself with a tinder-box, a bundle of cigars, and my leaden-headed cane. I hid my face in a large foulard handkerchief, I wrapped my cloak about me, and, to disguise myself farther, I took down from the wall an old Tyrolean hat belonging to Monsieur Volabù; then I jumped out of the window, pushed back the blinds, and leaped the hedge; the snow deadened the sound of my footsteps. All were sleeping in the village; the moon shone in the sky. I reached the open country by simply going around the outside of the house.

I reached the ditch, which I already knew so well. The night had strengthened the ice. The little staircase was so slippery that I ascended it with difficulty. I resolutely entered the park and drew near the castle like another Alma viva prepared for anything. I touched the glass doors of the first story, which opened upon a long terrace covered with vines, dried up in the winter, which seemed at night like huge black serpents climbing the walls and twining around the balusters. Without hesitation, I mounted the stair-

case, adorned with large terra-cotta vases, which marked the broad landing on both sides. All the blinds were closely shut; I did not fear being seen from within. I longed to hear those strange noises, those shrieks, those peals of thunder, and the dancing of furniture, with which the old lady had filled my head.

I did not wait long without discovering that something energetic was going on within the house, which seemed so silent and deserted from the outside. Great strokes of a hammer, and the sound of voices, like people arguing together or ordering as they worked, struck my ear confusedly. All this was going on very near me probably in one of the rooms on the ground floor; but the oaken shutters were cushioned with hair and covered with leather, and did not permit a word to reach me.

The bark of a dog warned me to keep at a distance. I left the landing and soon heard the door opened which I had just left. The dog barked; I thought it was all over with me, for the moonlight was too bright for me to cross the smooth ground which separated me and the wall.

"Do not let Hecate out!" said a voice, which I instantly recognized to be that of my youngest heroine. "The moonlight makes her mad, and she will break all the vases on the staircase."

"Go in, Hecate!" said the other, whose voice I also remembered.

She shut the door in the face of the great dog, who warned them of my presence, and groaned at not being understood.

The two young girls stepped out upon the landing. I hid myself under the arch formed by the two ascending staircases.

"Don't put your bare arms on the snow, little one—you will take cold," said the oldest. "Why do you need to lean upon the balustrade?"

"I am tired and I am dying with heat."

"Then you must come in."

"No, no! It is so fine to-night, the moon and the snow too! It will take them at least a quarter of an hour to arrange the cemetery—let us breathe the fresh air."

The word *cemetery* made me open my ears; the night was so clear that not one word escaped me, and I was about solving the whole mystery, when some one within, annoyed by the barking of the dog, opened the door and let out the miserable animal, who bounded towards me and stopped at the entrance of the arch, enraged by my presence, but kept back by the cane with which I threatened her.

"Oh, how provoking they are to let out Hecate!" said the young ladies calmly, while I was in such a forlorn condition. "Here, Hecate! stop now! you always make a noise for nothing."

"But how enraged she is! perhaps there is a robber about," said the little one.

"Are there any robbers here?" called out the oldest to me, laughing. "Sir Robber, answer."

"Perhaps it is only a spy," suggested the other. "Sir Spy, you are wasting your time; you are taking cold for nothing. You will not see us."

"At him, Hecate! bite him!"

Hecate would have asked nothing better if she had only dared it. Noisy, but timid, as hounds are, she drew back, bristling with anger and fear, although she was large enough to strangle me.

"Bah! it is nobody!" said one of the young ladies; "she is barking at the statue in the grotto."

"What if we should go and see?"

"Goodness, no! I am afraid."

"So am I; let us go in."

"Let us call our boys."

"Yes, indeed! they have enough else to do, and would laugh at us, as usual."

"I am cold—let us go away."

"I am afraid—let us run."

They went in, calling the dog after them. All was tightly closed, and for a quarter of an hour I heard nothing; but suddenly I heard the screams of a person who seemed struck with fear. I heard loud talking, but could neither distinguish voices nor words. Then all was still; then came shouts of laughter, and then silence reigned again; so I got out of patience, for I was numb with cold, and that wretched dog might again betray me if they should want to put their arms on the snow. I went back to the Volabü's cottage, certain that they were not wholly mistaken, and that some unknown and inexplicable work was going on at the castle; and I was a little ashamed at having found out nothing except that they were arranging a cemetery and laughed at all spies.

The night was far advanced when I was back in my little chamber. I spent some time in relighting my fire and warming myself before going to sleep; so that when Volabü came to wake me at dawn, he dared not do it, I was paying so soundly for my wakefulness of the early evening. I rose late. They had had ample time to prepare my breakfast, and I was obliged to accept it for fear of displeasing the good man and Madame Volabü, who had considerable pretensions to culinary talent.

At noon, some business came to my host; he was ready to give it up and keep his word with me; but, without boasting of my adventure, I had a *fiasco* upon my conscience, and was much less eager to reach Briançon than I was yesterday. So I begged my host to give himself no trouble, and I put off my departure till the morrow, provided that he would allow me to pay him for the trouble he was giving himself for me. This gave rise to great dispute, so truly liberal was he in his hospitality. He would have argued with me for a sou on the journey, had I been disposed to bargain with him; but at home he was ready to set fire to his house to prove his good manners to me.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

XI.

THE PANOPTICON ORGAN IN LEICESTER SQUARE—
ENGLISH AND GERMAN ORGANS COMPARED—RE-
TURN VOYAGE—THE ADVENT OF THE INDIAN
SUMMER.

Among the most complete and celebrated of the modern English organs, is that at the "Royal Panopticon of Science and Art" in Leicester Square, London. It was constructed by the Messrs. Hill & Co., who were also the builders of the organs in York Minster and the Town Hall, Birmingham. This instrument, by far the largest and most comprehensive in the metropolis, consists of four manuals, each extending from CC to a in alt, and a pedal organ from CCC to *f*, 32 notes. It contains, also, all the modern improvements, together with some new inventions in mechanism, an improved system of composition pedals, and a pedal for drawing the stops in succession, so as to

form a gradual and complete *crescendo* without the aid of the swell box. It comprises 60 complete registers, among which are many of the novelties of the continental organs never before introduced in England. The wind is supplied from six pairs of bellows, at different pressures. The swell, choir, and solo organs are provided with duplicate manuals, so that several performers may play at once, if desired. The number of pipes is 4,004.

At the time of my visit the Panopticon organ had been just set up in the hall, and was receiving its finishing touches from the hands of its builders. Through the abundant kindness of Mr. Hill, I was permitted to examine its mechanism as thoroughly as I desired. Under his able guidance I was conducted over every part of the structure, and explored leisurely its interior mysteries; descending now deep into its cavernous recesses—now threading along artful and devious passage ways, and anon scaling inaccessible heights with ladders, till I emerged at length at the summit of the vast pile, full fifty feet above its base. I had here an opportunity, for the first time, to become acquainted with the curious mechanism of the pneumatic lever—a contrivance of recent date, by means of which a perfect lightness of touch is ensured, and which should hereafter form a part of every organ of the first magnitude. The powers of the instrument were then displayed by Mr. Best, one of the most celebrated of the London organists. Its tones speak forth with magnificent and telling effect. This with the colossal instrument recently erected by Willis at St. George's Hall, in Liverpool, must be ranked among the greatest triumphs of modern organ-building in England.

It may not be impertinent in this connection, to consider briefly the comparative condition of organ-building, as an art, in England and Germany. My attention has, not unfrequently, been directed to this subject, in my experiences among the famous instruments of the Old World. But it is a subject upon which, in the nature of the case, it is difficult to arrive at results entirely satisfactory and conclusive—much more to speak definitely of them; since of necessity a considerable interval of time must elapse between the opportunities which may offer for the examination of the principal organs in different countries, and even of different specimens in the same locality. In all that pertains to the action of the organ and the mechanical details of its structure, the palm has by common consent been yielded to the English. In this respect, the eminent artists, Hill, Willis, and others, who might be mentioned, would certainly seem to have reached the acme of perfection. But here the Brothers Müller of Breslau, and the Messrs. Walker of Ludwigsburg, are but little if at all behind. More of the grand improvements in the mechanism of the instrument have originated in England. On the other hand Germany has been more prolific in originating and diversifying the striking and splendid *tone effects* embodied in the complete organ during its progress through a series of generations back. The pneumatic lever and the perfected bellows-action are copied by Walkers from the English specimens. The Messrs. Hill, in the Panopticon instrument, have in their turn taken from the former his famous *crescendo* and *diminuendo* pedal, which was attached to the colossal organ at St. Petersburg fifteen years ago.

But in purity and opulence of tone—in the felicitous combination of stops—in beauty of expression and telling grandeur of effect, the surpassing excellence of the German instruments (the best of them) is placed in my mind beyond a doubt. I cannot better express my own feelings and views in this respect, than by quoting the language of Chorley in his admirable work on Modern German Music. "I will not libel any musician," he prefates, "by asking him if he be fond of the instrument. The farther removed he be from personality in his preferment of Art—the more devotedly addicted to thought in its noblest, if not most excursive flights—the more exquisitely will he relish, the more eagerly will he return to those grave and sublime pleasures—to those oracular utterances, as it were, in which musical truth and poetry, of the highest order, make themselves known." Speaking of the Silberman organ in the *Sophien-Kirche*, or Evangelical Church at Dresden, he says: "The sound of the first handful of keys put down, informed me of the neighborhood of something surpassing after its kind; never heard I pipes of such a ripe and fascinating sweetness of tone, from the lowest *elephant* pedal C to the *skylark* C *altissimo*;—no hissing, no wheezing, no lumbering, no growling—none of that ferocity of sound which makes some of our famous English specimens surgical to the ear. Compared, indeed, with aught in modern organ-building, the Silberman instruments at Dresden" (and he might have added with equal truth the splendid structures at Hamburg, at Frankfort, at Stuttgart, and elsewhere, of both ancient and modern build) "are what the sumptuous ruby glass of the middle ages is to the ripest-red piece of new Bohemian manufacture. Only a few weeks before, I had been listening to our own noble organs, at Christ-Church in London, and in the Town Hall at Birmingham. A few weeks afterwards I was admiring a magnificent musical structure in progress of erection in the Cathedral of St. Denis; so that I was not without some opportunity of comparison to warrant me in simile-making; and it is to be remembered that, as regards tone, the difference between player and player is little to be felt in the case of the instruments in question." "Subsequent experience and opportunities for comparison," he adds, "would dispose me to emphasize rather than mitigate the foregoing panegyric." "If Music" he discourses in another place, "had as many poetical, as the art has practical writers, a more fascinating subject would hardly be found than a pilgrimage to the great Organs of Europe—with their localities, their histories and their associations duly counted. For the instrument is like a church or other edifice—a thing which becomes of itself a shrine of resort and recollection, gaining thereby an adventurous and legendary and progressive interest."

Leaving London by the express train at five o'clock one murky evening, I reached Liverpool at eleven the same night, and the next morning stepped aboard the steamer "homeward bound." What a blessing if we could but sleep away the long and dreary interval between shore and shore! At least so it would prove to me, who, in my state of bodily discomfort at such times, can find nothing of interest in the eternal monotony of the sea. And I need but look around at my fellow passengers, and note their listless inactivity, to convince me that this feeling is shared by nine tenths of all who make the voyage. What trivial circum-

stances go to make up the incidents of each day's life on shipboard! What small accidents become the absorbing topics of conversation and attention! Fortunate, indeed, is he who descries a sail on the distant horizon; or who can swear that he saw but now a whale's back, or the snout of a porpoise above the brine. He is straightway the cynosure of all eyes—a very Captain Cook in importance, in the estimation of the whole idle community abaft the smoke pipe. See, upon the pilot house, yonder, a fellow idler at the end of "a long string," having at its other extremity a hook baited with a piece of raw pork. For four mortal hours he has patiently watched, without winking for a bite, though from what, "or fish or fowl," he is conscious of no preconceived idea. And his chance of success is paralleled only by that of the Noddy in the ancient rhyme, who

"Went a fishing
For to catch a whale;
And all the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail."

(I am aware that the analogy does not hold if we take into consideration the extent of the field of operation in the two cases employed.) Such in the main, were the stirring incidents of our voyage.

The arrival at Halifax, and the couple of hours range about the dismal town was an event to be chronicled with delight. There is a remark attributed to Edward Everett, when he had seen the wonders of all lands, that, after all, the architecture of the good old Boston light-house hath not its superior in attractions. This, in my mind, is based on sound philosophy. And it recurred to me with especial force as we neared the shores of Massachusetts Bay on this mellow October evening. The sound of the sea, at length, had ceased. Its surface was now like a mirror. The sun had sunk low into the hazy atmosphere. A few golden clouds lay in parallels along the western horizon, and a light breeze came to us from the land with a musical cadence, laden with the breath of forests. It was the greeting of the Indian summer—

"That beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of
All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;
and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood;
Peace seemed to reign upon the earth, and the rest-
less heart of the ocean
Was consoled."

SCRIBE.—M. Scribe was left an orphan at an early age, with a pittance of \$400 a year; his guardian desired him to study for the bar, but the footlights fascinated him, and he has been faithful to them above thirty years. He works—and has worked—every day of his life, from five o'clock in summer, and six o'clock in winter, until ten o'clock of the morning, when, as he says, his day's labors are over, but the whole of his life is taken up by the stage; for his social commerce, the long hours of rehearsals, his business relations, are all turned to the profit of the theatre; he is always on the lookout for new characters and situations, suited for comedy or drama; he takes notes of good sayings and subjects of pieces, wherever he finds them. He observes and listens more than he speaks.

He has written 400 vaudevilles, operas comiques, comedies, dramas and ballets, and has earned a fortune of \$600,000 by his pen, a fortune which is so rapidly increasing, he will probably leave an estate at his death of more than a million of dollars. M. Poirson, the founder of the Gymnase Theatre, early divined his talent, and monopolized it by a curious contract. By it M. Scribe engaged to

write for twelve years for that theatre exclusively, twelve new pieces a year, and he not only fulfilled his contract, but several times presented eighteen new pieces in a twelve-month.

At the expiration of these twelve years, M. Scribe was at liberty to cease writing for the Gymnase, but he was under an engagement that he would not during his life write any pieces for the secondary theatres. He still receives, and has received, for a great many years, his annual pension of 6,000*f.* from the Gymnase theatre, exclusive of his percentage on his pieces played there, and of the premium he receives for a new piece. It was, as M. Scribe often confesses, this contract, which made it impossible for him to work for the secondary theatres, that engaged him to write for the grand opera and French comedy.

M. Scribe spends the winter in Paris; during the summer he travels three or four months for the triple purpose of recruiting his health, affording him pleasure, and enlarging his sphere of observation—with profit to his dramatic labors. For many years he passed away the spring and autumn at a villa near Meudon, but of late years, these periods of the year are spent in a fine *chateau* in Brie, which for the last eighteen years he has been building, rebuilding and embellishing, as the retreat where the last years of his busy life shall flow away, tranquil and happy, among his books, his family and friends.

M. Scribe determined to exhaust several times all the letters of the alphabet as the initial letters of his plays: hence the strange titles—*Xacarilla*, *Yelva*, *Zee*, etc. He delights in theatrical performances; where he amuses himself by re-casting in his mind the pieces he sees played; and when he witnesses the performance of some of his old pieces, whose plot has escaped his memory, he criticizes himself, follows with curiosity the vicissitudes of the plot, and as a catastrophe approaches, he tries to think how he will extricate himself from it.—*Paris Corr. of the Atlas.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE LION'S RIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

Desert monarch is the lion! Would he through his realms go riding,
Down to the lagoon he wanders, in the lofty sedges hiding,

Where gazelles and cameleopards drink, his reedy ambush making,
While above the lofty beast the shadowy sycamores are shaking.

When among the Hottentots' low kraals the evening fires are glowing,

When the Table Mountains' colored fluttering flags no more are blowing,

When the solitary Kaffer hurries o'er the wide Karroo,

When the antelope in thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu;—

See! along the moonlit desert comes majestically marching

The giraffe, within the dark and sad lagoon his heated, parching

Tongue to cool, and panting o'er the desert's naked stretches hasten,

There with out-thrust neck to kneel and suck from out the slimy basin.

Suddenly the rushes rustle—on his back, with roar arousing,

Leaps the lion. What a rider! Was there ever richer housing

In the imperial harness chambers, mid the choicest trapping counted,

Than the spotted runner's hide is, where the king of beasts is mounted?

In the muscles of his shoulders greedily his teeth are planted;

On the giant courser's neck the rider's tawny mane is flaunted;

With a hollow shriek of pain he wildly starts and flees affrighted.

See! the swiftness of the camel with the leopard skin united!

Down the moon-illuminated level how his light, swift feet are rushing!

From their sockets start his eyeballs, wildly strained, and, trickling, gushing

O'er his brown-bespeckled shoulders, great black drops of blood are sweating,

And the vast and silent desert listens to his quick heart-beating.

Like the cloud that Israel's children to the promised land went guiding,

Like a spirit of the desert in an airy vortex striding,
Like a wind-spout sweeping onward o'er the desert's stiffened sea,

Whirls a yellow, sandy column, following swiftly where they flee.

In their wake the vulture follows, croaking on, with whirring pinions;

On their track the hyæna follows, plunderer of the dead's dominions,

And the panther, who amid the herds of Capeland brings disaster;

Blood and sweat attest the fearful progress of their savage master.

They behold their monarch swaying on his living throne, and rending

With his sharp, fierce claws the checkered cushion over which he's bending;

And the doomed giraffe must bear him, till his strength exhausted fail him;

With a rider like the lion, what will plunge or rear avail him?

Staggering on the desert's edge, he with a gurgle falls, and dank, wet,

Smear'd with sweat and gore, at last the steed becomes the rider's banquet.

Eastward far o'er Madagascar morning twilight glimmers brightly.

Thus unto his empire's limits rides the desert monarch nightly.

W. W. S.

Goethe on Dilettantism,

OR PRACTICAL AMATEURSHIP IN THE ARTS.

(From "Essays on Art," by GOETHE, translated by SAMUEL GRAY WARD.)

[*Translator's Introductory Note.*—In giving a translation of this singular work, it seems desirable to say a few words by way of presenting it to the reader in the right point of view. It may be said, that in this country we have nothing of that wide-spread Dilettantism, that forms so remarkable a feature in European civilization, and that, whether it be good or evil, we are too busy a people to anticipate its having any deep hold among us. But whoever reads with attention this masterly short-hand analysis of the clear-sighted German, will be surprised to find that the subject has the strongest possible bearing on our present condition, and that in fact, with rare exceptions, all our art, all our literature, falls inevitably within his definition of Dilettantism.

It was the belief of our author, and, though opposed to the common belief, it is worthy of deep consideration, that, what we call genius, may and does appear in any age, but that the most fortunate conjunction of circumstances, conducive to the development of such genius, is required to educate the great artist, the great poet. From his belief naturally follows, in the second place, that it is of immense importance that the artist should take hold of art by the right side. This true side is distinguished as *Art*, in opposition to the false side, which is *Dilettantism*. Now, in our country, every tendency is opposed to a true artistic culture, yet there is an intense thirst for the gratification that all men derive from works of art; and this demand our so-called artists and poets supply, after their fashion. But true art springs not from an outward demand of the public, but from an inward demand in the soul of an artist.

This Essay may be defined as an inquiry concerning the true and false point of art; and with a degree of fulness of knowledge, of sharpness and refinement of view, that perhaps no one but Goethe ever combined, it is carried into every art. Even gardening and dancing, which, as fine arts, we are so little acquainted with, are not omitted. At the same time, it must be admitted, that an almost algebraic brevity of statement prevails, and that it is a work to be studied rather than read. If the reader do not at first discover its drift, we would only suggest, that whatever other question is made concerning Goethe, no one doubts his infinite critical acumen; that, in his circumstances,

there was a remarkable analogy with that of every artist or literary man, who is born in a period of false direction in art, and that, therefore, if there be an appearance of obscurity, there is always a strong probability that a more careful study will elicit a meaning that will repay the effort.]

INTRODUCTORY AND GENERAL.

The Italians call every artist *Maestro*.

When they see one who practises an art without making a profession of it, they say,—*Si diletta*. Their expression of polite amusement and wonder, shows their thoughts on the subject.

The word *dilettant* is not found in old Italian. It is found in no dictionary, not even the Cruscan.

It is found only in Jagemann. According to him, it means a Lover of Art, who is not satisfied with viewing and enjoying, but would also practise it.

Traces in ancient times.

Traces after the revival of the arts.

Widely extended in late times.

Cause thereof.

The practise of art made a requisite in education.

In speaking of Dilettants, we except the case of one born with a real talent for art, but prevented by circumstances from receiving an artistic cultivation.

We speak only of those who, without any particular talent for this or that art, only give way to the natural imitative tendency in them.

Upon the German word *pfuschen* (to botch).

Its derivation.

Refers to handicraft.

Handicraft expresses, that a certain dexterity has been acquired according to rule, and is practised in the exactest fashion, after the prescription and under the protection of law.

Institution of Guilds (*Innungen*), especially in Germany.

The various nations have no proper word therefor.

Idea expressed by the term.

The Dilettant holds the same relation to the Artist, that the botcher does to the craftsman.

It may be maintained of Art, that it is in like manner, learned according to rules, and practised according to law; only that its rules are not, like those of a handicraft, every where recognized, and the laws of the so-called free arts are spiritual and not civil.

Derivation of botch-work (*pfuscherei*).

Advantage.

Genealogy of Dilettantism.

Dilettant honored.

Artist neglected.

Cause.

Certainty of a widely extended enjoyment of life, is commonly the basis of all empirical estimation.

We have taken such certainty-maxims into our *morale*, without being aware of it.

Birth, valor, riches.

One sort of possession, ensures outward enjoyment.

Genius and Talent have an inward certainty, but in their outward relation are peculiarly uncertain.

They are not always in harmony with the conditions and wants of the time.

In barbarous times they were prized as something wonderful.

They are not certain of applause.

Which must be secured by begging or flattering.

On which account those artists are worst off, who must in person court the applause of the moment.

Rhapsodists, players, musicians.

With rare exceptions, artists live in a sort of voluntary poverty.

It was obvious in all times, that the condition of the artist had in it something desirable and enviable.

Origin of Dilettantism.

General prevalence, I will not say of a high regard for the arts, but of its mixture with civil existence, and a sort of legitimization of the same.

The Artist is born so.

He is by nature a privileged person.

He is obliged to practise something, that every one cannot do like him.

And yet he cannot be thought of as alone.

Neither would be alone.

The work of art calls for men to enjoy it.

And for wider participation in it.

All men have an inexpressible inclination for the enjoyment of works of art.

The nearest participator would be the true connoisseur, would have a lively and full enjoyment.

As great as any, nay, greater.

Because he sees at the same time the cause and effect.

Transition to practical Dilettantism.

Man experiences and enjoys nothing without forthwith becoming productive.

This is the most central property of human nature; nay, it may be said it is human nature itself.

Unconquering impulse to the same.

The passion for imitation has no connection with inborn genius for these things.

Example of children.

They are allured by every species of activity that comes before their eyes.

Soldiers, players, rope-dancers.

They take an object impossible for them to attain, such as they see attained only by the practice and capacity of riper years.

Their means become their aims.

Aim of children.

Mere sport.

Opportunity to exercise the passions.

How near the the resemblance between them and Dilettants.

Dilettantism of women.

Dilettantism of rich people.

Dilettantism of people of quality.

Is a sign of a certain degree of progress.

All Dilettants take hold of art on the weak side (by the weak end).

Immediate wish to exhibit fancy pictures.

Passion instead of earnestness.

Relation of Dilettantism to Pedantry, handicraft.

Dilettantic state of the Artist.

Where lies the distinction.

A higher or lower degree of empiricism.

False praise of Dilettantism.

Unjust blame.

Means by which the Dilettant can find his proper place.

Born artists, prevented by circumstance from cultivating themselves, we have already excepted. A rare case.

Many Dilettants flatter themselves they are of this class.

But with them there is always a false direction, which comes to nothing.

They do little good to themselves, to artists, or to art.

But, on the contrary, much harm.

Yet neither man, the artist, nor art can forego an enjoying, understanding, and in some measure practical participation.

Object of the present writing.

Difficulty of execution.

Brief description of an embodied dilettantism.

The philosophers needed.

The schoolmasters.

Benefit for the next generation.

Dilettantism presupposes Art, as botch-work does handicraft.

Idea of Artist, in opposition to Dilettant.

Practice of Art scientifically.

Adoption of an objective Art.

Legitimate progress and advancement.

Calling and profession.

Connexion with a world of Art and Artists.

Schools.

The Dilettant does not hold the same relation to all the arts.

All the arts have an objective and subjective side, and according as one or the other of these is predominant, the Dilettant has value or not.

Where the subjective of itself is of great importance, the Dilettant must and can approximate to the artist. For instance, oratory, lyrical poetry, music, dance.

Where the reverse is the case, there is a more marked distinction between Artist and Dilettant, as in architecture, the arts of design, epic and dramatic poetry.

Art itself gives laws, and commands the time.

Dilettantism follows the lead of the time.

When masters in art follow a false taste, the Dilettant expects so much the sooner to reach the level of art.

The Dilettant, receiving his first impulse to self-production from the effect of works of art on him, confounds these effects with the objective causes, and motives, and would now make the state of feeling he has been but into, productive and practical; as if out of the fragrance of flowers one should try to reproduce flowers themselves.

The *speaking to the feelings*, the last effect of all poetical organization, but which presupposes the concurrence of the whole of art, seems to the Dilettant to be the thing itself, and out of it he endeavors to produce.

In general, the Dilettant, in his ignorance of himself, puts the passive in the place of the active, and because he receives a lively impression from effects, thinks from these impressed effects to produce other effects.

The peculiar want of the Dilettant, is the *Architectonic*, in the highest sense,—that practical power which creates, forms, constitutes. Of this he has only a sort of misgiving, and submits himself to his material, instead of commanding it.

It will be found that the Dilettant runs particularly to neatness, which is the completion of the thing in hand, wherefrom a sort of illusion arises, as if the thing itself were worthy of existing. The same holds of accuracy (*accuratesse*), and all the last conditions of Form, which can just as well accompany the formless.

General ground, upon which Dilettantism is allowable.

When the Dilettant subjects himself to the severest rules in the outset, and undertakes to complete all the successive steps, with the greatest strictness; which he can the better afford to do, inasmuch as, 1. He will not be hankering after the end; and, 2d. if he would retreat, he has prepared the surest path to connoisseurship.

In opposition to the general maxim, the Dilettant will also be exposed to more severe criticism than the Artist, who, resting upon a secure basis of art, incurs less danger in departing from rules, and may even by that means enlarge the province of art itself. The true artist rests firmly and securely upon himself. His endeavor, his mark, is the highest aim of art. In his own estimation he will always be far from that aim, and necessarily, therefore, will be always modest in regard to art, or the idea of art, and will maintain that he has as yet accomplished little, no matter how excellent his work may be, or how high his consciousness of superiority, in reference to the world, may reach. Dilettants, or rather botchers, seem, on the other hand, not to strive towards an aim, not to see what is beyond, but only what is beside them. On this account they are always comparing, are for the most part extravagant in their praise, unskilful where they blame, have an infinite deference for their like, thus giving themselves an air of friendliness and fairness, which is in fact only to exalt themselves.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 17, 1856.

CONCERTS.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The second of the new series, on Wednesday afternoon, drew a large, but by no means crowded audience. HAYDN'S Ninth Symphony, in B flat, the slow movement of which was played with so much acceptance a few weeks ago, was this time presented entire. We believe it was quite new to Boston audiences—at least of this generation—and we must con-

fees to having been more deeply interested by it than by either of the symphonies by which it has been customary here of late to represent the name of Haydn. To most music-lovers who had grown familiar with the richer inspirations of Beethoven and Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schubert, Haydn had seemed almost too child-like; there was the charm of style, of uniform fluency, elegance and clearness, with the further recommendation of a wholesome, cheerful spirit, but no great wealth of thought or imagination, no great depth of inspiration, nothing to communicate the thrill of any new, significant experience. In the ninth symphony, however, there is more meat, more musical substance to digest. The first and the last movements, full as they are of the usual gayety of child-like "Father Haydn," and with motives which at first seem ordinary, yet develop with a richness and variety of effect which does not let you drop them listlessly. In the finale indeed one is even reminded of Beethoven (say the fourth symphony) by the nervously persistent reiteration of certain pregnant phrases. The Andante is a deeply sad and pensive meditation, large and full of dignity. It is one of those inspirations in which Haydn sometimes goes beyond himself, as in certain passages in his Masses, and seems to anticipate some of the glories that were to succeed him. It was played with much expression, especially those large and and generous violin passages in the Andante, which are so violin-like.

The overture to "Jessonda," by SPOHR, had not been heard here since the earlier days of the "Germania." With all the peculiarities of Spohr, his characteristic, long-drawn, sweetish vein of melody, his fondness for wild, chromatic harmony and continual modulation, and his contrast of brilliant Frenchy effects with his own sombre monotony, it is one of his most interesting works, romantic, and in one part highly impassioned. Some of the wind instrument passages were rather roughly played, and especially the octave flute splashed its bright, saucy yellow over the rest of the picture with too little stint. The duet from *Norma* requires a very long musical drought to make itself refreshing to us even with the two best of voices; but as sung by two cornets—no doubt finely played—it offered less attraction than the sunshine and the budding green out doors. So that we not unwillingly lost, with the "Champagne Gallop" and the "Syren" overture by Auber.

Only one more Wednesday afternoon concert remains, and then we suppose the orchestra will hang up their fiddles till another winter.

A MUSICAL SERVICE, by the Choir of St. Paul's Church, under the direction of Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN, took place at the church on Wednesday evening. Something curious and instructive was expected, judging from the fact that all the pews and aisles were crammed with listeners, among the most eagerly attentive of whom we noticed not a few amateurs, leaders of choirs, &c., from neighboring towns and cities. The object of Dr. Tuckerman was to show forth the excellence of that old English school of church music, in which he is a warm disciple, and in which he received his musical doctorate at Cambridge, England. Or rather, in the words of the explanatory note upon the back of the programme, "to compare the old and ecclesiastical school of

Church harmony with that of more modern times, and to show that Church Music has fallen from its original purity, simplicity and grandeur, and for the last two centuries has been gradually approaching the secular school." With this view the following programme was presented:

PART I.

1. Organ Voluntary.
2. A portion of the Choral Service, as performed in the English Cathedrals. Music by Thomas Tallis, A. D., 1568.
Introductory Sentence—Intoned.
"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John, 1, 8, 9.
The Confession.—The Lord's Prayer.—*Versicle*: O Lord, open Thou our lips.—*Response*: And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.—*Gloria Patri*.—*Versicle*: Praise ye the Lord.—*Response*: The Lord's name be praised.—*Venite Exultemus Domino*, sung to the 8th Gregorian Tone, composed by Gregory the Great, A. D., 580.
3. Full Anthem,.....Farrant, 1564.
"Hide not thou thy face from us, O Lord, and cast not off thy servants in thy displeasure, for we confess our sins unto thee, and hide not our unrighteousness. For thy mercy's sake deliver us from all our sins."
4. Lamentatio Jeremie Prophetæ, 4 voices.
"Sanctus," Chorus,.....Palestrina, 1571.
5. Full Anthem,.....Creyghton, 1674.
"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."
(This Anthem is considered one of the finest specimens of pure church music, learned in its construction, and highly devotional in its character.)
6. Verse Anthem,.....Weldon, 1708.
Chorus.—"In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion; deliver me in thy righteousness."

Duet, Bass and Tenor.—"Bow down thine ear to me, make haste to deliver me, and be thou my strong rock and house of my defence, that Thou may'st save me. Be Thou also my guide, and lead me for thy name's sake."

Chorus.—"Draw me out of the net that they have laid privily for me, for thou art my God. Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth."

PART II.

1. Organ Performance. a. Chorale from the }
Fifth Motet, } Bach
b. Dead March in Saul, Handel
c. Fugue in E,.....Bach
2. Full Anthem, (without accompaniment,).....Farrant
"Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake, lay not our sins to our charge, but forgive that which is past, and give us grace to amend our sinful lives, to decline from sin, and incline to virtue, that we may walk with a perfect heart before thee, now and evermore."
3. Tenor Solo and Quartet, from the Verse Anthem,.....S. P. Tuckerman
"I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven."
Solo.—"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."
Quartet.—"Their sun shall no more go down. The Lord shall be their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning are ended. For the Lamb shall feed them, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."
4. Verse Anthem,.....S. S. Wesley
Recitative.—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."
Chorus.—"For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."
Recitative.—"And a highway shall be there; it shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it. But the redeemed shall walk there."
Chorus.—"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."
Quartet.—"And sorrow and sighing shall flee away."
5. Quartet,.....Dr. Crotch
"Comfort the soul of thy servant, for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul."
6. Verse Anthem,.....S. P. Tuckerman
Organ Introduction.—Recitative.—"I was glad when they said unto me, we will go up into the house of the Lord; our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."
Quartet.—"For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord, to testify unto Israel, and to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."
Chorus.—"And to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."
Trebble Solo.—"O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee!"

Quartet.—"Jerusalem is built as a city, that is at unity with itself. Peace be within thy walls."
Chorus.—"And plenteousness within thy palaces. Amen."

In a general comparison of the music in Part I. and in Part II., the case of Dr. Tuckerman was certainly made out. We think there could have been but one opinion in the audience, that the advantage was in favor of those older pieces, as being more impressive by their very simplicity, more edifying and sublime. There was the look of deeper satisfaction and preoccupation over the whole crowd during the first part. Particularly grand, and beautiful at the same time, was the "Lamentation," and still more the *Sanctus*, by PALESTRINA. It was our misfortune to arrive too late for the oldest specimen; we only caught the closing strains of the old Gregorian *Venite*, which we regretted most of all to lose. The pieces by FARRANT, CREYGHTON and WELDON, too, were good illustrations of what Dr. CROTCH calls the "sublime," which he says characterizes these old church compositions, while the more modern music (since the middle of the seventeenth century) has declined, through the "beautiful," to the "ornamental." This sublimity the learned doctor derives, it must be confessed, from very opposite sources; one being negative, mere simplicity, "a few simple notes in unison or octaves, by a variety of instruments or voices;" another lying at the opposite pole of this mere music of nature, and being artificial, scientific, "where the harmony and modulation are learned and mysterious," and "the ear unable to anticipate the transition from chord to chord," &c. The "beautiful" he defines as "soft, smooth and flowing." The "ornamental" explains itself. This classification is hardly satisfactory. If those older pieces were sublime, we also found it quite as natural to call them, some of them at least, beautiful. And we can see no reason why all three kinds may not co-exist, in various proportions, in any age which has sufficient artistic mastery of materials, and in any music the effect whereof should be religious and inspiring. The simplest, gravest strains require a certain inspiration of sentiment, they must have come out of the heart, and out of real spiritual experience, to make them sublime with any other than the mere physical sublimity of great masses. And on the other hand, if the more complex, ornate compositions are not always elevating and inspiring, if they are secular in the sense of merely voluptuous and sensual, it is not always because they are complex and ornate, but because the deeper inspiration dwelt not in the authors; the fault is not in the structure, but more in the source, in the pervading tone. A Handel Oratorio, a Bach fugue or motet, or, to take an example wholly outside of church music, a Beethoven symphony, gives you at once the ornate, the beautiful and the sublime, and, when appreciated, may affect the soul quite as profoundly and religiously as that which strictly forms part of a religious service.

Whether the selections of Part II. proved as much as those in the first admits of doubt. For in the first place they did not exhibit anything like *gradation* in decline; and in the next place, would it not be easy to find modern music, if not in the English school, yet outside of it, which, while it is equally "ornamental," &c., shall yet be found impressive, the utterance of profound feeling and experience? Of the pieces given we

liked best the anthem by Farrant, and the Tenor Solo and Quartet (for soprani) by Dr. Tuckerman. The other pieces seemed to us too elaborate for the amount of musical ideas or inspiration of any kind contained in them; although there were some striking effects in the Anthem by WESLEY.

The organ performances of Dr. Tuckerman, on the rich and powerful instrument of the Messrs. Hook, were impressive, especially that Chorale by BACH. But, whatever traditional ground there may be for it, we could not feel the propriety of introducing that hoarse, terrific Trumpet sub-bass in Handel's Dead March. It is an effect of mere terror, physical at that, which seems not to be in harmony with the spirit of the music.

The choir seemed to be under excellent training, and comprised some of our most cultivated voices. One or two sopranos were particularly rich and telling. We thought we recognized the fine voice and style of Mr. MILLARD in a tenor solo, and Mrs. WENTWORTH once in the soprano.

In conclusion, we must thank Dr. Tuckerman for a very interesting musical occasion, such as we wish might be made more frequent, so as to illustrate more satisfactorily than can be done in one short evening, the characteristics of so wide and various a field of music.

Two concerts are announced for this day. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS gives an Afternoon Concert, at 3 o'clock, in the Music Hall, at the same popular prices as the Wednesday orchestral concerts. It will be the only opportunity of hearing her this season, as she is just about departing on a summer tour through the West. We hope to see the great hall full. For the evening, Mr. HARRISON MILLARD, just returned from remarkable success in Philadelphia, announces a farewell concert on the eve of his departure for England. Mr. Millard is, to say the least, one of the very best tenors that we have among us, always persevering in the effort to improve, and therefore well deserving of success. Assisted as he will be to-night by our two native prime donne, Miss ELISE HENSLER and Miss PHILLIPS, he presents a strong attraction. Other valuable aid, including Mr. SATTER, the all-challenging pianist, appears on the programme, which will be found on the last page. We shall be truly sorry to lose Mr. Millard in our oratorios and concerts, for there are not many who can fill his place. The more the reason for availing of this evening's opportunity.

Oliver Ditson has published complete, in a bound volume, Mr. WILLIAM H. FRY'S *Stabat Mater*: the work which was to have been brought out a year ago at the New York Academy, and the failure to produce which, after a distinct promise and several rehearsals, created the newspaper controversy between composer and manager. It is in truth a formidable work to make report on. Our first impression, from a very cursory perusal, is that it contains a great deal of *hard* music in two senses: hard to execute, and hard to hear—strange, ungracious passages, which strain and fatigue the ear; that, in other parts, where there is melody and clear movement, it is very decidedly of the present Italian operatic school, reminding you once almost too palpably of the *Lucia* sextet, but more frequently of Verdi; that in its conception and musical illustration of the poetic text and subject, it deals in very literal correspondence, very physical description, the bare external image of a crucifixion and a piercing sword being uppermost; that it shows, however, great grasp of large musical combinations, indicating throughout broad, full orchestral effects, on the most modern scale, and even torturing the voices sometimes to wind through very instrumental channels (as the bass in the first movement). While it abounds in talent of a certain kind, we cannot believe it in a true direction of art. We doubt if the total impression can be either beautiful or sublime;

it may surprise, but not inspire. This is only the first impression; it could hardly be a different one, without denying the master-works of Art which we have been accustomed to revere as models of true musical expression. We do not offer it as a final criticism, hoping to examine more in detail.

In noticing "*The Psalter Noted*" (published by J. A. Novello) we called it a manual for worshippers in the English Episcopal Church. We should have been more explicit and have stated that it is also specially adapted to the Episcopal service in *this* country.

Music Abroad.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second concert was conducted by Mr. Benedict. The novelties of the evening were the Second Symphony of the French composer, Gounod, and Mr. Macfarren's new Overture to "*Hamlet*." The *Athenæum* seems wonderfully well pleased with the former; indeed Mr. Chorley has long been as much an admirer of Gounod and of Gouvy, as he has a hater of Schumann and Wagner. He says:—

We have been always at variance with those who hold that Music can only be continued by destruction, and who maintain that, to be new in symphonic writing, it is necessary to begin where Beethoven ended, —forgetting that subsequent to the close of his career and the diffusion of his last works, such events have taken place as the disinterment of Bach and the acceptance of a genius in Mendelssohn, entirely distinct from Beethoven's, and, in some sort, retrogressive. Such preachers of strange doctrine must be greatly discomfited by such a work as M. Gounod's Second Symphony. Now it is, though not modish;—fresh in feeling and clear in idea, though, as regards profession of discovery, not more audacious than Haydn's later and Mozart's earlier Symphonies. When we name these great Germans and speak of M. Gounod as new, and yet in their style, it is that we may set him apart from the Fescas, Rombergs, Winters, and the tribe of second-hand respectable writers of the German classical school, whose works could not now be tolerated, owing to their absence of individuality. There is nothing "*perruque*" in this French Symphony, though it be behind its time, so far as noise, obscurity and ugliness are concerned. It is simple, yet includes contrasts;—it is easy in its flow and scientific in its construction, without any pedantic extracts from the exercise-book dragged in to show that the symphonist has studied "*the strict*" as well as "*the free*" style.—Written for a young Society—and we believe, too, its composer's second instrumental essay, it is not difficult to play, not impossible to understand;—but it is charming to hear, because the master-hand which entitles an artist to his *diploma* is to be recognized throughout.

The finale, he says, "in its sustained and arch vivacity approaches nearer Beethoven's finales than any modern music we recollect, save it be Mendelssohn's *Saltarello*." Of Mr. Macfarren and his overture he says:

He has now become settled in his manner—which is not to our taste. Of this manner his last composition is, we think, his most exaggerated expression,—the good that it contains being totally outweighed by the outbreaks of crude and strident sound perpetually interrupting the flow of the work (possibly on the plea of painting madness in music).

The solos were Spohr's seventh Concerto (violin), played by M. Sainton, and one of Beethoven's Piano Concertos, by Mr. J. Barnett. The singers were Miss Sherrington, "an earnest musician, but not yet a finished singer," and Herr Rotikansky, than whom the *Athenæum* never heard "a nobler and richer *basso profundo* voice," but "he has much to do ere he can rank among the artists."

AMATEUR SOCIETY.—That clever young Lady in her musical transactions known as "Angelina," performed at this concert on Monday evening last a Concerto for the pianoforte of her own composition. This we believe to be the first production of its class by an Englishwoman, and its good points are many. The writer has shown constructive skill and nice feeling for the contrasts of orchestra and solo instruments. Her fancy in passage-music, too, is good,—a merit especially to be commended, seeing that of late years there has been too much disposition to confine all passage-writing for the pianoforte to scales and *arpeggi*. Clever and creditable as is this Concerto, however, in no common degree, the hare (to adopt Mrs. Glass's well-used direction) caught by Angelina was hardly worth the dressing. First ideas, we know, are disregarded in these days, or else considered as so many

revelations which there is no courting, averting, or amending,—nevertheless, first idea is almost as requisite to a composition as voice is to a singer. So well does Angelina know how to manage her subjects, that it is worth her while to look out for subjects worth managing. The Amateur Orchestra played the Symphony (Beethoven's in D) better than we have heard it play any symphony on a previous occasion.—*Athenæum*.

OPERA. Mr. Lumley's programme is now out, by which it appears that Sig. Donetti, and not Mr. Balfe, is to be the conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre. Sig. Belletti has engaged with him for three years. Mme. Amadei and M'lle Johanna Wagner are promised, the latter to make her debut in Bellini's *Romeo*.

The *Athenæum* speaks very favorably of Reinthaler's new oratorio, "*Jephtha*," which was brought out by Mr. Hullah at St. Martin's Hall.

There is much that is very good in the new Oratorio. What there is less good is referable, we imagine, to inexperience, not to incompetence, and in part, perhaps, to circumstance. To the last cause may we owe the arrangement of the book, which seems to have been put together bit by bit, rather than to have been created by working out a master idea. This manner of craftsmanship is apt to lead, not merely to disproportion, but to want of variety. Where the outline is not clear, detail must jostle detail where a single passage should suffice. Then it may have been owing to the paucity of German tenors, not merely that Jephtha was made a bass, but that the bass voice in general has been allowed to overgrow the Oratorio; hence a certain heaviness and monotony, which no pruning or interpolation can finally relieve. In treating the daughter of Jephtha, where Handel thought of the maiden's youth, (his Iphis being a notable example of innocence in music,) Herr Reinthaler has studied her as the daughter of a Jewish chieftain, who went out to greet her father with the timbrel of triumph in her hand and prophecy in her mouth. There is something Hebraic and stately in his conception of this character, which is individual, and gives a color and a certain loftiness of tone to the whole oratorio. Her hymn, "*When Israel out of Egypt came*," her *cantilena*, "*Lo, blessed thou shalt be*," (encored,) her "*comfortable*" song (to use the word in the old English sense), "*Why art thou cast down?*" her canticle of greeting to her father, "*As the sun when he goeth forth*," and the recitative which precedes her "*Song upon the mountains*," have in them something of the Princess, something of the Priestess. If Handel's Jephtha's Daughter may be likened to a holy maiden such as Fra Beato drew, Herr Reinthaler's has its parallel in some of the gorgeous and graceful creations of Domenichino, with their jewelled turbans and magnificent robes and elaborate phylacteries. The older conception may have been the truer and more spiritual one, but then it was exhausted by the older master; the younger one has shown modesty as well as courage in throwing a totally different light on the same biblical figure.

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PROGRAMME.

- PART I.**
1—Solo: Piano-forte, Mr. B. J. Lang.
2—Aria: 'Ah! ben mio,' from *Il Trovatore*, Verdi.
Mr. Millard.
3—Aria: 'Ah! non credes,' from *La Sonnambula*, Bellini.
Miss Elise Hensley.
4—Grand Fantasia d'Ernan, Satter.
Mr. Gustave Satter.
5—Duo: 'Si la stanchessa,' from *Il Trovatore*, Verdi.
Miss Phillipps and Mr. Millard.
6—Terzetto: 'Te sei quest' anima,' from *Attila*, Verdi.
Miss Hensley, Mr. Millard, and an Amateur.

- PART II.**
1—Solo: Piano-forte—*a*, Tarentella, —*b*, Fair Helen,
'Polka de Salon,' Satter.
Mr. Gustave Satter.
2—Aria: 'Non piu mesta,' from *Cenerentola*, Rossini.
Miss A. Phillipps.
3—Romanza: 'Quando le sere,' from *Luisa Miller*, Verdi.
Mr. H. Millard.
4—Barcarole: 'Il Pescatore,' Millard.
Composed expressly for and sung by Miss Elise Hensley.
5—English Ballad: 'Then you'll remember me,' from
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Mr. H. Millard.
6—Grand Trio: Finale from *Il Trovatore*, Verdi.
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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER IX.

"L'UOM DI SASSO."

I was altogether too dissatisfied with the result of my undertaking to feel disposed to renew my inquiries upon the mysterious castle. I concealed my curiosity, as if I was ashamed of it, for my success had not justified it; but still it existed just as strongly as ever at the bottom of my heart, and I laid new plans for the ensuing night. Meanwhile, I determined to go and reconnoitre the castle, that I might carefully arrange some means of penetrating the place by night, if possible. "Bah!" said I to myself, "where there's a will there's a way."

I was just going out, when a little peasant, who had been hanging about the door, looked at me with that mixture of boldness and shyness so characteristic of country children. Then, as I observed his countenance, cunning and shy at the same time, he came up to me, and giving me a letter, said:

"See if that is for you."

I read my name and surname very legibly written upon the envelope in an elegant hand writing. Hardly had I nodded assent, when the boy ran away, without waiting for questions or reward. I turned to the signature, which explained nothing, but which did not deceive me. Stella and Beatrice! "What beautiful names!" cried I, rushing to my chamber, considerably excited, I must confess.

"Chance, aided by curiosity," said this grace-

ful and perfumed note, "has revealed to two very shrewd little girls the name of the stranger who picked up the knot of cherry ribbons. Footsteps in the snow, explaining the warning of the fine dog Hecate, proved to the young ladies that the stranger was even more curious than polite or prudent, and that he does not fear to cross the ice to peer into the secrets of others. Your fate is cast! Since you desire to be initiated into our mysteries, you shall be, O presumptuous youth! May you never repent it, and show yourself worthy of our confidence. Be silent as the grave! the slightest indiscretion on your part will render your admittance impossible. Come at eight o'clock this evening (*solo e inosservato*) to the side of the ditch; there you will find Stella and Beatrice."

The whole note was written in Italian, and expressed in that pure Tuscan which I had heard them speak. I hurried the dinner that I might go out at six o'clock, pretending that I was going to see the moon rise over the hills. I took a walk beyond the castle, and at eight precisely I was at the rendezvous. I did not wait five minutes before my two charming châtelines appeared, well cloaked and hooded. I was rather disturbed, after I had ascended the steps, to see a third, whom I had not expected. She wore a mask of black velvet, and her cloak was made like a domino.

"Do not be frightened," said little Beatrice, taking me unceremoniously by the arm; "there are three of us. This one is our oldest sister. Do not speak to her, for she is deaf. Besides, you must follow us without saying a single word and without asking a question. You must submit implicitly to all we exact, even should we take a fancy to cut off your moustache, your hair, or even a piece of your ear. You will see strange things, and you must do all we command you, without venturing the slightest objection, without hesitating, *without laughing*, after you have once crossed the threshold of the sanctuary. An untimely laugh is disagreeable to our *chef*, and I won't dare to say what would become of you if you should not behave with the greatest dignity."

"Does the gentleman give us here his word of honor as a true man," said Stella, the second of the sisters, in her turn, "to obey all our commands? If not, he shall not proceed one step farther in our dominions, and my oldest sister here, who is deaf as the law of destiny, will chain him to the foot of this tree, where he will be a laughing stock to all passers-by. To do this, she only needs a sign from us, so speak quickly, sir."

"I swear upon my honor and by the devil, if you choose, to be yours, body and soul, until to-morrow morning."

"All right!" said they.

And both taking my arms, they drew me into an obscure labyrinth of green trees. The black domino preceded us without turning round. A branch caught back the hem of her cloak, and I saw a very slender leg, which looked decidedly suspicious, for it was covered with a black stocking, and a knot of ribbons falling on one side, without the slightest trace of the existence of a petticoat. This oldest sister, deaf and dumb, seemed like a young man, who did not wish to betray himself by his voice, and came to watch my manner with his sisters, that he might bring me back to good behavior if there were any need of it.

Just then I could not resist the promptings of my self-love to reveal my discovery, and I was immediately punished.

"Why have you mistrusted me?" said I to my young friends. "Your brother's presence is not necessary to secure the most submissive and respectful behavior on my part."

"And why do you break your oath?" answered Stella, severely. "Come here; it is too late to go back, and we must employ harsher means to force you to silence."

She stopped me; the black domino turned round, deaf as she was, and produced a bandage which the three bound about my eyes with the precaution and dexterity of girls well skilled in all the tricks of blind man's buff.

"We will spare you the gag," said Beatrice, "but at the first word you speak, you will not escape it so easily, as we shall soon go where there are stronger hands. Until then, give us your hands; you will not be so mean as to draw them away, and oblige us to fasten them behind you."

I really did not find their manner of binding my hands disagreeable after all, for they were tightly clasped in those of two lovely girls; neither did the ceremony of the bandage disturb me, for I felt two other hands placed upon my forehead and among the locks of my hair; they were those of the elder sister, and as they were gloveless to perform such high offices, their soft pressure left me no longer in doubt respecting the sex of the dumb personage.

I should say in my own praise, that I had not once felt the slightest uneasiness respecting the result of my adventure. However inexplicable everything was as yet, I had not the provincialism to dread any mystery in bad taste; I was armed with no poignard, and the threat of my lovely sybils did not inspire me with fear, either for my ears or even my moustache. I saw clearly that I had intelligent people to deal with, and the remembrance of their faces and the sound of

their voices neither betrayed boldness nor wickedness. They must have been authorized by their father, who probably knew me by reputation, to receive me thus romantically; and even if it was not so, there always is a certain indefinable atmosphere of candor about a pure woman, which never deceives the senses of an experienced man.

I soon felt, from the warmth of the temperature and the sound of my footsteps, that I was within the castle. I mounted several steps, then I was shut in a room, and Beatrice called to me from outside:

"Get ready—take off your bandage—buckle on the armor—put on the masque—forget nothing. Some one will come for you in a few minutes."

I found myself alone in a room, furnished only with a large mirror, two lamps and a sofa, upon which I saw a strange suit of armor—a helmet, cuirass, a shirt of mail, armlets and greaves, all compact and white as stone. But when I touched them, I found that they were made of pasteboard, but so well modelled and painted in relief, to imitate carved ornaments, that at the distance of a few steps the illusion was complete. The mail was made of "toile d'encollage," and its stiff folds imitated sculpture in the best possible manner.

The style of this warlike accoutrement was a mixture of the antique and rococo, as is seen in the statues of the last centuries. I hastened to don this strange costume, even to the mask, which represented the stern and sad face of an old captain, and whose white eyes, lined with gauze inside, had something terrific about them. In looking at myself in the glass, through the gauze, which did not permit to see clearly, I thought I had changed into stone, and drew back involuntarily.

The door opened; Stella examined me in silence, and, placing her finger on her lips:

"Done to a charm!" said she, speaking low. "*L'uom di sasso* is frightful! But don't forget the white gloves. Oh, these are too clean; soil them a little against the wall to give them tone and shadow. Everything must deceive, even when seen near by. Well, come now; my brothers look for you, but my father suspects nothing. Now behave like a sensible statue. Don't seem to see or understand anything."

She then led me down a concealed staircase, contrived in the thickness of an immense wall; then she opened a door and led me to a seat, where she left me, whispering:

"Arrange yourself well. Be an artist in your attitude!"

She disappeared; all was still, and it was a few seconds before the gauze of my mask allowed me to distinguish the faintly lighted objects around me.

Judge of my surprise! I was seated upon a tomb! I saw that I was to represent a monument in the corner of a moon-lit cemetery. Real yews were planted about me and real ivy twined about my pedestal. In a few minutes more I discovered that I was in a well-warmed room, lighted by a false moon. I saw through the cypress branches, which arched over my head, bits of blue sky, which, however, was only painted canvas, lit by blue lights. But all was so artistically arranged that only an effort of the reason convinced me that it was but an illusion. Was

I upon a stage? There certainly was a large green velvet curtain before me; but around me nothing seemed stage-like. Nothing was arranged to give scenic effect to an audience. There were no side scenes for the actors, but the entrances were made by masses of green branches, their outlines, veiled by blue cloth, lost in the shade. There were no side-lights to be seen; the light came from above, like that of stars, but from where I was rivetted upon my funeral pedestal I could not see its focus. The floor was covered by a green carpet, imitating moss. The tombs about me resembled marble, they were so well painted and arranged. Far back behind me arose a false wall, which looked so like a wall as to deceive me. There were none of those false distances which deceive the audience and against which the actor loses the depths of the horizon. The scene in which I took part was so large as not to shock the appearance of reality. It seemed to me like a room arranged like a little convent yard, or the corner of a garden assigned to illustrious graves. The cypress trees seemed to be really planted in the huge rocks which had been brought to hold them, and upon which the moss was still fresh.

So I was in no theatre, and yet I was taking part in some sort of representation. This is what I imagined: M. de Balma was insane, and his children practised strange fantasies to flatter him. They arranged tableaux suited to the joyous or melancholy moods of his weak brain, for I had heard them laugh and sing the night before, although they talked about arranging the cemetery. I heard whisperings, stealthy footsteps and the rustling of dresses behind the trees which surrounded me; then I heard the sweet voice of Beatrice pronounce these words from behind the curtain:

"It is time!"

Then a choir of beautiful voices arose from all sides, as if spirits had inhabited those cypress boughs which waved above my head and about my feet. I arranged my pose as Commander, for I saw plainly that we had to do with "Don Juan." The chorus was Mozart's and they sang those admirable harmonious chords of the cemetery scene: "*Di rider finerai, pria dell'aurora. Ribaldo! audace! lascia ai morti la pace!*"

Involuntarily I added my voice to those of the invisible spirits, but I was silenced by the opening of the curtain before me. It did not rise like a stage curtain; it drew back on either side; but it unveiled none the less a pretty little theatre, adorned with two rows of handsome boxes ornamented in the style of Louis XIV. Three pretty chandeliers hung from the dome. There were no footlights, but there was a place for an orchestra. The strangest thing was that there were no spectators, not one soul in all the room, and I played the statue to empty seats.

"If this is all the mystification I am to meet with," thought I, "it is not very malicious. I only want to know how long I am to play the statue to nobody."

I did not wait long. Don Juan and Leporello came out from the trees behind me and began to converse. Their costumes, admirably faithful and in good taste, did not permit me to recognize the actors at once, for Leporello had grown full thirty years younger. His figure was easy, his limbs straight, and he wore a black beard, cut en

collier Andaloux; his wrinkles were concealed, but could I hesitate one moment when I heard his voice? It was old Boccaferri, transformed into an elegant and graceful actor.

But this handsome Don Juan, this haughty and poetical youth, who leaned so carelessly upon my pedestal, without deigning to turn towards me his face, shaded by a blonde wig, and a large felt hat, Louis XIII., with a white plume—who was he then? His rich costume seemed taken from some family portrait. It was no fancy dress, made up of rags and tinsel; it was a veritable velvet doublet, short as was worn by the dandies of that period, with the same large breeches, the same stiff lace and soft and rich ribbons. Nothing about it smelt of the shop or the costumer, or that unfaithful arrangement by which the actor compromises with the public in modifying the extravagance and exaggeration of old times. It was the first time I had ever seen a person truly historic in his costume and his manner of wearing it; and for me, a painter, it was a good fortune. The young man was graceful and well made; he strutted like a peacock, and gave me a much better idea of Don Juan than Celio himself could have done, for Celio would have infused into him something too haughty and super-tragic for the character. But suddenly, upon a cowardly remark from Leporello Boccaferri, he raised his head to me, the statue, with an air of nonchalant irony, and I recognized Celio Floriani himself.

Did he know me? At all events, my mask did not let him smile upon the well-known features; and as the piece seemed carried on with wonderful self-possession, I kept my position unmoved. When my first emotions of surprise and joy were over, (for, although I did not see Cecilia, I hoped that she was not far off,) I listened to the play which was going on, that I might not cause it to fail. My rôle was not difficult, since I had only one gesture to make, one word to say, but still even these must be used in their place.

I had judged from the chorus, where, for want of instruments, charming voices had supplied the harmonious combinations of an orchestra, that Mozart's opera was to be performed in some manner; but Celio's and Boccaferri's dialogue made me think that they were playing Moliere's comedy in Italian. I knew it almost by heart in French, and before long I saw that they did not follow the text closely, for Doña Anna, dressed in black, crossed the foot of the cemetery and drew near me, as if to pray at my tomb, when, seeing the two promenaders, she hid herself to listen. This beautiful Doña Anna, dressed like one of Velasquez's portraits, was represented by Stella. She was sad and pale as became her rôle at that time. She learned there that Don Juan had killed her father, for the reprobate almost boasted of it in mocking poor Leporello, who was half dead with fright. Anna stifled a shriek as she fled. Leporello answered by cries of fear, and declared to his master that the souls of the dead were disturbed by his impiety; and as for himself, he should not cross that part of the cemetery, but should go all around it rather than advance one step. Don Juan seized him by his ear, and insisted upon his reading the inscription upon the Commander's monument. The poor valet declared that he could not read, as in the libretto of the Italian opera. The scene was prolonged in a manner rather piquant to study, for it was a

mixture of Moliere's comedy and the lyric drama put into common words and action, and the whole was lengthened and carried out by a third version, unknown to me, which seemed improvised. It made the dialogue rather too long and sometimes too familiar for the public, but there it had a surprising reality, so great that the illusion was not lost for a moment, and I felt almost as if I was beholding an episode in the life of Don Juan.

The play of the actors was so natural, and the place so well arranged for the freedom of their motions, that they did not seem to act comedy, but to be persuaded that they were true types of the drama.

This illusion even took possession of me when I heard Leporello deliver his master's invitation to me, and I saw him express unfeigned terror at the inclination of my head. Never did convulsive trembling, contraction of the features, suffocation of the voice or trembling of the limbs more truly mark a man seriously terrified by a supernatural act. Don Juan himself was moved when I answered his insolent appeal by the solemn "Yes." The sound of a gong in the side-scenes and a few lugubrious chords made me tremble myself. Don Juan held his head high and his form erect, his arrogant sword turning back the edge of his cloak; but he trembled a little, his light moustache stood out with secret fear, and he went out, saying:

"I thought myself beyond such hallucinations. Do let us go out!"

He passed before me, eyeing me with audacity, but his eyes were rounded with fear, and his lofty brow was bathed with a cold perspiration. He went off with Leporello, and the curtain was drawn together, while the spirits recommenced the chorus:

"Di rider fineral," &c.

Dona Anna came immediately and took me by the hand, helping me first to undo the mask; then she led me to the curtain and bade me look cautiously into the room. The parterre of the audience room, which was only furnished with a dozen arm-chairs, and a table covered with papers, and a grand piano, became a green room in the entr'acte. I saw old Boccaferri fanning himself with a ladies' fan and breathing quickly, like a man who was really excited. Celio was collecting the papers upon the table; Beatrice, beautiful as an angel and dressed for Zerlina, held by the hand a beardless boy, who personated Masetto. A fifth person was standing back to me, wrapped in a domino, caught up on one side, and displaying a lace ruffle hanging over a black silk stocking. This was the third pretended Mademoiselle de Balma, the deaf one, dressed as Ottavio, who had mystified me in the garden; but was it Cecilia? She seemed taller to me, and that careless mien, that attitude, so like a young man, did not remind me of the Boccaferri, whom I had never seen in the garments of our sex. I was about asking Stella, but she put her finger upon her lips and motioned me to listen.

"Pardieu!" said Boccaferri to Celio, who was complimenting him upon acting so well, "no one could have helped it. I was half dead with fright in good earnest; for I did not see the statue at the rehearsal yesterday, and although I cut out and painted all the pieces of the armor, I had no idea that they could have such effect when they

were worn. Salvator's attitude was perfect, and he spoke the *yes* with so excellent a tone that I did not recognize his voice; and then, in that costume, he seemed like a giant. Where is the child, that I may compliment him?"

Boccaferri turned suddenly and saw the young man of whom he spoke busied in rouging his cheeks for Masetto.

"Well done! What!" cried Boccaferri, "have you had time to change your costume already?"

"How is that, *mon vieux*," answered the boy; "you think I was the statue? Don't you remember meeting me in the passage, when you almost fell down on your knees in your haste to flee, so great was your fear? and you whispered to me: 'That stone figure really did frighten me.'"

"Did I say that?" said Boccaferri, astounded. "I do not remember it. I saw you without noticing you; I was beside myself. Yes, I really was afraid. I am satisfied; our attempt has succeeded, my children; we are gaining in emotion. I for one have gained it, and when you do, you will become great artists."

"But, dear fool," said Celio, laughing, "if Salvator was not the statue, who was? You do not ask."

"Indeed, who was it? Who the deuce did play the statue?"

And Boccaferri rose, thoroughly frightened, casting his haggard eyes around him.

"The dear good man is very susceptible," said Stella to me; "we must go no farther. Speak your name before showing yourself."

[To be continued.]

Goethe on Dilettantism,

OR PRACTICAL AMATEURSHIP IN THE ARTS.

[From "Essays on Art," by GOETHE, translated by SAMUEL GRAY WARD.]

(Continued from page 58)

PARTICULAR APPLICATION.

DILETTANTISM IN PAINTING.

The Dilettant shuns all that relates to principles, neglects the acquisition of the requisite knowledge, in order to come at once to practice; confounds Art with Material.

Thus, for instance, we never find a Dilettant who draws well, for in that case he would be on the road to art.

Dilettants often turn their attention to Encaustic and Mosaic, because they put the duration of the work in the place of art. Still oftener, they occupy themselves with etching, because the multiplication pleases them.

They are curious in artifice, manner, modes of working, arcana, because in general they cannot raise themselves beyond the idea of mechanical dexterity, and think, if they can only acquire the trick of hand, they will have no further difficulty to surmount.

It is on this account, namely, the want among Dilettants of a true idea of art, that they always prefer the Many and the Indifferent, or the Rare and Costly, to the Choice and Good. We find many Dilettants with great collections. Nay, it may be said that all great collections have their origin in Dilettantism; for it prospers best, particularly when its quest is aided by means, in *raking together*. Its object is to possess, not to choose with understanding, and be content with the possession of a few good things.

Dilettants have for the most part a patriotic tendency. Thus, a German Dilettant not seldom interests himself for German art exclusively; hence the collections of engravings and paintings of German masters only.

Two bad habits are often met with in Dilettants, and are to be ascribed in like manner to the want of a true notion of art. The first is, they would

be of consequence; that is, would have their applause of importance, would stamp the artist. In the second place, the artist, who is the true connoisseur, has an unconditional and entire interest in art, and devotion to it. The Dilettant has never more than a half interest; he regards all as a sport and pastime; has, for the most part, some by-object, some propensity to satisfy, some whim to indulge, and seeks to avoid coming to a reckoning with the world, and the demands of good taste, by the apology, that in the purchase of works of art, he hopes to accomplish some good end,—to aid a promising artist, or help a poor family in distress; such have always been the reasons why Dilettants have bought this or that. Thus, on the one hand, they seek to show their taste, on the other, to free it from suspicion.

Amateurship in Landscape, presupposes a highly cultivated art.

Portrait painting.

Sentimental poetic tendency, also gives rise to Dilettantism, in the arts of design. Shakspeare. Engraved illustrations of poems.

Silhouettes.

Urns.

Works of art as furniture.

All Frenchmen are Dilettants in the arts of design, as an integral part of education.

Amateurs in Miniature.

Lay everything to knack.

Love of allegory and allusion.

DILETTANTISM IN ARCHITECTURE.

Scarcity of good architects, in proportion to the desire there is for fine architecture, drives to Dilettantism; especially when the rich lovers of architecture are scattered at wide intervals.

Travel in Italy and France, and particularly amateurship in gardens, have fostered this Dilettantism.

Dilettants prefer to go back to the origin of Architecture. a) Rough wood, bark, &c. b) Heavy architecture, Doric columns. c) Imitation of Gothic Architecture. d) Architecture of fancy and sentiment. e) Miniature aping of great forms.

On account of its apparent freedom from restrictions, it seems easier than it really is, and thus we are more easily led into it.

IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

French style of gardening, considered on its good side, and especially *vis-à-vis* the present taste.

English taste has the basis of the useful, which the French must sacrifice.

The apish imitation of the English taste has the appearance of the useful.

Chinese taste.

DILETTANTISM IN LYRICAL POETRY.

The fact, that the German language was in the beginning applied to poetry, not by any one great poetic genius, but through merely middling heads, must inspire Dilettantism with confidence to essay itself in it.

The cultivation of French literature and language has made even Dilettants more artistic.

The French were always more rigorous, tended to severer correctness, and demanded even of Dilettants taste and spirit within, and externally a faultless diction.

In England, Dilettantism held more by Latin and Greek.

Sonnets of the Italians.

Impudence of the later Dilettantism, originated and maintained through reminiscences of a richly cultivated poetic dialect, and the facility of a good mechanical exterior.

Polite literature of universities, induced by a modern method of study.

Lady poems.

Schön-geistererei (*Bel esprit*).

Musen-almanacks. (Our annuals?)

Journals.

Fashion and extension of translations.

Immediate transition from the classes and the university to authorship.

Epoch of ballads, and songs of the people.

Gessner, poetic prose.

Carlsruhers, &c. revival of fine authors in the past.

Imitation of the bards.
 Bürger's influence on the Lyre.
 Rhymeless verses.
 Klopstockian odes.
 Claudius.
 Wieland's laxity.
 In earlier times,
 Latin verses.
 Pedantism.
 More handicraft.
 Skill, without poetic spirit.

DILETTANTISM IN PRAGMATIC POETRY.

Reasons why the Dilettant hates the powerful, the passionate, the characteristic, and only represents the middling, the moral.

The Dilettant never paints the object, but only the feeling it gives rise to in him.

He avoids the character of the object.

All Dilettantic creations in this style of poetry will have a pathological character, and express only the attractions and repulsions felt by their author.

The Dilettant thinks to reach poetry by means of his wits.

Dramatic botchers go mad when they desire to give effect to their work.

DILETTANTISM IN MUSIC.

In ancient times a greater influence upon passionate life, by means of portable stringed instruments, which gave more room for a simple expression of sentiment.

Medium of gallantry.

In later times piano-forte and violin.

More stress laid upon mechanical dexterity, difficulty, and art; less intimate connexion with life and passion.

Passes into concerts.

More food for vanity.

Song and opera existence.

False hopes of implanting national feeling or æsthetic spirit by means of composed people-songs (*Volks-lieder*).

Social, table, drinking, and free-mason songs.

IN THE DANCE.

In former times pedantry and indifference. Uniformity.

In later times, formlessness; from which arise wildness, violence, application of strength.

Distinction between representative, naïve, and characteristic Dances.

Representative, make beauty of form, and motion of importance, and possess dignity, (Minuet.)

Naïve, belonging to a livelier state, are more free and agreeable.

Characteristic, approach the boundary of objective art.

Fall easily into stiffness.

Fall easily into extravagance.

Run easily into caricature.

DILETTANTISM IN DRAMATIC ART.

French comedy is, even among amateurs, obligatory, and a social institution.

Italian amateur-comedy, is founded on a puppet, or puppet-like, representation.

Germany, in former times, Jesuit-schools.

In later times; French Amateur-comedies, for aiding the cultivation of the language, in noble houses.

Mixing up of ranks in German Amateur-comedy.

Conditions, under which, in any case, a moderate practice in theatrical matters may be harmless and allowable, or even in some measure advantageous.

Permanence of the same company.

To avoid passionate pieces, and choose such as are reflective and social.

To admit no children, or very young persons.

Greatest possible strictness in outward forms.

(Conclusion next week.)

Marietta Piccolomini.

(Translated for the London Musical World from "L'Illustration Journal Universel.")

Did you ever assist at the triumph of a *prima donna*, in Italy? If you have such a chance, mind you do not sit in the orchestra stalls, for

your fate would inevitably be to be buried, along with the actress, under a mountain of bouquets, crowns of laurel, gold, and occasionally even of iron—the latter aimed by the zealous hand of some implacable rival. Diamonds and other precious stones are mixed up with flowers in this deluge of enthusiasm; and, unless you be a Turcopillist to the extent of craving for a Mahometan paradise in this world, in which the great point consists in calmly reposing on rubies and emeralds, you will have cause to repent your indiscreet curiosity.

The carnival of 1856 had been so obstreperous and frenetic among the Siennese—who had on this occasion received permission to put on their masks, which had been prohibited for more than eight years—that they very naturally felt the necessity of expiating by a few tears all the eccentricities of which they had been guilty. The consequence was, that in the morning all Sienna turned out and rushed to the Duomo, to weep at the sermon of a celebrated Franciscan friar, and from thence went in a body to the theatre to weep over the misfortune of *La Traviata*, interpreted by the noble lady MARIA PICCOLOMINI. What is the *Traviata*?—Why, it is the young lady who has missed her way, taken the wrong path—in short the *Dame aux Camélias*. The *Traviata* is nothing more than the well known and un-edifying story of a Gascon father who comes up from his village to spoil a tender *liaison* which has been going on for some three or four months between his son, also of the Gascon school, and a consumptive young lady who keeps the said son, and as usual is repaid by the deepest ingratitude, while the gentleman invokes the testimony of the chorus who sing at him at the tops of their voices—"Di donna ignobile insultator, va! ne desti orror!" I do not undertake to relate the whole story, which I dare say you know as well as I do; but what I must say is that the opera of *La Traviata*, which had been successively condemned in all the theatres of Italy, has been triumphantly re-instated by Maria (or Marietta—or Mariettina) Piccolomini, who has infused the breath of life into it by her rare dramatic talent. It is of this young genius that I am now about to say a few words.

This grand daughter and niece of a swarm of illustrious men, of the Piccolomini family, whose root, transplanted by Charlemagne from among the Gauls, and replanted in fertile Italy, has given birth two two popes, several cardinals, bishops, marshals, poets, historians, &c.; this young girl, we say, endowed with a large fortune, and allied to the most distinguished families in the kingdom, has, nevertheless, been unable to resist the fascinations of the art which has drawn her towards the stage. She experienced the necessity of giving utterance to and singing what she felt so well; she was instinctively impelled to transfer the emotions which filled her own soul into the souls of a numerous audience. Considerations of position, alliances of all sorts, were constrained to give way; the dramatic instinct was too strong to be resisted, and it compelled all those opposed to it to range themselves on its side. Maria Piccolomini has overcome the repugnance of her family. Surrounded by all that affection and friendship can offer, it is charming to see her, sportive child that she is, playing with her younger brothers and sisters, and remember that the previous evening she had made the public tremble and weep, and, as it were, hang suspended on her life. The mimetic talent of Marietta is extremely natural. No lesson of theatrical tradition has taken away the bloom of her originality, or even interfered with it. While a mere child, only four years old, she used to amuse herself with playing at mock representations. She sang duets with her mother, who was an admirable amateur, and it frequently happened during the fine summer evenings, when little Marietta was singing, thinking that nobody heard her except those in the room, that a sudden explosion from people listening without the chateau followed the performance, and awoke in the mind of the young countess the first dream of her aspiration for public applause. She had much to go through, however, poor child! before arriving at the wished-for goal. Entreaties, earnest and prolonged, having failed with her father,

she addressed herself—good Italian as she is—to the adored image of Jesus the Nazarene, in the church of St. John. She implored it and offered it valuable gifts if it would unbend that will which opposed all the yearnings of her heart.

Singular coincidence! Four centuries previously, in 1464, Marietta's ancestor, Pope Pius the Second, bequeathed to the same church the right hand of John the Baptist, brought to Italy from the Morea by Thomas Paleoque, and implored the divine protection to assist him in converting Mahomet II., and, in this crusade against the Turks, offered to Europe the singular spectacle of a pope who made himself a general! . . . The views of young Piccolomini were even more favorably received than those of the Holy Pontiff, since, as everybody knows, the Turk remained Sultan, and the Pope died during the expedition; while the charming *virtuosa*, fortified by the paternal consent, appeared on the stage of the Pergola in Florence, with the most triumphant success, charmed all those who wished to encourage her in her new career, and afflicted her parents with inconsolable anguish.

And how, indeed, could success have failed her, possessed of talent, youth, a charming person, and a passionate love for the art? She is twenty years of age; and, during the four she has been on the stage, she has already acquired, in the principal towns of Italy, the highest renown. Her form, rather tall, is extremely graceful; her features are regular; her mouth is beautiful, and her eyes full of softness and expression. An admirable actress, never losing sight of her part, because she throws her whole soul and feeling into it, she excels, above all, in pathetic and touching music, and the play of her countenance adds forcibly to the effect of her sympathetic voice. Not content with the brilliant successes she has obtained in the operas of Bellini, Donizetti, and other masters, she was desirous of creating a character, and to restore new life to a work abandoned by all the "prima donnas." She brought back the *Traviata* of Verdi to the stage, and achieved a success at Turin that will be remembered for many years. Paris, whither she intends going next September, will pronounce its irrevocable verdict upon the opera and upon the artist. We doubt not that the Parisian public, so difficult to please, and so delicate in appreciation, will at once acknowledge and accept the double talent of Mlle. Piccolomini, which consists not only in vocalizing in a remarkable manner, but in histrionic powers, that often reach perfection.

The young *cantatrice*, not wishing to deprive Sienna, her native place, of the pleasure of hearing her sing, with a disinterestedness above all praise, gave fourteen representations at the theatre, the receipts of which were all distributed among the poor. In addition to the enthusiastic reception she met with every evening, being sometimes called as often as forty times before the curtain, after the last representation, all the youth of the town and country, carrying torches in their hands, attended by bands of music, escorted her in triumph from the theatre to her own house. Here we are presented with a coincidence analogous to that we have specialized above. Contrast the striking phases of her life when the extremes touch! Before the altar of the Virgin—the *chef-d'œuvre* of Francisco di Giorgio, and the principal ornament of the Place of Sienna—in 1469, passed Pope Pius II. (Piccolomini), on leaving the cathedral, when, after a *lenten* sermon, he had presented the *rose d'or* to the municipality. He was reconducted to his palace by an enthusiastic crowd, who kissed the traces of his sandals. The sublime frescoes copied from the cartoons of Raphael by Pinturichio may almost be accounted living witnesses of this scene. Well—To this same place, four hundred years later, we have seen the great-grand-niece of the Pontiff, escorted by a crowd of people assembled from every corner of Italy to hear her sing—who re-conducted her, as her ancestor, Pius II., was re-conducted, to the Palace Piccolomini. The one came from the cathedral, the other from the theatre; traversed the same places, with almost the same ceremonials; the one circinctured with a tiara, the other crowned with golden laurels, and proclaimed the

Ristori of song—throwing to the crowd her lace handkerchief, that her fervent admirers might preserve its fragments, even as the indulgences and relics were formerly distributed by the Pontiff. The Pope bequeathed to his native town *chefs-d'œuvre* of arts, imperishable remembrances of his munificence; the artist succors the afflicted, and bestows on the hospitals large sums of money, the produce of her talent. Thus, in all times, this patrician family has merited from a grateful country the veneration which it still enjoys. Who knows but that Providence, in his unseen ways, may prepare for the young Piccolomini that triumph which was the ambition of her great-grand-uncle?—that the descendant of the Caliph, who, they say, is about to make a tour in France, may be so far impressed by Marietta Piccolomini's representation of Polyucte, as to become a good catholic on the spot? This, indeed, would be a splendid *coup-de-theatre*!

LE COLONEL F. COLOMBARI.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE TWO MINSTREL-HOSTS.

[From the German of AUERSPERG.]

I slept where an elm-grove darkened the ground,
And the dead bards lay in their coffins around.
The birds with their music had lulled me to sleep,
And the branches made hymns in the wind's low sweep.

And now, when all eyes to slumber were gone,
And Love and Sorrow alone watched on,
The lids of the coffins all rattled and shook,
The lids of the coffins all rattled and broke.

Like wave on wave in the sounding main,
Came forth from the coffins a minstrel-train,
To thousands and thousands the shadow-host swell'd,
And each bony figure an instrument held.

Their lips are all dry, and their glance is cold,
And the pallid cheek is sunken and old,
And with hands through which no feeling ran,
To hammer and pound on the strings they began.

And as, in chorus, they hammer and pound,
There falls on my ear no tone or sound;
But owls from their coverts went flying about,
And from chinks in the rocks grinning Cobolds peep'd out.

And the grass all withered in the place,
And the moon, with a cloud, veiled her modest face;
Thus nightly, at midnight, they thrum, and the key
Of the strain is—OBLIVION and VANITY!

Hark! a sound like the angels' trumpet-call,
When the worlds into being were summoned all;
The leaves of the forest all murmur and thrill,
The meadow-grass rustles, and tinkles the rill.

And thousands of coffins clap suddenly to;
Crowd back to their slumbers the thrumming crew;
Then thousands of coffins wide open fly,
And a minstrel-race comes sweeping by!

A seed that shall never extinguished be,
Nursed at the breast of eternity,
With eye of lightning and yet so mild,
And the rosy face of a loving child.

And lo! the majestic minstrel-choir
All strike together the sounding wire,
Like the seraphim's prayer—like an avalanche—rang
Along the broad plain the melodious clang.

The waters stopped flowing to hear them sing,
The roses bloomed as if it were spring,
And round them, in fuller moonlight, wove
The elfin-children their dance in the grove.

The tree shook his head for joy, 'twould seem,
The bird on the bough dreamed a sweeter dream;
Thus nightly, at midnight, they sing, and the key
Of the strain is—IMMORTALITY!

As one song-greeted and crowned with rose,
The sunken sun in his mountain-grave glows;
Once more through the spaces a murmur swept,
And the minstrels again in their coffins slept.

The rattling startled me and I woke,
Already the day in the East had broke,
The stones are all fast, the sepulchre sealed,
And the morning air breaths over the field.

But though the minstrels long since reposed,
And their everlasting mansions closed,
One song of the two bids my heart yet thrill,
I have sung it, and, dying, shall sing it still.

But which of the hosts has inspired my rhyme?
Thou, thou shalt reveal it, all-judging Time!
When the grave-rose blooms, and I am gone,
With one of them still shall my song sound on.

C. T. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 24, 1856.

Beethoven's "Egmont" Music.

"FROM MY DIARY."

NEW YORK, MAY 21. Last Saturday evening, for the first time, within the walls of the theatre known as the "Academy" in this city, the occasion EISELDT's concert, much impressed with the beauty and commodiousness of the building, much troubled by the manner of lighting it, but better pleased with its acoustic qualities than in any theatre of its size I have visited. I tried the parquette, the second boxes, and finally the amphitheatre, where I had several hundred seats at my disposal, being the only occupant, and where I listened in delightful silence, far from the talkers below, to the entire second part. Oh, those talkers—those ———! Well, well! Here is the programme:

PART I.

1. Overture to *Oberon*,.....WEBER
2. "Ah, perfido," sung by Miss BRAINARD.
3. Adagio and Finale from Mendelssohn's delightful Concerto in G minor, the piano-forte played by RICHARD HOFFMANN.
4. "Matilda a me repita," scena and aria by EISELDT, composed for and sung by BADIALI.

PART II.

BEETHOVEN's music to "Egmont," with explanatory poem by DONALD McLEOD, the songs by Miss BRAINARD.

When one considers that our orchestras, except when rehearsing for the few concerts of the winter, which bring them all together, are scattered among a multitude of places of amusement, where the lack of numbers must be made up by the loudness of the few, it becomes a matter of surprise that such perfection can be attained as we really find. Though the fine delicacy and pure liquid flow of the tones from the bowed instruments, which distinguishes a few world-renowned orchestras made up of virtuosos, was wanting, it seemed to me, fresh from the great concerts of Berlin and Leipzig, that the performance of the opening overture was one not to be ashamed of anywhere. It has always been a curious point with me to compare the fairy music of Weber with that of Mendelssohn. Could Weber have known the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture? He might; it was composed before "Oberon." How beautiful are both! but Weber's fairies are far different from Shakespeare's.

One of the most remarkable proofs, to my mind, of the success which would have followed Beethoven's dramatic efforts, had his application to be appointed composer to the Vienna Opera been favorably received, is the *Scena and Air: Ah! perfido*, sweetly sung by Miss BRAINARD, and nicely accompanied. In form it is thoroughly Italian, after the manner of Salieri, Cimarosa, and others of his day, while at the same time the depth of feeling, both in the delicious melody and the splendid accompaniment, is peculiarly Beethoven's own. I know few if any pieces composed as this was, simply for a con-

cert piece, which comes near it. He has *out-Italianed* the Italians themselves. At the time it was written, it was performed at Beethoven's own concerts, to the delight of the Vienna public, of all grades and schools. As a general rule, scenes and airs can have their due effect only when heard in their proper connection in the operas to which they belong. A mere concert piece of the kind must therefore have uncommon merit to touch the heart as does Beethoven's *Ah! perfido*, unconnected as it is with any plot or text beside. I wish to thank Miss Brainard most heartily for singing this beautiful piece in all the simplicity of its notation, and for not once giving way to the temptation of showing off her powers by some misplaced cadenza. Few women singers, nowadays, could resist the temptation to sing the entire air in the "wiggly voice," and still fewer would have passed the pause near the end without inserting two or three chromatic runs, which they had learned under Signor This or Mons. That, and call it a cadenza. As long as Miss Brainard sings so sweetly as on this evening. God speed her!

What a beautiful Adagio is that from the G minor of Mendelssohn! But is not the finale inferior to it? Still this Concerto as a whole is a favorite, and that justly. Mr. HOFFMANN was much applauded.

It was a hard trial for Mr. EISELDT's *Scena and Aria*, that but one performance separated it from the glorious *Ah! perfido*. It made no deep impression upon me, though sung magnificently by BADIALI. I have heard no such singing during the last two years.

But to Part II. Fifty-eight years ago Bernadotte, then a young and rising man, was sent to Vienna as minister of the French Republic. Among his familiar acquaintances there was a young musician, then just doubling his fame as the greatest pianist of his day by proving himself also the greatest of the rising composers. Beethoven and Bernadotte became warm personal friends, and the young Frenchman's republicanism found an echo in the breast of the German. How much the latter was imbued with hatred to tyranny, his "Fidelio," his "Heroic Symphony," and above all, his music to "Egmont," show. All these are works of the same epoch, and were composed under similar circumstances. In "Fidelio," tyranny, as exercised upon the individual, calls out all the resources of the great composer; in the Symphony he paints the hero and his mission; in the "Egmont" music, he illustrates a drama, whose subject is the fall of a hero whose blood is the seed of liberty and freedom from the tyrant's yoke.

The entire misapprehension which seems to prevail upon the intentions of the composer in this music, must excuse me for a few words upon this topic. To judge of this music by the standard of popular opera is as absurd as it is unjust to the composer. As long ago as the days of Shakespeare we find that music was a companion to the drama. Think how often we find directions in his plays for strains from his orchestra, such as it was. To this day but few theatres are without more or less musicians to keep the audience in good humor between the acts, and in a few cases music has been composed expressly for particular plays, especially upon the German stage. Any attempt at operatic music, and especially the music of the Italian opera, would be in the highest degree ridiculous. With the exception of a song or two, there is no room for vocal music, and the difficulty of finding actors and actresses capable of great musical execution would render simple strains indispensable, even if in most cases they were not the most appropriate. The composer is confined by the necessities of the case to the overture, entr'actes, marches, and occasionally a passage of melodrama or a short descriptive bit of harmony.

The overture he may make as broad as he pleases,

and the most successful ones are such as paint musically an outline of the entire play; the overture, as a mere introduction, like some to Gluck's operas, that to Haydn's "Creation," is not commonly, if ever, found written to the spoken drama. Those to the "Summer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn, and to Collin's "Coriolan," by Beethoven, are instances probably most familiar to the readers of the Journal of Music. Now it is clear that this kind of music can never have its due effect upon an audience to which the drama for which it is written is not familiar; no poem, no lecture, no story given to the audience in a programme, is sufficient for any auditor, unless that auditor know the composer's mode of musical expression through long study and much hearing, or, as just intimated, is familiar with his subject matter. In Germany, where "Egmont" is as familiar as "Hamlet" or "Richard III." with us, and where each auditor who ever attends such concerts as those at which such music could ever find place, is supposed to know every character and situation from much reading of the play, the poem there recited is sufficient to give the key to the music; just as with us; we could enjoy Mendelssohn's music, so often referred to, explained in the same manner. But how many of our audience, from the simple statement of the reciter, could last Saturday evening form any conception of the real characters and situations which the music introduced or represented? That any enjoyment at all was felt by a majority of the hearers, under the circumstances, is a tribute of no small value to the truth and beauty of the composition.

Let me give the programme as it is printed in the arrangement for four hands, with such notes and comments as occur. The overture is familiar to the frequenters of the symphony concerts everywhere. It is to me not the grandest, not the most exciting of Beethoven's works of the class, but the most beautiful. I felt in its every note the master's admiration and love for the characters of Egmont and Clara, and the throbbings of his great heart at the fate of his hero and the glorious fruits which it produced.

At the close of the overture the curtain rises and the music is silent until the scene in which Clara appears, and, radiant with happiness and pride in her noble lover, sings her soldier song:

No. I.

"The war-drum is rolling, high soundeth the fife;
My lover, all harnessed, commandeth the strife;
He holds the lance proudly, he orders the army.
My heart throbs aloud—how kindles my blood!
Ah, if as a soldier beside him I stood,
From hence would I follow with courage and pride,
Wherever he led me, I'd fight by his side;
The foe-man would shrink as we charged on the van;
O heaven! what pleasure, were I but a man!"

The simplicity and beauty of the original is but slenderly preserved by him who translated this exquisite song of Goethe. Still one may form some idea of the young girl, who, from her low social position, looks upward with love and veneration as to a God. Of all soldier songs that I know, that in the "Daughter of the Regiment" included, there is none the music of which to me is so full of emotion and simple beauty as this. It is the beauty of the German popular song, and must be judged from that standard—a style of music as distinct and national as that of the Scotch. Where I sat, the voice of Miss Brainard came sweetly and clearly to my ears above the accompaniment, and I was fully satisfied with her performance. And how full of martial ardor and excitement is that accompaniment! This is another of the great qualities of Beethoven, that his music is so perfectly appropriate.

No. II. This is the short musical introduction to Act II. It begins with an Andante, in which Beethoven

paints the grief of the constant Brackenburgh over his unhappy love for Clara, referring especially to the words: "Could I but forget the time when she loved me, or seemed to love me! And—and now? Let me die! Why do I hesitate?" The Andante is followed by an Allegro con brio, in which is painted the restlessness of the citizens of Brussels under the Spanish yoke, and the constantly increasing excitement among the people.

No. III. is the introduction to the next act, and paints the warnings and presentiments of the Prince of Orange, with the replies of the joyous, careless, Egmont—their farewell, to which these words are the key:

Egmont. What! tears, Orange?

Orange. To weep for one who is lost is manly.

No. IV. is the song in which Clara speaks her longing for the presence of her lover. Clara sings:

"Cheerful and tearful, unwilling or fain,
Longing and mourning in passionate pain;
Joy to feel keenly, or anguish to prove,
Happy alone is the heart that can love."

No. V. Introduction to Act IV., consisting of, echo of the love scene between Egmont and Clara; Clara at Egmont's feet—"So let me die; the world has no joy after this!"—march of the soldiers of Alva into Brussels, and closing with indications of the feelings of the citizens, as expressed in the words of Jetter: "I felt it badly the moment the Duke came into the city. Since that moment it seems to me as if the heaven was covered with a pall, which hangs so low that one must bow himself not to touch it. I snuff the odor of an execution morning; the sun will not appear—the mists stink."

No. VI. Introduction to Act V. Egmont's feelings when Alva orders him to surrender his sword; the warning words of Orange again rise in his memory; Clara's emotions upon learning of her beloved's arrest; her attempt to arouse the citizens to his rescue; and finally, her resignation and determination not to outlive him.

No. VII. Clara's death. "I draw nearer and nearer the blessed fields, and the delights of peace from that world already breathe upon me. I have conquered; call me not back again to strife."

No. VIII. Melodrama. Egmont sleeps and dreams to the sound of what Shakespeare would call "still music." He sees his beloved appear in the form of Liberty, proclaiming victory to the people; her hero falls, but in his blood is the seed of freedom.

No. IX. is a repetition of the close of the overture, the triumph of the people over the power of Spain, and the expulsion of Alva.

Such is the famous music to "Egmont." Whether it was given us better than ever before since the world stood, I do not know—I do not care. It was well done. If critics can find fault, let them. I go to hear Beethoven, and thank Eisfeld from the bottom of my heart that he has given it to us and enabled me to fill my very soul with the emotions depicted by the master of all masters.

As to Mr. Eisfeld's success pecuniarily, I fear there is little favorable to say. A great number of seats were marked taken, which was matter for rejoicing until it came out that they belonged to stockholders of the Academy, who had refused to allow them to be sold!

With half a dozen such "academies," what progress would be made here in music!

Music in Philadelphia.

The "City of Brotherly Love" has exhibited a good deal of musical activity during these last weeks, particularly in the production of new works by resident musicians. The most important of these would seem to be a new Oratorio by one of the longest established and most able of the Philadelphia musicians, Mr. LEOPOLD MEIGNEN. The *Evening Bul-*

letin gives the following account of its first performance:

MR. MEIGNEN'S NEW ORATORIO.—The first performance of the original oratorio of "The Deluge," written by Mr. Leopold Meignen, of this city, took place last evening, before a large audience at the Musical Fund Hall—the vocal forces of the Harmonia Sacred Music Society and an orchestra of thirty-six performers taking part. The words of "The Deluge" are by M. Meignen, and they are singable and sensible, if not poetical and elegant. He has contrived to interweave a good dramatic story into the Scripture account of the flood, and his "Deluge" might almost be acted on the stage as Mehul's "Joseph" often is in Europe. But Mr. Meignen's business is that of music and not poetry, and to the music we must confine ourselves.

The overture is a most effective composition. The first movement, chiefly sustained by the wind instruments, is in a large imposing style. Some very beautiful passages for the clarinet solo are introduced, and were admirably played by Mr. Stoll. Then follows a quieter movement for the whole band, gradually increasing in intensity, with a pretty melodic flow on the surface, while, beneath, the whole resources of the orchestra are called into play to give variety and spirit to what struck us as one of the most effective orchestral compositions that we have heard. This overture is worthy to take its place in the repertoire of overtures so often played at our concerts. It was very well done by the orchestra last evening, and was warmly applauded.

The vocal performance begins with a chorus, sung by Noah's family—an evening prayer—an exquisite bit of composition, equally removed from the psalm-tune style and the hackneyed prayers of the stage. Then follows a long dialogue, recitatives, solos and duets, between Noah, (basso,) and Gabriel, (tenor,) in which the coming flood is revealed and the directions are given for the building of the ark. There were some very happy musical thoughts in this portion. A chorus of revellers is then heard, interrupting for a time the dialogue. This chorus is bright and rollicking, and makes a very excellent termination for the first part.

The second part begins with a scene for a contralto voice, after which occurs one of the gems of the piece—an unaccompanied chorus, "Lord of Heaven," exquisitely written, with some beautiful effects for all the voices, and admirably sung by the members of the Society. A long scene then follows between the soprano and tenor, the barytone coming in toward the close. Then comes another remarkable chorus—that of the workmen finishing the ark—the idea of it not unlike the choruses in *Les Diamans de la Couronne* and *Il Trovatore*, but the development of it much finer than either. It, too, was heartily applauded. A soprano solo succeeded, in a grave severe style, with long-sustained phrases, and a lack of obvious melody, but at the same time exhibiting great learning and knowledge of effects, especially in the accompaniments. The remainder of the second part is made up chiefly of recitative, though a quartet toward the close deserves mention as one of the best written passages in the whole work.

The rising of the waters and all the imaginary phenomena of the flood are then illustrated by the orchestra in a descriptive symphony, in which Mr. Meignen again exhibits his perfect mastery over the mysteries of orchestral writing. Voices are heard at intervals, introduced with admirable effect. Part III. opens with a lovely chorus by the occupants of the ark. Then follow several concerted pieces and the soprano voice has afterwards a solo in the bravura style, with chorus, which was so well done as to receive an encore. The subsidence of the waters and the resting of the ark are then described, and after a solo by Gabriel, the oratorio concludes with a fugue, very clear and distinct and very well sung, receiving the plaudits even of the unlearned in the art.

It is difficult to give a judgment on a work of this kind after a single hearing, and we are therefore gratified to hear that the Harmonia Society will repeat it on the 22d inst. But even at one hearing we have ventured to express our delight with all the instrumental chorals writing. If Mr. Meignen were equally happy in his solos, or if he could subdue his learning sufficiently to make for single voices a simple style of melody that would be readily appreciated by all and would not puzzle those whose ear is ever seeking rhythm in music, there would be nothing to complain of. Even of this we are not disposed to complain, with the recollection upon us of the delight afforded by his really noble orchestral and choral writing, which is such as to entitle him to a place among the first writers of the age. The Harmonia Society deserve credit for undertaking an original work of this kind, involving so much labor and risk. Several of their singers, especially the principal lady,

(who had a most arduous task to perform,) and the barytone who sang the music of Hiran, were excellent. The orchestra was always correct. A little taming down in some of the accompaniments will be an improvement at the next performance.

Another new candidate for musical fame is a Grand three act Opera, in English, entitled "Anne of Austria," the music by Signor LUIGI LA GRASSA, the libretto by PETER F. STOUT, Esq. In the absence of a suitable English company and other conditions of producing it upon the stage, it was given on the 19th inst. as an operatic concert, at the Musical Fund Hall, the composer himself presiding at the piano, with a large array of solo singers, a chorus composed of members of the Musical Union and the Rossini Association, and "an orchestra," Dr. W. P. CUNNINGTON, conductor. Fitzgerald's *City Item* was "very much pleased, all things considered," but gives a queer report of the treatment which this "Anne of Austria" had to undergo:

The opera was not fairly presented. There were but seven stringed instruments and one piano—not another instrument of any kind. Rather weak, you will say, reader. The chorus was pretty full, but not good. The first tenor sang out of tune constantly—the second tenor could not be heard, and the first and second basso did not appear to be on good terms; indeed, we have never heard our friend Rohr to greater disadvantage. The hall was filled with musical critics, music teachers, music sellers and their clerks, who walked about, shuffled their feet, and laughed and talked in a most ill-bred manner—making all kind of fun of the singers. And, yet, the opera succeeded—in fact, the success was decided and unequivocal. The music is of a light and pleasing character, and the melodies are not less pleasing from being slightly familiar now and then.

M. Legrassa deserves strong words of encouragement. Young, poor, friendless, he has produced a work of art which would reflect credit upon any of our leading musicians. The work is not perfect, but it is very fine for a first effort.

CONCERTS.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS had a good audience at the Music Hall last Saturday afternoon. The programme was popular and light, with the exception of a Piano-forte Sonata, played by Mr. S. H. MAY, set down in the bills as by Mendelssohn, but which proved to be one of the early set by Beethoven, dedicated to Haydn, and was unceremoniously cut up and murdered in the rendering. Miss PHILLIPPS sang a brilliant scene by Verdi (in English) very finely, and was admired as usual in *Non più mesta* and her smaller pieces. We were struck with the sweet, fresh quality of Mr. C. R. ADAMS's tenor, who sang a Romanza by Mercadante with considerable expression. The orchestra was that of the Germania Serenade Band, led by Mr. SCHULTZE, and played no overture, only some waltzes and an operatic arrangement. We wish Miss Phillipps all success in her Western tour.

We were unable to attend the Farewell Concert of Mr. HARRISON MILLARD on Saturday evening. We learn that Mercantile Hall was perfectly crowded, and that the singing of the young tenor, and of our two native prime donne, Miss HENSLEY and Miss PHILLIPPS, excited the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Millard sailed in the steamer of Wednesday for Europe, designing to pass the summer in London and Paris. The kind wishes of many friends follow him, and we trust it will not be long before we listen to his voice again.—Miss Hensley also sails for Italy next Saturday.

The third and last of the new series of AFTERNOON CONCERTS took place on Wednesday, and fairly closed the season. The Music Hall was uncommonly full, the programme and the playing of the best. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, though we would rather have heard something which has been less familiar of late, was deeply interesting. It is the first movement whose power and beauty come out more by repetition than either of the

others. But how much stronger, greater every way, while so much simpler, seemed Beethoven's glorious overture to "Egmont"! That thrilled and satisfied. How Rossini's overtures have mingled themselves with the musical impressions of the last generations! They have become part of our natural musical sunshine, to be enjoyed as sunshine, in careless, recreative mood. The brilliant *La Gazza Ladra* made an agreeable conclusion, after the pretty waltzes, and the well-played, though for a hall rather too loud, operatic scena by the Germania Serenade (brass) Band.

Musical Chit-Chat.

One of the choicest programmes to which we have ever had the pleasure of listening was performed a few evenings since in a private musical party at the hospitable house of one of our warmest lovers of classical music. It was a double satisfaction to hear such good things, and to hear them in a company of forty or fifty persons, every one of whom loved music, and was careful not to lose a note. Not a piece upon the programme had been played before, so far as we know, in any concert in this city. It was as follows:

Quatuor, No. 10,Mozart.
Sonata: Piano and Violoncello: Op. 46, Mendelssohn.
Solo: Violin: 8th Concerto,Spohr.
Sonata: Piano and Violin: Andante and Finale,
Op. 30,Beethoven.
Solo: Viola: with Piano accomp't, Op. 12,David.
Quatuor: No. 12, Op. 127,Beethoven.
Duetting: Violin and Viola, Op. 25,Mozart.

The Quatuors by Mozart and Beethoven are each among the most remarkable by their respective authors. The performers were Mr. TREMKLE, piano forte; SCHULTZE, 1st violin; MEISEL, 2d violin; ECKHARDT, viola; and WULF FRIES, violoncello. A better quartet we have never heard in Boston.... We were mistaken in the voice that sang the tenor solo in Dr. TUCKERMAN's "Musical Service" the other evening. It was not Mr. MILLARD, but Mr. FRANK HOWARD, organist and conductor of music at the Stone Chapel. So much the worse for our "guessing," and so much the more credit to Mr. Howard.... Our "Diarist" and for some time Berlin correspondent, "A. W. T.", as to-day's paper elsewhere affords living proof, has returned from Europe, and will be with us after a short stay in New York. He arrived last week in the steamer Hermann. The sets of Beethoven's Sonatas, which we before spoke of his procuring, are on the way by sailing vessel, and will probably be ready for subscribers here soon after the first of June.

The chapter of Mme. GEORGE SAND's story, which we give to-day, will be found particularly interesting to musical readers: Henceforth to the conclusion "The Castle in the Wilderness" will be full of interest and instruction with regard to Art.

Another of those graceful Floral Concerts, so appropriate to the season, in which music, flowers, and happy faces and voices of children blend their fascinations, is to take place in the Music Hall next Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. C. H. CLARKE. This gentleman's rare faculty of teaching children how to sing in chorus, has been abundantly illustrated in the various exhibitions of the Warren Street Chapel, with which he has been for several years connected. He gives the present entertainment on his own account, with a select choir of 200 children, including his oldest and best pupils. The stage will be again transformed into a grove of evergreen, with natural flowers and other picturesque adornments, and the youthful songs and choruses have been woven into a connected whole, under the title of "Flora's Festival," the music by Mr. W. B. BRADBURY, of New York. It must necessarily prove quite attractive.

Mr. WILLIS, in his *Musical World*, administers the following just rebuke to a portion of the audience at the Academy on the *Freyshütz* night.

The German opera always draws a German crowd in the upper regions (particularly) of the Academy

edifice. Perfectly orderly and manageable at home, the lower-class Germans, until they have been in this country some time, think it is an element of freedom to be rude, vociferous and unlicensed in their behavior here. Many of them have to be flogged out of this idea by the policeman's "locust," or by other unsoftly persuasive means, before they are brought to their senses and made decent citizens. Some of them have painfully needed such a flogging for the last two German nights at the Academy. They took it upon themselves to hiss a chorus of German girls, such as we suppose could hardly be gotten together for the emergency and who stood faltering, and distrustfully there, doing the best they could; and more than this, the better singers, even Madame de Lagrange herself has been subjected to that sound, which any serpent-sneak can from his corner emit without much betraying himself and yet reaching and wounding a singer. One person alone undertook throughout the opera of *Martha* the other night, systematically to hiss, when there was any (so-well-deserved) applause of this great singer. Such a boor ought to be made nearer acquainted with the historical mud-puddles of his native village.

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT has been singing in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Her "Auld Robin Gray" is said to have created an unprecedented excitement. It is said that RUBINSTEIN, the young Russian pianist and composer, has received flattering offers for a concert tour in the United States. The "Mountaineers," a band of singers from Berne, Switzerland, were to sing last evening at the Tabernacle in New York. Their album contains, it is said, a very complimentary autograph of Jenny Lind. They are famous for warbling complicated orchestral pieces with their voices. MAETZKE has found his opera season so successful in New York, that he continues it for two weeks more. It is said he will come to Boston with his whole force about the first of June. BADIALI is of them; therefore we trust we may have "William Tell." *Der Freyschütz*, too, can hardly be the hacknied thing here which some of the critics have pronounced it in New York. Lucia was given last Monday night, and last evening (for the first time) Verdi's *Luiza Miller*. On the whole, there has been very little novelty. The dashing VESTALI has been enrapturing the juveniles again in her three favorite rôles of Orsini, Arsace and the gipsy Azucena. She will soon go back to Mexico, the great scene of her triumphs. Mme. LAGRANGE is said will return to Europe this summer. Handel's Oratorio, "Judas Macabæus," was performed last week for the first time in New York, by the Harmonic Society, under the direction of CARL BERGMANN.

Music Abroad.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second concert of the season had the following programme:

PART I.
Sinfonia in G minor,Mozart.
Duetto: "Fol' dem Freunde," Mme. Viardot and Herr Formes (Faust),Spohr.
Concerto in D minor, Piano-forte, Mme. Clara Schumann,Mendelssohn.
Aria di Bravura, "Mi paventi," Mme. Viardot (Britannico),Graun.
Overture (Jessonda),Spohr.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale,Beethoven.
Aria: "Solche hergelaufne Laffen," Herr Formes (Die Entführung aus dem Serail),Mozart.
Overture (Anacreon),Cherubini.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

According to the *News*, the orchestral pieces were perfectly well played, and Mr. Bennett's skill and judgment were shown in the just tempo of every movement, and the bringing out of every delicacy of effect and expression. Mme. Schumann is said to have played Mendelssohn's Concerto better than any one since Mendelssohn himself. The same critic speaks of —The bravura air from the *Britannico* of Graun, the celebrated chapel-master to Frederick the Great a hundred years ago. For the revival of this forgotten morceau we are indebted to Madame Viardot, by whom it was sung. It belongs to the part of Agrippina, the mother of the Emperor Nero, and is an outburst of the hate and fear which she felt towards her atrocious son. It is a grand old song, in a style that is now quaint and antiquated, being full of roulades and div-

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubouant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER X.

OTTAVIO.

"Master Boccaferri," cried I, gently opening the curtain, "do you recognize the voice of the Commander?"

"Yes, pardieu, I do recognize the voice," answered he, "but I cannot say to whom it belongs. A thousand devils! there is either a ghost or an intruder here; what does this mean, my children?"

"This means, my father," said Ottavio, turning towards me and revealing the pure and noble features of Cecilia, "that we have one more good actor and one more good friend among us."

She came to me with outstretched hand. With one bound I leaped into the place for the orchestra; I seized her hand and covered it with kisses, and then embraced old Boccaferri, who held out his arms to me. It was the first time I had ever dreamed of giving him such a salute, the idea of which would have filled me with disgust two months before. It is true that this was the first time I had seen him sober and not smelling of an old pipe and new wine.

Celio embraced me also with more affection than I had supposed him capable of. The grief of his fiasco had passed off, and with it all bitterness in his language and in his features.

"Friend," said he to me, "I wish to present you to all I love. You see before you Floriani's four children, my sisters, Stella and Beatrice, and my younger brother Salvator, the Benjamin of

the family, a good and merry child, who was growing pale in a law office, and who left the sober profession of scribe two days since to come and learn to be an artist in the school of our adopted father, Boccaferri. We are fixed here for the rest of the winter; some carry on their education and others their dramatic studies. We will explain all to you some other time; now we must not be too much taken up with embraces and explanations, or we shall forget the play; we shall cool towards the principal business of our life, that which is first here—the dramatic art."

"Only one word more," said I to him, looking sideways at Cecilia. "Cruel ones! why did you forsake me? If the most improbable and unforeseen accident had not conducted me hither, I might never have seen you again except across the footlights; for you promised to write me, Celio, and you forgot me."

"A falsehood!" cried he, laughing. "A letter from me, enclosing an invitation from our dear host, the marquis, awaits you this very moment in Vienna. Did you not tell me that you were not to cross the Alps until spring? It is for you to explain how you found us here, or rather, how you discovered our retreat, and why it was necessary that these girls should compromise themselves so far as to write you a note at my dictation, to give you courage to come in at the door instead of spying round the windows. If yesterday's adventure had not put me upon your track, if I had not followed the marks of your indiscreet footsteps upon the snow to Volabi's house, where I saw your name upon a trunk in his coach-house, would you have planned some terrible surprise?"

"I? I was the most stupid and innocent of spies. I did not know you were here. My head was turned by your nightly revels, which have excited the whole village, and I came to try if I could find out the manias of Monsieur le Marquis de Balma. But, by the way," cried I, bursting into a loud laugh, and then casting an uneasy and confused glance around me, "in whose house are we now? What are you doing with the old marquis, and how can he sleep in such a hubbub?"

The whole company looked at each other with surprise, and then Beatrice laughed loudly as I had done.

But Boccaferri began to speak, and with great coolness answered:

"The old marquis is really a monomaniac," said he. "He has a great passion for the theatre, and his first care, when he found himself rich and owner of a fine castle, was to call together, through my means, the select troupe which you see before you, and that he may hide them here,

he makes them pass for his family. As he sleeps a great deal and is rather deaf, we rehearse without being annoyed by his presence, and at the first opportunity we shall make our débuts before him; but as he is thought to mourn the death of his generous brother, who only made him his heir because he forgot to disinherit him, he commands the greatest secrecy. That is why no one knows how our nights are spent, and they prefer to imagine that we invoke the evil one, rather than that we are practising the greatest and most complete of all the arts. Stay with us, then, Salentini, as long as you please, and if you like it, take part in our theatre. As I make rain and sunshine here, your true name need not be known if you wish to change it. In case of need, you can pass for the sixth child of the marquis. I am his right hand and his factotum, and choose and direct the subjects. You see I have long been intimate with this kind nobleman, which must not surprise you, as he is an old drunkard, and we became intimate friends at restaurants; but we have reformed here, and since we can have as much wine as we please, our society is charming. But come! we are forgetting the play, and we must not tell stories in the entr'acte. Will you continue the statue to the end? It is only a skilful display; to-morrow you can have any rôle you desire in some other play, or else you may take that of Ottavio, and Cecilia shall create the rôle of Elvira, which we have suppressed. You already understand that we have invented a new sort of theatre, and one thoroughly suited to us. We take the first programme we come across, and improvise the dialogue, aided by our remembrance of the text. When a subject pleases us, like this, we study it for several days, changing it *ad libitum*. If not, we pass on to another, and often we invent the subject ourselves, trusting to the intelligence and fancy of each one to have it pass off well. You see that we only desire one thing—to be originators, and not servile interpreters. We seek inspiration, and by degrees it comes upon us. You will understand the rest, after seeing how we go on. It is already ten o'clock, and we have only played two acts. *All'opra!* my children! The boys to the decorations, and the girls to the manuscripts, to keep us in the order of the scenes, for order is necessary even in inspiration. Quick, quick! this entr'acte must weary the public."

Boccaferri spoke these last words in such a tone as would have made any one believe that he saw an imaginary public filling this empty and echoing hall. But he was no maniac. He gave himself up to the conscientious study of art, and he taught his pupils well in seeking himself to

put in practice those theories which had been the dream of his whole life.

We went about changing the scenes. This was done in the twinkling of an eye, the decorations were so well arranged, so light and easy to move, and the machinery so perfect.

"This is an old theatre, perfect in construction and in size," said Boccaferri to me. "The Balmas have always had a great passion for theatricals, except the last, and he died, sad, tired out, perfectly selfish and good for nothing, for the mere want of having cultivated and understood this divine art. The present marquis is the worthy son of his fathers, and his first care was to bring to light the decorations and costumes which filled this wing of the mansion. It was I who brought back life to all these corpses lying in dust. You know that was my trade *yonder*. In a week I restored their color and elasticity. My daughter, who is a great artist, mended the garments, and brought back to them the style and extravagances common fifty years ago. The little Floriani, who wish to become artists some day, assist her and profit by her lessons. I and Celio, who is worth ten men for his promptness of execution, the dexterity of his hands, and quickness of intuition, thought we might make a stage which we could enjoy, and which should not deceive us at every turn by showing us those bare and cold side-scenes, which chill your powers and your heart as soon as you enter. In our case we do not disregard the public, who we imagine share our illusion. We always act as if the public were before us; but we only think of it in the entr'acte. During the representation we have agreed to forget it, as it should be in a real theatre. As for our method of decoration, go to the back of the room and see if the illusion and effect are not better than they would be if we had an ignoble rough side turned to us, which the public, seated at the side, never can help seeing a little.

"It is true that, to satisfy ourselves, we use simple means, whose charms would be lost upon a large stage. We plant veritable trees upon our boards, and we put real rocks even in our backdrops. We can do it, because the stage is small, and we ought to do it, since the usual means of perspective are not in our power. There is not space enough here for such to deceive us, and when our illusion goes, talent fails with it. All is bound together. Art is homogeneous; it is a magnificent resumé of the fragments of all our faculties. The theatre is this resumé *par excellence*, and that is why there is no true theatre, why there are no true actors, or at least so few, and those who are so are not always understood, because they find themselves like fine pearls among false diamonds, whose vulgar brilliancy outshines them.

"There are few true actors, and yet all should be so; what can an actor be without this first essential and vital condition of his art? Talent should only be distinguished from mediocrity by the degree of elevation in the mind. A man of heart and intelligence would necessarily be a great actor, if the rules of art were known and observed, while now it is often the contrary. A beautiful and intelligent woman, generous in her passions, of free and natural grace, would not be in the second rank, as was always my daughter, who was not capable of throwing into the scene the soul and genius which belongs to her in

every-day life. Since she never found herself in a sphere sufficiently artistic to impress her, she was always chilled by the stage; and when you see her here, you will not recognize her. It is because nothing shocks or saddens us here. We enlarge by fancy the frame in which we desire to be impressed, and the poetry of the decoration is the gilding of that frame.

"Yes, sir," continued Boccaferri, with animation, all the time arranging a thousand little details without stopping his talk, "the unnaturalness of the *mise-en-scène*, the characters, the dialogue, and even the costumes, is enough to freeze the inspirations of an artist who understands the truth and cannot condescend to falsehood. There is nothing more silly than to see an actor raving in impossible scenes and declaiming ridiculous words with eloquence. It is because such dramas are written, and played into the bargain, with an absurdity worthy of them, that there are no true actors. I tell you all ought to be. Remember Cecilia. She is too intelligent not to feel the truth, and you have often seen her insufficient, almost always too self-possessed, and concealing her emotion, but you never saw her turn aside or fall into falsehood; and yet she was a tame actress. Even such as she was, she injured nothing, and the piece was none the worse for her. But I say this: if the theatre were truer, all the actors would be also, even the most mediocre and the most timid; if the stage itself were more real, all the intelligent and courageous ones would be great actors; and in those intervals, when they should not be on the stage, when the public rests after the emotions they have produced, the second-rate ones would be at least simple and natural. Instead of the torture suffered in seeing the detestable ones make grimaces, a certain confiding pleasure would be felt in following their acting in the details necessary to the plot. The public would be moulded in this school, and instead of being as to-day, unjust and stupid, would be conscientious, attentive, loving well written works, and a friend of the faithful artist. Until that time comes, don't talk to me of acting, for it is an art almost lost to the world, and all the efforts of a genius are required to bring it back to life.

"Yes, Celio, my son," said he to the young man, who was waiting till he had ceased talking to begin the next act, "your mother, a great artist, understood that. She always listened to me, and did me great justice, saying that she owed a great deal to me. It was because she shared my ideas that she wished to arrange the plays she was to act, be the manager of her own theatre, choose and mould the actors. She felt that a great actress needed good supporters, and that the tirade of a heroine cannot be impassioned when the confidante listens with a stupid stare. Together we made energetic attempts. I was her decorator, her machinist, her tutor, her costumer, and at times her poet. No doubt it was very profitable to art, but not to business. It would have cost an immense fortune to have conquered the obstacles which first rose on all sides; and then the public does not know how to second noble efforts; it prefers to lower itself for a small price rather than to become ennobled at great expense."

"But you, Celio, you, Stella, Beatrice, Salvatore, you are young, you are united, you understand art already, and together you may attempt

a revolution. At least, have the desire for it, cherish the hope of it, even if it should only be a dream, if what we are now doing should only prove to be a poetical amusement, something will remain to you, which will make you superior to common actors and the superiorities of puppets. O my children! let me breathe upon you the sacred fire which makes me young again, and which has consumed me in vain until now, for want of the needful nourishment. I shall not regret having failed all my life, in every thing, having struggled with misery until I was driven to escape suicide by drunkenness. No, I shall complain of nothing in my unfortunate past, if the living offspring of Floriani may build their triumphs upon my ruins, if Celio, his brothers and his sisters realize their mother's dream, and if old Boccaferri can thus discharge his debt to the memory of that angel!"

"You are perfectly right, my friend," said Celio, "it was my mother's dream to see us all great artists; but for that, said she, *Art itself must be renewed*. Now, thanks to you, we understand her meaning; we understand too why she retired at thirty years, in all the brilliancy of her strength and genius, why she was so soon weary of the theatre, and proof against all illusions. I do not know that we can improve mankind in this particular; but we will make the attempt, and whatever may happen, we shall always bless your teachings, and shall owe all our joy to you; for they will indeed be great, and if the delicate tastes which you are giving us will expose us often to suffer from the contact of inferiority, when we come to the sublime, we shall feel it more sensibly than the vulgar."

We passed on to the third act, which was almost entirely taken from the Italian libretto. It was a *fête champêtre*, given by Don Juan to his vassals and his neighbors in the gardens of the castle. I admired the skill with which Boccaferri disguised the lack of supernumeraries. A crowd seemed to move and act behind the scenes, but they never appeared, and for the best of reasons. At times one of the actors not on the stage would skilfully imitate the murmuring of voices and the sound of distant footsteps. A dancing tune from the opera was played lightly upon some invisible instrument, suggesting a dance in the distance. These details were improvised with great art, each one taking part in the action with zeal and wonderful delicacy to aid those behind the scenes, and all without disturbing or drawing away their attention from their parts. The ingenious arrangements of dark and narrow side passages, only lighted from the stage, and growing dark as they deepened, allowed all to notice and sieze what was going on without disturbing the naturalness of the play, or being seen by the actors. Every one had something to do, and no one could forget the subject for one moment, which made them return to the stage as excited as they went off. I found I could make myself useful, without appearing in this act. The arrangement was above all a delicate thing to observe; and if I had not seen it practised by these intelligent beings, who unawares communicated to me their delicacy of perception, I could never have believed it possible to trust to the chances of improvisation, without failing in the proportion of the scenes, the order of the entrances and exits, and the remembrance of the accustomed details. It seemed that this difficulty appeared at first insurmountable to the Floriani;

but Boccaferri and his daughter persisted, and their theories upon the nature of artistic inspiration, and upon the way to possess it, enlightened this mysterious work, light dawned upon their first chaos, order and logic claimed their rights in all the healthy labor of art, and the fearful obstacle was overcome with wonderful rapidity. They had even gone so far as not to hint to each other, by winking or whispering as at first. Each one had his rule written in enduring characters upon his mind; the brilliant *à propos* of the dialogue, the ardor of passion, the wit of the impromptu, the fantastic wandering had all the charm of liberty, and yet the action did not go astray, and if it seemed to be forgotten for a moment, to be brought back and strengthened by some chance incident, the resemblance of this mode of dramatic action with real life, (*ce grand décousu, recousu sans cesse à propos.*) was only the more striking and more fascinating.

In the first part of this act I admired two new actors, Beatrice (Zerlina) and Salvator (Masetto.) These two lovely children had the inestimable fortune to be just as young and fresh as their parts; and their usual manners of brotherly familiarity gave to their dispute a charming character of chastity and childish obstinacy, which in no way injured the scene; and yet this was not the intention of the Italian libretto, much less Moliere's; but what did it matter? The thing seemed better to me thus instinctively rendered. Young Salvator (the Benjamin, as he was called,) acted like an angel. He was comic, without striving to be so. He spoke the Milanese dialect, whose little graces and naive metaphors he knew so well, as he had so lately been cradled among them; he had a true feeling of the dangers which surrounded Zerlina in allowing herself to be wooed by a libertine; he reproached her coquetry with the freedom of a brother, which only made the frankness of the peasant more lifelike. He knew how to make those little malicious speeches which provoke young girls when spoken before strangers, and Beatrice was really provoked, and so she acted wonderfully without dreaming of it.

But another more learned and more experienced couple succeeded this pretty one—Anna and Ottavio. Stella was a heroine, full of nobleness, sadness and reverie. I saw that she had well read and understood Hoffmann's "Don Juan," and that she completed the character of the libretto in just intimating a delicate shade of involuntary fascination towards the irresistible enemy of her race and happiness. This point was exquisitely touched, and this victim of a secret fatality was far more virtuous and interesting thus than as merely the proud and strong daughter of the Commander, mourning and avenging her father without weakness and without pity.

But what shall I say of Ottavio? I could not conceive what could be made of this character, in taking away from him the music he sings; for Mozart alone made anything out of him. So Cecilia had everything to create, and she did it with a masterly hand; she expressed all the tenderness, the devotion, the indignation and the perseverance which Mozart alone could indicate. She translated the composer's ideas in language as elevated as his music; she gave to the young lover poetry, grace, pride, and above all, love.

"Yes, that is love," said Celio to me suddenly,

in the side-scenes, whispering in my ear, as if he had answered my thought. "Listen and look at Cecilia, my friend, and strive to forget the promise I made you never to love her. I cannot answer to you for anything concerning this, for I did not know her two months ago; I had never heard her express love, and I did not know she could feel it. Now I know her, as I see her away from the public, which paralyzed her. She is transformed in my eyes, and I am transformed in my own. I believe I am as capable of loving as she. It remains to be known if we shall be to each other the object of that ardor which grows within us, without any end at present beyond the revelation of art; but trust to thy friend no longer, Adorno, and work on your own account, without help from me."

While thus speaking, Celio held my hand and pressed it convulsively. I felt, from the trembling of his whole person, that either he or I was lost.

"What is all this?" asked Boccaferri, passing near us. "Distraction? a dialogue in the side-scenes? Do you then wish to chase away the god which inspires us. Come, Don Juan, recollect yourself, forget Celio Floriani, and come, let us torment Masetto!"

[To be continued.]

Goethe on Dilettantism,

OR PRACTICAL AMATEURSHIP IN THE ARTS.

[From "Essays on Art," by GOETHE, translated by SAMUEL GRAY WARD.]

(Concluded from last week.)

ADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN GENERAL.

It prevents an entire want of cultivation.

Dilettantism is a necessary consequence of a general extension of art, and may even be a cause of it.

It can, under certain circumstances, excite and develop a true artistic talent.

Elevates handicraft to a certain resemblance to art.

Has a civilizing tendency.

Substitutes a certain idea of art in the place of ignorance, and extends it to where the artist would not be able to reach.

Gives occupation to productive power, and cultivates something serious in man.

Appearances are changed into ideas.

Teaches to analyze impressions.

Aids the appropriation and reproduction of forms.

ADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN DETAIL.

IN THE ARTS OF DESIGN.

Learning to see.

Knowledge of the principles by which we see. Changing the subject of a picture, i. e., the visible filling up, so far as it is unimportant.

Knowledge of forms, i. e., the filling up, so far as it is unimportant.

Learning to analyze. All commence with a simple impression, without analysis. The next step is to analyze, and the third is the return from the analysis to the feeling of the whole, which is the *Æsthetic*.

The Dilettant enjoys this advantage in common with the Artist, in contrast to the merely passive observer.

IN ARCHITECTURE.

Awakens the free productive force.

Is the speediest and most immediate transition from material to form, thus expressing the highest need in man.

It awakes and develops the feeling for the lofty, to which it for the most part inclines, rather than to the beautiful.

It introduces order and proportion, and teaches

to strive after an appearance of beauty, and a certain freedom even in the needful and necessary.

The general advantage of Dilettantism, its civilizing tendency, and its substituting, and extending a certain artistic sense in the place of ignorance, where the artist cannot reach, applies particularly to architecture.

IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

Ideal in the Real.

Striving after form, in formless masses.

Choice.

Beautiful grouping.

Making a picture out of a reality; in short the first step into art.

A well cared for and beautiful neighborhood, has always a beneficial effect on society.

IN LYRICAL POETRY.

Cultivation of language in general.

More manifold interest "in humanioribus," in contrast to the crudeness of the ignorant, or the pedantic narrowness of the mere man of business, or pedant.

Cultivation of the feelings and of the verbal expression of the same.

The cultivated man ought to be able to express his feelings with poetic beauty.

Ideal view of objects of common life.

Cultivation of the imagination, especially as an integral part of the culture of the intellect.

Awaking and direction of the productive imagination to the highest functions of the mind in the sciences and practical life.

Cultivation of the sense of the rhythmical.

There being no objective laws, either for the internal or external construction of a poem, the amateur ought to hold fast to acknowledged models, so much the more strongly than the master does, and rather imitate the good that exists, than strive after originality; and in the external and metrical parts, follow strictly the well-known general rules.

And as the Dilettant can only form himself after models, he ought, in order to avoid one-sidedness, to acquire the most universal knowledge of all models, and survey the field of poetic literature yet more perfectly, than is required of the artist himself.

IN MUSIC.

More profound education of the sense.

Recognition of mathematical precision in the organ, and its application to the aims of sentiment and beauty.

Favors a social connexion and entertainment, without any fixed interest.

Helps to an ideal existence, even when music only calls to the dance.

IN THE DANCE.

Flexibility, and possibility of beautiful motions.

Feeling and practice of rhythm, in all motions.

Æsthetic significance of movements.

Cultivation of the physical powers, preparation of the body for all possible physical accomplishments.

Musical tuning of the body.

Proportion in movement, between too much and not enough.

Possibility of a graceful carriage.

Possibility of sympathetic action in an exalted state.

IN THE DRAMATIC ART.

Opportunity of farther cultivation in declamation.

Attention to one's own representations.

Participates in the advantages predicated of Dancing.

Exercise of the memory.

Sensible attention and accuracy.

DISADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN GENERAL.

The Dilettant jumps over the steps, stops at certain steps which he regards as the end, and from which he thinks himself justified in judging of the whole; prevents also his perfectibility.

He subjects himself to the necessity of working by false rules, because he cannot work even as a Dilettant without some rules, and he does not understand the true objective rules.

He departs more and more from the truth of objects, and loses himself in subjective errors.

Dilettantism takes its element from art and spoils art's public, by depriving it of its earnestness and strictness.

All tendency to predilection destroys art, and dilettantism, brings in indulgence and favor. At the expense of the true artists, it brings into notice those that stand nearest to Dilettantism.

In Dilettantism the loss is always greater than the gain.

From handicraft the way is open to rise to art, but not from botch-work.

Dilettantism favors the indifferent, partial, and characterless.

Injury Dilettants do to art, by bringing artists down to their level.

Can bear no good artist near them.

In all cases, where the art itself has no proper regulative power, as in Poetry, the Art of Gardening, the Drama, the injury Dilettantism does is greater, and its pretensions more arrogant. The worst case is that of the Drama.

DISADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN DETAIL.

IN ARCHITECTURE.

On account of the great difficulty of giving character to architecture, of imparting variety and beauty, the Dilettant, unable to attain to these, must, according to the tendency of his time, run either into the meagre and overloaded, or the heavy and unmeaning. But an architectural work, being dependent on beauty for its existence, if it have not this, is wholly null.

On account of its ideal nature, it is more easy than in any other art to run into the Fantastic, which does more injury here than anywhere else.

Since it is only the few, who are able to raise themselves to a free culture, according to the laws of pure beauty, the architectural Dilettant easily falls into sentimental and allegorical architecture, seeking in this way to superinduce the character, which he does not know how to find in beauty.

Architectural Dilettantism, without being able to accomplish the object of beauty, fails usually in the physical aim of building, utility and convenience.

The publicity and permanence of architectural works, renders the injurious effect of Dilettantism, in this department, more universal and enduring; and perpetuates false taste, for the reason that in the arts generally, the conspicuous and widely-known serves again for models.

The earnest aim of beautiful architectural works gives them a harmony with the most important and exalted moments of man, and botch-work, in this case, does him an injury in the very point where he might be most capable of perfectibility.

IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

The real treated as a work of fancy.

Garden-dilettantism runs into a sort of endlessness; 1. because it is not fixed and limited in the idea; 2. because the material is always undergoing accidental changes, and so always counteracts the idea.

Garden-dilettantism often puts the nobler arts to an unworthy use, and makes their earnest aim subservient to the end of amusement.

Favors a sentimental and fantastic nullity.

Lessens the exalted in nature, and while it imitates, removes it.

Perpetuates the reigning error of the time, viz. the wish to be free from condition and restraint in the æsthetic, and to let the fancy have free scope, while there is not, as in the other arts, any means to correct, and keep it within the bounds of propriety.

Mixing up of nature and art.

Producing an effect with mere outside appearance.

The erections it gives rise to are light, slender, wood and board constructions, and destroy the idea of solid architecture. They destroy the feeling for it. The thatched roof, the wooden screens all give an inclination for card-house architecture.

IN LYRICAL POETRY.

Belles-lettres, shallowness, and emptiness, withdrawal from solid studies; or superficial treatment.

A greater danger exists in this, than in the other arts, of mistaking a merely Dilettant dexterity for a true genius for art, and in this case, the subject is worse off than in any other Dilettantism, because its existence becomes an entire nullity; for the poet is nothing at all except through earnestness and conformity to art.

Dilettantism in general, but especially in poetry, weakens the feeling and perception for the good that lies beyond it, and whilst it is indulgent to a restless desire to produce, which leads it to nothing perfect, robs itself of all the culture it might derive through the perception of foreign excellencies.

Poetical Dilettantism may be of two sorts. Either it neglects the (indispensable) mechanical, and thinks enough done if it shows mind and feeling; or, it seeks poetry only in the mechanical, acquiring a technical dexterity therein, but without spirit or significance. Both are injurious, but the former rather injures the art, and the latter the subject.

All Dilettants are Plagiarists. They enervate and pull to pieces all that is original in manner or matter, and at the same time, imitate, copy, and piece out their own emptiness with it. Thus the language gets filled with phrases and formulas stolen from all sides, and which have no longer any meaning, and you may read whole books through, written in a fine style, and containing nothing. In a word, all that is really beautiful and good in true poetry, is profaned, rendered common, and degraded.

IN PRAGMATICAL POETRY.

All the disadvantages of Dilettantism in Lyrical poetry, apply here in a far higher degree. Not the art alone, but the subject also, suffers more.

Mixing up of different kinds.

IN MUSIC.

When the culture of the musical-dilettant is autodidactic, and composition as well as practice not acquired under the strict supervision of a master, there results a painful, uncertain, unsatisfactory effort; because the musical-dilettant, unlike those in the other arts, can produce no effects without a knowledge of artistic rules.

Dilettantism in music, more than any other dilettantism, makes its possessor less sympathizing and less capable of receiving enjoyment from the works of others, and also narrows down the subject, which it seizes in its one-sided and characteristic form.

IN THE DANCE.

Want of unity in the limbs, and affectation.

Stiffness and pedantry.

Caricature.

Vanity.

False training of the body.

Want of character, and emptiness.

Loose and negligent style.

Mannered style, through the exaggeration of beautiful movements.

Either stiff and painful, or rude and disproportioned.

(Both extremes prevented by the pleasing and significant.)

Inclines society to a sensual vagueness.

Unmeaning and one-sided direction given to bodily appearance.

Dancing should therefore have its Masters of the Art, because Dilettantism either leads to uncertainty and timidity, hindering freedom and limiting the powers, or else runs into vanity and thence to emptiness.

IN THE DRAMA.

Caricature of one's own faulty individuality.

Incapacitates the mind for all occupation, through the illusion of a fantastic mode of viewing objects.

Expense of interest and passion, without fruit.

Eternal circle of monotonous, ever repeated, ineffectual activity.

(There is nothing so attractive to Dilettants as comedy-rehearsals. Professed actors hate them.)

Partial forbearance towards theatrical Dilettants; feeding them with applause.

Eternal inclination towards a passionate condition and behavior, without balance.

Feeding all hateful passions with the worst results for civil and household existence.

Blunting the feeling for poetry.

Use of exalted language for commonplace sentiments.

A rag-fair of thoughts, commonplaces, and descriptions in the memory.

Pervading affectation and manner, reaching also into life.

Most injurious indulgence towards the indifferent and faulty, in a public and quite personal case.

The general tolerance for the home-made, becomes in this case more eminent.

Most pernicious use of amateur comedies for the education of children, where it all turns to nonsense. In the same manner, the most dangerous of all amusements for universities, &c.

Destruction of the ideality of art, because the Dilettant, not being able to raise himself through the appropriation of artistic ideas and traditions, must do all through a pathological reality.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE SOURCE OF SONG.

[From the German of AUGUST SPANG.]

How came it, while the arrow, stinging,
Burned in my heart, love's bliss I sang?
How was it, only joy came springing
Where sorrow nursed a deadly pang?

Lo! on the silver waters riding,
The proud swan sails in snowy white;
Long has he now been, tuneless, gliding
On his calm way, in mute delight.

By moonlight pale, in morning's flushing,
He glided downward—and was dumb;
With many a rose the banks were blushing,
He still sailed onward—and was dumb.

Now, when, in death, his heart-strings quiver,
Pierced by the shaft—what he so long,
In all his bliss, had uttered never,
In woe he sings: his earliest song!

C. T. B.

Death of Adolph Adam.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in his letter of May 8, describes the funeral honors paid to one of the most popular composers of the present French operatic school.

I presently reached the Rue Lafitte. When I reached the upper end of the street, I found it and all the space in front of the church Notre Dame de Lorette occupied by a crowd more compact than the one I had just left on the sidewalk of the Boulevards. There might have been a thousand or fifteen hundred persons standing there, very quiet and serious. The office of preserving order was a sinecure for the policemen present, for there were *sergens de ville* here also. The church, as I learned, was already filled to its utmost capacity—with mourners, as I saw by the funeral hangings that shrouded its elegant portico. An honest blouse, who came up at the same time as myself, respectfully asked who was the deceased to whom such honors were shown. An impeding old woman, who stood in front of us on the curbstone, and had heard the question and my reply of ignorance, courteously turned to tell us that it was "the great composer, Adolph Adam" the author of the *Postilion of Lonjumeau*, of *Si j'étais Roi*, and numberless other pieces, operas and ballets.

On Friday evening last he was in apparently perfect health, and in his usual cheerful spirits. He was at the grand opera with his friends that night, and afterward accompanied some of them to the Theatre Lyrique, where one of his operas, *Si j'étais Roi*, a favorite with the public, was in rehearsal, for a new series of representations. On reaching home he wrote a letter and some notes of music, which he left on his piano. Not having appeared at his usual hour next morning, his wife went to his room at 8 o'clock to call him. She received no answer, approached his bed, and

found a cold corpse. He died of a disease of the heart. As physicians say, the extinction of vitality must have been instantaneous—without warning, without pain—such a death as the illustrious composer had desired—without precedent decay, in the midst of his strength and honors. He had expressed a dread of outliving the productive power of his faculties, and the attendant public applause.

When the solemn services of the church were ended, a procession, composed of artists in all kinds, amateurs, men of letters, and a very numerous body of friends—numbering in all, as it is loosely rated, some three thousand persons—followed his remains to their resting-place.

Three thousand men of all professions, leaving their business on a Monday, spending three or four hours in the heat of the day to do honor to an artist! It was a fine effect to the money-making throng on the *Boulevard des Italiens*—and, I ventured to observe to myself, a more characteristically national demonstration. One man—a large manufacturer of pianos, a friend of Adam, gave a holiday to all the workmen of his establishment, paying them their wages, with the request that they would attend his funeral. The *Théâtre Lyrique*, where one of his operas, as I said above, was to be performed, was closed that night. The *Bouffes Parisiens*, another operatic theatre where some of his compositions had been performed, was also closed. At the Grand Opera, the performances for the night had been commanded some days in advance by the Emperor, as a treat for his guest, the King of Würtemberg, and went on as usual, but the proceeds, also by the Emperor's command, have been handed over to the widow of the deceased. So well does Louis Napoleon understand his French. That the *Opera Comique* was not closed on the same occasion, has been the theme of much indignant comment here.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

HAPPY LOVE.

[From the German of WOLFGANG MÜLLER.]

O musical Spring-time, thou age of delight!
And though thou art over, our joy takes not flight:
The love we felt yesterday, warms us to-day,
And will warm us to-morrow, and bless us for aye!

We youngsters once gathered the birches so gay,
And marched to the village, our hats full of May;
The maidens came out from each cottage to see,
And, Heart's-love! you stole such sweet glances at me!

The festival over, you gave me, O bliss!
Your hand for a pressure, your lips for a kiss!
Mine wast thou, O jewel! eternally mine!
And I was, O jewel! eternally thine.

Not in vain stood the rose, now, in blushes arrayed;
I brought thee the nosegay, enrapturing maid;
We shared, at the harvest, in dance and in song,
We shared in the vintage, when that came along.

But now the cold winter all nature has sealed,
No longer we revel o'er mountain and field;
We sit by the fireside, one heart's bliss we share,
In the heart it is summer, when true love blooms there!

O musical Spring-time, thou age of delight!
And when thou returnest, our hands we unite:
The love we felt yesterday, warms us to-day,
And will warm us to-morrow, and bless us for aye!

C. T. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The New Piano-Forte.

NEW YORK, May 17, 1856.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of May 10th you copy an article from the New York *Evening Mirror*, upon my new piano. In the course of your remarks upon the article, I find the following passage: "The principle involved is certainly a good one. Whether the practical difficulties of reconciling so much lightness and vibratory freedom with the strength required by the enormous strain of all the wires of a piano have been really and fairly overcome, is what time alone can show."

I shall feel greatly obliged if you will permit me

to answer the doubt expressed in the paragraph quoted. Any departure from old established principles is naturally received with cautious wariness. This caution is the true conservatism, and should always be exercised in matters where principles are involved until the proposed innovations are clearly demonstrated to be improvements. I claim to have reconciled the difficulties of combining the utmost lightness of *case* and *bottom* with a strength sufficient to sustain double the strain ordinarily found in a large scale piano, and to have dispensed with all the heavy blocking, which is at once the strength and the useless incumbrance of the ordinary pianos, giving in place of this an immense addition of vibratory surface and inner scope for sound, and an iron frame composed of upper and lower oblong squares, with strengthening transverse bars and ascending arms, which are firmly bolted to the upper frame, after passing through the wrest plank or pin block, (the only block of wood inside the thin case,) which they sustain secure and immovable. This perfect iron frame, with its wrest plank within itself, bears all the strain and tension of the strings, asks no assistance from the wood-work frame, and is, in short, competent and self-sustaining. If the principle is recognized as correct, my aim is attained, for in the piano-forte now on exhibition at my room, the principle is fully carried out; the increase in the purity and the power of tone is fully realized, and it has remained up to its original pitch (high Philharmonic pitch) during three months of the most severe and constant tests, being played upon every day from morning until night.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
S. B. DRIGGS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 31, 1856.

Robert Franz.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, BY LISZT.

A few months since (see Vol. viii. p. 185) we translated for our readers a portion (all that we had at that time received) of Liszt's very interesting and appreciative article upon the genius and productions of the most remarkable song composer, at the same time that he is one of the truest musicians, who now live in Germany. We are now in possession of the second and concluding part. It is chiefly biographical, and being about a man of whom so little has been known here personally—nothing in fact except those exquisite vibrations of his soul in song—it will doubtless interest our readers even more than the subtle metaphysical analysis of those vibrations, which we have before presented. In the absence therefore of other practicable or pressing editorial topics this week, we feel that we cannot do better than to continue the translation as far as our space permits.

"FRANZ was born on the 28th of June, 1815, at Halle, on the Saal. The state of things in the paternal house afforded him but little poetic stimulus; on the contrary, all that did not belong to the practical utilities of life in the sense of the last century, was regarded as unprofitable and injurious. His youth passed uneventfully, and he was indebted only to mere chance opportunities for the awakening of his musical capacities. Being already fourteen years of age, he was obliged, and that without any support upon the part of his relations, to acquire the elements of

music, as well as he could, in his own way, and upon his own responsibility. Later, when his inclination to music became more and more decided, it was no longer possible indeed to withhold from him a teacher; but naturally, as a consequence of the views then prevailing, the cheapest musical pedagogue was engaged for the first beginning, and, as might have been foreseen, the gifted pupil soon outstripped the teacher.

"A change had soon to be made in instruction and in method. And this necessity repeated itself so often, that in the space of four years the young Franz had studied with all the music teachers in Halle, and learned all he could from each of them, without being able to call his own any great capital of knowledge and ability. How indeed could he derive any solid profit, any lasting guidance, from this continued intercourse with various yet equivalent mediocrities? This his sound youthful insight saw so truly, that he considered himself, in spite of his numerous lessons, as left entirely to himself; in his first attempts he followed only the humor of his own suggestions, and so, out of the disadvantages of his position, he derived the incalculable advantage of accustoming himself to let the individual impulse alone decide in the choice of his matter and the form of his thought, instead of accommodating his mind, like so many talents, to mere imitation, and then resembling a manumitted slave, who needs years of apprenticeship to learn, not only how to enjoy, but how to actually possess and use the freedom that has been given him. How many all their lives remain such freedmen, and never attain to the natural noble movement of the freeborn and educated! His firm, clear understanding guarded Franz from arrogance and error, in this independence left him by the incapacity of his teachers. He indulged in neither complaint nor ridicule about so manifest a want of outward aid. Indeed, he found himself in this freedom, as in his natural element, and used it discreetly to give self-possession to his powers, accustoming himself to fix his eyes upon a goal, and slowly, steadily, consistently to seize the means for reaching it.

"Such a state of things in the earliest years of his artistic strivings, more than all later influences perhaps, determined the autodidactic character of his talent. The chosen ones of the Muse, the predestined artists know, like the bees, how to suck sweet aromatic nourishment out of the flower cups which contain deadly poison for others. But dry study did not satisfy him; the rigid thought answered but imperfectly to his yearning, as a dumb beauty would have left his heart unfilled. Written music was to him but a body without soul; he need hearing, that he might see his ideal realized. However much the so-called *earnest* musicians may affect to despise *virtuosity*, yet it is none the less true that every really called musician cherishes the want of this same virtuosity; feels the impulse in himself to hear, to bathe, as it were, in waves of tones, to cradle himself upon their illimitable element, to sail through their pure ether, to let their fragrant breath smooth his unfolded wings, to envelop himself in the cloud shapes of their fairy land, to listen to their tragical or touching dialogues, to transport himself into their world of expressive atoms, glowing and sparkling like the magic formulas of a celestial speech. Franz wanted to hear music made, and to make music

himself; he gave himself passionately up to organ playing, and on Sundays ran from one church to another, to relieve the respective organists on single choral verses.

"In those days he was attending the Halle Orphan House Gymnasium, and his studies there formed his principal occupation, the so-called *serious* side of his life, upon which his parents laid the greatest stress, while they always considered his attachment to music as only a harmless monomania, from which they would gladly have seen him delivered, since such idiosyncracies always hinder a young man from the attainment of that well-varnished, well-mannered, comfortable *Philisterei*, that coveted goal of all good fathers of a family, in whose train they can with tolerable certainty anticipate a fixed position, a respectable marriage, a decent exterior, a decent living, and finally a decent burial for their son and heir. The professors of the gymnasium treated the Art-dallings of their pupil with still greater severity than he had experienced under the paternal roof; his secret musical amateurship became the butt of many witticisms and there were plenty who would call him "Fool." The Cantor of the institution had appointed an hour for music lessons for the more gifted pupils; Franz felt himself drawn toward him; he was so cramped and narrowed by the boggy water of mental inactivity, that whoever let him pass without *snubbing* his artistic passion became welcome to him; in a short time his musical protector invited him to be his accompanist. The compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart kindled a new flame in him, and cast the first gleams into the dim confusion of his ideas, which no one helped him to clear up, and in which he had in vain sought light himself. This is one of those favors which fate vouchsafes to those under its protection, renewing for them in the most urgent moment, through men or events, the drying marrow of their faculties.

"Trembling with enthusiasm, possessed by the sounds which had entranced him, Franz now ventured, without having mastered even the rudiments of harmony, counterpoint, or any sort of thorough theoretic knowledge, nay, without even a clear recognition of their necessity, upon his first attempts at composition. Now, as before, he remained left to himself, and, without explanation or advice from others, worked along at random. The impulse to produce so far predominated in him that at this time the order of importance in his different labors was reversed. Until now, in spite of his more and more overweening bias toward music, in spite of the tendency of his mind to bury itself in musical problems, and devote to them in truant secrecy his leisure hours, and even a portion of the time allotted to more *serious* studies, still these latter had appeared to him the central purpose of his being; he loved his parents too well to allow an opinion directly opposed to their own to take root in him, and not to accept patiently the conviction which had been instilled into him from childhood, that it was his duty to acquit himself obediently of his Gymnasium studies. But now the spirit of resistance began to get possession of him; he felt, with all his tractableness, that these studies could not be useful to his genuine development, and he lost more and more the power of giving himself up to them with interest and success. Soon there ensued hard conflicts in his soul between

his natural modesty and yieldingness, between his habitual obedience to his parents and the thought that he was squandering his time, was losing his best years at the Gymnasium. For this evil he knew no better remedy than to abandon the course thus far pursued, and under the eyes of a master of music, begin a new period of study, in which his choice naturally fell upon a composer, who at that time enjoyed a great celebrity, and who lived not far from Halle: FREDERIC SCHNEIDER. What artist, who has become so in spite of the narrow views of a tender and prejudiced family, cannot at a glance behold all the phases of the conflict which Franz had to fight through, before his wish was gratified without an open rupture with his friends? He finally left the Gymnasium, in which he had already worked his way forward into the higher classes, and betook himself to Dessau, with the purpose here by persevering study to regulate, clear up and bring into order his indefinite and fragmentary musical ideas; although even now neither he nor especially his family dreamed of the possibility that he could choose music for his calling, for the great end of his life. In such an idea they thought there was nothing to be feared, for they did not once suppose it practicable. He was not very clear in his own mind as to how far his resolution would carry him. His first thought was, to quit the hated school, to give himself up to music undisturbed; in this perhaps a tendency to opposition, which had germinated in him, was not without effect.

"In Dessau we find repeated, although with a change of form, nearly the same phenomena which characterized his earlier relations to Art. The rules and theories, which were taught him and unfolded to him, still repelled him; he did not thrive with them, and he began, after the regular lessons, other labors, which, like his first artistic efforts, had a resemblance to the spider in the weaving of its web, in that he drew the material out of himself. It were superfluous to say that Schneider found but little pleasure in this singular method, and found fault with the dangerous example of such independent strivings. It was not long ere Franz came into the position of a *persona ingrata*. For compensation he won other sympathies.

"If there are masters, whom unfettered, youthful partisans rejoice to follow with almost blind devotion, and, inflamed with a noble courage, seal their doctrines with their own names, with their heart's blood, marching with reckless enthusiasm beneath their banner, such masters stand upon the most dangerous outposts of Art, and fight with a courage which is called desperation by their adversaries, but which in successful cases justifies the saying of Virgil: *Audentes fortuna juvat*. About such masters, who rather found schools than keep up schools, there is always an overflow of the fresh pulses of young life; the surrounding air, laden with electricity, favors the outblossoming of all faculties and starts blossoms of spiritual delight, which awaken and strengthen a consciousness of his own worth in every participant, and therefore remains so dear and not to be forgotten. For Schneider such a feeling would have been rather strange and distant. He did not feel the need of living in an atmosphere in which the mind follows independently its own direction, and thus his school lacked one of the most indispensable requisites of Art. In a heavy,

stagnant, close mental atmosphere, *free* development is impossible to the pupil. Then there form themselves, under the very eye of the master, but without his knowledge, groups of dissenters, who bind themselves together without any clear idea of the revolutionary character of their strivings, without more than a mere suspicion that out of their union will arise convictions and tendencies, essentially diverging from those of the master. So it was with the pupils under Schneider. It could not fail to happen that Franz finally attached himself to such a group, and he himself confesses, that the atmosphere he breathed among those young people (making a great deal of music behind the back of their teacher, who would have been more annoyed by the kind of their music, than by the secrecy of its production) was the only favoring element to his true progress. His studies in harmony and counterpoint were for him only a heaping together of materials, which he was one day to use in the production of quite different pictures than those set him for a pattern. During his two years' residence in Dessau, (1835-7,) he composed really a great deal, and in his attempts of that period it is interesting to trace the painful squirming of a young imagination under the school fetters and the necessity to shake them off."

The remainder next week.

Adolph Charles Adam.

In the news by the last steamer, we read the sudden death of this distinguished French composer. A very *light* composer, to be sure, if we compare him with the great names;—a writer of French operas of a sparkling, pretty, popular kind, who stood next in rank, perhaps, among the French composers of the day, to AUBER, although far below him in inventive fancy. An extract from the correspondence of the *Tribune*, which we copy in another column, shows the esteem in which the Parisians held him. We glean from Fétis a few items of his life and works.

He was born at Paris in 1803, and entered the Conservatoire in 1817. After studying harmony and counterpoint with Reicha, he profited by the advice and the example of Boieldieu, the author of *La Dame Blanche*, who doubtless had much influence on the formation of his style. His first attempts at composition were fantasias and variations for the piano, of which he wrote a great abundance, as well as airs and concerted pieces for vaudevilles and operettes in the smaller theatres. His first opera, *Pierre et Catharine*, (what recent opera writer has not taken Peter the Great for a subject?) was produced at the Opera Comique in 1829, and well received. *Daniowka*, produced at the same theatre in 1830, showed still more power; and from this time his operas succeeded each other with great rapidity. Most of them were ephemeral, for he wrote with altogether too much facility to create what should last. But in 1833 appeared his *Proscrit*, a work, says Fétis, of more force, dramatic feeling, and novelty of ideas than any of his earlier efforts. In 1832 he was in London, where he wrote the music for a grand ballet at the Covent Garden Theatre. Of his more recent productions for the Opera Comique, we may mention among the most popular, "Richard Cœur de Lion," "The Postillion of Lonjumeau," and "The Brewer of Preston," the two last of which have frequently been sung in English in this country. He has also composed sacred music, a "Mass of St. Cecilia," &c. He composed the Cantata for the Opera Comique in honor of the inauguration of Louis Napoleon. His character seems well described in the following paragraphs from the *London Musical World*:

M. Adolphe Adam was above all, and before all, a Frenchman; or rather he belonged to that small minority of Frenchmen which wiles away existence agreeably at Paris. He was educated and brought

up as a Frenchman; he thought as a Frenchman. He labored for fame and money (or rather for money and fame) as a Frenchman; he worked assiduously, and obtained both. Moreover, inasmuch as the laborer is worthy of his hire, M. Adam merited both. His peculiar talent was essentially marketable; and his extreme facility and readiness for any kind of task enabled him continually to frequent the market with his wares. M. Adam was especially serviceable to theatres. If an opera, or a ballet, was required within a given period, however short, M. Adam could always be depended on. A thorough man of business, he was never once known to be behind hand. Had he been a trifle more conscientious as an artist, he would have been less highly as a manufacturer. What the alternative might have been it is easy to guess—less money, perhaps, and more reputation; less travel, and better health; a slower rise, and possibly a longer life.

M. Adam literally hacked himself to death—not through the imperious mandate of genius, which forbids its possessor an instant's repose, while it consumes him in its fire—but from a very opposite motive, upon which it would be indecorous to dwell just now. Mozart, and Raffaele, and Mendelssohn were killed by too much labor. So was the author of *Le Châlet*.

The avocations of M. Adam were many and painful. He could not accomplish all he had to do, and accomplish it well. He composed operas and ballets, without number; he wrote *feuilletons* in the papers; he provided even the Church with music, such as it was; he was a professor in the Conservatoire, a member of the Institute, and at one time manager of a theatre. At the period when he directed the Théâtre Lyrique, where he sacrificed a large portion of his hard-earned savings, M. Adam's existence must have been one incessant turmoil. He had to conduct a theatre, and (still more difficult) to manage singers; he had to compose operas himself and to pass judgment (as an *impresario*) on the operas of others, which for a musician by profession was an invidious task; he had to calculate accounts, to balance profit with loss—and, in the midst of all, to give lessons in the Conservatoire, and to write criticisms upon the musical performances in Paris, including those at his own theatre. How he could find time for so many things is a puzzle. He did find it, nevertheless; and, what is more, time to enjoy the society of his friends and acquaintances, of which commodities few could boast a larger and more varied assortment.

We believe ourselves not far wide of the mark in stating that M. Adam was as amiable as he was clever; and that no one who knew him well could fail to entertain a strong regard for him. In spite of the petty jealousies and miserable intrigues that disgrace artistic (and especially musical) life in Paris, an ill word for Adolphe Adam was seldom if ever uttered. He was liked by acquaintances, and loved by friends. It is not a little to say in his favor that no man who has survived him will more deeply feel his loss than Rossini. To the affection (it was nothing less) which Rossini entertained for Adam we can testify. We have seen proofs of it. What that consummate master and admirable genius never, on any occasion, condescended to do for himself, he absolutely volunteered on behalf of his friend, now departed. Not long ago we heard Rossini address these words, at parting, to the musical critic of a German newspaper:—"Adieu, mon cher ami—merci pour votre opinion de moi—mais, je vous en prie, soyez bon pour Adam; il le mérite; il a vraiment du talent." This, from Rossini, was worth a dozen *feuilletons*.

Poor Adam, towards whom we have to accuse ourselves of more than one unkindness (he was too kind to every one), is now gone to his last home! Let us endeavor only to remember those qualities which made him so generally beloved. They were, indeed, many and excellent. Few visitors to Paris, who move habitually in musical circles, will fail to miss him from the various places of public entertainment, on their next resort to the capital of all the pleasures. No face was more familiar than Adam's, and few were more genial and pleasant. He was for ever eager and "affaire" up to the eyes in business, but with a smile of good humor and words of welcome, in the midst of his multitudinous occupations, for all who approached him—words that would issue from a mouth of which the most uncompromising exuberance of beard failed to conceal the benevolent expression.

Let us hope, with regard to Adolphe Adam's music, that some, at least, of his numberless contributions to the theatre may outlive him. We are mistaken if more than one gentle spirit will not plead for *Giselle*, more than one merry soul for the *Postillon*, and more than one lover of simple and unaffected melody for the *Châlet*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 28th. In music there has not been much of interest here during the last week. At the Academy, under the direction of MARETZKE, Mme. DE LAGRANGE has been drawing good houses, but the only time I have heard her was on Saturday in Flotow's *Martha*. This had, to me at least, the charm of novelty, it being the first time that I had heard a German opera in German, and I was not a little surprised to find how smoothly and melodiously it sounded. Whether the singers sang a dialect less sibilant and guttural than that which we hear in conversation, or not, I cannot say, but it seemed to flow almost as soft from the lips of Mad. LAGRANGE and Mme. D'ORMY as the choicest Italian, and I could not tell for some time what tongue it was. As to the prima donna, of course there is nothing new to be said. She never disappoints or falls short of her mark in any respect. Has an apology ever been made for her in this country? I think not. The music of the opera is exceedingly pretty; much of it very light and bordering sometimes on *dance* music, smacking often even of a polka. In the heat of yesterday, however, it harmonized well with the cool elegance of the Academy of Music, and seemed exactly fitted for relaxation after the consuming heat of the day.

Of the house, which I saw for the first time, I must say, that for *sound*, it is incomparably better than our Boston Theatre, as well as in its general effect on the eye, save that the stage is perhaps too far removed from the auditorium instead of being carried forward into it, as in our theatre; and much as I like the comfortable *red* of our Boston walls, the brilliant gayety of the Academy is very effective and pleasing. The lobbies, staircases, seats, and all the details of our theatre, are much superior in comfort and in elegance. Madame de Lagrange was but indifferently supported and the audience was exceedingly small.

I am glad to hear that BERGMANN intends to organize a German troupe for the next season, that shall be thoroughly competent to producing the higher class of German operas (such as the *Zauberflöte*) in the same manner that we have heard the great Italian operas. With a conductor like Bergmann, there can be no doubt as to the success of such an undertaking. In Boston it would certainly succeed.

One or two concerts have been given here, in which the principal singers of the opera troupe have taken part, but none of any especial interest. The FINE Opera Troupe are also concertizing here, with what success I do not know. At St. Stephen's Church I heard on Sunday a sacred concert of Italian Church Music, (embracing selections from *I Lombardi*), in which BRIGNOLI and AMODIO took part, and never have I heard their voices to greater advantage. They volunteered their services for this occasion, the object of which was to raise money for a fine organ. The Rev. Dr. CUMMINGS, the pastor of the church, and his sister, a fine soprano, also, in the absence of performers who were expected, took parts in the programme with great success.

PAUL DE LA ROCHE's picture of Maria Antoinette, exhibited at Goupil's, attracts much attention here, and is in many respects a remarkable picture. She is represented as in the act of leaving the hall of the National Assembly, stepping out from the darkness into the full light of day, which is all concentrated upon her face, and makes it almost the only figure of the picture. A sadder, more beautiful, and more noble, queenly face can hardly be imagined; and the figure, without an ornament, in the plainest black dress, is every inch a queen. She could not have been more majestic in all the splendor of Versailles. The subordinate figures are interesting and

expressive, but after all, the face of the queen leaves the image that is stamped upon your memory. It is about to be engraved, and I hope we shall see it in Boston. w.

Music Abroad.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—(From *The Times*, May 14.)—The third concert, on Monday night, began with one of Haydn's finest symphonies,—No. 10 of the set of twelve composed for Salomon. It was admirably executed, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, and listened to with evident interest. Just now, when theory after theory, one more fantastic than another, simply helps to establish two facts,—viz., that it is easier to systematize than to compose, and that the present is rather an age of speculation and criticism than of production, no more wholesome lesson can be derived than is suggested by such unaffectedly good music as Haydn wrote, when striving to realize his own standard of excellence. We are by no means anxious for the preservation of all the countless works of this old master; but nothing that Haydn gave to the world *con amore* deserves to be forgotten. This symphony in E flat is curious to contemplate for more reasons than one. In the first place, it shows the influence exercised upon Haydn by one who was born after him and died before him. In the next, it proves that in this particular instance Beethoven owed as much to Haydn as Haydn to Mozart. No one can hear the minuet in Haydn's symphony without thinking of Beethoven's No. 4; no one can hear the *finale* without thinking of Beethoven's No. 1. While Haydn's obligations to the later works of Mozart, however, are universally acknowledged, the obligations of other composers to Haydn are too often overlooked.

The other symphony—the C minor of Beethoven—was played with remarkable spirit; but there was scarcely a *piano* from beginning to end.

In the C minor symphony and in the overture to *Der Freischütz* (which terminated the concert) many improvements were observed, for which Professor Bennett is to be thanked. A number of forced and exaggerated "points" were corrected, and the expression intended by the composers adhered to with a punctilio that merited and obtained the acknowledgment of connoisseurs.

The other overture was one by Mr. Cipriani Potter, entitled *Antony and Cleopatra* (written nearly 20 years since)—a work of extreme cleverness, although perhaps not exactly conceived in the spirit of Shakespeare's play. This was well played and much applauded. The "Dramatic Concerto" of Spohr—one of that master's most splendid compositions for the violin with orchestral accompaniments—was performed with wonderful mechanical dexterity by Mr. H. C. Cooper, who, as one of our ablest native professors, was received with enthusiasm and warmly encouraged throughout his performance. The vocal music was excellent. Madame Jenny Ney sang Beethoven's splendid *scena*, "Ah, perfido," with great dramatic feeling; and Herr Reichardt highly distinguished himself in the second air of Danilowitz, which Meyerbeer added to the *Etoile du Nord* when it was first produced at Dresden. An instrumental novelty of merit and originality was introduced—in the form of a *concertante* on Hungarian airs for two flutes and violin (accompanied by the orchestra)—with which the audience were much pleased. The composition (by Herr Doppler) is characteristic and piquant. The execution—by the brothers Doppler (flutes) and Herr Huber (violin)—was perfect. The combination of instruments is sufficiently strange; but such faultless playing left nothing to desire, and the audience were charmed alike with the music and the performance.

BENNETT'S SOIRÉES.—The second of these delightful entertainments came off on Tuesday evening before a very brilliant audience in the Hanover-square Rooms. The following was the programme:

PART I.
Chamber Trio, Op. 26, piano-forte, violin and violoncello W. S. Bennett.
Sonata, piano-forte, in C minor, Op. 35 Dussek.
Aria: "O salutaris hostia" Cherubini.
Andante e Variazioni, Op. 35, in B flat, two piano-fortes R. Schumann.

PART II.
Sonata in B flat, Op. 45, piano-forte and violoncello Mendelssohn.
Song: "Sing, maiden, sing," Op. 35, W. S. Bennett.
Selections from Piano-forte Pieces, à quatre mains, Op. 85 R. Schumann.

The chamber trio (why "chamber trio"? in A. of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, one of his most melodious and ingenious works, has been often described and often praised. The piano-forte part was of course admirably executed by the composer, who, on the present occasion, was ably assisted by Herren Leopold and Moritz Gans on the violin and violoncello. These gentlemen are from Berlin, and it was their first appearance in England.

Mr. Bennett was in fine play all the evening, and every connoisseur must thank him for introducing (for the first time at his concerts) that seldom-heard sonata of Dussek (one of the three dedicated to Clementi). Though not equal in merit to "Les Adieux à Clementi" (a sonata in E flat, op. 44—best known in this country—as "The Farewell"), the one in C minor is highly characteristic of its author; and even its *buffo* finale, in the major key—which, in less ingenious hands, might border on vulgarity (owing to its theme)—must always please when given in Mr. Bennett's vigorous and unaffected style. The B flat "sonata-duo" of Mendelssohn was another masterly performance on the part of Mr. Bennett, who worked manfully to keep his partner—M. Moritz Ganz, the violoncellist (a good, but not over-spirited player)—up to the mark.

The duets with Madame Clara Schumann were trebly interesting. It was interesting to hear two such pianists together as herself and Mr. Bennett; it was interesting to hear the rarely performed pianoforte music of Robert Schumann; and it was interesting to observe the exquisite solicitude with which the unfortunate composer's gifted and amiable wife dwelt upon every phrase of his melody, every modulation, every turn of harmony. No playing could be more *spirituel* and poetical. The variations (for two pianos) are very original; but still more were we pleased with the smaller pieces, of which there were four:—*Beim Kränzweiden*; *Kroatenmarsch*; *Trauer*, and *Springbrunnen*. Mr. Bennett entered sympathetically into the feeling of Madame Schumann (who was warmly received); and a great treat was the result.—*Musical World*.

MUSICAL UNION.—The return of Herr Ernst is always looked forward to with pleasure by connoisseurs of quartet-playing; and no wonder, since among the violinists of the present day he stands unrivalled as a master of expression. In Haydn and Mozart—in Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr—he is equally at home; and it is as great a treat to hear him play one of the early works of the first-named composers as any of the most imaginative and elaborate productions of the last. Nothing could be more exquisite than his reading yesterday of the slow movement in Mozart's first quartet—from the six dedicated to Haydn. It was throughout genial, unaffected, and faultless. No stronger contrast to such music could be found than in the variations and *scherzo* of Mendelssohn (Op. 81), from the posthumous works, where the unbridled fancy of the modern school is united to a contrapuntal ingenuity equal to Mozart's. Herr Ernst entered thoroughly into the spirit of Mendelssohn; and we have never heard these interesting fragments executed with greater spirit and *finesse*—with more playfulness and at the same time more fire.

Madame Clara Schumann was the pianist. Her grand *morceau* was the second trio of Mendelssohn (in C minor), which she played very finely, with Herr Ernst as violin and Signor Piatti as violoncello. We have seldom listened to a more satisfactory performance. This, however, from three such artists was not at all surprising. Madame Schumann selected, as her solo piece, the Thirty-two variations of Beethoven on a theme in C minor, to which Mendelssohn used to be so partial. Like Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann played them without book. It is hoped that when this lady next appears at the Musical Union she will be invited to perform in one of the chamber compositions of Robert Schumann (her husband). No one understands them so well, or executes them so entirely *con amore*.

The other performers in the *morceaux d'ensemble* were Messrs. Cooper (second violin) and Hill (viola). It was Signor Piatti's first appearance this season, as well as Herr Ernst's; and the director may be congratulated on the reacquisition of this greatest of violoncellists, after a long absence in the provinces with Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind. The rooms were crowded to suffocation.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SUPPER.

When this act was over we all returned to the hall, which was arranged as I said, for repose or study, as they chose; all pressed around Boccaferri, to hear his opinion and profit by his observations. I saw then how he brought out his pupils; for his conversation was a real lecture, and the only serious and deep one which I had ever heard upon the subject.

During the representation, he took great care not to interrupt the actors, nor even show his delight or disapproval, whatever they did; he was afraid of disturbing them and drawing them away from their aim. In the entr'acte he became the judge and called himself the *enlightened public*, and awarded his criticisms and his praises.

"All honor to Cecilia!" began he. "In this act she was above us all; she carried her sword and spoke love like a Romeo; she made me love that youth, whose rôle is so delicate. Did you notice one mark of genius, my children? Listen then. Celio! Adorno! Salvator! this is for the men; the little girls will not understand it. In the libretto, which you all know by heart, there is one word which I could never hear without laughing. It is when Doña Anna relates to her lover that she had barely escaped being a victim to the boldness of Don Juan, as this rascal had imitated the gait and manners of Ottavio on the night of the Commander's murder, that he might surprise her tenderness. She tells him that she

fled from his arms and succeeded in repelling him. Then Don Ottavio, who has piteously listened to this story, sings simply: *Respiro!* The word is very musically written for the dialogue, as Mozart knew how to write the simplest word; but the word is too commonplace. Rubini, like an intelligent maestro, sings it as it should be sung, without marked expression, and so saves it from ridicule; but almost all other Ottavios I have heard have never failed to *breathe* the word with expanded chest, raising their eyes to heaven, as if to say to the public: 'Faith, how well I got through it!'

"But Cecilia listened to Anna's recital with chaste sadness and calm indignation, which the most impudent pit could not have laughed at. I saw my young Ottavio grow pale, for the face of an actor, when really moved, does grow pale beneath the paint, without being obliged to turn round adroitly and pass a handkerchief over the cheeks—bad trick, the vulgar resource of vulgar art; and, then, when his fears were quieted, instead of saying: *I breathe!* he cried out from the bottom of his heart: 'Oh, whether lost or saved, thou wouldst have been mine forever!'

"Yes, yes!" cried Stella, who did not pretend to play the ignorant little girl, and strove above all to be an artist; "I was so touched by those words that I felt remorse at having been moved for one moment in the arms of that base man. I loved Ottavio, and you will see in the fourth act how much strength and pride those generous words gave back to me."

"Brava, bravissima!" said Boccaferri, "that is really understanding; an entr'acte should never be lost upon a true artist. While he rests his muscles and his voice, his intelligence ought still to labor, when he recalls his recent emotions and prepares himself for fresh struggles against the dangers and evils of his destiny. I shall never grow weary of telling you that the theatre should be a type of real life; even as in real life a man retires into solitude or unbosoms himself to a friend, that he may understand the events which gather around him, and be enabled through good resolutions or good counsel to see through circumstances and govern them, just so should the actor think upon the action of the drama and the character he represents. Every day and between each scene he should strive to find all the different developements of which his rôle admits. Here, as we are not confined to the text, the spirit of improvisation opens to us an infinite field of delicious creation. But even when in public we are slaves to the text, a gesture, a movement of your features alone, can serve to express your idea. It will be more difficult, my children, because it must be right at first, and a great

thought must be compressed in a slight effect; but this will be more delicate to seek, and consequently more glorious to find; this will be the last word of science, the precious stone *par excellence*, which we seek here in a mine abounding with varied materials, from which we draw with full hands, like happy and greedy children as we are, waiting until we are skilled and experienced enough to choose only the finest diamond of the rock.

"You, Celio," continued Boccaferri, to whom all listened as to an oracle, and whom even the proud Celio would not contradict, "you were too gay and not sufficiently hypocritical. You forget that the naïve and credulous Zerlina was woman enough to demand more flattery and resist so much boldness. You did not forget that Beatrice was your sister, and you treated her too much like a little child whom you were accustomed to caress without displeasing or troubling her. Be more faithless, more wicked, more hard-hearted, and do not forget that in the next act you are to play the Tartuffe. By the way, we wanted a father, and here is one; Monsieur Salentini has fallen from the skies, and he must improvise the scene with the father. It is from Moliere, and is fine indeed. Quick, my children! a Spanish grandee's costume for Monsieur Salentini. The coat Louis XIII., bordering a little upon Henri IV., old style; wide ruffles, violet breeches, a long doublet, and very few ribbons or none at all. Run, Stella, forget nothing; you know I never accept the young girl's excuse: 'But I did not think of it.' Do you both read over Moliere's scene to me," said he, addressing himself to Celio and me. "Monsieur Salentini, you only need seize the spirit and become imbued with it. Do not adhere to the words. On the contrary, forget them entirely; the least phrase learned by heart is fatal to improvisation. But good heavens! I forgot that you did not come here to learn comedy. So you will do it as a favor, and you will do it well, for you have talent in another phase of art, and the feeling of the true and beautiful serves to comprehend all the phases of art. For Art is one, is it not?"

"I will do my best not to disconcert the others," answered I, "and I assure you all this amuses, interests and impassions me immensely."

"Thanks, artist!" cried Boccaferri, giving me his hand. "Oh, to be an artist is all that is worth living for!"

"We must see to the decoration," said he to his daughter. "I only need you to help me arrange the interior of Don Juan's palace. See that the armor for the statue be ready for Monsieur Salentini to put on quickly during the scene with Monsieur Dimanche; and you, Masetto, go

and black yourself for that ancient character. Celio, if you are so unlucky as to talk in the side scenes during this act, I shall play as badly as in the last scene. You made me angry; I was weak and cowardly no longer; and if I play badly, so will you. It is a great mistake to believe that an actor is so much the more brilliant when his comrade is tame; the theory of individuality, which reigns more on the stage than anywhere else, and practices those ignoble professional jealousies to *souffler la claque* at a comrade, is more pernicious to talent upon the stage than in all the other varied scenes of life. The stage is the place, above all others, where all must harmonize. The cold actor chills his neighbor, and the contagion is communicated to the others with fatal promptness. On earth people strive to persuade themselves that evil only makes good shine brighter. It is a mistake; the good would become perfect, the beautiful would become sublime, emotion would become passion, if instead of being alone, the fine actor should be seconded and warmed by his surroundings. Upon this subject I have still another word to say, the last before beginning to work again! When we began we played too lengthily; now that we know the form and are not carried away by the plot, we fall into the opposite, we play too fast. This happens because every one, sure of his own part, cuts short his comrade's words to speak his own. Keep yourselves free from a jealous personality, eager to exhibit itself; keep from it as from a pestilence! You will gain knowledge in listening to others. Let him ramble a little in his answers if he pleases; you will have good reason to be impatient when he impedes the action which impasses you. In real life, a friend bores us by his distractions, a valet vexes us with his chatter, a woman drives us to desperation by her obstinacy and her evasions. Well, all this aids instead of injures the scene we have improvised. It is reality, and art has only to give the finishing touch. Besides which, you interrupt each other, you run the risk of losing a good idea, which might have helped you to a better; you drive away a thought which might have inspired you with a thousand. So you harm yourself. Remember this principle: That each one may be good and true, all should be so, and the success which one takes away from another's rôle injures his own. Beyond these walls this would seem a frightful paradox; but you will perceive the justice of it, because you are endeavoring to form a true school. Besides, if only from kindness and mutual affection, you must be *brothers* in Art, as you are in blood. Inspiration can only be the result of moral health; it only dwells in generous hearts, and a bad companion is a bad actor, whatever they may say."

The play went on finely until the last scene, in which I again appeared as the statue, to vanish through a trap door with Don Juan. But when we were under the stage, Celio, whose hand I still held in my marble one, said to me, disengaging it, and passing suddenly from the fantastic to the real:

"Pardieu! may the devil take you! You made me fail in the grand climax of the drama; I was colder than the statue, and I should have been terrified and terrifying. Boccaferri will never understand why I played as badly to-night as at the Imperial Theatre of Vienna. But I will tell you. You look at Cecilia too much, and

it pains me. A jealous Don Juan would be an impossibility, because that would argue love, and that does not agree with the rôle I play to-night and have played in real life until to-night."

"What are you coming to, Celio?" answered I. "Is this a quarrel, a challenge, a declaration of war? Speak! I appeal to that virtue which made me your friend, almost without knowing you; I appeal to your frankness."

"No," said he, "nothing of that. If I listened to my impulses, I should wring your neck in this cellar. But I feel that it would be ridiculous and odious in me to hate you, and I sincerely and loyally wish to receive you as a rival and friend at the same time. I brought you here of my own accord and without consulting any one. I confess that I thought you on the best terms with the Duchess de N——, for I was at Turin three days since with Cecilia. No one in this village nor in Turin knew of our journey. But in the twenty-four hours that we were near you, without being able to shake your hand, we learned a great deal. I thought you had fallen once more into the nets of Circe; I pitied you sincerely, and as we passed your lodging, to leave the city at five o'clock in the morning, Cecilia sang to you a few lines of Mozart as an eternal farewell. Unfortunately she chose an air and words which rather resembled an appeal than a renunciation, and that made me angry. Then I reassured myself in seeing her as calm as if your faithlessness was one of the most indifferent things to her; and as I love you from the bottom of my soul, I was sad when I thought of the woman who had taken Cecilia's place in your fickle heart. Now say, whom do you love and whither are you going? Are you running after the duchess, in passing through the village of the Wilderness? Is she hidden in some neighboring castle? How could chance have led you to this valley, which is on no road? If you are not hastening to a rendezvous with this woman, it is very plain to me that you are here for *the other*, and have succeeded in discovering her retreat and her new position, well concealed as they were. Now it is your turn to be sincere, Monsieur Salentini. Whom do you love, and whom do you not? and towards whom do you pretend to play the part of Ottavio or Don Giovanni?"

I answered by briefly telling the whole truth; I did not conceal that the *Vedrai carino*, sung by Cecilia under my window, had saved me from the duchess' power, and added in conclusion:

"I confess that I was near forgetting Cecilia, and had suffered so much in the struggle, that I believed that I thought of her no more. I so little expected to see you to-day, and the fantastic existence into which I am so suddenly thrown is so new to me, that I can say nothing to you except that to see you grown naïve and loving, *her* expansive and brilliant, her father sober and clear in his intelligence, your mysterious chateau, your charming sisters, those unknown figures which seem like some sweet dream to me, this life of a gentleman artist which you have created in a nest of vultures and ghosts, while the wind whistles and the snow falls out doors, all this bewilders me. Just now I was rapt and happy; it did not seem like earth; now you bring me back to reality, and you wish me to recollect myself, and I cannot. Give me until to-morrow morning to answer you. Since we do not wish to deceive

each other, I do not know why we should not be friends until to-morrow morning."

"You are right," answered Celio; "and if we are not friends for life, I should regret it bitterly. We will talk to-morrow at daylight. Night here is made for excitement. But listen to a last word of real life which I must not postpone. Do you say that my charming sisters seem like a dream to you? Beware that dream! There is one of my sisters whom you must never love."

"Is she married?"

"No; something more serious than that. Answer me one question, which will admit of no evasions. Do you know the name of your father? I can well ask you that, I who only knew the name of mine so lately."

"Yes, I know it," answered I.

"And you are free to say it?"

"Yes; it is only my mother's name which I am obliged to conceal."

"It is the contrary with me; and your father's name was——"

"Tealdo Soavi. He was a singer at the theatre in Naples, and died young."

"So I had been told. I wished to be sure of it. My friend, look upon little Beatrice with a brother's eyes, for she is your sister. Ask me no questions about it. She is the only one in the family that has this mysterious connexion with you, and she must not know it. Our mother is sacred to us, and all her actions holy. We are her children, we bear her glorious name; that satisfies our pride; but much as it pains me, it was my duty to tell you this, that there may be no misunderstanding here. Sometimes the purest feeling might be unchaste, and should not be nourished in ignorance. This pure child is inclined to coquetry; perhaps she may some day grow passionate from reaction. Be severe, be disobliging with her if need be, so that you will not be obliged to reveal what you are to her. You see, Adorno, I had a right to be interested in you, and to watch over you a little at the same time; for this direct connexion between my sister and you establishes an indirect one between us. I should be miserable in hating you."

"Well, well!" cried Beatrice, opening the trap-door, "are you really dead down there? Why don't you come up? They are waiting supper for you."

The beautiful head of the child thrilled my heart with deep emotions. I understood why I loved her at first sight; and when I asked myself whom she resembled, I thought it must be myself; she too remarked it very innocently one day.

So I was one of the family too, and that put me at my ease. Whatever they may say, there is nothing so poetic and touching as these discoveries of mysterious parentage; they have almost the charm of love.

We passed into the dining room as the castle clock struck twelve. It was the rule to sup in costume. It was warm enough in the rooms not to endanger my health by wearing my paste-board armor, and it made great fun to see *l'uom di sasso* sitting down to eat *cibo mortale* between Don Juan and Leporello; still it had a certain shade of the fantastic, even when I made of my mask a covering to a pheasant pie.

They ate quickly and joyfully; then, when Boccaferri began to talk, Cecilia and Celio wanted the children to be sent bed, but Beatrice and Benjamin strenuously resisted this move-

ment. They opened their eyes widely, to prove that they were not sleepy, and pretended to be as able to sit up as the *grown up people*.

"Don't contradict them," said Cecilia to Celio. "In a quarter of an hour they will sue for mercy."

And indeed, when Boccaferri, whom I was delighted to see pouring water into his wine, began to discuss the piece we had played, Beatrice's beautiful blonde head leaned upon Stella's shoulder, while at the other end of the table Benjamin began to look at his plate with unmistakable steadfastness. Celio, who was strong as an athlete, took his sister in his arms and carried her off like a little child; Stella shook her young brother, that she might lead him away. I took a light to direct their steps in the long galleries of the castle, and when Stella took my candle to go and light Salvator's, Celio whispered to me, showing Beatrice, whom he had placed upon her bed:

"She sleeps like a dormouse. Kiss your little sister in the dark, for perhaps you may never kiss her again."

I pressed an almost paternal kiss upon Beatrice's pure brow, and she answered, without recognizing me:

"Good night, Celio!" Then added she, with her eyes shut and with a roguish smile: "You must tell Monsieur Salentini not to make any noise at supper for fear of waking the Marquis de Balma!"

Stella returned with the light; we gave her sister up to her to be undressed, and we went back to supper. Stella soon came back, bringing with her Zerlina's delicious Andalusian costume, to be hidden and locked in the costume room.

"The mystery we have succeeded in drawing around us," said Cecilia to me, "gives a new attraction to our studies and nightly feasts. I hope that you will not betray us, and that you will let the villagers still believe that we keep Witches' Sabbath every night."

I told her what I heard from my hostess and the story of the little slipper.

"Yes, that was all true," said she; "it was Beatrice's fault, for she never will go to bed until she falls asleep. That night she was so tired that she went to bed with one slipper on, like a veritable little witch. We did not find it out till the next day."

"Come, my children, lose no time in useless words," said Boccaferri. "What shall we play to-morrow?"

"I ask for Don Juan once more, to reinstate myself," said Celio, "for I was pre-occupied to-night, and my progress was backward."

"True!" answered Boccaferri. "Then 'Don Juan' to-morrow for the third time! I begin to fear, Celio, that you are not wicked enough for that rôle as you have conceived it. I advise you, then, if you look at it differently, (and the inmost feeling of an intelligent actor is the best criticism of the rôle he attempts,) to give it other shades. Moliere's hero is a marquis, Mozart's a demon, and Hoffmann's a fallen angel. Why not take it in the last signification? Observe that this is not a mere reverie of the German poet; it is suggested by Moliere, who conceived this marquis in proportions as grand as the Misanthrope and Tartuffe. I do not like to think of Don Juan only as the *dissoluto castigato*

he is announced to be, out of respect to good manners, on the placards of *La Fenice*. Make of him a corrupted hero, a great heart quenched by vice, a dying flame, which tries in vain at times to cast a last radiance. Do not trouble yourself, my son; we are here to interpret rather than to translate.

"Don Juan' is a masterpiece," added Boccaferri, lighting a good Havana cigar, (his old black pipe had disappeared,) "but it is a masterpiece in several versions. Mozart alone made a complete and faultless one; but if we only examine it as a literary work, we shall see that Moliere has not given to his drama the emotion or passion of the libretto of the opera. On the other hand, the libretto is written in the style of a libretto, and that is saying all, while Moliere's style is admirable. Again, in the opera the characters are not fully developed, and the French drama excels in that. But Moliere's work will always lack the scene of Doña Anna and the Commander's murder, that terrible episode with which the opera opens so violently and boldly; the ball, where Zerlina is torn from the seducer's arms, is also very dramatic; so Moliere's drama lacks something. Both plays must be thoroughly blended; but for that something must be taken away from and added to Moliere. Who dares to do it, and who can? We alone are foolish and bold enough to attempt it. Our excuse is, that we desire action at any price, and to discover here, in private, the important points of the opera which you will some day sing in public; and then, instead of twelve actors, we have only six! So we are in need of miracles."

"Let us try something new to-morrow. Let Monsieur Salentini play Ottavio, and my daughter shall take the part of that sad Elvira, always furious and always mystified, which we have merged into the single rôle of Anna. We must see what Cecilia can make of her jealousy. Courage, my daughter! The more difficult and unpleasant it may be, so much the more glorious."

"And then, since we are changing parts," said Celio, "I ask to be Ottavio. I feel in a tender mood, and the spirit of Don Juan is fast leaving me."

"But who will be Don Juan?" said Boccaferri.

"You, my father," answered Cecilia. "You know how to make yourself young, and you are the master of us all; your attempt will profit Celio."

"What a bad idea! Where can I find grace and beauty? Look at Celio; he can play his part badly; that manner, that form, that blonde moustache, which so becomes his black eyes, those large eyes, slightly encircled, but still so young, all these aid the illusion; while with me, an old man, all will be cold and undone."

"Not so," said Celio. "Don Juan might very likely have been forty-five years old, and you did not look older than that as Leporello. I believe I behaved too young for such a scamp and such a notorious rōu. Try it, we beseech you."

"As you please, children; and you, Cecilia, will you be Elvira?"

"I will be anything you wish, if the play only goes on. But Monsieur Salentini?"

"Still a statue, at your service."

"That is but one part," said Boccaferri; "we must necessarily combine short rôles. You may try Masetto, and the Benjamin, who is decidedly

comical, may attempt Leporello. Why not? We can make him look old, and the conquest of great difficulties is so much gained."

"Then it is settled that I am to return here to-morrow night?" asked I, looking around the table."

"Yes, indeed, if no one expects you elsewhere," said Cecilia, giving me her hand, with a calm benignity which could in no wise flatter me.

"You are to come to-morrow and take up your abode in the Castle of the Wilderness," said Boccaferri. "I insist upon it. You are a useful actor and very gifted by nature. I shall keep you and not let you go; and then, you see, we can busy ourselves with painting. Scene-painting is the great school of relief, of depth and light, which historical and landscape painters disdain, because they do not understand it and also because they do not see it well employed. I have my ideas upon the subject, and you will see that you lose no time in listening to old Boccaferri; and then our groups and costumes may inspire you with subjects; there is everything here which is requisite for painting, and studios at your service."

"Let me think of it to-night," answered I, looking at Celio, "and I will answer you to-morrow morning."

"Then I shall expect you at breakfast to-morrow morning, or else I shall keep you on the spot."

"No," said I, "I am staying with an honest man, who will not go to bed till I come in. He will imagine I have fallen down some precipice, or that I have been devoured by the devils of the castle."

This settled, we parted. Celio helped me to dress myself, and wished to go back half way with me; but he hardly spoke, and when he left me he pressed my hand sadly. I saw him return over the snow, with his buff leather boots, his velvet cloak, his rapier at his side, and his large plume waving in the wind. Nothing could have been more singular than the sight of this personage of a by-gone age crossing the fields at midnight, and to think the theatrical hero was plunged into the reveries and emotions of real life.

[To be continued.]

The Original Score of Mozart's Requiem.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL,

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(Translated for the London Musical World.)

The original score of Mozart's *Requiem*, the same which was, after his death, delivered to the person who commissioned him to write it, and who remained for so long a time unknown, is now amongst the musical collection of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

Count Moritz von Dietrichstein, Imperial Privy Councillor and Prefect of the Court Library, a distinguished patron of musical art and a true admirer of the great composer, discovered this remarkable manuscript, and obtained it for the institution of which he has the charge, to add to the valuable possessions of which, and to increase its celebrity, are his constant endeavor.

The first glance at this score convinced every one that had seen Mozart's handwriting, that, from the first leaf to the last, it was entirely written by him; from which it follows, that he completed the work before his death; and everything that has been circulated upon the subject, either by report, in writing or in print, is erroneous. Besides the testimony of the handwriting, several other circumstances justified this belief. It is

well known how long and how ardently Mozart was employed upon this *Requiem*, and that portion which has hitherto been recognized as his work seemed neither to correspond to such length of time, or to such ardor, even if we balance against his remarkable facility in composition the failing state of his health during the last months of his life, which certainly must have rendered the creation of this work an effort.

Let us recall the "Genuine Anecdotes of the Life of Gottlieb Wolfgang Mozart," published by Councillor F. Rochlitz in the first year of the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.—There it is stated (col. 150): "He began the work immediately (upon receiving the commission). With every bar his interest in the subject seemed to increase; he wrote day and night. His body could not endure the exertion—he fainted several times while at work." And further we read (cols. 177 and 178): "He was extremely ailing when he started for Prague. The multiplicity of his occupations had, however, once more excited the powers of his spirit." * * * "but through this very exertion still more enfeebled, he returned to Vienna more ailing than before, and, disgusted with all this tumult, splendor, and extravagance, he returned with avidity to the interrupted labor of his *Requiem*." * * * "The work," said he to the person from whom he received the commission, "has increased in interest to me as I have proceeded with it; I am developing it much more extensively than I at first intended."

Mozart's widow, now the widow of Baron von Nissen, wrote to the Abbé Stadler (according to his published statement), that her husband had never, before receiving this commission, begun the composition of any *Requiem*, and often said to her "that he undertook this work with the utmost pleasure, since it was the class of music he loved best, and that he would conceive and execute it with such zeal, that his foes and his friends would equally study it after his death."

Concerning the unceasing industry with which Mozart prosecuted the composition of this work, there are still many other proofs, besides those above quoted.

To adduce but one, the authority of which must be respected throughout the whole civilized world, I may mention that my honored friend, the Imperial Councillor, and Professor Freyherr Joseph von Jaquin, in whose family Mozart was very intimate, visited him at this period on behalf of a lady, who, though already a great proficient on the pianoforte, wished still further to perfect her talent, and therefore desired to take lessons of him, preliminary to which he was requested to hear her play. Freyherr von Jaquin found him at his writing desk, busily working at the *Requiem*. He introduced his request. "With pleasure," answered Mozart; "I will do everything that you wish, only leave me at leisure for the present. I have here a work that is very pressing, and in which I am deeply interested. Until it is completed, I really cannot give a thought to anything else."

"Since he, nevertheless, whilst still writing the *Requiem* (on the 15th November, 1791, according to the date in his own handwriting), composed the beautiful cantata, *Laut verkünde unsre Freude*, we may naturally suppose that he must have been sufficiently near the conclusion of that greater work, to be certain of completing it.

Knowing all this, it has always been difficult to believe that he had only produced those portions of the *Requiem* that the Abbé Stadler ascribes to him in his account.

That he not only composed more of the *Requiem* than is there represented, but that he positively completed it, is corroborated by a great many credible testimonies.

In the anecdotes contributed by Herr Councillor Rochlitz (referred to above) he concludes by saying: "During this labor he frequently was overcome by total prostration and fainting. Before the close of the fourth week (after the enquiry of the person from whom he received the commission) the work was finished, and with it his life."

Councillor Rochlitz calls these Anecdotes "gen-

uine." He would not have called them so if he had not derived them from the best sources. Moreover, he is really not the man to speak of a thing as "finished" which is unfinished; we are therefore justified in supposing that he learnt, through a private channel, that Mozart had literally finished the work, that is to say, he had perfectly completed it.

In G. N. von Nissen's Biography of Mozart we read (page 564), "On the day of his death he had the score of the *Requiem* brought to his bed. 'Did I not say that I was writing the *Requiem* for myself?' he said, and read it through once more with moistened eyes." He had the score brought to his bed: here there is no allusion to sketches. He read through the whole; should one not from this conclude that it was a whole? And finally, who could infer from the words: "That I was writing the *Requiem* for myself," that he believed an unfinished work, in which three pieces, besides the conclusion, were wanting, would be performed at his funeral?

With so many grounds for the opinion that the work was completed by him, the impression which the handwriting of the score now under consideration produced must have been so much the more convincing. At the same time it was not admitted as genuine without the utmost precaution, it having been felt that the extraordinary circumstances of this case demanded extraordinary discrimination. Manuscripts, the existence of which has either been entirely unknown, or which have been supposed lost for ever, have often been, and still are from time to time discovered; in this case, however, the majority, trusting to the testimony of Süßmayer, of Stadler, and even of the widow of the great composer, were convinced of the non-existence of this manuscript, in its completed state. It was, therefore, quite permissible not to trust to one's own eyes unconditionally, and it became a duty to employ the closest examination, the severest test, before recognizing this complete manuscript as written by the master's hand.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

TELL'S DEATH,

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

When once the avalanche thunders,
The Alp is green again:
The herds go up the mountain.
The snow runs down the plain.
To you, ye Alpine children,
The ice, the Spring sets free,
Each year renews in emblem
The fight of Liberty.

See where the thundering Schächen
Down through the gorges leaps,
And rock and fir fall crashing
Where'er his torrent sweeps.
The bridge is crushed and buried
That hung above the spray;
A boy just crossing over,
Is with it washed away.

It chanced, that very moment,
An old man neared the verge,
To save the boy, he, fearless
Leaps down into the surge;
Grasps him with eagle-swiftness,
And bears him safe to shore;
The child escapes—his saviour
Hath sunk to rise no more.

And when the flood ejected
His body, robbed of life,
There stood around him, sobbing
And sorrowing, man and wife.
As if old Rothstock, crashing,
From its foundations fell,
Burst from one mouth the grief-cry:
" 'Tis Tell is dead! 'tis Tell! "

Were I an Alpine herdsman
On the eternal snow,
Were I a daring boatman
On Uri's lake below,

And had I, in my sorrow,
Come near where Tell lay dead,
My arm his head enfolding,
My wail I thus had said:

"There liest thou, pale and lifeless,
Who wast the life of all;
Thy hoary locks still fondly
Around thy pale face fall.
Here stands, whom thou hast rescued,
A child, like milk and blood;
The land thou hast unfettered,
Lo! Alpine glories flood!

"The love that to the rescue
Of this young struggler flew,
Had been in thee the courage
That erst the tyrant slew.
Unsleeping and unshrinking,
To help was aye thy way;
So was it in thy brown locks,
So was it in thy gray.

"Hadst thou been still a young man,
When thou the boy didst save,
And hadst thou then been rescued
From this thy watery grave,
Thence had we well concluded
Fame should one day be thine;
Yet after great achievements,
The hero's homeliest shine.

"Thine ear has rung with voices
That praised thee loud and high,
Yet could it stoop to listen
To misery's feeblest cry.
He is the freeman's hero,
Who, though with victory crowned,
Yet, burns for deeds of goodness
No trump of Fame shall sound.

"Unscathed, we saw thee coming
Back from the work of wrath;
Thy fortune first forsook thee
In pity's humble path.
Heaven asked not, for a people,
Thy life in sacrifice,
But, for this child surrendered,
'Twas held a precious prize.

"Where thy sure shaft, like lightning,
Straight to the Vogt's heart went,
There stands a chapel open,
Vengeance, thy monument!
But here, where thou hast perished
To save a child, alone
For a memorial hast thou
A humble cross of stone.

"Well, far and wide 'tis sounded
How thou thy land hast freed,
The tongues of mighty poets
Shall give to Fame the deed;
But when, at eve, the herdsman
Comes down the Schächen's side,
The rocks, Tell's name resounding,
Shall utter how he died."

C. T. R.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 30.—Last Monday night an event came off which has long been expected here, viz: the exhibition to the public of Messrs. Jardine & Son's large new organ, built for Rev. Dr. Alexander's Church, in the Fifth avenue. The announcement brought crowds of the gaily dressed and fashionable inhabitants of that aristocratic quarter of the city, many being unable to gain admission. The selection of the pieces and the skill of the performers were certainly well worthy of the occasion; indeed the whole affair passed off to the evident satisfaction of the enthusiastic auditory present, and must have been deeply gratifying to the builders of the noble instrument, as well as to the members of the church it adorns so well.

This organ from its sweetness and purity of tone, its admirable evenness of voicing, and the varied and

pleasing effects of which it is susceptible, no less than from its great power, filling to its remotest corner the lofty edifice with its grand harmonies, swelling from the softest whisper to a depth and beauty and power of tone, a sea of harmony far beyond the precincts of the house, which cannot confine it, into the open air, surging upward to that heaven to which its tones were directed and in whose service it was reared; this organ stands unrivalled in its excellence, the finest in the city and the trustees of Rev. Dr. Alexander's Church may well congratulate themselves in the possession of this magnificent instrument.

On the evening in question, while listening to the finished and classical style of Mr. Wm. Mason, who is (fortunately for the Messrs. JARDINE) the organist of the church, the brilliant playing of Mr. G. W. MORGAN, and the profound knowledge of the almost inexhaustible resources of the instrument displayed by Mr. EDWARD JARDINE in his performance, the hearer could not but feel the truth that, "Peace hath its victories no less than war," and this was indeed a triumph of science and art. In this organ has been introduced, among other improvements, a stop new to untravelling ears, viz: the "Vox celestis," resembling in its effect a choir of far distant, though rich contralto voices carrying out what its name suggests, the startling yet beautiful idea of a chorus of celestial harmony which has caught up the preceding strain and is bearing to heaven for acceptance at its throne the praises of the faithful upon earth. The attentive audience upon whose ears these beautiful tones fell will not soon forget their effect, and to those who had heard the same beautiful effects produced upon the wonderful organ of the Madeleine in Paris, the occasion was a pleasing souvenir of their enjoyment then. Annexed is a programme of the evening, with a list of the stops contained in this masterpiece of the builders' skill. J. P.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Introduction and Fugue, in D,.....Adolph Hesse.
2. Movement from the Lessons,.....Handel.
3. Pastoral,.....Kullak.
4. Voluntary Extempore, (Mr. Wm. Mason,)......Mason.
5. Organ Fugue, in G Minor,.....J. S. Bach.
6. Allegro from Organ Sonata, in F,.....Mendelssohn.

[Mr. Edward Jardine will perform Hesse's Tema and Variations in A, between the First and Second Parts of the Programme.]

PART II.

1. Fugue and Chorus, (Israel in Egypt,)......Handel.
2. Fantasia Extempore on Popular Melodies,.....Morgan.
3. Overture, (Der Freischütz,)......Weber.
4. Voluntary Extempore, (Mr. Wm. Mason,)......Mason.
5. Marche du Sacre, (Le Prophete,)......Meyerbeer.
6. American and English Anthems Extempore,.....Morgan.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.

GREAT ORGAN.	
Double Open Diapason.....16	Principal.....4
Grand Open Diapason.....8	Twelfth.....3
Open Diapason.....8	Fifteenth.....2
Stopped Diapason.....8	Sesquialto, 8 ranks.....2
Quint.....6	Mixture, 2 ranks.....1
	Trumpet.....8
CHOIR ORGAN.	
Open Diapason.....8	Principal.....4
Dulciana.....8	Twelfth.....3
Clariana.....8	Fifteenth.....2
Stopped Diapason.....8	Cremona.....3
Hohl-flute.....4	
SWELL ORGAN.	
Bourdon.....16	Fifteenth.....2
Open Diapason.....8	Cornet.....2
Stopped Diapason.....8	Cornopean.....8
Viol di Gamba.....8	Hautbois.....8
Principal.....4	Vox Celestis.....8
PEDAL ORGAN.	
Double Open Diapason.....16	Octave.....4
Double Stopped Diapason.....16	Contra Fagotto.....16
Violoncello.....8	

ACCESSORY STOPS.—Seven Manual and Pedal Couplers.

Compass of Manual Organs, C to G, 4½ Octaves.

" Pedal Organ, C to F, 2½ "

Total of Stops.....42

A ROYAL SINGER.—A letter from Lisbon states that, at a concert given by M. Carlolds, the Belgian minister in that city, the King of Portugal sang the sono of Mercadante, and an air of Verdi's in the "Vepres," and took a part in a duo from "Linda" with Bartolini, the baritone.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 7, 1856.

MOZART'S "REQUIEM."—The article which we have copied on another page appears to set at rest the long mooted question of the authenticity of this celebrated work. It is well known to many of our readers to have been the general understanding until now, that Mozart died, in 1791, leaving the "Requiem" in a very unfinished state; and that SUSSMAYER, his favorite pupil, then a young man of five and twenty, claimed afterwards to have added all that portion of the work, as we now have it, which follows the second verse of the *Lachrymosa*, at which point Mozart's strength is supposed to have wholly failed him within a few hours of his death. Süssmayer claimed therefore to be the author of the remainder of the *Dies Iræ*, (which includes the *Lachrymosa*,) and of the entire *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*, and *Agnus Dei*, while he repeated Mozart's fugue from the *Kyrie* for the concluding *Cum sanctis*, &c. He had been constantly with Mozart while he was engaged upon this work, had frequently gone over with him the parts already finished, was intimately familiar with his method, style, and his intentions with regard to it, had received certain dying instructions from the master, and had, besides these hints, the help of certain scattered fragments of music paper on which Mozart had jotted down his thoughts.

These statements were never fully contradicted, indeed were commonly received as more or less true; and yet faith in the "Requiem" as the work of Mozart somehow never left the popular mind. In 1825, GOTTFRIED WEBER, in his musical journal, *The Cæcilia*, revived the controversy, not only defending the claim of Süssmayer, but pronouncing the "Requiem," as a whole, a work unworthy of Mozart, the weakest of his productions, and severely criticizing those parts which were undoubtedly his own, while he had much to say in praise of those alleged to have been added by the pupil!

The motive of this strange attack has been traced to the fact that Weber at that very time was engaged in the composition of a "Requiem" himself, and was publishing articles to show that such works until then had been constructed on false principles, and to point out the true ones. The injustice of his low estimate of Mozart's work was ably shown by that learned musician and friend of Mozart, the Abbé STADLER. "You think," said he, "that the *Requiem* is the least complete, the most imperfect work of Mozart? Well, I, Maximilian Stadler, maintain that it is the most complete and perfect work of Mozart in the three first parts, that is to say, in four fifths of its whole extent. And here are JOSEPH and MICHAEL HAYDN, WINTER, BEETHOVEN, CHERUBINI, &c., &c., even SALIERI," (Mozart's most bitter rival,) "and a thousand others, who think and speak as I do. Among these names there are perhaps some which sound as well as yours, Herr Gottfried Weber; perhaps the opinion of the two Haydns, of Cherubini, Beethoven and Winter, outweigh the authority of all the musical journals in the world, including the *Cæcilia*. To recognize as an authentic and at the same time the finest work of

Mozart, these great men had not to wait for material proofs. They would have blushed at the thought of requiring a fac-simile in a journal, or of calling in an expert in handwriting, before they could decide whether this was the work of a pupil or the masterpiece of the master of them all. No, they did not draw their convictions from such sources. The proofs for them lay in the whole inner structure, in the invention, in the execution, in the deeply studied development of the thoughts, in a word, in the intrinsic value of the score."

OULIBICHEFF, too, the Russian biographer, from whom we have so often quoted, gives a chapter in his book, summing up the whole controversy in a very able manner, and from internal evidence making it very clear that the whole "Requiem" is virtually, essentially Mozart's, and that Süssmayer could have played little more than the part of copyist in writing out the last parts. He says of Süssmayer, that though he was a composer of numerous works, including several operas, which enjoyed much popularity in their day, yet not one of his labors has survived him. "He was at the most a second-rate composer, and he owes all his present celebrity to Herr Weber. But if Süssmayer, still so young a man, was able to compose three numbers of the *Requiem*, which, although in some respects inferior to the preceding, do not contrast essentially in thoughts, or style, or coloring, with a score confessedly the highest masterwork of the greatest musical genius of all the centuries, then of necessity must one of two things be admitted: either Süssmayer at that point began to be Mozart and ceased to be Süssmayer, or the spirit of the master descended from heaven upon the scholar, to inspire him with the conclusion of the *Requiem*; in which case we must suppose that he never made him more than one such visit. If there was a miracle, I give the preference to the latter."

We have no room to give the history of the *Requiem*. Perhaps some day we may present to our readers M. Oulibicheff's "Substance of the Controversy." Suffice it to say now that there was a great deal of mystery about its origin; that something is said about various copies made just after the composer's death, one of which was put into the hands of the mysterious stranger (now known to be Count Wallsegg) who ordered the work; and something about a later copy made by Süssmayer for the widow Mozart, who was left very poor, and naturally thought that a complete copy of the *Requiem* would prove a treasure to her. The mystery, if we may trust the account of the Vienna librarian, is now all cleared up by the discovery of a manuscript copy of the *whole* work, in Mozart's own handwriting. Such proof, backed as it is by a great weight of circumstantial and internal evidence, seems irresistible; and all admirers of Mozart and of the *Requiem* must feel relief and joy in the discovery.

Robert Franz.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

We conclude the translation of the biographical sketch by Liszt, commenced in last week's paper.

"After his return to his father's house, Franz was in a great dilemma. He had not as yet acquired any of those faculties which make a man pass current in the world. He could not

and he would not any longer court a civic position, which would have made him the respectable five-hundredth wheel in the social machine of his country. He was determined, come what would, to remain a musician, since he already looked upon himself as such, and indeed as completely such. Meanwhile his best labors betrayed too much the groping scholar, and reached not that degree of clearness and effectiveness which the public requires. His shy, retiring nature was not fitted to seek satisfaction in the successes of salons and coteries, in affairs of love or business. He suffered without resistance under the calumnies to which such organizations are exposed, which, in their want of brilliant outward qualities, become shy of men, and often feel themselves robbed of their resources in the very moment when there is the most pressing necessity for making them apparent. Like Rousseau and Schiller, his thoughts came just as he left the house; or, as we heard him say himself, he usually thawed out when it was too late.—His state of mind was aggravated by bitter remarks, which his friends and relations did not spare him when it was demonstrable that his musical studies so far had produced only negative results, and that his career might, in the common way of viewing things, be called a failure. This situation became the more painful to him, since in Dessau he was affected by one of the most dangerous evils of every conservatoire: to wit, self-sufficiency. Too often any expressed distrust in his talent, in his future, only increased the inward reserve of his nature. Instead of growing more expansive in his family circle, he returned more and more back into himself, became more and more strengthened in his striving after independence of the opinions of others, more and more determined to rely solely on himself. It was for him a period full of conflict, suffering and doubt, full of toil and renunciation. It might have operated destructively upon him, for how hard it is to hold one's ground against so many opposing influences! But here it was a mother's tender sympathy, the womanly gift of intuition, lending such a sacred charm to the pure instinct of her love, that held him up and saved him—he who only needed some stay in a loving heart to raise the lever of his energy, his outward power.

"About this time he first learned to know and to admire Sebastian Bach and Franz Schubert. While he became penetrated with the genius of these two, he gradually lost that self-sufficiency which he had brought with him from Dessau, and not much time passed before all the Dessau compositions were put aside. A close acquaintance with these masters, a continual reference to what they had done, and a comparison of it with his own sketches, operated depressingly upon his artistic consciousness, and nourished disheartening doubts in his own productive faculty. But he received them all the more deeply into his enthusiastic soul, into his ripening understanding. Singular example of sincere love for Art! By this means he escaped the petrification which might have ensued from an indefinite prolonging of the conflict between unappreciating friends and morbid self-reliance, which so easily degenerates into empty conceit.

"Moreover, he now found in Halle that intellectual movement, that constant coming and going of ideas, that ebb and flow of the most

various views, which he had lacked in Dessau. Even if the public musical life there was of slight importance, yet the university offered mighty elements of spiritual nourishment, such as one would have sought in vain at that time in any other part of Germany. One remembers the activity developed in the thinking youth of Halle then, which found its most remarkable expression in a periodical review, whose philosophical opinions made an epoch. Ruge and his followers had called forth a great activity in cultivated circles, which naturally began to pervade every sphere of intellectual life. If Franz did not immediately attach himself to the new ideas just germinating, if he did not disseminate them by speaking and by writing, still he exercised his analytic and sympathetic reflection upon all that there was noble and fruitful in these investigations of philosophic freedom. He quickly perceived that the artist must not limit his survey to the objects which he has to treat; that it must be injurious to him to remain a stranger to the atmosphere of ideas which surround him, and not consider his art as a part of the great whole, in the midst of which we live, identifying himself with the universal interests, newly quickened by the new inquiries.

"The favorable influence which his participation in this intellectual struggle exercised upon him cannot be mistaken, and this moment thus became of such paramount importance for his life-purposes thereafter, as to regulate his whole relation to the world and to Art by a fixed rule. It may also be maintained that Franz became the musician whom we now admire, not through his studies in Dessau, but through the solitary period which he passed in Halle. Not that we would question the necessity and usefulness of the elementary notions acquired in the school of Schneider. They were as indispensable to him as his first gymnasium studies, without which he would not have been capable of following the philosophical debates, of which he was a dumb but eager witness. But Franz himself has told us that, had the stiffness, immovableness, and narrowness of the Dessau principles remained unmodified and unexpanded in him, he would never have been Franz, would never have acquired the courage to assert his individuality, to hold himself not pledged to do as others had done, and let himself be taken in tow by famous authorities. He would have yielded to the cheap counsels which rained from the lips of would-be patrons; for it is not always necessary to lie upon Job's dunghill to be like him surrounded by the empty speeches of friends. He would perhaps have lent an ear to those well-meant but ruinous insinuations, which continually point us to the success of others, urge us upon others' ways, without knowing whether we are able to walk upon them; for if the animal kingdom is divided into different classes, which live in different elements, much more so is it with independent talents; the organization of each one is too peculiarly constituted not to forfeit its own inborn originality and excellencies in the atmosphere of another. Franz became convinced of this truth, while he reflected upon Art in all its broad relations. Then, summoning up again the courage which he had lost through being long buried in Bach and Schubert, shaking off the yoke of old formulas, unlearning the false importance which attaches to certain secrets of the trade, when we

take them for the highest initiation, he resolved to seek his way, and before all things to perfect his intellectual self. He saw that the form is a soft wax, in which the business is to impress our relief, and that the more finely the relief is cut, the better will the impress show itself. The form, which he had been told to look upon as the essential thing in Art, now lost forever in his eyes its unalterable character. He recognized all the idolatry of taking the image for the god, the means for the end, and of attaching more consequence to the quality of the wax than to the beauty of the object it should set before us. Thus he found himself in that right frame of mind, at once bold and modest, which hope incites and true self-knowledge keeps in bounds. From the moment when the form appeared to him only as the indispensable medium of the idea, he formulated to himself the impregnable position of the necessity of maintaining a beautiful equilibrium between form and thought, and of only giving expression to such thoughts as are worthy of a fair form.

"Whoever has labored for long years to penetrate the close web of philosophical systems, in order to apply their consequences to the domain of Art, and whoever has succeeded in formulating the ideas thence derived in such high-hearted, comprehensive, fruitful principles, must naturally feel a desire not only to communicate them, but to spread them, and, in the consciousness that they contribute to the ennobling of Art, to win proselytes to his opinions. Franz sought them the more zealously, inasmuch as he had not yet wholly lifted himself out of that despondency into which he had been plunged by the conviction that he was incapable of production and not possessed of the necessary qualities for a composer. But this propagandist spirit drove him out of his retirement, and he saw himself all at once surrounded by a circle of young people, who to a certain artistic culture brought a lively enthusiasm for Art; and he formed the focus of a group which occupied itself especially with music, with its task in social life, its ethical mission and title. They were not content with making music, and decidedly good music; they busied themselves with drawing an æsthetic profit from it. Franz found more and more pleasure in these abstract intellectual exercises, which in the sequel he exerted himself to apply to his own works, in which he attained to a self-criticism, such as is quite too seldom met among our artists, who either satisfy themselves with the expression of their feelings, without having tried them and refined them, or else take delight in rounded forms, forgetting to lend them a significance through feelings.

"For six long years Franz felt no impulse to take pen in hand; he was occupied upon one task which the elders so often erroneously suppose completed at the gymnasium, and which in our time especially every creative artist must fulfil with love and conscientiousness. He strove for the enlargement of his circle of ideas, for the attainment of a higher stand-point, from which the whole relation of Art to the past and present of society may be surveyed; from which one may see how far Art has already fulfilled its mission, and what will be its problem for the future; from which one may learn to seize its starting point and to anticipate its goal. So long as a thinking artist is not clear in his own mind upon all these points, the wish to produce

upon his own account must slumber in him. Above all there reigns in him a kind of insatiable curiosity, an incessant thirst, which study does not quench, but only the more violently kindle. The musical culture of our composer had nothing more to suffer during this period, while his mind was more occupied with generalizing thoughts than with special labors. He did not come to a standstill in the admiration of Bach and Schubert, but he followed attentively the unfolding of the school, which was at that time called the Romantic. In Leipzig the practical and literary efforts of Mendelssohn and Schumann formed a circle full of life and motion round themselves, and the influence of their neighborhood extended soon to Halle. Frequent echoes carried there the tone of the capital and were eagerly caught up. Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Henselt, and other names at that time perhaps less highly placed, though often mentioned, excited sympathy and respect in Franz. He took up into himself all that he found in them that corresponded to him. To this work of assimilation with the works of his contemporaries, whose spirit answered to his own, and whose form bore the stamp of their time, he was especially indebted for the restoration to himself, for a less inexorable process of comparison, of judgment, as also for the need of burying himself again entirely in his own way of feeling, so as to let it appear freely in a work of Art; for the impulse to express himself, instead of tracing out in others' works what came near to his own moods of mind, as he had done in the last years.

"But was this result due only to the various phases of the intellectual life? Must we not also recognize the influence of personal experiences in these conspicuous moments of his artistic career, by which we measure his direction? Can we realize the whole impression of his works without thinking of the colorings which were cast upon his soul, upon his imagination by the prismatic light of golden hopes, of shining fortune, or the dark clouds of sad disenchantment, bitter gloom? The moment in which Franz felt himself newly urged to composition was not merely of importance in the history of the unfolding of his talent; it coincided with a moment of deep passion, which, seizing upon every fibre of his soul, excited the poetic chords to new vibrations. He loved, with all devotion, such as could only germinate in his pure, noble nature. He dreamed of a happiness; softly its wings touched him, and then it flew away! This catastrophe of his inner fate determined his complete maturity. He broke away from all the inveiglements of uncertain wishes and uncertain hopes; pain steeled and concentrated his mind, and gave him that sacred fervor, that energy which leaves the soul all its freedom, so that it may confirm this freedom with its every power. With these newly awakened powers he felt himself called to take his place among the men of action, and to speak his own language in the name of his own inward inspiration. An impulse, whose authority he could not mistake, drew him to the lyrical, and particularly to the song form; for what he felt and thought most powerfully took this form involuntarily. Far from stopping to make choice of a kind, from weighing its external advantages and disadvantages, he began without once thinking of publicity, and only wrote to make an outlet to his overpowering feelings—*per sfogarsi*. His close, uncommunica-

tive habit made this mode of expressing himself doubly necessary to him. And now it was found that these long years of voluntary abstinence from all production had not only been no injury to him, but had helped to preserve all the freshness of his verve. His constant musical occupation had not allowed him to forget the secrets of the trade learned at school, while his persistent inward toil had been sufficient to free him from all chains of prejudice.

"This time, too, as in so many other instances, it was the self-love of his friends, more active than his own, that determined him to publish his first works. Schumann, to whom he then stood nearest, led him before the musical world with that friendly recognition which affects us so pleasantly in his writings. Franz perceived that from this moment his relation to Art had entered upon a new stadium. It was no longer exclusively the point with him to satisfy himself in his compositions; his artistic productions must now learn to find limit and proportion in the views and feelings of others. Personal acquaintance with the great men of the day, with Schumann and others, paved the way for him upon the side of self-examination and self-esteem. He entered deeper into reflection on himself and his relation to the public. The result of this reflection was the firm adherence to the path which he had entered, the clear conviction that only in this path could he become of use to Art, and, what is the same thing, to the world. With this resolution was coupled as a natural consequence a second: namely, never to write for the mere sake of writing, and still less from any motive of gain or vanity; but only when the inner voice, the longing after the ideal, the holy stimulus, which urges us to seek in Art the transfiguration of our noblest impulses, compelled him to it and made him sure of the inspiration, without which we can neither feel love for the beautiful nor find its fitting forms. And who will say that he has not been faithful to this noble vow? Who can find among his creations a single one which betrays other motives? So far from violating his vow, he exposed himself much more to another danger—that of a too great intensity of feeling, a too constant self-absorption, a too exclusive meditating upon his own inner consciousness. The alterations which he afterwards made, from sure and well-weighed reasons, in his compositions, are abundant proof that he soon saw and avoided this fault.

"Now that he had fairly begun his career as a composer with merit and with honor, his outward life offered but little variety. He made a happy marriage, and found in the domestic hearth, adorned with gentle virtues, that clear, equal atmosphere which is most favorable to intellectual labors. True, he found no lack of manifold local opposition and antipathy, which only serve to remind one of the proverb: "No one is a prophet in his own country." Every one who knows the narrow circle of ideas in a small city, will readily imagine that few understood the interest and the use which a musician found in occupations which had no connection with his speciality; for even in this year of grace 1855 there still exist good people who believe that artist and mechanic are one and the same thing, and that to become a good painter, sculptor, or musician, one has no need to seek for himself a wider horizon than that of the workshop, like the tailor and the

shoemaker. Franz was accounted odd, original; nay, they went so far (and this is a characteristic trait, which we may find in many an artist's life, and may serve as one useless hint the more for pedantic blockheads in the age to come,) as to whisper into one another's ears that such an eccentricity of character could only proceed from a tendency to insanity! Certainly his greatest hindrance was the fact that he resided in the city where he had been born and brought up. The multitude will not forgive genius, that it unfolds itself with the chasteness of the plant, whose blossoming is slowly prepared, which opens its calyx to the lap of night, and then to the clear day, to our astonished eyes, displays the splendor of its full bloom. It vexes them that they have passed by a flower with closed petals, without divining its worth, its beauty, and they deny the same, in order to evade the painful feeling that they did not foresee it.

"Thus years passed on. Franz found abroad the sympathy which he deserved, while his native land disputed note by note his merit. Only very slowly did another view break out a path for itself in the criticism of the men of Halle, so hard was it for them to treat with more respect this single man, so sparing of his words, whom they had been accustomed to regard as one of those fantastical, harmless, useless, visionary characters, upon whom the merchant, the bureaucrat, the industrial, the scholar, the soldier look down with an infinite *hauteur*, because they cannot comprehend why he is there, and still less why he looks down still more haughtily on them. The efforts of our master to expend his intellectual activity in his own little circle for the good of Art, won for him gradually the respect of his townsmen, as fast as his praises and his growing popularity abroad imposed silence on their prejudices. They even appointed him organist in one of the parochial churches, music director to the *Gesangverein*, music teacher at the University, and gave him the direction of the society concerts. In time, however, Franz may hardly be contented with the sphere of action offered in his native city. But however much is left for him to desire, he must look with real confidence upon the musical nucleus collected around him, which has learned to distinguish commonplace products, manufactured in the routine of trade, from higher works of Art inspired by true enthusiasm. This circle will expand from year to year, and form for him an intelligent, sympathetic, admiring and devoted public, such as seldom any one can claim with greater right than ROBERT FRANZ."

Musical Chat-Chat.

The past week has given us but little in the way of music—nothing in short but a military band concert (Dodworth's) and some fragments of Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre, by Signorina VESTVALI, with a portion of the troupe of which she is to be manager in Mexico next winter. Those who were present Wednesday night, seem to have been much charmed with Vestvali, as well as MANZINI, the soprano. We may have something to report hereafter of last night's performance. They appear this afternoon for the last time. For the summer months Vestvali, as we understand, has engaged "Laura Keenes's Varieties" in New York.

At the annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society last week, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President,

C. F. Chickering; Vice President, George Hews; Secretary, L. B. Barnes; Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker; Librarian, O. J. Faxon; Trustees, H. L. Hazleton, J. S. Farlow, J. H. Ward, George W. Hunnewell, Edw. Faxon, D. W. Wiswell, A. O. Bigelow, J. P. Draper.

The first volume of a new "Life of Mozart," by OTTO JAHN, has appeared in Germany. The Mozart letters, preserved at Salzburg and extending from 1777 to 1784, the most important part of the composer's life, have been largely used in this work. There has also appeared in Germany an interesting book entitled "Mozart's visit to Prague." It is stated that Charles Mozart, the son of the composer, now an old man, is living in Milan in poverty. The *Athenæum* well suggests that a contribution should be organized. If each of all the thousands whose lives have been enriched by Mozart's heavenly harmonies should give the smallest mite, it would make the poor man a millionaire.

The *Home Journal* quotes some curious Vestralics Says one of her newspaper critics:

Vestrali looked superbly beautiful. With the brow of Minerva, and the form of Juno, she walked the stage like one born to command; with a presence instinct with grace, and a form fulfilling the ideal of grand and beautiful proportion, she compelled admiration and led a thousand new captives to swell her vast train of devoted worshippers. She was received with genuine and loudly demonstrative enthusiasm, which burst forth on every possible occasion during the evening.

But the most curious are the lady's own letters, (in English,) written from Mexico to New York papers. Here is an extract:

Now I have many news for you. You have heard through my letters my immense success in 'Romeo' and all the other operas. Well, my benefit, which has been on the 23 Jan. has been so splendid, as during twenty years has not been one other. I have made in money near four thousand dollars: in presents two thousand dollars—flowers and verses so many that I cannot tell you. Further, I have been asked by many of the first families, with whom I am well acquainted, to stay here in Mexico and to take the management of the Italian opera for the next season, which begins with the 15 Sept. up to March, 1857. I have also been furnished with the necessary money to engage first-rate artists in Europe. I have engaged the theatre, a chorus and orchestra, and will be in March in New-York, and then to Europe.

Advertisements.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Hubert, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HEIRESS.

In fact, I found my friends really frightened at my non-appearance. The kind Volabù had sought me in the surrounding country, and was on the point of going out again. I felt these poor people were already true friends to me. I told them that I had chanced to meet one of the dwellers in the castle, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance. Mother Peirecote, learning that I had passed the evening at the castle, overwhelmed me with questions, and seemed quite disappointed when I told her that I had seen nothing extraordinary there.

The next day, at nine o'clock, I returned to the chateau, telling my host that I might spend a few days there and that he must not be anxious about me. Celio came to meet me.

"Ah! you have slept," said he, looking, as they say, into the whites of my eyes.

"I own it," answered I, "and it is the first time for many a night. I felt wonderfully tranquil, as if I had reached the real object of my life, whether happy or miserable. If I am to be happy here through you all, or to suffer on the part of some of you, I care not. I feel new strength for joy or sorrow."

"So you love her?"

"Yes, Celio! and you?"

"Well, I cannot answer so decidedly. I believe I love her, and yet I am not sure enough of it to confess it to a woman whom I respect

above all others, and whom I even fear a little. So I can see myself supplanted in advance, faith so easily triumphs over uncertainty."

"According to her woman's nature," answered I, "it may be the contrary. A sure conquest has less charm for her sex than a conquest to be made. So, shall we be friends?"

"Do you think so?"

"I ask you. But it seems to me that our parts are marked out distinctly enough. If I should find you really infatuated and but little given you in return, I should withdraw. I do not know how to behave like a rascal with any man, much less with one who trusts in my honor; but since you have not reached that point, our chances are equal."

"How do you know that I have no hope?"

"If you were loved by such a woman, Celio, I esteem you enough to believe that you would not endure my presence here; and you know I only need a confidence from you to that effect to go away forever; but as I really believe yours is only a fancy, and that Mademoiselle Boccaferri is too proud to be satisfied with that, I shall stay."

"Stay then, but I warn you that I shall play as closely as you."

"I do not understand that expression. If you love her, you have only to tell her so, like me, and she would choose. If you do not love her, I do not see what game you can play with a woman whom you so respect."

"You are right; I am a fool. I am even half afraid of being stupid. Well, then, let us still be friends. I love you, although I feel a little mortified in finding you my equal in frankness and resolution. I am hardly used to that. In the world in which I have lived until now, almost all men are faithless, insolent or cowardly in affairs of gallantry. Woo Cecilia then; I will see how things come on. We will promise but one thing; that is, to keep each other informed of the results of our attempts, to spare him who fails from being ridiculous. Since we both desire marriage, the purest and most discreet thing in the world, the honor of the lady does not demand that her choice should be kept secret. As for all the small ways used in like cases by the most upright people, misinformation, calumny, rallery, or at least malice towards a rival whom they wish to supplant, I will not speak in our treaty. It would be injuring us both."

I agreed to all that Celio proposed, without looking forward or back, and without even foreseeing that the execution of such a contract might possibly raise terrible difficulties.

"Now," said he, leading me into the vast and superb castle court, "I must begin by conducting

you into the presence of our marquis." Then he added, laughing, "for you could not have asked seriously with whom we were all staying?"

"If I did ask a foolish question," answered I, "it was with the best faith in the world. I was too bewildered and delighted to find myself among you, to trouble myself with anything else; and in coming here I was not even disturbed by the idea that I might be indiscreet or unwelcome in the house of a person whom I did not know. From the life you lead here, I did not even expect to see him to-day. By what name and under what pretext are you going to introduce me?"

"Oh, you are very amusing!" answered Celio, making me ascend a spiral staircase, covered with a winding carpet. "This is a mystification which we might persist in, but you are too sincere about it to be imposed upon."

Speaking thus, he opened the folding door of a circular room, which was used as an office by the marquis, and cried aloud:

"Eh! my dear Marquis of Balma, here is Adorno Salentini, who persists that you are a myth, and will only be convinced at the sight of you."

The marquis, coming from behind the screen which surrounded his desk, advanced to greet me with outstretched hands, and I burst out laughing at my simplicity.

"The children thought," said he, "that you were joking; but I saw well that you could not believe that the old unfortunate Boccaferri of Vienna, the facetious Leporello of last night, and the Marquis of Balma were one and the same person. All may be explained in a few words. The follies of youth were mine. Instead of correcting them and thus reforming me, my father banished and disinherited me. My baptismal names were Pierre Anselme Boccaferri. That name of Iron mouth belongs to the younger members of our family, as that of Chrysostomo, or Golden mouth, belongs to the elder ones. I took it for my surname, altering it a little, and lived as you know, erring and unfortunate in all my undertakings. I did not lack courage nor wit to keep out of trouble, but I was a man full of illusions, like any man of imagination. I did not care enough for obstacles. All crumbled down upon me just when, full of genius and pride, I was bringing the keystone to my edifice. Then, overwhelmed with debt, pursued, obliged to flee, I went to hide elsewhere the shame and despair of my failure; but as I am not to be easily discouraged, I sought a false strength in wine, and after I had reached a certain point of intoxication, or drunkenness, if you choose to call it so, and my heart and imagination were warmed, I under-

took something new. So I have been very generously called *low and brutish* in a thousand places, without doubting in the least that from my own taste I should be the soberest man in the world. It needs but three things to so disgrace a man in public opinion: to be poor, to be in trouble, and to meet a creditor as you are coming out of a drinking house.

"I was too proud to ask anything of my brother after his first refusal. I was generous enough to save his blushes by not taking my name again or talking of him and his avarice. I was even rather pleased to forget my patrician birth, that I might make surer the artistic life for which I was born. Two angels aided me unceasingly and consoled me in everything—Celio's mother and my daughter. All honor to their sex! Their hearts are larger than ours!

"When I was at Vienna two months since with Cecilia, I received a letter which made me leave immediately. I had secretly kept up an affectionate friendship with a lawyer of Briançon, who had charge of my brother's affairs. In this letter he told me of my brother's hopeless state. He knew there was no law by which he could disinherit me. He besought me to come to his house, and entertained me until the death of the marquis, which took place two days after, without one single word of affection or remembrance of me. He had but one fixed idea, the fear of death; he did not care then who should succeed him.

"After I came in possession of my title and my estates, thanks to the advice of my worthy friend, the lawyer of Briançon, I kept concealed and let people believe me dead; I discovered my new position to no one, and I remained shut up, as if concealed, in my castle, without revealing the name by which I am known elsewhere. I shall continue to do so until I have paid all the debts contracted in fifty years; so that when they say: 'That old beast of a Boccaferri has become a marquis and worth four millions,' they may also add: 'After all, he was not dishonest, for he has defrauded no one, not even his friends.'

"I own that I had never lost all hope of regaining my liberty and honor in thus acquitting myself. I did not rely upon my brother's inheritance. He hated me so much that I could have sworn that he would have found some way of despoiling me after his death; but, always an artist and a poet, I never ceased flattering myself that my undertakings would be crowned with success at last. So I never made a debt or a bankruptcy without taking account of the sums and the circumstances of the affair. In my later years, as I became more and more wretched, I drank more, and might easily have lost or disarranged these papers, if Cecilia had not collected and kept them with great care.

"So now we are trying to reinstate ourselves. My daughter and I consecrate to this work an hour before breakfast every morning. While our lawyer at Briançon sells some of our estate and prepares for the final settlement, we carry on our correspondence under the name of Boccaferri, and we seek our creditors in every place where we have lived. There are but few who do not answer our calls. Those who favored me, meaning to do it without return, are also repaid in spite of themselves. In a month I believe our difficult labor will be over and our task accomplished, and then shall the truth be known about

me. A very considerable fortune will be left to us, which I hope we shall use well. If I followed my impulse, I should give freely, without caring to whom; but I have lived too much with idlers and debauchees, I have had too much to do with impostors of all sorts, not to know that some distinction should be made. I owe my assistance to bad heads, but not to bad hearts.

"Besides, my dear daughter has taken the control of all my fortune, that I may commit no more follies. She too will have her own generous follies, but they will not be senseless or injurious. Here," said he, drawing back two folds of the screen, which hid half the table, "look; behold the woman whose heart and conscience are above all others! Nothing disheartens her; and that artist soul forgets itself in the office of book-keeper, that she may save her father's honor."

We saw Cecilia bending over the desk, writing, arranging, sealing and folding with great rapidity, heedless of what she heard. She was pale with fatigue, for this two-fold life of artist and administrator was wearing out that frail and generous being; but she was calm and noble, like a true lady of the castle, in her green silk dress. I noticed that she had actually cut off all her long black hair. She had gladly made the sacrifice, that she might more easily take the part of a young man, and this hair, curled around her neck and face, made her look like a young artist in the Renaissance school. She had too much sadness in her face to remind one of the cunning page or the lordly child of a noble house. Intelligence and pride sat upon her pure brow, while from her quiet and modest look one might think she had given up all claims to genius, all dreams of glory.

She smiled upon Celio, gave me her hand, and then closed the screen to finish her work.

"Now you have our secret," began the marquis. "I could not confide it to better hands. I did not wait a single day without sharing it with Celio and Floriani's other children. I owed so much to their mother! But with money alone I could never repay her, as she did not aid me with money merely; she helped and sustained me with her friendship, and mine belongs to what remains of her, these beautiful and noble children, who are henceforth mine. Floriani only left a moderate fortune, and divided between four, it would not give great advantages of education to them all. Since Providence has given me the means, they shall have elbow room in life, and I gathered them about me immediately, here to stay until they are able to venture upon the great stage of life as artists; for it is a noble destiny, and whatever sphere they shall each choose, they will all study the synthesis of Art with me.

"Excuse this vanity; it is an innocent one in a man who has succeeded in nothing and who has not entirely failed in his personal attempts. I believe that through my reflection and experience I have at last reached the knowledge of the true and the beautiful. I do not deceive myself; I am only good as an adviser, and yet I am not a professional professor. I am sure that nothing can be made without material, and that teaching is only useful to those richly endowed by nature. I have the happiness of having scholars of natural genius, who could do well without me; but I know that I can shorten their delays, guard them from certain errors, and can soften the trials to

which their intelligence must make them liable. Already I guide Stella's soul. I feel the pulse of Salvator and Beatrice more delicately; and as for Celio, let him answer if I have not discovered to him resources in himself of which he was ignorant."

"Yes, it is true," said Celio, "you have taught me to know myself. You have brought back my pride and killed my vanity. It seems to me that you and your daughter are making another man of me. I believed myself envious, harsh, revengeful and pitiless; I was fast becoming wicked, because I aspired to it; but you have cured me of that dangerous folly and made me look into my heart. I should not have done it for morality's sake, but I did it for the sake of Art. I have found out that it is from here (striking his breast) that true talent comes."

I was deeply touched. I listened to Celio with emotion; I looked at the Marquis of Balma with admiration. He was a different man from him I had known; even his features seemed changed. Could it be possible that he was that old drunkard, stumbling over the steps of the theatre, stopping people to bore them with his vague and prolix theories, and scented with an unbearable odor of rum and tobacco? I saw before me a man well cared for, erect, clean, of fine and noble figure, his eye sparkling with genius, his beard well trimmed, and his hands fair and delicate. With his superb linen and his velvet wrapper lined with sable, he looked to me like a prince giving audience to his friends, or better than that, like Voltaire at Ferney; but no, it was still better than Voltaire, for his lips wore a fatherly smile and his heart was full of tenderness and candor. So true is it that a man needs good fortune, that poverty degrades an artist, and a miracle is necessary to keep him from forgetting the knowledge of his own dignity.

"Now, my friends," said the Marquis de Balma to us, "go and see if the other children are ready for breakfast. I have one letter more to finish with Cecilia, and then we will join you. Will you promise me now, Monsieur Salentini, to pass a few days at least with me?"

I accepted joyfully; but no sooner had I left his room than I sadly recollected myself.

"I actually believe I am a fool since my arrival here," said I to Celio, stopping him in a gallery adorned with family portraits. "All the while the marquis was telling his story and explaining his position, I only thought of rejoicing to see that at last his own and his daughter's merit were rewarded by fortune. I did not remember that this change in their life gave me a terrible and irremediable blow."

"How so?" said Celio, astonished.

"Do you ask me?" answered I. "Don't you know that I loved Cecilia Boccaferri, a poor cantatrice, with three or four thousand francs a year? and it was allowable in me, who gained much more, to think of making her my wife; while now, how can I aspire to the hand of Mademoiselle de Balma, a great heiress, without seeming ridiculous and really being despicable?"

"And shall not I be despicable also to aspire to it?" asked Celio, shrugging his shoulders.

"No," answered I, after a moment's reflection. "Although you are no richer than I, I think, your mother did so much for the poor Boccaferri that the rich Balma must always consider himself your debtor; and then your mother's name was

glorious; Cecilia has vowed adoration to that great name. So you have a thousand reasons to present yourself without shame or fear. If I could conquer the one, I should only feel the other more; so, my friend, pity me a great deal, console me a little, and do not consider me as your rival any more. I shall stay here one day longer to prove my esteem, my respect, and my devotion; but I shall leave to-morrow, and strive to forget. The feeling of pride within me and the knowledge of my "duty will help to sustain me. Keep the secret of my confidences to you, and never let Mademoiselle de Balma know that I have presumed to aspire to her hand."

[To be continued.]

Memoir of Dr. Crotch.

The author of the "Elements of Musical Composition," was born at Norwich, in 1775. His father, who was a carpenter in that city, having fortunately a taste for, and love of, music, had built himself an organ, and this led to the discovery and development of the extraordinarily precocious genius of his son. When the boy was little more than two years old, his mother, to quiet him, placed him at the organ, where he amused himself by pressing down the keys; and, on the experiment being repeated the following morning, he succeeded in playing, of course from memory, *God save the King*, which he had heard and noticed the day before. So remarkable an instance of precocity naturally attracted the attention of many lovers of the Art, and, among these, Dr. Burney appears to have closely investigated the case, which he made the subject of a paper published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for the year 1779.

Dr. Burney occasionally tested young Crotch's powers by requiring him to add a bass to a subject played by himself, and has left on record the following specimen of the child's successful efforts of this kind, and his power at that early age of

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.



The upper line contains the subject as played by Dr. Burney, and the lower, the bass, which the child, who was then not four years old, of his own accord, added to it.

Daines Barrington, who has also left an interesting paper on the subject, states that he heard the boy, when only three years and a half old, play *God save the King*, and the *Minuet de la Cour*, almost throughout with chords. At another interview, he exhibited the utmost readiness in playing the above mentioned minuet in any key which was called for, concluding with the remote one of F sharp major, then seldom or never used. His talent was not confined to music. Dr. Burney states that he appeared possessed of a general intelligence beyond his age, and had discovered a genius and inclination for drawing nearly as strong as for music; and when music subsequently became his profession, the sister art of painting continued through life one of his favorite recreations.

When between eleven and twelve years of age, he acted as deputy-organist for Dr. Randall, at the chapels of King's and Trinity Colleges, and the University Church of Great St. Mary's at Cambridge, where he was then residing. He here composed an Oratorio, called the *Captivity of Judah*, which many years afterwards was performed at Oxford, but of which only a few movements have ever been published. He then removed to Oxford, and entered on a course of study with the intention of entering the Church.

Circumstances having changed his plans, he resumed the Profession of Music, and took his Bachelor's Degree in 1794, and that of Doctor in 1799. In 1800 he delivered a Course of Lectures in the Music School at Oxford, which were afterwards published by Messrs. Longman and Co., together with three volumes of specimens in illustration of these lectures, now published by Messrs. Cramer and Co. He was afterwards appointed Lecturer on Music at the Royal Institution; and, in 1823, he became Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. His works as composer and arranger are numerous, but his reputation in the former character rests principally upon his oratorio of *Palestine*. His peaceful, virtuous, and useful life, closed 29th December, 1847.—[From Novello's Edition of Dr. Crotch's "Harmony," etc.]

(From the London Times, May 12.)

Madame Alboni.

Having secured Madame Alboni as his *prima donna* for the opening of the season, Mr. Lumley most wisely commenced with Rossini's *Cenerentola*. Even in the days when that great artist almost exclusively adhered to the contralto line of character, in which she has had no rival since Pisaroni—of whom she is the worthiest successor—"Cenerentola" was always one of her favorite parts. No contralto voices could ever be compared to Alboni's in quality and extent of register. The unexceptionable purity of the head-notes, and the exquisite manner in which they blended with the natural tones, so as to make the whole range appear as if it had no break, were the results of persevering application and consummate art. By these means she was enabled to execute the florid mezzo soprano music of which Rossini has produced the most striking examples in his *Barbiere* and *Cenerentola*, with as much ease to herself as pleasure to her audience. But, since leading parts of this description are rare (scarcely, indeed, to be met with out of Rossini's operas), and, like all great artists, Alboni was ambitious, she soon got tired of being confined within a limited sphere, and applied herself to study the varied, and more frequently "dramatic," repertoire of the soprano. Seven years had sufficed to put to the best uses the instruction and advice she obtained from Rossini at Bologna (in 1844), and to raise Alboni in her own department to so high a position that further progress in the same direction was impossible. Besides ambition, however, there was doubtless another motive power impelling her to the step she contemplated. It is notorious that a *prima donna*, in modern times, can only claim the highest rank and emoluments if she has a soprano voice. A contralto may be a *prima donna*, but not "assoluta;" and who, knowing anything about the musical theatres of Europe, can be unaware that the soprano not only takes precedence of others, but pockets by far the largest salary? Alboni now determined to make a bold experiment. She had awakened the enthusiasm of the Parisians, who, with the instance of Jenny Lind to confute them, persist in believing that no reputation is solid unless Paris has endorsed it. But this was at the Italian Opera, in her own repertoire, and at the Grand Opera, in concerts. Alboni wisely declined to make her first appeal in a new language before so formidable a tribunal. She tried the provinces first—then Belgium, and then Holland. This was in 1849. At Rouen and Bordeaux, at Antwerp, Liège, Ghent, and Brussels, at Amsterdam, and the Hague, she alternately appeared as Leonora in Donizetti's *Favorita*. Her success was triumphant. The verdict of these lesser Courts was soon ratified by the French metropolis, and in a remarkable manner. Madame Viardot Garcia, who had "created" the part of Fides in the *Prophète*, was absent from Paris. Ever solicitous about the continuous run of his operas, the anxious Meyerbeer was no indifferent witness to the new successes of Alboni; and in May, 1850, connoisseurs were startled by the announcement that the popular contralto was engaged for 16 representations of the *Prophète* at the Grand Opera. Perhaps, there was never more general anticipation of a fiasco; but it is

equally true that seldom has anticipation been so agreeably deceived. The Fides of Alboni was unanimously praised—not as a copy of her accomplished predecessor, but as a conception of her own. Even now that six years have passed away, Fides remains the character in which the Parisians most admire Alboni. During that interval Alboni has twice visited London—in 1849 and 1851. In both years she made her *réentrée* with *Cenerentola*—which, it will be remembered, she had first essayed at the Royal Italian Opera in 1848. Carrying out her new plans, even upon the Italian stage, Alboni added to her own special list of parts the soprano rôles of Ninetta (*La Gazza Ladra*), Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), Norina (*Don Pasquale*), and Cherubino (*Le Nozze di Figaro*)—delighting amateurs of Mozart's music by singing the beautiful melodies of Zerlina and the Page without injuring their character by transposition. (She had already played Cherubino at Covent-garden, transposing both the airs.)

The five years elapsed since this great artist last appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre have been chiefly divided among the Italian Opera and Académie Impériale of Paris, the operas of Madrid, Lisbon, and Brussels.* Her fame has augmented, and it is only just to say that she sings still better than before. The full rich quality of her lower tones may possibly have suffered a little from her constant performance in operas composed for soprano; but their purity remains untouched, while the range of characters has been materially extended. Alboni's method is the old and true Italian method, of which no one possesses the secret so thoroughly. She never strains or forces, and therefore can never damage, her voice. She never sings Verdi, and thus has no inducement to rant. She has remembered, in short, the counsels of Rossini; and 13 years of a very arduous professional life have left her with a style and mechanism incomparably correct, a voice as fresh and unimpaired as at the beginning of her career.

To return to the opera of Saturday. No part is better suited than *Cenerentola* to display the peculiar resources of Alboni. The quaint romance of the first scene—*Una volta c'era un re*—is as charming for simplicity of expression as for its grateful truth of intonation. She sings this as she sings everything—without pretence or affectation, leaving the melody to make its own impression. The final scene of Act I., where *Cenerentola* comes on in a veil at the Prince Ramiro's ball, presents a specimen of genuine *largo di bravura* in the broad and graceful delivery of which Alboni has no competitor. But the greatest exhibitions of vocal skill are of course in the *largo*, *Nacqui all'affanno* and the rondo, *Non più mesta*, upon which the curtain drops. The beau idéal of expressive singing, of brilliant and unerring execution, is exemplified to admiration in these movements. Such stately melody, such flowing, natural, and graceful ornament as are combined in the former died when Rossini abandoned composition; and it is a pleasant thing, in this age of vocal degeneracy, to hear them from the lips of such a singer. As an example of prodigious fluency, the rondo, by Alboni, was never surpassed, most probably never equalled. No instrument could be more perfect; while from no instrument could such sweetness of tone be made to accompany enunciation so rapid. In this rondo Alboni solves the problem which is the despair of most bravura singers; her scales, ascending and descending, are equally true, equally at command. The ancient masters of Italian song were wont to insist that the most important task for a singer was to master the scale, which when done half the battle was gained, but, undone, left everything to be acquired. Alboni has taken them at their word. Hence the facility with which she accomplishes the most extraordinary tours de force, and the seeming unconsciousness, while doing her very best, that she is doing anything difficult, which alone carries with it an indefinable charm.

On Saturday the reception of Madame Alboni was of the most enthusiastic kind. An attempt was made to encore *Nacqui all'affanno*, and,

* Why omit all mention of one year (1852-3) spent in the United States?—Ed.

though the audience did not gain their end it was not for want of hearty good will. The great vocalist was reserving herself for *Non più mesta*, and when this brilliant performance was achieved, the general delight was such that its imperiousness was not to be resisted. The curtain rose again, wreaths and bouquets were flung upon the stage, and the dazzling aria was executed once more, the fair vocalist holding in her hand a large laurel crown that had illustrated her wondrous success.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ART AND LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STERNAU.

Where Art its little cottage builds,
There Love must also tarry,
And where the sun Art's temple gilds,
There Love his throne must carry.
'Tis Love alone, 'tis Love alone,
That e'er on Art below hath shone,
To give it light from heaven.

They move together, hand in hand,
Two stars of wondrous beauty,
And next his kindred orb to stand
Each feels his loving duty.
Attached in bonds that cannot die,
United to eternity
Are Art and Love forever.

And Art without Love's golden dream
Is like a starless heaven,
A fairy-land, to whose bright realm
No beauteous queen is given.
'Tis Love alone, yes, Love alone,
That e'er on Art below hath shone,
To give it light from heaven.

J. C. D. P.

New York Academy of Music.

The financial state of the New York Academy of Music seems to be far from encouraging. The *New Yorker* has the following account of an important meeting of the stockholders last week, which shows the true position of affairs:

The meeting was largely attended, and there was evidently a disposition on the part of the most interested parties to face all the difficulties of the concern in the bravest manner. The immediate occasion of the present crisis is a mortgage (the second) on the building for \$50,000, the interest of which became due on Saturday. A considerable portion of this \$50,000, and also of other sums was advanced by two gentlemen whose patronage of the opera has brought them frequently before the public—and who have in one way or another advanced or lost together nearly \$100,000 in the cause. For many reasons—a love of Art amongst others—they are anxious of seeing the Academy of Music on a better footing, and perhaps they are desirous, also, of being paid at least a portion of their disbursed capital. The principal proposition on Saturday was to this effect: that a special loan of \$150 on each share be demanded from every stockholder, to be made without security and without regard to repayment. This would realize \$30,000, enough for present necessities. If the shareholders consent to this arrangement (which is scarcely probable) all will go smoothly. If not, the Academy of Music will be foreclosed and put up to public auction for the amount of the mortgage. The mortgagees will then have the property almost in their own hands, for it is probable that the original shares can be purchased by them at auction for a trifle less than they originally cost. The shareholders have until the 15th of June to deliberate on what course they will take. So far as the public is concerned, there is nothing to be apprehended from their decision. The Academy will not, under any circumstances, fall into infidel hands, but will faithfully be preserved to Art and the purposes for which it was erected.

Another topic was broached, and discussed with considerable warmth, and as it affects the public mind more nearly than the question of

possession, we refer to it. This was, whether the shareholders should be entitled to *reserved* seats for every performance. According to the charter, they are only entitled to *admissions*. It was contended (as we have ourselves contended, over and over again) that the reservation of two hundred of the best seats in the house is a gross injustice to the *impresario*, and sure to draw on him the disfavor of the public. If the shareholders supported the Opera, that is to say, paid for it as a private amusement to which the public was admitted as a rare but inexpensive privilege, it would be a different thing. But they do not. On the contrary, the shareholders expect not only amusement, but profit from their investment in the original stock, and as events show, are very unwilling to contribute in the smallest degree towards the promotion of either. It is nothing but fair, therefore, that they should give up their seats, and fall back on their admission right only. If they need a secured seat, let them pay fifty cents for it, as the stockholders of the Boston Theatre do. The present arrangement is intolerable. The other night, when the house was densely crowded by people who had paid for their admission and had no seats because none were to be sold, nearly all the shareholders' chairs, (the best in the house,) were vacant. A thing of this kind exasperates the public, and makes any management, however good, unpopular. Concerning the future management of the house, one thing is certain—there will be no more *amateurism*. Mr. Payne is negotiating with the stockholders for the sale of his properties, &c., which he values at \$9,000. They cost him \$15,000, and originally \$25,000. Mr. Payne, it is reasonable to suppose, is going out of the business. Max Maretzek seems at present to be the most likely lessee. He has offered to take the house for three years, at \$22,000 per annum, provided the shareholders will give up their demand for reserved seats—not otherwise. He would display much less wisdom than we give him credit for, if he consented to take the lease on any other terms.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

A new opera by M. HALÉVY, called *Valentine d'Aubigny*, the libretto by MM. MICHEL CARRE and JULES BARBIER, has been produced at the Opera Comique. The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* gives the following analysis of the plot:

The action takes place early in the XVIII. century, and the curtain rises on an inn at Fontainebleau. A handsome young fellow enters the bar-room; Gilbert de Mauléon comes from the Cevennes, and is on his way to Paris to marry M^{lle} Valentine d'Aubigny, a young orphan to whom he was affianced when he was fifteen, and as he has not seen her for ten years, he could not recognize her. He believes Valentine lives with an old man, who is a sort of protector to her. He meets in the inn a singular fellow, named the Chevalier de Boisrobert, (MOCKER) a half-crazy adventurer, who begins by ridiculing Gilbert's horse, and at last laughs at Gilbert himself, who does not allow this liberty, and in an instant swords are crossed, but as they are about to fight, breakfast is brought in, and Boisrobert proposes that the duel should be postponed until after the coffee. While they are at the table they talk; Boisrobert explains that he has run off from Paris that he may not be obliged to marry Sylvia, a fashionable actress, to whom he has been so imprudent as to give his note of hand promising marriage under a penalty of a thousand louis. He is just then desperately in love with a young girl he met the day before in the inn. Of course this young girl is Valentine d'Aubigny, whom Gilbert is on his way to Paris to find. Her protector is dead, and she is on her way to her family. She (M^{lle} DUPREZ) enters the room; Gilbert does not recognize her; Boisrobert attempts to make love to her, but Gilbert defends her, and for her the duel is about to take place, when the arrival of Sylvia puts an end to it. She summons Boisrobert to marry or to pay; she is anxious he should do one or the other, for she has bet a thousand louis to her comrades that she will be married in a month, and she does not want to lose her money. Boisrobert proposes to her to marry Gilbert, and tells her his story. What, M^{lle} D'Aubigny! she has disappeared, her uncle is dead, and I have purchased her mansion. Admirable! exclaims Boisrobert; take her place and marry Gilbert. He presents Gilbert to her; Gilbert falls at her feet. Boisrobert next counsels Sylvia to take the real Valentine (he does not know who she is) into her ser-

vice. Valentine soon discovers there is some plot and penetrates its secret. The scene then changes to Paris, and we find Sylvia really in love with Gilbert, and he really in love with—the person who sings for him some familiar Cevennes airs and writes him candid, affectionate letters—Valentine, the true Valentine. Sylvia begins to feel that her love, ardent as it is, is not the love a person like Gilbert requires, and she resolves to discover the deception to him; but before she does so, Gilbert learns the secret from Valentine, and they are married.

This opera is somewhat like *L'Eclair*, where, though he had no chorus and no "grand combinations," he contrived to sustain the liveliest musical interest for three acts, with no resource except two tenor and two soprano voices. You know that for a long time M. Halévy imitated M. Meyerbeer's manner, and was prone to sacrifice melody and clearness to scientific combinations. His recent efforts indicate a growing admiration of M. Rossini, and this new score exhibits this change of his manner more than any of the others. It is very successful.

At the Grande Opera also Halévy maintains his popularity. His *Reine de Chypre* and *La Juive* have drawn of late almost as well as anything else. Nothing new has been brought out at that theatre, but M. BILLETTA's new opera, *La Rose de Florence*, is in rehearsal. Mme. MARIE CABEL takes her *congé* at the Opera Comique this month; her place is supplied by Mme. UGALDE, who has just recovered from serious indisposition. VIVIER's concerts appear to have been the musical events of the gay metropolis. The first of them is thus described—doubtless as characteristic a picture as any of musical life in Paris:

It took place in Erard's rooms, before a numerous and fashionable audience, notwithstanding the absence of several aristocratic diplomats, whose early attendance at the *bal* of the Ottoman Embassy was a necessity. The concert began with an organ solo, executed by M. Lebeau, followed by a charming *barcarolle*, composed by Vivier and sung by Gueymard. M^{lle} Dussy sang an air from the *Pré aux Clercs* (violin *obligato*, M. Le Cieux,) and Vivier then made his appearance and played his *Adagio Religioso*, as only Vivier can play it. The witty cornist was enthusiastically applauded both on his *entrée* and after his performance. *La Mélancholie*, another clever composition by the *beneficiaire*, was sung by M^{lle} Dussy, and Madame Massart played the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, arranged for the piano-forte by Liszt. Madame Viardot then sang the finale from the *Sonambula* in her well known artistic manner, and M^{lle} Dussy and M. Gueymard interpreted the quaint little duet by Vivier, *Madeleine et Mathurin*, in a satisfactory manner. Madame Viardot sang some Spanish airs, and Madame Massart played two piano-forte solos by Schulhoff and Alkan. The two other pieces played by Vivier were his beautiful elegy, *La Plainte*, for voice and horn, (the voice part sung by Gueymard,) which was enthusiastically encored, and his marvel of marvels, *La Chasse*, in which double, triple and quadruple notes, held all the time he is playing bravura passages, quite astonished and delighted the audience, who applauded it unanimously. The great cornist was immensely cheered after this extraordinary performance, and he was obliged to return and repeatedly bow his acknowledgements. Among the audience were M. Rouher, (minister of public works) M^{me} Guizot, Duchâtel, Lamartine, Auber, Berlioz, Halévy, Adam, Chérad, Rey, Théophile Gautier, Guinot, Hippolyte Lucas, Achard, &c. Rossini alone, owing to his illness, was unable to attend.

VIENNA.—One of the most brilliant concerts given for a long time was that of LEOPOLD DE MEYER, which took place, on the 27th ult., in the Rooms of the Musikverein. There was not a single vacant seat. The most successful pieces performed by Herr von Meyer were his *Andante Religioso*, his *Fandango*, *Ernani Fantasia*, and *Invitation à la Polka*. He was called for several times in the course of the evening.

ITALY.—The following is a list of the new operas produced in Italy during the Lent season of 1856:—*Pietro d'Abano*, at Venice, at the Teatro Fenice, by Sig. APPOLLONI. *Margherita Pusterla*, at the San Carlo at Naples, music by Sig. PACINI. *L'Assedio di Leida*, at the Scala at Milan, music by Sig. PETRELLA. *I Fidanzati*, at the Carlo Felice at Genoa, music by Sig. PERI. *Caterina Segurana*, at Nice, music by Sig. RIFETTO. *I Romani in Pompejano*, at the Teatro Grande at Trieste, music by Sig. ROTA. *Manuela*, at the Teatro Nuovo at Naples, music by Sig. SARRIA. *La Vergine di Kent*, at the Teatro Regio at Turin, music by Sig. VILLANIS.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. In the first week of May GRISI made her twenty-third "first appearance for the season," or "*rentrée*," as the French call it. Pit and galleries of the Lyceum were full. The opera was *Norma*. The audience was cold throughout *Casta Diva*, and until the famous denunciation of Pollio: *Ah, non tremare*, when the fire of the great

lyric actress made itself acknowledged, as it did always on this side of the water. Her second act in *Norma* is still pronounced unrivalled. The part of Pollio was taken by TAMBERLIK, "the first on our stage (says the *News*) to raise the character from its normal condition of maudlin insipidity." Mlle. MARAI was Adalgisa, and Sig. TAGLIAFICO the high priest.

May 10. The piece was Rossini's *Conte Ory*, his second best comic opera, which bears the impress of his matured style, having been produced but a year before his *William Tell*. The *Times* says:

Madame BOSIO nowhere shines to greater advantage than in *Il Conte Ory*. The cavatina of the first act, *Soffrir penare ognora*, which opens with a largo as stately in its lengthened phrases as any in *Semiramide*, was sung with admirable ease and purity by this accomplished lady. The first movement showed how thoroughly she had studied the Rossinian style of declamation; and the cabaletta, *Buon Eremita*, charmed even more by its fluent and dazzling execution. Mme. Bosio was supported with the utmost ability by Signor GARDONI (whose impersonation of the Count ranks with his most successful efforts), and, on the other hand, by Mlle. MARAI, one of the prettiest pages imaginable, and the best Isolero we remember, either on the French or Italian stage. With three such competent artists the concerted music, in which *Il Conte Ory* abounds, could hardly have gone badly; and we may cite the duet between the Count and Isolero (when the dissolute nobleman, disguised as a hermit, detects a competitor in the person of his own retainer), the duet with the Countess (when the Conte Ory, as a female pilgrim, obtains shelter from the storm in the castle of that unprotected female), and the Mozartean trio (where the Count, in the dark, mistakes the page for the lady, and unwittingly bestows caresses on his rival), as performances wholly beyond criticism, the credit of which, moreover, was equally divided. The other characters, too, were very efficiently represented, more particularly Ragonda, the keeper of the castle, by Mme. NANTIER DIDIEE, who was praised in high terms on a former occasion, and was not less deserving of eulogy now. Signor TAGLIAFICO, as the impudent Raimbaldo, displayed his accustomed flow of exuberant spirits, and sang the famous aria descriptive of his adventures in the wine-cellar (a veritable "patter-song in the buffo style," with capital points and humor. Nor must M. ZELGER's amusing impersonation of the Preceptor pass unnoticed. The scene of the pilgrims caused unusual hilarity; and the careful scrutiny of Mme. Didiee, when Ragonda with a lighted candle comes to ascertain the wants of all those false deceivers, was a quiet but irresistible piece of comedy, to which the mock solemnity of the preghiera (an exquisite specimen of vocal harmony), sung by the feigned religieuses, kneeling, brought an additional zest. All the music went well. The zeal of the chief singers was seconded in an extremely satisfactory manner by the chorus and by the orchestra (under the able direction of Mr. COSTA), which has rarely been played with more delicacy and point. The finale to the first act, one of Rossini's happiest and most ingenious compositions, was perfectly executed throughout. The magnificent unaccompanied sextet—"Oh terror! oh smania! oh pena!" (forming part of it), which follows up the discovery of Conte Ory, through the instrumentality of his unconscious Preceptor, was encored unanimously; and never was such a compliment more richly merited. In short the performance was altogether good; and we are much mistaken if the *Conte Ory* does not become popular with the *habitués* of the Royal Italian Opera. Such genial, elegant, and beautiful music—united to a libretto which, however fantastic and improbable, is decidedly entertaining—ought to please any audience, and more especially when executed with such unflagging spirit and vivacity. The *mise en scène*—like everything hitherto presented at the Lyceum—is complete and appropriate.

May 14. MARIO's first appearance, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. He was indisposed; so was RONCONI, who should have been the Duke, and whose place was supplied by Herr ZELGER. The audience found their compensation in GRISI, who "was grander than ever in *Lucrezia*, and sang both for herself and for Mario." The *Times* says: "Grisi can never fail to triumph, since, in her, the desire to please is a chronic affection. No *contretemps* can abash, no unforeseen calamity quench the fire that burns within her. Such artistic natures are as rare as they are precious." And to this all American opera-goers will say Amen! DIDIEE too is praised as "the best Maffeo Orsini since Alboni." On the 19th *Lucrezia* was again given, Mario and Ronconi both having recovered. Of course a splendid performance.

May 23. Verdi's *Rigoletto*. Gilda, Mme. BOSIO; Maddalena, DIDIEE; the Duke of Mantua, MARIO; *Rigoletto*, RONCONI. The quartet: *Bella figlia dell'amore*, by those four, is said to have been beyond

criticism. Mario's *La donna è mobile* was encored as usual; and Bosio, the *Times* says, surpassed all her previous efforts.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. May 10. The attraction of the opening night was Mme. ALBONI in *Cenerentola*. An account of her triumph will be found in another column. The other triumph of the evening was gained by Sig. CALZOLARI, a *tenore d'agilità*, distinguished in the latter seasons of Her Majesty's, where he originally came out in 1849 as Elvino in *La Sonnambula*, when JENNY LIND took "six farewells." The part of Dandini was taken (in the illness of BELLETTI) by our brave old BENEVENTANO. The *News* praises his good nature in taking up the part at three hours' notice, and adds:

In person—being large and heavy—he was not well fitted for the bustling, impudent valet; but he showed himself well acquainted with the part, acted it with spirit and intelligence, and sang the music admirably, having a fine and powerful baritone voice, and evidently a sound knowledge of his art. His merits were recognized, and he will not have reason to regret his praiseworthy conduct.

Sig. ZUCCONI, who made his debut as Don Magnifico, is pronounced "one of those basses who, without any great volume of voice, rely chiefly on the eccentric humor of their action." Sig. BONETTI, the new conductor, gave good satisfaction, and Mr. LUMLEY, the manager, was called out with warm greetings.

On the 16th Alboni appeared as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," with BELLETTI as Figaro. Their duet: *Dunque io sono*, is said to have been a most perfect piece of Rossinian singing. CALZOLARI was Almaviva, and ZUCCONI Doctor Bartolo. On the 20th, ALBONI had another triumph, in her soprano character, in the *Sonnambula*. CALZOLARI was Elvino: and the burly BENEVENTANO "acted with ease and dignity" as the Count Rodolfo. Mlle. RIZZI, a seconda donna of uncommon merit, was the Lisa.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. At the third concert Beethoven's 7th Symphony was performed, under Dr. WYLD, with more energy and fire than delicacy, according to the *Times*. There were three overtures: Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits," Mendelssohn's *Melusina*, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN played a piano-forte Concerto of ROBERT SCHUMANN's in A minor. The *Times* critic says:

She played the music of her husband as if she had composed it herself. The profound sympathy she must entertain for it is easy to understand; but the difficulties it presents can only have been mastered with prodigious application. Many of the *bravura* passages are, indeed, utterly extravagant. These, however, appeared quite familiar to the gifted pianist, who came to her task not only with all the sentiment, but with all the manual dexterity required. Madame Schumann was loudly applauded at the conclusion of each movement of the concerto, and recalled to the platform at the end.

Mr. HOWARD GLOVER's "very characteristic and clever Cantata" of *Tam O'Shanter*, originally written for this society, was repeated with the same success as last year. Mlle. KRALL, a soprano of good voice, and also of intelligence and feeling, sang *Und ob die Wolke*, from *Der Freyschütz*, and an air by Gluck.

Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, the pianist, has returned to England after a long and brilliant tour upon the Continent, and gave a concert at Hanover Square Rooms May 16th. She has returned, it is said, one of the very finest pianists in Europe. She played Mozart's Concerto in D minor, Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata (with ERNST), and Mendelssohn's Rondo in E flat.... A brilliant series of afternoon concerts is in progress at the Crystal Palace, which has accommodations for seating four thousand persons comfortably. The programmes are of a miscellaneous and fashionable order, comprising overtures, solos, duets, scenes, &c., from favorite operas, Italian, French and German. Mmes. GRISI, BOSIO, JENNY NEY, DIDIEE, and MM. MARIO, GARDONI, FORMES, and all the principal singers and orchestra (of nearly one hundred) of Mr. GYE's Opera company are the performers. Conductor, M. COSTA.... M. BENEDET's annual concert, with its interminable programme, took place May 21st. Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT was the great attraction. She sang (with BELLETTI) a duet on Styrian melodies,

arranged by Benedict; the scene and aria: *Squallida veste*, &c., from *Il Turco in Italia*, and a French duet, by Meyerbeer, with Mme. VIARDOT. Viardot sang the old air, *Verdi prati*, from Handel's "Alcina." REICHARDT sang a romanza by the Duke of Coburg. Messrs. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT and BENEDET played a Concerto of Bach for two pianos. There were long extracts from Benedict's *Minnesinger*; there were overtures, instrumental solos and duets, and what not.... Another "monster concert" was that given by Mr. BODDA at Exeter Hall. The programme consisted of five and thirty pieces of music, and contained the names of thirty-eight artists, including Mme. CLARA NOVELLO, VIARDOT GARCIA, RUDESDORFF, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Miss DOLBY, Herr FORMES, &c. But even the English are getting weary of such long programmes, and there are already symptoms of reform in that regard.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 14, 1856.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Stockholders took place at the Hall on Wednesday. By the Treasurer's report it appeared that the net earnings for the year past have been \$2,049 23, and that the Hall has been kept in good condition and improved. The thanks of the Association were voted to Mr. PERKINS for his munificent gift of the statue of BEETHOVEN. The utmost harmony prevailed in the meeting, as particularly shown in the action on the important project to which we have before alluded, for procuring for the Hall a grand Organ, "equal in calibre, in power and in quality, to the famous specimens which have for so many years elicited the admiration and wonder of travellers on the continent of Europe." By the unanimous vote of those present, representing 734 shares (out of 1,035), it was decided that such an organ should be placed in the hall. Its estimated cost is about \$25,000. The stockholders voted an appropriation of \$10,000, on condition that another \$10,000 should be raised by private subscription. Of this, \$6,000 are already subscribed. The remaining \$5,000 may be derived from concerts to be given at the opening of the instrument, and afterwards. But the Directors' report, in urging the matter, assures the stockholders that this latter sum is *guaranteed*—by (as the *Transcript* states) "the gentleman to whose energy and perseverance the success of the plan thus far is due."

Another portion of the Directors' report relates to a matter about which there has been not a little unpleasant controversy; and sets the question so completely at rest, that we gladly avail ourselves of the liberty of copying the entire passage:

"To an Association of the nature of ours there are other and higher interests than its business prospects merely. Having for its objects the rearing of a temple in which Music might find its full and perfect expression, it is fitting also that it should furnish to Art, in all its highest forms, a permanent abode. It is with feelings of peculiar pleasure and of pride that we allude, in this connection, to the princely act of Mr. Perkins in his presentation of the noble statue of Beethoven; which a short time since was welcomed with musical honors to its appropriate place.

"And since, unfortunately, the question has been publicly mooted, it may not be inappropriate to state here, once for all, that in the intention of Mr. Perkins, as expressed unequivocally to the Board of Directors, this statue is a *gift to the Association*, to be by them retained and possessed

so long as their hall shall retain its original character, with this reservation only—that in case the building should ever be sold or diverted to purposes foreign to the designs of its founders, then is the statue to be removed to some place of security, till such time as another music hall shall be constructed to receive it. Thus it stands, as it is meet it should stand, the guardian in no small measure, of our chartered rights, and the hope of Art in future years.

Of the work itself, we cannot speak in terms of too much praise. Conceived and created by an artist of world-wide fame, successfully cast by a master the most cunning of his handicraft in Germany, passing the ordeal of criticism before kings and a great multitude of dilettanti from his own land, fêted and honored, and publicly crowned in the art-loving city of Munich, it comes to us the recognized embodiment of the breathing soul and spirit of Beethoven. In the expressive language of the inaugural poem :

Art hath bid the evanescent pause and know no more decay ;
Made the mortal shape immortal, that to dust had passed away.

Hail, to-day, this seed of promise, planted by a generous hand ;
Our first statue to an artist—nobly given, nobly planned :
We can only say, Great Master, take the homage of our heart,
Be the High Priest in our temple, dedicate to thee and Art.

A benefaction, it is indeed, on the part of the generous giver, which demands, and should receive our gratitude and our warmest thanks."

The old Board of Directors was unanimously reëlected, consisting of Messrs. J. Baxter Upham, Charles C. Perkins, Robert E. Apthorp, George Derby, H. W. Pickering, Ebenezer Dale, and E. D. Brigham.

A Grand Organ for the Music Hall.

By the report above given of the meeting of the stockholders, it seems now as good as certain that the one thing wanting in our noble Music Hall is to be supplied. We are to have an Organ, on the grandest scale, the best (it is designed) that the Old World can make, one of those wonders of the world, to which men "maken pilgrimages," as to the famous Haarlem and Freyburg organs. This project has been conceived and matured by the same indefatigable friend of music, to whom the Music Hall itself, especially its acoustic plan, is in a great measure due, and whose agreeable "Reminiscences" of travel and descriptions of great organs and organ-builders whom he visited in Europe, have added so much interest to our columns. The appeal for \$25,000 for this object had a startling sound at first, and it of course cost no little time and argument to convince our music patrons that the idea was not visionary. But they have been convinced. Over six thousand dollars has been actually subscribed by individuals, mostly in small sums. The stockholders, with a jealous eye to the improvement of their property, and the securing of the Hall to its true end of Art, have accepted the plan, and appropriated \$10,000. The rest comes easily. To show what reasons weighed in uniting the votes of the stockholders, we present the following extract from the report of the committee, which has kindly been placed in our hands.

It is the consideration of a plan, having for its object to place in the Boston Music Hall, at no distant day, a *Grand Organ*, equal in calibre, in power and in quality to the famous specimens which have for so many years excited the admiration and wonder of travellers on the continent of Europe. Just such an instrument the capacity of our hall will allow and requires. Without it, its beautiful architecture will always be incomplete, and its acoustic qualities fail to reach their full perfection.

Of the influence of such an instrument upon the interests of the Association, the value can hardly be estimated. It would place this hall at once, in point of attraction, immeasurably above that of any other institution of the kind in the land, and every year, and at all seasons of the year, we see no reason to doubt, would draw as many pilgrims to its shrine as do the world-renowned organs at Haarlem, and in

the Church of St. Nicholas at Freyburg. To the city and to New England it would be an object of just pride, and to the public would prove a source of the purest enjoyment, and an inculcator of a taste for music, in its highest and holiest forms, for many generations to come.

The subject is one which has at times engaged the attention of each succeeding Board of Directors since the founding of the building. The period has now arrived when they would most respectfully but earnestly urge it upon the notice of the stockholders, and bespeak for it the good will and patronage of the Association.

And in the consideration of a matter so important, it seems particularly desirable to set our standard of excellence high—to be satisfied with nothing inferior to the *greatest and the best*. Since we are providing for a work that shall stand, it is to be hoped, not for decades only, but for *centuries of years*.

It must be admitted that a structure, such as is here contemplated, cannot be had without the expenditure of a large amount of funds. But for this expenditure we shall look for adequate results ; and in the long run, it is emphatically true in the history of organ building, that the instrument composed of the best materials, and constructed in the most thorough and substantial manner in all its parts, and by consequence of a superior cost, has been found to best subserve the interests of a real economy.

The Committee who have had this matter in charge have been able, by personal observation and investigation among the most celebrated manufactories in Europe, both in England and upon the Continent, to obtain an abundance of facts bearing upon the subject. The total cost, as thus determined, of such a work as they would recommend, will not fall far short of the sum of \$25,000. But it is not proposed that the Music Hall Association shall in this case defray the whole expense of the work.

The plan which, after mature deliberation, suggested itself to the minds of the Directors as most feasible and proper, was this : that the Corporation appropriate the sum of *ten thousand dollars* towards the enterprise, on the condition that an additional *ten thousand* be raised by private subscription ; the remaining *five thousand* or such portion of it as may be required, shall be guaranteed *without expense to the Association*. The hall is then to receive the use and possession of the organ, and derive all the pecuniary benefits therefrom, so long as it shall remain a *Music Hall*, in return for its permanent care and custody of the instrument.

Acting upon this plan, and as a test of the popularity and probable success of the measure, a subscription, based on the ultimate action of this body, has been going on for some time past, and with the most gratifying results. More than one half the sum proposed to be raised in this manner has already been secured, and all substantial and reliable names. It is a list we are proud to show, as furnishing an additional illustration of the liberality of our citizens in everything which tends to the education and refinement of the community, as well as for objects of pure philanthropy.

This appeal was followed up by cogent arguments from the Hon. George S. Hillard, G. P. Putnam, Esq., and others, so that no doubts remained. To procure such an organ, will be no small work. The subscriptions and appropriation have been made with the understanding that the organ is to come from Germany,—most probably from the famous establishment of the Messrs. *WALCKERS*, of Ludwigsberg. Their specification and estimate, compared with others from the best German, French and English makers, are thought on the whole to promise best both on the score of quality, economy, and durability. It may take some two or three years to get the whole glorious fabric completed. It is hoped that the contract will be made this summer, after careful consultation with the best German organists.

A few persons have declined subscribing on the ground that such an opportunity should be offered first to our own enterprising and skilful native builders. We may look with just pride on the organs built by our Boston and New York makers. But we are comparatively young in this department ; we are but beginning to be a musical people. Yankee skill and confidence are great ; but how many of our native organ-builders have been abroad to see what has been done there ? Is it not natural to suppose

that Germany, the musical land *par excellence*, the home of great organs and great organists for centuries, the land of Bach and Mendelssohn and Schneider, should possess the art of organ-building in the greatest perfection ? There the organ-builder is an *artist* as well as a manufacturer. The testimony of travellers and musicians is in favor of the German, French and English organs. The German organs have grown sweet and rich with time. They were made to *endure* ; their builders built for Art and for long ages. Even on the score of economy, owing to the cheapness of labor and long practice, it is found that the German organ will come several thousand dollars cheaper than one on the same scale made here.

It can do no harm to anybody to have among us a master specimen of European organ-building. If our builders can surpass it, what a monument and triumph it becomes for *them* ! If it shall have excellencies to which they have vainly aspired, then how incalculable its value as a model and incentive to more earnest well-directed effort on their part. In either case, music among us will be sure to be the gainer. But we can only touch upon the matter now.

Italian Opera.—The Vestvali Troupe.

A better opera than we had any right to expect at this time of the year, is that which Mlle. *VESTVALI* has organized for a few nights at the Boston Theatre. In the three operatic concerts, by which she felt the pulse of the public last week, her quartet of principals, all new to us except herself, made so good an impression as to warrant the importation of a chorus from New York, and the performance of a few familiar operas, suited to a small company, in full. The concerts were doubly tedious by the length and miscellaneous composition of the programmes. We found half of one of them enough for an evening, and in that time were satisfied of the rare powers of the tenor, Sig. *CERESA*, and the abundant competency of the soprano, Signora *MANZINI*. In *VESTVALI*, it is chiefly the charm of person, the splendid *physique*, the dashing, manly air in contralto male parts, which ensures applause. As *Arsace*, as *Orsini*, and we doubt not as *Romeo*, she takes the eye and satisfies the many. Her voice, rich and musical in parts, is more equal than it was, and yet far from equal ; and for artistic style in singing, of which she has not much, she makes up by a certain easy, generous *abandon*.

On Wednesday night we had *Ernani* entire, and certainly one of the best performances of it that we remember. It was so long since we had heard it, that we listened again with some little freshness of interest in the music. Surely this is more than we shall ever say of *Trovatore*. The burden of the opera was sustained by the tenor, Sig. *CERESA*, awkward as he is in manner, acts in earnest. His voice surprised all. It is a rich, sweet, ringing, powerful *tenore robusto*, of great compass, taking every note with ease and certainty, trained to clear and effective execution of the difficult Verdi passages, and sustaining itself without any sign of weariness to the end of such a trying part. Indeed, in this last particular we do not remember his equal. He expends himself always without stint, and yet has power for every crisis, and plenty of power left at the end. He is the man for Verdi's music ; we doubt if he have the fineness for Mozart or Rossini.

Signora *MANZINI* has a very pure, well-trained soprano, of not great power, yet adequate to

what she attempts. Her execution is clean and finished, and her style good. Without much inspiration, there is an earnest way with her which wins respect and pleases. She commands some very pure, silvery highest notes. Her Elvira showed a fair dramatic talent. GASPARDONI, our old friend, made an excellent Silva, so far as he could disguise himself, which is impossible to those roguish eyes of his. But he is a good singer, and his rich round bass is always true. Signor BARATINI is a baritone of good power in the tenor region, rather spasmodic in his delivery, by turns weak and over-loud, and addicted to a strange way of now and then prolonging a tone beyond all sense or comeliness, as if simply to show how long a note can be held out. He is tall, gaunt and nervous, and evidently has been ill for some time. The orchestra, led by Sig. NUNO, was fair, not so overwhelmingly brassy as sometimes in Verdi's operas. The chorus, not very numerous, was effective on the male side, but rather feeble and forlorn on the female. Most of the ensembles, however, especially the *Carlo Magne* finale, were made quite effective. The plaudits and recalls were warm and frequent.

New Music.

(Published by Geo. P. Reed & Co.)

1. *The Water Lily*. Song by ROBERT FRANZ. 25 cts.
2. *The Young Pianist's First Waltz*. By G. B. WARE.
3. *Il Balen del suo sorriso*. Aria from *Il Trovatore*. By VERDI. 9 pp.
4. *Che farò senza Euridice*. Cavatina from GLUCK'S *Orfeo*. 25 cts.
5. *A te, mio suolo, Ligure*. Romanza from MERCADANTE'S *Il Bravo*. 25 cts.

No. 1 is the first of six songs by ROBERT FRANZ, which Messrs. Reed & Co. propose to issue. We hail it as the first beginning of a most excellent service to Art in our country, that, namely, of putting into the hands of those who have soul and voice to sing them, some of the incomparable songs of a composer to whom we have called considerable attention of late. This one, called in English "The Water Lily," is the sweet, pensive, dreamful Andante to GEIBEL'S charming little poem, *Die Lotosblume*.—The German and English words are given. It is one of the easiest of the Franz songs to sing and accompany.

No. 2 is simplest of the simple, and pretty enough.

No. 3 is the popular baritone air from the *Trovatore*, one of the series issued under the auspices of Sig. BENDELARI, with words Italian, and English by C. J. SPRAGUE.

Nos. 4 and 5 are of the ninety and odd pieces included by the publishers under the head, "Songs of Italy." That by Gluck was better known to our fathers and mothers (those of them that were musical,) than it has been in our day. It is one of the immortal melodies, and we hereabouts owe much to Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS for reviving it at her concerts, and proving once more that it goes to the hearts of all. It is here set in C, so that the voice never goes above E.

No. 5 is for soprano, or mezzo soprano, a rather taking sentimental melody.

(From Nathan Richardson.)

1. *By the Stream a youth was Sitting*. Ballad. Words by SCHILLER; Music by WULF FRIES. 25 cts.
2. *Yes, thou art like the flower of May*. Song, by FERD. HILLER. 25 cts.
3. *Six Album Leaves*, for the Piano, by STEPHEN HELLER. 13 pp. 60 cts.

No. 1 is a song of not a little tenderness and delicacy of feeling. The accompaniment shows refinement. The free movement of the bass and middle parts several times betrays the violoncellist's fondness, and is in refreshing contrast with the hum-

drum common-chord accompaniment of so many songs. The words, Schiller's *Jüngling am Bach*, are happily Englished by the Rev. JOHN WEISS, to whom the piece is dedicated.

No. 2. Is this the famous Ferdinand Hiller? At all events, a very graceful, pleasing song.

No. 3. These "Album Leaves" are among the easier of Heller's always refined and artistic writings for the piano. We can recommend them without reserve.

We are disappointed in not receiving the remainder of the article on the "Original Manuscript of Mozart's Requiem" in time for this week's paper. We hope to give it next week. We find we were mistaken in supposing it a new discovery. The Leipzig *Allgemeine Zeitung*, we see, contains a notice of Herr von Mosel's pamphlet as early as the year 1841. Strange that it escaped the notice of Oulibicheff, whose book appeared several years later! It would have saved him the labor of reviewing the controversy, and proving, so ably as he has done, by internal evidence, the absurdity of the claim set up by and for Süssmayer to the authorship of a large part of the *Requiem*.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Our neighbor of the South Boston *Mercury*, speaking of operatics, has a good hit on the subject of "Complimentary" tickets. He suggests a correction in the spelling of the term; "for certainly, under the present system of holding back until every decent position on the floor is sold, and then filling up the house by magnanimously distributing the refuse seats, the sense of the word will be improved by spelling it *complémentary*.".... In our summary of "Music Abroad" it will be seen that our old friend LEOPOLD DE MEYER has been concertizing in Vienna and playing "his" *Andante Religioso*.—Query: Is it the same one which he palmed off for his own in Boston, but in which the initiated were surprised to recognize a well-known work of Thalberg's? The trick would hardly be a safe one in Vienna.... There is now in this city a German lad of ten years, who, if all we hear of him be true, (and we hear it from the most reliable sources) must be a very prodigy of musical executive talent. He plays many of Bach's fugues, including some of the most difficult, from memory, both on the piano and the organ, reads difficult music at sight, &c., and has no small skill on the violin. Such extraordinary talent cannot be too sacredly cherished and directed in right ways. But of course it is too early to determine whether it is to end in mere machine playing, or whether there is soul and genius underneath and yet to be developed. The boy is named PERREAU, a connexion, as we understand, of the well-known pianist who has long resided here. He has been living for some years, with his father, who is a teacher of music, in Dover, N. H.... The MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY have elected their officers for the ensuing year as follows; President—James D. Kent (re-elected.) Vice President—Wm. B. Merrill. Financial Secretary—N. Broughton, Jr. Recording Secretary—Wm. B. Bonner. Treasurer—John Albree, Jr. Librarian—Wm. F. Smith. Directors—Alden Spense, Samuel J. M. Homer, Jerome W. Tyler, Washington Warren, Carlos Pierce, Wm. S. Baker, James W. Bailey.

We hear pleasant reports in private circles of a Soirée Musicale given last week at her residence by Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE, with her young lady pupils. Upwards of a hundred guests were present, consisting of their relatives and friends. Flowers, music and bright faces made fairer summer than the east wind without. The pieces were of various grades of difficulty, from such masters as

Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Hummel, Dohler, &c., including solos, duets, quartets, &c., played singly, or with several players on a part. Among other things the programme contained the overture to *Fidelio* as a duet, the overture to "Tell" as quartet, and a Sonata duo by Mozart. All speak highly of the accuracy and style of the performances, especially of the unity and precision where several pianos were played at once. Mlle. de Lamotte is reaping the reward of her indefatigable industry and skill as a teacher.

We have news from ALFRED JAELL. He seems to be moving from one success to another, loaded with gifts and honors. After leaving Berlin, where our correspondent wrote us such pleasant accounts of him in November, he took part in orchestral symphony concerts in Hamburg, Bremen, Brunswick, Hanover, &c., where he played Concertos of Schumann, Beethoven, &c., and a manuscript Concerto by Liszt, extremely difficult of course, which everywhere created much sensation. In January he gave concerts in Amsterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, Rotterdam, Leyden, and other cities of Holland. The King of Holland presented him a costly diamond ring. The King of Hanover presented him two costly diamond rings, (!) one after playing at his court concert, and one for the dedication of one of his compositions (which, by the way, count up to Op. 58!). At Leyden, as he was leaving Holland, the "Studenten-Gesellschaft" escorted him with carriages to the railroad station, and he received the diploma of honorary member from the society called "Sempre Crescendo." At Hanover again he played on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, when he was named Court Pianist to his Majesty, which title and engagement oblige him to go every winter for a certain time to Hanover. After concertizing at Frankfort on the Maine, Hanau and Cologne, he assisted at the Düsseldorf Festival in the second week of May. Jaell writes with enthusiasm of the orchestral and chorus performances at that Festival, under the "perfect" direction of JULIUS RIETZ, especially that of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Our happy young pianist intends to pass the summer at the German watering places and in Switzerland.

Opera is probably more an institution in New Orleans than in any of our Atlantic cities. A population so French naturally takes Paris with it; and a good French company, performing operas, both French and Italian, is always to be found there in the winter season. The *Picayune* sums up the season as follows:

M. BODOUSQUIE has brought this very successful season to a close, and now resorts to Europe to reconstruct his *corps operatique* for next year. We are pleased to learn that of those artists who are highly popular favorites here, he has already secured the services of the fascinating Colson, the ruling prima donna of the late season, and JUXCA, the superb basso.

The rage, during the winter, has been for comic opera, rather than, as in several seasons preceding, for grand opera. The reason of this is to be found in the accession to the troupe of the highly accomplished artiste we have already named, Mme. Colson. The operas in which she has appeared have been decidedly the most popular, and to the management, we should judge, the most profitable.

Of grand operas during the season just closed, we have had the "Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," the "Prophet," and the *Etoile du Nord*, of Meyerbeer, the "Juive" and "Reine de Chypre" of Halévy; the "Jerusalem" of Verdi; the "Norma" of Bellini; the "Martyrs," "Favorite," "Lucrezia," and "Lucia," of Donizetti; and the "Moïse" and "Comte Ory" of Rossini.

Of comic operas, the "Domino Noir," "Fille du regiment," "Si j'étais Roi," *Les Amours du Diable*, "Ambassadrice," "Les Noces de Jeanette" and "Gille le Ravisseur." Those we have italicized have been the most popular and productive performances of the season, thanks to Colson, who has appeared in them all.

M. Boudonsquie has given us a very good company, taken as a whole, though it is susceptible of improvement in some particulars. Mme. Laget-Planterre, Mme. Colson, Mme. Gambier, Mme. Du-laurens, Mme. Richer, Messrs. Duluc, Crambade, Junca, Delagrave, Laget, Graat, Colson, Dutasta, Debrinay, Chol, Carrier, Mathieu, and others we might name, compose a stronger company than is known in any regular operatic and dramatic theatre out of Paris; and they have given us operas, put superbly on the stage, and accompanied by one of the best orchestras in the world, in a style that would do honor to any theatre on either side of the Atlantic.

Still another new musical paper makes its appearance on our desk this week. It is called "The Flower Queen" and is published monthly in Chicago, Ill. Each number consists of eight pages, of about our own size, closely filled with short editorials, selections, advertisements, &c., all on the subject of music. WILLIAM C. WEBSTER is the editor, and the Messrs. HIGGINS BROTHERS, publishers. Its object, as set forth in the editor's introductory, is "the advancement of the cause of Music, in its widest, broadest, noblest sense, not only in our large and increasing popular city, but throughout our State and the vast West." The vast West surely needs the humanizing influence of music, especially when sham Democracy and Slavery are so active to demoralize and drag us back to barbarism. Therefore success to "The Flower Queen"! Among the topics to which it proposes especially to call attention, the following are named:

The prominent obstacles to the advancement of Sacred Music; the practical benefits of Oratorical Singing to Psalmody; how far do good performances of Sacred Music depend upon the ability to read music at sight; the cultivation of Secular—does it conduce to the advancement of Sacred Music; the best means of sustaining competent teachers in our Churches; the best means of diffusing musical knowledge, popularly considered; the advantages arising from Quartette Choirs; the teaching of Music as a legitimate branch of education; the best methods of teaching Sacred Music; the best methods of piano forte instruction; the holding of Musical Conventions as tending to the promotion of the cause.

JOHN BUNYAN'S FLUTE.—The flute with which Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours is now in the possession of Mr. Howels, tailor, Gainsborough. In appearance it does not look unlike the leg of a stool, out of which, it is said, that Bunyan, while in prison, manufactured it. When the turnkey, attracted by the sound of music, entered his cell to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the melody the flute was replaced in the stool, and by this means detection was avoided.

An editor says it has cost him a week's toil "in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," to discover that the quotation, "A harp of a thousand strings," is from Dr. Watts, and that that of "Spirits of just men made perfect," is from St. Paul.

In one of his hymns, Dr. Watts has this couplet, alluding to the human organization:

"Strange that a harp of a thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long."

In the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, chapter XII, verse 23, occurs the other quotation.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeaut, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER XIII.

STELLA.

Celio was about answering me, when Beatrice came running through the gallery and jumped upon his neck and frolicked around us, asking me very roguishly if I had yet been introduced to *Monsieur le Marquis*. A few steps farther on we met Stella and Benjamin, who besieged me with the same questions; the breakfast bell rang loudly, and Hecate, who was very excitable, echoed this signal with a shrill bark. The marquis and his daughter came last, serene and kind, like those who have been doing their duty. There I saw how much the girls adored Cecilia, and how much respect she inspired from the whole family. I could not help observing her, and even when I did not look at her nor listen to her, I saw all her movements, heard every word; and yet she did and spoke but little; but she was attentive to all that could please her friends. Any one would have said that she had always been an heiress, she was so easy and tranquil in her opulence; and it was easily seen that she did not care for it on her own account, she was so careful to supply the least want and gratify the slightest wish of others.

At breakfast the drama was not talked about. Not one word was said before the servants, which could make them suspect anything of the kind. No thanks to Beatrice, whose little head was full of it, for she began to talk about the night before and the night to come; but Stella, who sat beside

her and governed her like a young mother, checked her words. When breakfast was over, the marquis gave his arm to his daughter, and they left the room.

"Now they are going to busy themselves about something else," said Celio to me. "They devote this part of the day to the wants of the people around us; they listen to the petitions of the poor, the claims of the farmers, and answer all invitations. They see the curé or his assistant; they direct the laborers, and even consult about the sick; in fact, they fulfil their duty as lord and lady with as much regularity and conscience as possible. Stella and Beatrice take charge of the household matters within. As for me, I generally read or study music, and since the arrival of my brother, I give him lessons; but to-day he must go and practice billiards by himself. I want to talk with you."

He led me into the garden, and pressing my hand affectionately, said to me:

"Your sadness grieves me, and I cannot witness it much longer. Listen, my friend: I had an evil thought; when you told me an hour ago that you would renounce Cecilia from delicacy, I was about telling you that such seemed your duty, and was to encourage you to leave. I did not do it; but even if I had, I should have taken it back now. You are too scrupulous, or else you do not thoroughly understand Cecilia and her father. They have never ceased to be artists in becoming noble. The alliance of talent like yours could never seem below their station. It would be impossible for them to suspect you of ambition or avarice, for they know that two months since you were in love with the poor cantatrice, with only three thousand francs a season, and you thought seriously of marrying her, without blushing for the old drunkard."

"Do they know it? Did you tell them, Celio?"

"I told them the very day that you confided it to me, and they were deeply touched by it."

"But they refused because on that same day they received the news of their inheritance?"

"No; even when they had read the news they did not refuse. They said: '*We will see.*' Then, although I was moved myself, I had the courage to keep the promise I had almost given you. I began to speak of you again."

"And what did she say?"

"She said: 'I am so grateful for his kind intentions towards me, at a time when I was poor and obscure, that if I was decided to marry at all, I should endeavor to see and know more of him.' And then, as I told you, we went secretly to Turin, a few days since, upon business for her father and to bring back Benjamin. When

there, I studied with some anxiety the effect produced upon her by the story of your amours with the duchess. She was sad a moment;—that I know. You see, my friend, I conceal nothing. I offered to go and bring you secretly to our hotel. She saw I was angry, and said no, for she is kind to me as an angel, kind as a mother; but she suffered much, and when, the next night, we passed by your door on foot, on our way to our carriage, as we did not wish it brought round to the hotel, we saw your coachman, and recognized Volabù. We avoided him, as we did not wish to be seen; but Cecilia had a woman's happy thought. She told Salvator (whom the man had never seen) to go to him and ask him if his carriage would go to Milan.

"Indeed," answered he, 'I am going to Milan, but I can take no one.'

"Whom are you going to drive?" said the child. 'Cannot I make some arrangement with your traveller to allow me to accompany him?'

"No; he is a painter, and travels alone."

"What is his name? perhaps I may know him."

"The driver gave your name; that was all we cared to know. We had been told that the duchess had returned to Milan. Cecilia grew pale, pretending that she was cold; then, as I spoke of it in a low voice, she smiled upon me with sovereign sweetness and drew near your window, saying:

"You shall see what a friendly and disinterested farewell I will give him."

"Then she sang that cursed *Vedrai carino*, which saved you from the clutch of Satan. There is a fate in all this! I believe she loves you, although it is always hard to read a person so thoroughly mistress of herself, and so accustomed to self-denial that one can seldom imagine what she suffers in sacrificing. Just now she knows nothing different about you, and I must confess that I am not courageous enough to tell her that you have renounced the duchess and that you owe your safety to her. I promised not to injure you, but it would be pushing heroism beyond my powers to woo her for you. Still I must tell you the truth, and there you have it all. Stay, then, or speak; wait and hope, or else act and settle the matter. At all events, you have all right to do it, and no one could suspect you of being in love with her millions, since even this morning you could not understand that the Marquis de Balma was father Boccaferri."

"Good and noble Celio!" said I, "how can I thank you? I don't know what to do. I think you love Cecilia as much as I and are more worthy of her. No, I cannot speak to her. I wish her to know and appreciate you in your

new character. She must examine us, compare us, and decide. I have thought her in love with some one, and that may be you. Why should we hasten to know our destiny? Perhaps now she may even be undecided herself. Let us wait."

"Yes, it is true," said Celio, "we both run the risk of a refusal if we surprise her; and I am somewhat troubled because I was not in love with her at Vienna, and the idea never entered my head until I witnessed your love. I am a little afraid that she will suspect me of being mercenary, for I am more open than you to such suspicions. Time has not proved me, as it has you. On the other hand, the adoration she has for my mother, and which still rules all her thoughts, is naturally a strong reason for her to sacrifice her love to you, for fear of making me unhappy. Thus is this noble woman made, but I would not profit by such a sacrifice."

"That sacrifice," answered I, "might be quick and easy to-day. If she loves me, she has not loved me long enough to have become entirely selfish. I ask the help and counsel of time for my own interest as for yours."

"Well said," answered Celio; "let us adjourn. But first let us make this resolution: that is, that neither shall confess his love without telling the other beforehand; until then, let us talk no more about it, for it gives me pain."

"And me too. I submit to that agreement; but we shall not forbid each other's attempts to please her."

"No, certainly," said he.

He began to hum the romance from "Don Juan"; then he began to sing, and practised while walking up and down beside me, and stamping impatiently when his voice dissatisfied him.

"I am not Don Juan!" said he, interrupting himself, "and yet it is in my voice and destiny to be it on the stage. Diable! I am not a tenor and cannot play the tender lover. I cannot sing *Il mio tesoro intanto* with Rubini's cadenza. I must either be a bold scamp or an honest man, who only meets with *fiascos*. Who cares for power? After all," added he, passing his hand over his forehead, "who knows I am in love? Let us see!"

He sang *Quando del vino*, and sang it superbly.

"No, no!" cried he, self-satisfied, "I was not made to love. Cecilia is not my mother. Perhaps to-morrow she might love another better than me—you, for instance. Shall I be in love with a woman who does not love me? I should die of rage! I should not be angry with you, Salentini, but her. I would throw her down from her high castle to the pavement, that she might see how little I cared for her person or her fortune!"

I was frightened at the expression of his face, the old Celio I knew in Vienna was coming back and frightened and saddened me. He saw it, smiled and said to me:

"I believe I am getting wicked again. Come, let us join the others and this will pass off. Sometimes my nerves play me ugly tricks. Come, I am cold; let us go in."

He took my arm and ran in.

At two o'clock the whole family assembled in the large parlor. The marquis gave, as usual, orders to the servants not to disturb him until dinner time, except for some important reason,

and then they must ring the castle bell to summon him. Then he asked the young ladies if they had taken the air and seen to the house, and Salvator if he had worked; and when each had accounted for the morning, he said:

"That is right; the first condition of liberty, of moral and intellectual health, is order in the details of life; but alas! to be orderly one must be rich. The unhappy never can know what they shall do in an hour's time. Now, children, *vive la joie!* The day of business and care is over; the evening of pleasure and Art has begun. Follow me."

He took a large key from his pocket and waved it in the air to the great delight of the children. Then we went towards the wing of the castle devoted to the theatre. They opened the *ivory door*, as the marquis called it, and we entered into the sanctuary of dreams, after having well locked and barred the door. The first thing was to arrange the theatre, restore order and neatness, collect and label the costumes, which had been hastily thrown down upon chairs the night before. The young men swept, dusted, mended the scenery, oiled the bolts, &c. The girls busied themselves about the dresses; all was done with wonderful precision and rapidity. Each one went to work with zeal and gaiety. When all was finished, the marquis called his brood around the great table which stood in the midst of the pit, and there they held council. They took down the manuscripts of "Don Juan" to study; they copied into them the personages of the night before and the scenes they had brought out; they talked over the distribution of the rôles once more. Celio returned to Don Juan; he begged that a few scenes might be sung. Beatrice and Salvator begged leave to improvise a *pas de danse* during the ball in the third act. All was granted. Permission was given to try anything, on condition that it should be decided beforehand, that it might be entered into the manuscript, so that the order of the performance should not be disturbed.

Then Celio sent Stella after several kinds of wigs with long hair. He wanted to make the character more gloomy, and his physiognomy also. He tried on a black wig.

"You are wrong in making yourself dark, if you wish to be wicked," said Boccaferri to him, (he took his old name behind the *ivory door*.) "It is a classic custom to make all traitors dark and with a profusion of hair, but it is a vulgar lie. Pale-faced and black-bearded men are almost always feeble. The true tiger is yellow and silky."

"Then let us take the lion's skin," said Celio, taking up the wig he wore the night before, "but I hate these red ribbons. They seem too much like the tyrant of the melodrama. Young ladies, make me up a quantity of flame-colored ones. That was the mark of a *roué* in Molière's time."

"If that is the case, give us back your cherry bow, your beautiful sword knot!" said Stella.

"What do you want of it?"

"I want to keep it for a pattern," said she, smiling mischievously, "for you made it, and you are the only one in the world who knows how to make bows properly. It takes you a long time, but what perfection! Don't you think so?" added she, addressing herself to me and showing me the same cherry ribbons I had picked up the day before. "How do you like them?"

The tone in which she asked the question, and her manner of waving the ribbons in my face, troubled me a little. It seemed as if she expected to see me seize them, and I had principle enough not to do it. Cecilia looked at me. I saw Stella blush; she dropped the ribbon and stepped upon it, as if carelessly, and pretended to laugh at something else.

Celio was brusque and imperious with his sisters, although he adored them from the bottom of his heart, and he performed a thousand little favors for them. He also had seen this singular little episode.

"Hurry, lazy ones!" cried he to Stella and Beatrice; "go and hunt up thirty yards of flame colored ribbon. I am waiting for them."

And when they had entered the store-room, he picked up the cherry bow and gave it to me privately, whispering:

"Keep it in remembrance of Beatrice; but if either of them try to play the coquette with you, correct them and laugh at them. I ask it as a brother."

The preparations lasted until dinner, which was rather serious. They reassumed their gaiety before the servants, who wore mourning for the old marquis for lack of it in their hearts. Besides, every one was thinking of his part, and M. de Balma said one thing which I have always found true: that ideas grow clearer and more fixed when our appetites are satisfied.

They ate quickly and moderately at the table. They said familiarly that the artist who eats a great deal is *à moitié cuit*. They sipped the coffee and whiffed cigars while the servants took off the cloth and made their final disappearance from the rooms of the house. Then they went the rounds and barred all the doors. Then the marquis shouted:

"Ladies, to your dressing rooms!"

They were allowed a half hour longer than the men; but Cecilia did not improve it. She staid with us in the parlor, and I observed her whispering in a corner to Celio. It seemed to me, when this conversation was over, that Celio was full of arrogant delight and Cecilia of resigned sadness; but that did not prove anything. His emotions were always exaggerated, and hers were shown so little that the shade was almost unnoticeable.

At eight exactly the play began. I fear I should become tiresome if I followed it in all its details; but I must observe that to my great surprise Cecilia was admirable and exquisitely furious in her jealousy as Elvira. I would never have believed it; such a passion seemed so different from her! I remarked it in the entr'acte.

"It is perhaps exactly on that account," said she to me; "and besides, what do you know of me?"

She said this so proudly that it frightened me. It seemed to be her pride not to be comprehended. Still I persisted in studying her in spite of herself, and that coldly enough too. Boccaferri praised Celio with enthusiasm; he almost wept with joy to see him play so well. It is true he was the coldest, most scornful, most obstinate of men.

"Thanks to you," said he to Cecilia; "you were so angry and so harsh that you made me wicked. I became ice at your reproaches, for I felt pushed to extremes, and was ready to burst forth. Come, *ma velle*, you ought always to be

thus; I should regain the powers which your usual kindness and gentleness take away from me."

"Well," answered she, "I advise you not to play such parts often with me. I should take away your laurels."

He leaned over her, and lowering his voice, said:

"Are you capable of being the female of a tiger?"

"It is very good for the stage," answered she.

And it seemed to me she spoke so that I might hear her answer.

"In real life, Celio, I should despise so mean, so easy, and so silly a use of talent. Why am I so ugly in this rôle? Because nothing is so easy as affectation. So do not be too vain of your success to-day. Strength in excitement is *le pont aux ânes*, but strength in calmness—ah, you may gain it some day, but not yet. Try to play Ottavio, and we shall see."

"You are a very bitter actress and very jealous of your talent," said Celio, biting his lips so hard that his red moustache, which was fastened on his lip, fell down upon his lace ruffle.

"You are losing your tiger's hair," said Cecilia to him, calmly picking up the moustache; you were right in wanting a new skin!"

"Do you think you can perform that miracle?"

"Yes, if I care to take the trouble; but I make no promises."

I saw they loved each other without being willing to confess it, and I looked at Stella, who was beautiful as an angel, while she gave me a mask for the ball scene. She had the brave and generous expression of one who gives up the idea of pleasing without renouncing her love. A thrill of my heart, so full of gallantry that it would allow no hesitation, prompted me to draw from my bosom the cherry ribbons I had hidden there, and I showed them to her significantly. All her courage left her; she blushed and her eyes filled with tears. I saw that Stella was sensitive, and that I had either given myself up to her forever or else had committed a base deed. From that moment I looked no longer at the past and gave myself up entirely to the happiness, so new to me, of being purely and frankly loved.

I had been playing Ottavio, and had played badly until then. I took my lovely Anna by the arm and led her upon the stage, and then I found heart and feeling enough to tell her my love and express my devotion. At the close of the act I was loaded with praises, and Cecilia said to me, giving her hand:

"As for you, Ottavio, you need no lessons, and you will soon surpass those who teach."

"I do not know how to act," answered I, "and I shall never know. It is because this is not acting here that I have said what I felt."

[Conclusion next week.]

Translations from Schumann.*

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT-OVERTURES.

J. J. H. VERHULST. — W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT. — BERLIOZ.

Chance has placed side by side the three names above, the bearers of which may be regarded as the representatives of the younger artistic generation, at least, of three different nations—the Dutch, English, and French. The last name is well-

* From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*. Translated for the London *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

known, the second is beginning to be appreciated, (1839.) while the first has already lost some of its strangeness by frequent mention, especially in our Leipzig journal. We beg to direct the attention of the reader to them collectively; they are destined, we believe, in time, to play an important part in the musical history of the three countries.

The overtures, of which an account is to be here given, I have not, unfortunately, heard executed by an orchestra. But this fact is, perhaps, counterbalanced, and I am enabled to pronounce an opinion on them, by a tolerable familiarity with most of the composers' other works, and, also, with the composers personally, at least with the two first-named. Berlioz promises from year to year to visit Germany, and make us more nearly acquainted with his music; meanwhile, he has sent us a new overture, affording evidence of the strange path he has struck out.

Holland, hitherto celebrated only through its painters, has signalized itself, in recent times, by a lively sense of music also. Great influence has, probably, been exercised in this particular by the Society for the Furtherance of Music, which spreads through the country in a hundred offshoots, and the object of which is the diffusion of native, side by side with German, music. The composer of whom we are speaking is a protégé of this Society, and, if I am not mistaken, gained, in several contests, the prize for composition. He is, for the moment, living among us, and has, also, earned a fair reputation as a conductor, by his direction of the concerts of the Euterpe Society, last winter. It is to the first named Netherlandish Society, also, that we are indebted for the publication of some of his compositions; a church-piece and an overture have already been noticed and prominently treated in this paper, as the productions of a man of decidedly happy talent. A new overture* is now lying before us; it was written for the opening of the well known Dutch tragedy *Gysbrecht van Amstel*, for which VERHULST composed, also, music to be played between the acts. The overture, which has frequently been heard in Leipzig, gave great satisfaction, and must do so; it is an overture for all: for the public, the musician, and the critic, and is conceived in that tone of generally appreciated culture, which awakens respect in the masses and sympathy in the artist. Some friendly spirit has, hitherto, kept the composer from the rocks which have often lain in the way of other young artists,—from experiments and seductions; he knows his way, and never hazards anything where success is not certain. A knowledge of the measure of his strength, which has already obtained a most satisfactory elevation, and, in addition, liveliness and sprightliness, distinguish this altogether unusual Dutchman as a man, if we would construe him by the aid of his musical efforts. As a musician, more especially, he possesses that instinct of instrumentation which has no longer to choose between two different directions, but at once takes the right one; he delights most in masses, which he well understands how to arrange and set in motion, although he has an observant eye for detail as well; he does not aim at new and unusual effects; with good masters before his eyes, he always strives to produce effects that are more general, everywhere recognized, and always agreeable. The overture in question is, however, already some years old, and cannot be regarded as the last result of his aspirations. Talent of this description does not, it is true, progress rapidly, but its advance is all the more sure; diligence, observation, intercourse with masters, and public encouragement have also urged him on, and thus there is no doubt that the young trunk will, from year to year, bear richer and more abundant fruit; the roots are already striking out towards German soil, and, gradually, the overhanging weight of blossom, also, will turn towards the land which has already afforded nourishment and strength to so many great musicians, and just as, in poetry, there are many foreigners, such as Oehlenschläger, Chamisso, and others, whom we may look upon as our own, so may we greet, like-

* "Ouverture en Ut mineur, à grand Orchestre, etc., publiée par la Société des Pays-Bas, pour l'Encouragement de l'Art Musical."

wise, Verhulst as honorary member of the German Brotherhood of Art, the number of whose members may, we trust, always increase.

BENNETT, too, belongs to this class, although he at once holds himself, as an Englishman, more aloof, and, in somewhat the same manner that we claim back Händel from England, the English may, at some future period, re-demand Bennett as entirely belonging to themselves—not, however, that we intend that any comparison should be instituted between Händel and Bennett. Bennett's latest overture bears the name of "Die Waldnymph,"* the only non-happy feature, it strikes me, in the whole composition. I know that it is impossible to offend a composer more than by raising objections to the name of his child, since, in his own opinion, he must know better than any one else what he intended, and we might suppose from Bennett's selecting precisely the "Waldnymph," that he wished to give us a companion piece to his former overture, "Die Najaden;" still the title is not at all striking or favorable to the work. It is certainly poetical to indicate a fundamental frame of mind by means of a single existence related to it, just as, from Mendelssohn's "Melusina," the romance, thousands of years old, of life might spring forth from beneath the surface; but this is not applicable in single instances, and I should have preferred the general designation of "Ouverture pastorale," or something similar. But, setting aside these minor considerations, which, however, as I have already said, are injurious to the effect, the overture rises sufficiently, in its wonderfully tender and slim shape, over others of its sisters, and breathes the purest and brightest poetic life. The pianoforte score, as a general rule, only half enables us to form a judgment of any piece; but this, I have heard from competent authorities, is not the case with the present overture. Bennett is more especially a pianist, and, however skilfully and daintily he can treat the various instruments, his favorite one still peeps out from his orchestral compositions, and, finally, something fine is produced in a diminished form, like a beautiful thought out of the mouth of a child.

The overture is charming; in fact, with the exception of Spohr and Mendelssohn, I know no other living composer who as far as delicacy and softness of color are concerned, has the pencil so much under command as Bennett. Even the fact that he has gleaned a great deal from the two artists just named is forgotten in the masterly treatment of the whole, and, it appears to me, he never displayed himself so much as he really is as in this work. Let any one examine it bar by bar; what a delicate, what a strong web from beginning to end! Instead of hand-broad gaps, from the creations of others, jarring upon our ear, how closely and intimately are all the parts connected! But there is one fault which has been found with the overture: its great diffuseness. This applies more or less to all Bennett's compositions; it is his style; he is finished even in the minutest details. He frequently repeats, too, the very same passages; nay, he does so note for note after the conclusion of the middle movement. Let any one, however, attempt to change without injuring the work; the attempt will not prove successful; Bennett is no mere schoolboy to whom hints are of any use; what he has once thought stands fast, and cannot be disturbed.

It is beyond the scope of Bennett's naïvely fervent poetic character, and the direction he has taken in conformity with it, to set in motion grand levers and forces; magnificence and display are foreign to his nature; where his fancy is most fond of tarrying, by the lonely strand, or in the mysterious greenwood, a man does not seize on trumpets and kettle-drums to describe his solitary happiness. Let us, therefore, take Bennett for what he really is, and not for that which he does not at all desire to be, the creator of a new epoch, or an untractable hero, but as a deeply feeling and true poet, who, indifferent to a hat or two more or less, waved in the air, pursues his quiet way, at the end of which, although, perhaps, no triumphal arch awaits him, there is, at least, a wreath of

* "Overture for grand Orchestra, arranged for four hands, by W. Sterndale Bennett, Op. 20."

violets offered by some grateful hand—such a wreath as Eusebius would here place upon his head.

Wreaths of another description are sought by BERLIOZ, that raging Bacchanal, the horror of snobs, who think him a shaggy monster with ravenous eyes. But where do we find him to-day? Near the crackling hearth, in the house of a Scotch noble, among huntsmen, dogs, and smiling peasant girls. An overture to—*Waverley** is lying before me; an overture to that novel of Sir W. Scott, which in its charming wearisomeness, its romantic freshness, and its general English character is, to my mind, the most pleasing of all the new foreign romances. To this has Berlioz composed music. It will be asked, to what chapter, to what scene, to which verse, and for what purpose? Critics are always so fond of learning what the compositions themselves cannot tell them, and, moreover, very frequently do not understand a tenth part of what they discuss. Good Heavens! when will the time at last come, when we shall no longer be asked what we intended by our divine compositions; search for fifths and leave us at rest. In this case, however, the motto on the title page of the overture affords us some explanation:

"Dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honor and to arms."

This alone brings us nearer on the track; at this moment I should like nothing better, than for the orchestra to strike up the overture, with the whole mass of readers seated around, to test everything with their own eyes. It would be an easy task for me to describe the overture, either in a poetical manner, by giving the impression of the pictures which it has suggested to me in various ways, or by dissecting the mechanism of the work. Both these methods of interpreting music have something peculiar to themselves; the first, at least, is distinguished for the absence of that dryness into which the second falls, whether it will or not. In a word, Berlioz's music must be *heard*; even the perusal of the score is not sufficient, whatever trouble a person may give himself to realize it on the piano. Very frequently we find only effects of noise and sound, mere lumps of chords, dashed in anyhow, which convey the composer's meaning, and frequently strange reticences(?), which even a practised ear cannot embody from merely looking at the notes upon the paper. If we probe to the bottom of the separate ideas, they frequently appear, considered by themselves alone, common, nay, even trivial. Taken as a whole, however, the work exercises on me an irresistible charm, in spite of the many things in it which shock, and strike a German ear as unusual. Berlioz appears different in every one of his works, and, in every one, ventures on a new sphere. We do not know whether to call him a genius or a musical adventurer; he is as brilliant as a flash of lightning, but, at the same time, he leaves a stink of brimstone behind him; he presents us with great maxims and truths, and soon afterwards falls into the stammering of a mere schoolboy. To a person who has not got beyond the first elements of musical education and perception (and the majority have not got further), he must appear as nothing more or less than a fool; this must be doubly the case with professional musicians, who spend nine-tenths of their lives in the most ordinary manner,† as he exacts from them things such as no one ever exacted before him. Hence arises the opposition to his compositions; hence do years elapse, before one of them achieves the clearness of a perfect performance. The overture to *Waverley* will, however, make its way more easily. *Waverley* and the figure of the hero are well-known, and the motto speaks especially of "Dreams of love, which must give place to honor and to arms." What can be more plain? It is to be hoped that this overture will be printed and performed in Germany. Berlioz's music could only prove injurious to persons of weak talent,

who would not be benefited by music of a better kind. Before concluding, I must mention that, strangely enough, the overture bears some distant resemblance to Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille;" nor must I pass over a remark by Berlioz on the title page of the overture, which is marked Op. 1, that he has destroyed his previous work (eight scenes from *Faust*) printed as Op. 1, and wishes his *Waverley* overture to be considered as his first. But who will undertake to say that, at some future period, this later Op. 1 will not, also, no longer please its author? Let the reader, therefore, lose no time in becoming acquainted with this composition, which, in spite of all the weaknesses of youth, is, in greatness and peculiarity of conception, the most eminent specimen of instrumental music which the land of the Franks has produced for some time past.

ANECDOTES OF ADOLPH ADAM.—Boieldieu was his master. During the rehearsal of 'La Dame Blanche,' Boieldieu postponed until "tomorrow" writing the overture, and when the last moment came, when it became absolutely necessary to write the overture, he was so fatigued and harassed he could not write a note. It was in the afternoon; he sent for Adam and Theodore Labarre (his favorite pupils) to dine with him; after a good dinner, which was capped with very strong doses of coffee, he sat down to his piano and played them leading pieces of his new work. They were delighted. What say you, boys, if we all sit down and work on that *diable d' overture*. Come, Labarre, set to work on the commencement of the allegro with one of the Scotch airs you got for me; I'll hash up the andante, and you Adolph-adam," (so he used to call him in one word) give us the cabaletto. They set to work and worked all night. Adam borrowed his *thema* from the famous trio and crescendo; Labarre used the Scotch airs, and by day-break, thanks to many a dish of coffee, the overture was ready. At rehearsal, the orchestra were startled by the harshest dissonances. . . . Adam, through mistake, had written the score for the horn in a different tone from the desired one. This overture was exceedingly successful, but Boieldieu distrusted a piece of music made by coffee and three persons, and determined to compose another, but the overture proved more and more successful, and he was content to let the public have it their own way. It was not until 1829 that Adam made his debut at the Opera Comique. Adam's master-piece is unquestionably 'Le Chalet.' He was accused for a good many years by the envious of having stolen the best pieces in the Chalet. When Herold (the author of 'Marie,' 'Zampa,' the 'Pré aux Clercs,' &c.) died, the family engaged Adam to take possession of all his MSS. and complete 'Ludovic,' which Herold left unfinished. Adam's enemies said that he found in them all the brilliant *themas* he used in 'Le Chalet.' Some years ago, he related, incidentally, in a long discussion he had with a musical critic, how he composed 'Le Chalet,' and especially how he was led to re-write the score of the well known song, *Le Vin, l'Amour et le Tabac*. Few persons ever believed this accusation of plagiarism, and this discussion convinced even them. Perhaps his next best pieces are 'Le Postillon de Loujumeau,' 'Le Toreador,' and 'Giralda.' He is the author of 'Giselle,' the ballet in which Carlotta Grisi made her debut. It was in his works Mme. Cinti Damoreau and Mlle. Taglioni took leave of the stage. The last years of his life were far from being happy. No galley slave labored as he did.—*Corr. N. O. Picayune*.

TAMBERLIK, THE TENORE.—Signor Tamberlik, we are given to understand, leaves immediately for Rio Janeiro, where he is engaged for fourteen months, at the expiration of which period he is to make the tour of North and South America. The farewell of one who has always done his duty with the utmost efficiency, and whose zeal has always been on a par with his abilities, which have raised him to the highest rank, deserves to be recorded, more especially since it was unprecedented and unaccompanied by *fanfaronade* or display of any kind.

Signor Tamberlik made his *début* at the Royal Italian Opera (April 4, 1850) as Masaniello, with success which, doubtful on the first night, was firmly established after two or three representations. He very soon, indeed, acquired that place in public estimation which he ever afterwards maintained without rivalry, as the most admirable *tenore robusto* since the days of Donzelli, whom, moreover, he was generally allowed, and with justice, to surpass in the purely histrionic department of his art. In the course of six years Signor Tamberlik has rendered eminent services. The extent and variety of his *répertoire* may be best understood by a reference to the list of characters he has successfully attempted. During the first year of his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera he appeared in no less than eight—viz., Masaniello, Pollio, Aménofio, (*Mosè in Egitto*), Rodrigo Dhu (*La Donna del Lago*), Robert (*Roberto le Diable*), Hydaspes (*Anato*—a third title for Verdi's *Nabucco*, which, at Her Majesty's Theatre, had been newly christened *Nino*), Otello, and Léopold (*Halévy's Juive*). In 1851, four more were added—Giulio (*Der Freyschütz*), Florestan (*Fidelio*), Don Ottavio, and Phaon (Gounod's *Sappho*); in 1852, another four—Chalais (*Maria di Rohan*), Poliuto (Donizetti's *Martiri*), Hugo (Spohr's *Faust*), and Pietro (Jullien's *Pietro il Grande*); and in 1853, Arnoldo (*Guillaume Tell*), Ernani, Benvenuto Cellini (in the opera of Berlioz), and Jean of Leyden (*Prophète*). Since 1853, Tamberlik, if we are not mistaken, has only added one new part to his catalogue—that of Manrico, in *Travatore*—making in all twenty-one. The value of a singer capable of impersonating so many characters, and, still better, entirely to the satisfaction of the public, must be self-evident. A more useful artist—not to speak of his rich natural gifts and acquirements—never belonged to an operatic establishment. Nor is this all. Signor Tamberlik, during the term of his connection with the Royal Italian Opera, has seldom, if ever, under any pretext, been absent from his post. He has served the theatre and its patrons with indomitable energy. He has undertaken common parts as readily, and bestowed as much pains upon them as upon those of the highest pretensions. He has more than once supplied the place of Mario himself in operas of vital consequence, such as *Don Giovanni* and the *Prophète*, which, but for the timely intervention of Signor Tamberlik, must have been postponed, to the serious detriment of the treasury. Nor has he shrunk, upon any occasion, from assuming the chief responsibility in works the issue of which was doubtful, and from which other singers have retreated in dismay. As examples of this, we need only cite *Sappho* and *Benvenuto Cellini*. The Italian, French, and German schools have come home to Signor Tamberlik with equal grace; witness his performances in *Otello*, *Roberto le Diable*, and *Fidelio*, three master-pieces, in which the principal tenor parts have never been sustained with greater power and effect. To analyze his talent, however, or to describe the peculiarities of his voice, would be going over ground already familiar to our readers. We merely wish to pay some slight tribute to a great and conscientious artist, whom it is more than likely we shall not see again for years, if indeed at all, who has stood high in public favor, and may be fairly regarded as an ornament to his profession.—*London Times*.

Mlle. Piccolomini in "La Traviata."

(From the London Times, May 26.)

On Saturday night one of those important experiments was made that are generally preceded by a vast amount of conjecture and—we may almost say—trepidation among the patrons of lyrical drama. We do not, of course, allude to the production of a new opera by Verdi, since it is one of the virtues of that prolific composer, that he does not much disturb the equanimity of the public, either by raising expectation or by weighing on the memory. We do allude to the debut of Mlle. Piccolomini, the new prima donna, whose performance of the principal character in *La Traviata* had been declared one of the most perfect ever witnessed. The experiment to be made on Saturday, when the new artist came out in the

* Gr. Overture de *Waverley*, etc., Op. 1. Partition.

† I have often been obliged to acknowledge that the most circumscribed ideas are found among working musicians; on the other hand, however, it is not easy to find an instance in which they are deficient in certain sterling qualities.

part with which her fame is most identified, was whether expectations unusually high would be followed by satisfactory results. There was much, too, even in the name "Piccolomini" to excite curiosity, for, even with Juliet's contempt for nomenclature in general, some names are so exceedingly big that one cannot hear them with indifference. Among these, "Piccolomini" is surely to be enumerated. When we add that the young vocalist boasts that the ancient Italian family which comprises among its members the learned Pope Pius II. (better known as Æneas Sylvius), and Ottavio Piccolomini, who was concerned in the death of Wallenstein, owns her not only as a namesake but as a scion, we shall establish the fact that she merited a sympathetic reception at the hands of our aristocratic audience.

Not to keep our readers in suspense with respect to the all-important event of Saturday, let us, before we descend to the particulars, hasten to communicate that the success of Mlle. Piccolomini has been most triumphant; that she was loudly called at the end of every act (twice after the last), and on each occasion with increased enthusiasm. This duty done, we will now endeavor to describe the field on which the victory was attained, and the means employed by the artist.

The book of *La Traviata* is founded on *La Dame aux Camélias*, that celebrated drama which, when produced a few years since at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, at once created a fame for the younger M. Dumas, and incalculably increased the already established reputation of Mme. Doche and M. Fichte. However, as the original piece, notwithstanding the immense noise it made in Paris, has never been transferred to the English stage, or played in London by any French company at the St. James's Theatre, we shall assume that the story is unknown, and describe the progress of the action in *La Traviata* without further reference to the work of M. Dumas than the remark that, whereas his play is supposed to represent modern French life, the Italian libretto changes the period to the year 1700.

The first act takes place at Paris in the house of Violetta, a reigning belle, more celebrated for beauty than for virtue, who on the rising of the curtain appears in her brilliant saloon, receiving guests of distinction. Alfred Germont, a young gentleman with whom she has become recently acquainted, is evidently regarded by her with more favor than the rest, and he soon makes himself conspicuous by singing a Bacchanalian song for the general amusement. Amid all this joviality Violetta soon gives signs of a pulmonary complaint, which plays a very important part in the catastrophe, and Alfred, who is left alone with her by the retirement of the other guests into an adjoining saloon, expresses his serious uneasiness on her account. The devotion felt by the fond youth and the friendly warnings of the fallen beauty are embodied in a duet, at the end of which the guests, having observed the approach of morning, return to take their leave in a chorus. No sooner have they departed than Violetta, abandoned to her own thoughts, executes a grand scena, in which she expresses her love for Alfred, reflects on her lost condition, and at last, by way of solace, resolves to plunge into the vortex of dissipation.

More than three months elapse before the commencement of the second act, the first scene of which is a villa near Paris, the residence of Alfred and Violetta, who, retired from the noisy world, are living together in a state of idyllic felicity, celebrated by Alfred in a song. Already, however, the storm begins to threaten. A word dropped by Violetta's maid reveals to Alfred the unpleasant fact that the lady is about to sell her horses, carriage, &c., to defray the expenses of housekeeping, and he hastens to Paris to prevent the sacrifice. During his absence Violetta receives a visit from a respectable old gentleman, who explains, without reserve, that he is Alfred's father, and moreover, that he is by no means satisfied with his son's present mode of life. His manner is at first harsh, but the revelation that Violetta is about to sell all her property for the sake of his son softens his resentment, and he passes from a tone of severity to a strain of supplication, intermingled with friendly warning. Alfred's position will, he says, blight the hopes of his family, and Violetta herself, when the charms of youth have faded, will lead a life of misery. Under the influence of the old gentleman's persuasions, Violetta, though nearly maddened at the thought of a separation from Alfred, resolves to sacrifice her own feelings for the sake of his welfare. At the close of the interview, the greater part of which is embodied in a duet, Germont senior retires to the garden, and Violetta sits down to write a billet of evidently mysterious import, for, on the sudden return of Alfred, she conceals it with a confused air. Little, however, does he suspect what has taken place, or who is in the garden, and though

Violetta leaves the room abruptly, he still indulges in pleasant dreams for the future. From these he is awakened by the receipt of the letter, which is given to him by the servant, and informs him that his beloved Violetta has abandoned him forever. His despair is of the most frightful kind, and though his father, by an aria replete with paternal affection, endeavors to soothe him, the good old gentleman only seems to add fuel to flame.

We are now taken to a saloon in the house of Flora Bervoix, a lady whose social position is similar to that of Violetta. A brilliant party is given, and some ladies, who make their appearance masked as gypsies, and some gentlemen attired as Spanish bull-fighters, contribute to the merriment of the evening. Among the guests are Alfred, who is occupied in staking his money on a game of cards, and Violetta, who enters on the arm of her present protector, Baron Dauphol. She is embarrassed by the unexpected sight of Alfred, and her embarrassment is increased by the obvious annoyance of the Baron, who insists that during the entire evening she shall not address a word to her former lover. A game, in which stakes are high, and in which Alfred and the Baron are antagonists, does not at all improve the aspect of affairs, and when the whole party retires to the supper room a tempest is evidently in the horizon. In a few moments it bursts forth. Violetta returns to the stage from the supper room, followed by Alfred, whom she exhorts not to fight with the Baron, at the same time professing her love for the latter. The infuriated youth summons the whole company from the banquet, confesses to them how he has accepted the bounty of Violetta, and by way of repayment flings her portrait at her feet, amid the general indignation of all present, including his own father. This situation is the subject of the finale to the second act.

The third act takes place in Violetta's chamber, when the heroine is discovered in a dying condition. A letter from the elder Germont informs her that his son has fought and wounded the Baron, and will speedily return to her, accompanied by his father; but this solace has arrived too late, and an air, in which Violetta supplicates the pardon of Heaven for her past career, and which is contrasted by a Bacchanalian chorus of the people in the streets celebrating the procession of the "bœuf gras" is the expression of her despondency. The entrance of Alfred, with his father's sanction, throws a transient gleam over the unhappiness of Violetta, and in the first movement of a duet that ensues they begin to picture to themselves a blissful future. Already, however, the increased debility of Violetta shows that her stay in this world is not likely to be of long duration, and the final movement of the duet expresses the misery of the loving pair. Death, which gradually steals upon her while she is surrounded by her despairing lover, his father, a faithful servant, and the medical attendant, terminates the tale of sin and repentance.

We have been thus minute with the plot, because the book is of far more consequence than the music, which, except so far as it affords a vehicle for the utterance of the dialogue, is of no value whatever, and, moreover, because it is essentially as a dramatic vocalist that the brilliant success of Mlle. Piccolomini was achieved. Perhaps on some other occasion we may return to the consideration of Signor Verdi's part of the performance, taken apart from the libretto. For the present it will be just sufficient to treat *La Traviata* as a play set to music. To M. Dumas, who invented the situations, and Mlle. Piccolomini, who delineated the emotions of the principal character, belong the honors of a triumph, with which the composer has as little to do as possible.

The entrance of Mlle. Piccolomini at once made an impression in her favor. Her figure is small, graceful, and "distinguished," her countenance is pleasing and vivacious, and as she tripped upon the stage amid her guests there was a sprightliness in her manner that gained all sympathies, and that found its vocal expression in the second verse of the Bacchanalian song, with which Violetta follows the first verse, sung by Alfred. The pretty recklessness with which this little ebullition of gaiety took place raised a loud burst of applause, and the verse was unanimously encored. The final movement at the end of the scena, in the first act, when Mlle. Piccolomini's pure soprano voice was exerted in the production of the most florid ornamentation, brought down the curtain amid general sounds of approval, but it was not as yet that her great triumph was attained. It was in the second act, when the interview with the elder Germont is over, and Violetta takes leave of Alfred with the concealed intention of never seeing him again, that her histrionic force was first displayed to its full extent. Such a tone of anguish—of abandonment to the sentiment of the moment, was thrown into the single line—

"Amami, Alfredo, quant'io t'amo! Addio!"—

that it thrilled through the whole body of the audience. The second great achievement was in the scene at Flora's residence, when she is insulted by Alfred in the presence of the numerous party. Except in the Camille of Mademoiselle Rachel, we scarcely remember to have seen such an instance of the bodily frame breaking up, as it were, through the aggression of mental anguish. Mademoiselle Piccolomini trembled from head to foot under the influence of the insulting language—the hands clutched convulsively and wandered about uncertain—it was evident that the mind was so absorbed in its own suffering as to have lost its control over the limbs. In this situation she did not utter a note, but nevertheless, she monopolized to herself all the attention of the public, who, contemplating that mute figure, forgot the insipid air by which her movements were accompanied.

When the second act was over the position of the artist was firmly established, and it may be observed especially in her favor that her triumph over the whole house was as gradual as it was sure. In the third act the details of death are set forth with a minuteness as far approaching that of Mrs. C. Kean's exquisite representation of Queen Catherine's last moment as is possible within the compass of lyrical drama, where *nuances* of feeling cannot be so variously indicated as is spoken dialogues. The tottering step with which Mademoiselle Piccolomini endeavored to reach her chair when the malady was at its height was fine to the highest degree. Every spectator followed her movements with a sort of nervousness, and audibly rejoiced when she was fairly seated, so obvious was the danger that she might fall exhausted in the midst of her efforts. The shriek of supplication with which, after the return of Alfred had again made life valuable, she charged her servant to visit the medical man with the words—

"Digi che vivere ancor voglio,"

was wonderful,—it was really the expression of the drowning wretch, who proverbially clutches at a straw, and beautifully led up to the more lyrical agony with which in the duet immediately following she bewails her hapless lot in tones of impassioned grief. The minute details of the final victory of death, with all the gradual sinking and changeful play of the countenance, need not be described. It is sufficient to say that they left the audience in a state of enthusiastic admiration, which took the practical form of two universal calls for the lady *sola*, after her appearance with the rest of the company.

We must repeat the fact that the triumph was completely Mademoiselle Piccolomini's. M. Calzolari, who played Alfredo, sang exceedingly well, but no art could have rendered his songs fascinating; and "Di Provenza," which was sung by M. Beneventano, in the character of Germont, and which, according to tradition, was the great song of the piece, produced scarcely any effect whatever. A great artist played a part suited to her powers—that was the event solemnized with so large a contribution of plaudits and bouquets.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 21, 1856.

Music in the Open Air—Brass Bands and Bands Non-Military.

An annual text comes round. With the summer evenings we, the people, think again of pleasant walks and peaceful crowds and music, by municipal provision, on the Common. Indeed the first concert for the summer had already been announced for the evening of last Wednesday, but was prevented by the rain. With the long summer days and nights, the old humdrum din of brass begins to haunt the prisoner of the hot city, and allow the jaded sense of hearing no repose. We caught the sound of the first brass band upon parade a few days since; and certainly the sound was rich and spirit-lifting for a little while. But soon it grows monotonous and hacknied; soon all the brass bands sound alike; the same essential quality of tone, the same family type through all its seeming variations; the same aggravating increase of force, without increase of meaning; the

same perpetual blaze and shout and stunning crash of war and triumph, marking time for martial steps, without ministering to peaceful feelings and to true soul's culture; and when subdued to softer uses, as to the playing of serenades and operatic scenes and melodies for summer evening promenaders, still treating these in the same brassy manner, and therefore tempted to select the brassiest by nature, such as Verdi's music, which has become the staple of nearly all the brass bands here and in the old world. It is well, perhaps, as far as it goes; but can we not have better?

Brass bands have their uses and their excellencies. We have frequently had occasion to remark the beautiful harmony and richness and precision of some one of them. But one grows weary of their incessant loud appeal; one hears so much of it, that the state of mind induced is anything but musical; it becomes a part of the general din and rumble which one hears and heeds not, nerves permitting. Brass bands are splendid in the right time and quantity. But they should be kept to characteristic uses. No doubt they are good for military street parades; they reach the ears of rank and file more readily in noisy streets. Their sound is military. Its suggestion is of stir and action, of war and triumph, of physical energy, of material mass in motion; of soldiers on the march, or of political electioneering tramps and triumphs. It has a natural affinity with the hoarse shouts of party; and not indiscriminately there; it is most in character with the more border-ruffian, barbaric, filibustering, might-makes-right kind of politics, than with that which goes for peace, for freedom, and for civilization. It is a kind of sound too apt to terrify or stun the gentler instincts. We had rather leave it, for the most part, to the enemy, and cultivate a gentler music.

Brass bands, then, are essentially military bands. They mean war, brute force, threats, defiance. Not that they may not be employed to better ends sometimes. But we are speaking of this universal overdoing of the fashion. It is the military employment which creates and supports all our bands. When music for non-military purposes is wanted, as for a civic procession, a serenade, a concert on the Common, the same bands are called upon. All the instruments are brass, all made for war; or if subdued to smoothness by the use of valves, *a la Sax*, it is with an awkward grace, a quality of tone resulting which is ambiguous, emasculated, at once loud and characterless. Yet the temptation is quite natural to a skilful player to try other music than plain marches, to imitate the orchestra, the opera singers, and make mere brass astonish you by showing itself so marvellously at home outside of its own element. And we have often had to compliment the brass bands on the degree of expression with which they have contrived to render music thus appropriated. Still it ceases not to be true that, compared with orchestras, or bands not altogether brass, such renderings are and must be inexpressive.

Why can we not, then, (to repeat what we have often urged,) why can we not have organized a civic or non-military band, expressly and primarily adapted to these gentler purposes, of music for the people in the summer evenings, and of inspiring accompaniment to civic festivals, processions, anniversaries, where the end is to

humanize, refine and elevate? Give us at least one large band, composed as bands were wont to be before this filibustering age of brass, with plenty of reeds, clarionets, bassoons, &c., with the mellow and all-blending French horns; not without necessary brass—trumpets that are trumpets, and not sophisticated into vain resemblance of less fiery natures—with the old forest bugle, so long banished, &c., &c.;—a band numerous enough to tell as widely as our bands of brass. Give us this, O City Fathers, if you would realize the full intention of the good resolution which has prompted public music on the Common. Is it not practicable? Would it cost too much? Consider the value of innocent amusements for the people, and that all such outlay is for constructive and not destructive ends. Consider particularly the refining, harmonizing, law-and-order-inspiring influences of music. Then consider how many thousands of dollars worth of patriotic gunpowder, such as you blaze away in senseless fireworks in a single hour, some Fourth of July night, would give good music every pleasant evening through the summer to the crowds that would seek fresh air and comfort on our Common.

From the Country.

NATICK, JUNE 16.—"It is a good thing to be in the country," says Mr. Sparrowgrass. It is a good thing to be in the country, say I. Moreover it is an especially good thing to be in the country here in America, where, thank the stars! something of the wildness of nature still remains. Instead of the trim cultivated hedgerows with ditches, which I saw a few weeks ago in England, or the narrow footpaths of the Continent, which alone separate the fields and gardens of different owners, here I find old rambling stone walls half concealed by a thousand shrubs and flowers springing up as nature pleases—wild enough. I like them. Instead of the forest lands to which my eye has been accustomed for two years, in which but a single species of tree is to be seen, and in which all stand in regular rows, planted like so much corn, what an endless variety of tree and bush here crowds every wood, offering on all sides something new; new effects of light and shade, of hue and tint, of form and grouping! I like this too. Then here I have Cochituate, and Dug, and Morse's and Bullard's ponds, and Charles river winding through a beautiful valley, and all within the limits of a pleasant walk, such as William and I took yesterday. And these waters are not ruined yet by civilization, but here and there give me little pictures of sweet savageness, and carry me back to the days when Eliot's Indians were hunting and fishing upon their shores. Well-a-day—they are all gone! The Pegans, and the Wabuns and the Swamscoats—and the "place of hills" knoweth them no more.

But I sat down to write upon musical matters.—Music is a good thing in the country, Mr. Sparrowgrass might say. It flourishes here. In a quiet way, indeed, and yet I find surprising excellence even in this small country town, and with the high standard of foreign excellence still fresh in my memory. No matter now about the little society which has met for practice this past winter, and studied operatic choruses instead of psalm tunes; let me tell you of our new prima donna. She is a true soprano, her voice of the purest flute-like quality, of great compass and power, and she charms one alike by her tenderness and feeling, and by her marvellous execution. I walked up to Cochituate pond early this morning, where she lives, and she sung to me half an hour. She has not yet appeared in public—when she does I look for a great sensation. As a secret I give you her name, Mrs. Brown Thrush—

no connection of Mr. Brown, by the way. She is the soprano of a new quartet of singers which will probably attract some notice yet, and put this sort of music on quite a new footing.

A near relative of this lady forms the second in the quartet. She is a very dark brunette, but very pretty, and one of the liveliest young creatures imaginable. She is a great favorite here, and as odd and queer in her ways as she is superb in her singing. The other day she suddenly broke off in a solo, uttered half a dozen *meus* like a kitten, and went on again as if nothing had happened—to the great delight of the youngsters, who have nicknamed her "the Catbird."

Mr. Oriole is the third on the list. In my ramble with William yesterday, I paid him a visit at South Natick. He practises altogether in the open air to strengthen his lungs, and has a small stage constructed high up in the branches of a grand old elm, which the Indians planted before the door of Parson Badger, as a tree of peace, some generations since. Mr. O. sang us some pieces in costume, a beautiful crimson robe through which appear the glossy sleeves of a superb black velvet coat.

The fine voice of Monsieur Robin, as he calls himself, completes the quartet. (Between you and me, his real name is T—h, and he is a near connection of the two ladies; but he is a rambling, wandering fellow, and can "do better" under the assumed name, upon the principle, "A prophet," &c.) M. Robin has not a very extensive compass, but is, notwithstanding, an admirable artist. The tune Portugal, in the old Handel and Haydn Collection, will give you an idea of his style of composition.

A Mr. R. O. Lincoln was until quite recently in Mr. Robin's place, but he has grown rich, fat and affects the sober manners as well as garb of the Quakers, exchanging his fine white vest and shining coat for solemn gray. I hear he is going South by and by for the winter; it is to be hoped that with Spring he may return to us and to art again.

Attempts have been made here to introduce the practice of congregational singing, and with some success, so long as the voices of the persons above mentioned, reinforced by those of the Warbler family, predominated; but as by degrees the Jays and others like them, acquired confidence and gave the public the full power of their strong lungs, the really fine singers were driven from the field, and we are now organizing again a select choir. The Jay and the Blackbird families are—well, not the best of singers. With the quartet and a chorus of the Warblers, the Martins and some other musical families residents of Natick, it is hoped that few places will offer better Sunday music than this "Place of Hills," as the name signifies.

It was already dark as William and I last evening came home from Bullard's and Morse's ponds. We were upon a rough, shady, wild road, with woods and swampy meadows on either hand, when suddenly our talk was interrupted by a short, sharp, anxious cry, "Whip poor Will!" My companion was a little startled at first; but we concluded some other Will was meant; though the thought occurred that possibly the voice was a spiritual manifestation from some poor perturbed Indian spirit, not yet oblivious of old colony times. It is truly a good thing to be in the country. The spirits of John Elliot's Indians do not visit you in the city.

Do you know that after two years absence a summer's evening concert in the meadow, by frogs and toads and what not, hath a charm? Such voices of the night are so American! I am reminded of Prospero's Isle, where the air was filled with voices that hurt not. The old people of Natick have a tradition that after old Squire Gookin, of Cambridge, died, who had long been the guardian of the Indians, and whose guardianship had sometimes not quite

met their wishes, they explained the language of the frogs after this wise:

Deep Bass Voice. Old Gookin is dead! old Gookin is dead! (*repeated ad lib.*)

Tenor. I'm glad on't! I'm glad on't!

Soprano. So am I too! so am I too!

and so on indefinitely.

Yes, here in the country the air both day and night is filled with voices. What do foreigners mean by speaking of our want of singing birds and sweet-scented wild flowers? Why, I feel just that want abroad. The nightingale, skylark and finch no more supply to my ear the want of the tones I have heard and loved all my life than our thrushes, bob-o'-links, orioles and warblers supply their places to the European. I feel the beauty of the nightingale's song—"sad Philomel's" "soft complaining note;" it is beautiful in itself, and all the more so (as we learn from Shakspeare) because heard at night, when every goose is not cackling. Nor am I indifferent to the gushing joyousness, the bubbling melody of the skylarks springing up from the fertile plains about Breslau, as I heard them a year ago; but I can recall no spot abroad, on the banks of the Rhine, the Weser, the Elbe, among the the Hartz or the Saxon hills, where I have heard anything like the variety, the sweetness, the power and clearness of the bird voices which are delighting me in my walks about the hills and waters of old Natick.

"Vive la prejudice!"

Well, let it be prejudice; it can do no harm if I thus am more contented with home. A. W. T.

Musical Chat.

Mlle. VESTVALI's Opera troupe have gone from Boston. Since *Ernani*, noticed in our last, they have given three performances, namely, one of *Lucia*, one of *Il Trovatore*, and finally on Wednesday night a hash of single acts from four familiar operas.... The brothers MOLLENHAUER, in New York, have been joined by a third brother, HEINRICH MOLLENHAUER, violoncellist from the Royal Chapel at Stockholm. They gave a concert on the 5th at Dodworth's Academy, the principal feature of which was a Trio in G for their three instruments by Beethoven.... A Philharmonic Society has been organized in Springfield, Ms. Mr. JOHN FITZHUGH is the president, and Mr. A. GEMUNDER, leader..... Dr. LOWELL MASON and Mr. GEORGE F. ROOT are holding a "Normal Musical Institute" for the coming three months in the village of North Reading, Ms.

The London *Musical World* states, on positive authority, that the present is absolutely the last professional visit of Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT to England. Besides appearing at the two Philharmonic Societies, she will give three farewell concerts in Exeter Hall; the first, a miscellaneous performance, the 11th of June; the second, an oratorio, ("The Creation,") on the 25th; and the third, miscellaneous, on the 30th. On the 30th of June, at Exeter Hall, JENNY LIND sings her last song in England. The rumors about her return to the stage were rumors only. She has had no such intention. There is hope for us still, since it is nowhere positively stated that she has taken any vow never to return to America.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* states that 4,382 hand-organs are daily ground in the streets of that city.... JULLIEN, the monster concert man, is giving concerts at Liverpool and Manchester with twelve men in Zouave costume, purporting to be the trumpeters of the Second Regiment of Zouaves, "with the glory of the Crimea fresh upon them," as his small bills say.... MAX MARETZKE, it is said, will give a series of grand promenade concerts at the Academy of Music very shortly. LA GRANGE

and GOTTSCHALK are spoken of as the soloists, assisted by a grand orchestra of eighty musicians.

The Pittsfield Harmonic Society performed Newkonn's "David" on the evening of the 17th.... The Waltham Musical Association have a new hall and have purchased De Monti's "favorite" Mass, in B flat, recently published by Oliver Ditson. When they have sung that through, they will do well to try some masses of a higher order, say by Haydn or Mozart, with which Mr. Ditson will be equally ready to supply them.

The PYNE troupe are singing English Opera in Montreal.

HENRY DRAYTON, the American tenor, will, it is said, visit this country next Fall with a first-class English company, comprising LUCY ESCOT and other celebrated vocalists.

JOANNA WAGNER, it is rumored, will come to America after her present engagement with Mr. Lamley expires, which will be next Fall.

There is much truth in the following remarks of the *Quarterly Review*: "We should hardly say that an ear for melody is the highest criterion of taste for music. It sets the head wagging and feet tapping; sends the ploughman whistling forth, and takes many a stall at the opera; but we suspect it is rather the love of harmony which is the real divining rod of the latent treasures of deep musical feeling. Grétry danced, when a child, to the sound of dropping water, foreshowing, perhaps, in this, the light character of his taste and compositions; but Mozart, it is well known, when an infant of only three years old, would strike thirds on the clavichord, and incline his little head, smiling to the harmony of the vibrations. Nothing proves more strongly the angelic purity of music than the very tender age at which the mind declares for it. No art has had such early proficient and such eager volunteers, and no art has so surely performed in manhood what it promised in infancy. All the greatest musicians—Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, (it seems not Beethoven, however)—were infant prodigies. There seems nothing to dread in prematureness of musical development; it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength in natural concord. When we see a child picking out airs on the piano, or silent at a concert, we may rejoice in our hearts." We might add, (here at least, however it may be in England,) there is quite as much room for rejoicing when we see full-grown children silent at a concert.

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. On the 22d of May *Il Barbiere* was repeated, with the same successes on the part of ALBONI, but with a new tenor, M. SALVIANI, a "a young tenor from Florence," in the part of Almaviva. The *Times* says he has an organ of considerable power, and sang the romanza with a great deal of feeling; but the occasional want of firmness in his notes betrayed the nervousness of a first appearance. ALBONI had appeared also in *La Sonnambula*, with CALZOLARI as Elvino, BENEVENTANO as the Count, and Mlle. RIZZI as Liza. On the 24th came Verdi's *Traviata* and the debut of La PICCOLOMINI, of which we copy a full report in another column. Of our old friend BENEVENTANO we are not surprised to read: "His feeling is evident, and his intention good, but both are spoiled by exaggeration." *La Traviata* was thrice repeated.—June 2. Verdi's *Trovatore* served for the debut of Mme. ALBERTINI, with a cast altogether novel. We quote from the *Times*:

Mme. Albertini (an English woman by birth) has for some years maintained a very high rank as *prima donna assoluta* in the "land of song." She was the favorite pupil of the celebrated Madame Ungher, and

enjoyed the protection of Rossini himself, who entertained a great opinion of her talent, and materially assisted her in her career. The fame of Mme. Albertini, however, we have reason to believe, has been chiefly acquired in Verdi's operas; and whatever deterioration is now perceptible in her splendid natural gifts must be traced to the pernicious influence which the music of that *maestro* exercises upon all voices that come in contact with it. Though young, Mme. Albertini has suffered like the rest. Her voice is still a *mezzo soprano* of great power and extensive range; but the higher notes, which in their prime would have entitled it to be denominated a *soprano sfogato* of the most superb kind, are worn by incessant and painful exertion in the music that has for a long time taken possession of the Italian stage. Mme. Albertini possesses all the qualifications to make a dramatic singer of the first class. She has evidently studied her art with zeal and thoroughly mastered its secrets. In the first act of *Il Trovatore*, where Leonora has really some vocal passages to execute and some vocal phrases to sing, this was plainly manifested. The *andante* of the *cavatina d'intrata*, "Tacea la notte placida," was admirably delivered—the phrasing large and well-finished, the chest notes (*voix de poitrine*) full and satisfactory, and the expression as pure as it was fervid. The *cabaletta*, too, was a brilliant display of vocalization. In this *bravura*, Mme. Albertini, among other acquirements, displayed one which is rare among singers of the present day—viz., a close and even *trillo*, or shake, on several notes of the scale, a shake perfectly at command, graduated with ease from *forte* to *piano*, and exquisitely in tune. The enthusiasm created by her performance was quite legitimate, and was renewed with equal reason when the curtain fell at the end of the first act, after the trio with Manrico and the Count, in which Mme. Albertini exhibited a fire and impetuosity which took the audience by storm.

Sig. Baucarde the tenor, is no stranger to the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre. The beautiful quality of voice which formerly gained him admirers, remains unimpaired, but his intonation is uncertain. His best effort was the *adagio* of Manrico's grand air in the third act—"Ah, si, ben mio," which was given with genuine feeling, and loudly redemanded. The noisy *cabaletta* too, "Di quella piza," was declaimed in a very energetic manner, and by this performance Signor Baucarde redeemed many faults that might be laid to his charge elsewhere.

In the character of Azucena Madame Albani not only delighted but surprised the audience. Besides singing the music to perfection, she evinced a dramatic power for which she has not hitherto received credit. The long and elaborate *scena* where the Gipsy narrates to Manrico the story of her mother's death, was delivered with a variety and intensity of expression that touched every hearer. Nothing could be finer than the climax, when, in one emphatic line:

"Sul capo mio le chiome sento drizzarsi ancor!"

Azucena summed up the extent of her emotions on referring to the dreadful catastrophe. This passage is set low in the scale; and the magnificent *contralto* tones of Albani—slowly and solemnly uttered—thrilled through the audience. The plaintive melody, "Stride la vampa," was warbled with charming simplicity.

Sig. Beneventano was more successful as Count de Luna than in any part he has hitherto essayed. He sang the familiar air, "Il balen del suo sorriso," extremely well.

We add also the opinion of the *News* about Albertini:

Mme. Albertini is worthy of her Italian reputation. She is a powerful tragic actress, and accomplished singer. She is tall and graceful; and though her features are, perhaps, not entitled to be called beautiful, yet they are, when in repose, very pleasing, and are also capable of strong and varied expression. Her voice is a pure *soprano*, of great power and compass. Its quality, too, is fine; but she sometimes forces it too much, making the high notes somewhat shrill and piercing. This, however, she does only in the expression of violent passion. In pathetic passages, where she subdues her voice, its high tones are often exceedingly sweet; and her "dying falls"—sustained sounds gradually diminished to an extreme pianissimo—are often as exquisite as anything we have ever heard. Her execution is clear, articulate, and brilliant; and she appears to have studied in a good school. We do not know her age; but her powers seem to be fully matured, and she is a finished and cultivated artist. Her declamation in the delivery of recitative is very fine, and her whole manner is brimful of feeling. She makes much use of the *roce vibrata*, without carrying it to excess; so that it adds earnestness and intensity to her expression. She made an immediate impression. Her very first air, "Tacea la notte placida," was given with such romantic tenderness, and rose at the conclusion to such an ecstasy of passion, that it drew thunders of applause from all parts of the house; and the enthusiasm of the audience went on increasing to the very end.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The last reports mention no novelties. In the last week of May there were repetitions of *Rigoletto*, *Il Conte Ory*, and *Lucresia Borgia*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the fourth concert were performed Spohr's Symphony in D minor (No. 2,) and Mozart's "Jupiter"; overtures to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Fidelio"; Concertos for piano (OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT) by Beethoven, and for violoncello (PIATTI) by Haydn; and vocal pieces from Gluck, Cimarosa and Rossini, (by CLARA NOVELLO and VIARDOT.) Beethoven's Concerto (in G), says the *Times*, "was played with infinite spirit and a taste irreproachably classical by Herr Otto Goldschmidt."

ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION.—The programme of the fifth "sitting," (Tuesday afternoon, May 27,) was as follows:

Quartet, E minor, Op. 44..... Mendelssohn.
Piano-forte Solos..... Bach.
Quartet in A, No. 5, Op. 18..... Beethoven.
Septet, D minor..... Hummel.

ERNST, COOPER, HILL and PIATTI formed the quartet. HALLÉ was the pianist.

Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN gave, the same afternoon, a "recital" of piano music, performing from memory all, except the Bach piece, of the following programme.

Sonata in C major, Op. 53..... Beethoven.
Schlummerlied, Op. 121—Jagdlied, Op. 82—Traumewirren: Phantasiestück, Op. 12, Robt. Schumann.
Prelude and Fugue (for organ) in A minor, J. S. Bach.
Capriccio Scherzando in F sharp minor, Mendelssohn.
Nocturne in C minor—Polonaise in A flat major..... Chopin.

Germany.

WEIMAR.—Several compositions of young musicians have lately been produced. Among them were the overture to *Lancelot vom See*, by Herr Emil Büchner, of Leipzig; and two orchestral compositions, an "Orchestral Fantasia" on Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, and an overture to Alfieri's *Eugenia di Asti*, by Herr Karl Fendrich, of Freiburg.—Montag's Gesangverein have given a concert of sacred music before the Grand Duke, the Grand Duchess, the Court, and a large circle of guests, in the ducal chapel. The pieces selected were, "Lamentationen" and "Responsorien," by Palestrina; an old German "Marienlied," by Prätorius; "Regina Cæli," by Caldara; "Adoramus," by Ruffi; "Alla Trinita," by a composer of the 14th century; a cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbunden," by J. S. Bach; the 22nd Psalm, and "Mitten wir im Leben sind," by Mendelssohn; and two motets, "Wachet auf, ruft Euch die Stimme," and the 33rd Psalm, by Fasch and Reicha. The various pieces were executed partly a *capella*, partly with organ and quartet accompaniment.

BERLIN.—There have been two *débuts* lately at the Royal Operahouse; that of Mlle. Valentine Bianchi, from the Paris Conservatory, as Amina, in *Sonnambula*, and that of Mlle. Louise Michal, the Swedish aspirant, as the Queen of Navarre, in the *Huguenots*. Both were successful.—A grand military concert was given, recently, in Otto's Circus, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of military musicians as well as for invalided military musicians themselves. The band was selected from the bands of the infantry, cavalry, and Jäger regiments at present garrisoned here. The concert, under the direction of Herr Wiebrecht, opened with Spontini's overture to *Olympia*. This was followed by Count von Redern's "Fackeltanz," Löschhorn's "Belle Amazone," Schubert's "Lob der Thänen," a "Funeral March," by Beethoven, the same composer's symphony in C minor, and the march from *Tannhäuser*. Their Royal Highnesses the Princes Karl, Albrecht and Friedrich, were present.—Herr Liebig has brought his Winter Concerts, in Hennig's Wintergarden, to a close.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubéant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

I went up into my box to take off my domino. I had hardly entered when Stella boldly joined me. She had torn off her mask quickly, and her beautiful wavy auburn hair had fallen down over her shoulders. She was pale and trembling, but her soul was wonderfully courageous, and she acted by impulse, and consequently exactly contrary to Cecilia.

"Adorno Salentini," said she, placing her white hand on my shoulder, "do you love me?"

I was entirely conquered by this bold question, evidently asked with pain and with the trouble of frightened modesty. So I took her in my arms and pressed her to my heart.

"You must not deceive me," said she, tearing herself away. "I am twenty-two years old; I have never loved, and I must not be deceived. My first love shall be my last, and if I am mistaken, I shall not try to find out if I have strength to love again; I should die. That is the only courage I should be capable of. I am young, but the experience of others has enlightened me. I have already thought a great deal; and if I do not know the world, I at least know myself. He who could trifle with a heart like mine must be a wretch; and if he should do it, I should despise and hate him. Death would seem a thousand times better to me than life after such a mistake."

"Stella," answered I, "if I should tell you that I loved you, would you believe me? Would

you not rather prove me before trusting yourself so blindly to a person whom you do not know?"

"I do know you," answered she. "Celio, who esteems no one, esteems and respects you; and besides, even if I had not this cause of confidence, I should trust your word."

She hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Listen! I am not Floriani's child for nothing. I have not my mother's strength, but I have her courage. I love you."

This frankness overcame me. I fell down at Stella's feet and kissed them passionately.

"This is the first time," said I to her, "that I ever knelt to a woman, and it is the first time I ever really loved, and I thought I loved Cecilia an hour ago; I owe you this confession; but what I seek in a woman is her heart; and I saw that hers did not belong to me. You offer me yours with a bravery which touches and thrills me. I do not know you any better than you know me. Love is faith; faith makes one bold, and nothing resists it. We love each other, Stella, and we need no farther proof. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes," answered she, "for I told you I could love but once."

"Then be my wife," cried I, embracing her with transport. "Shall I not now ask you of your brother?"

"No," said she, pressing her lips to my forehead with calm and saintly dignity. "My brother loves Cecilia, and he must become worthy of her. He does not love her yet enough to deserve her. Let him believe that you are his rival. His passion needs a struggle to make him know it. Cecilia has loved him for a long time. She never told me so, but I know it well. You must first ask me of her, for I look upon her as a mother."

"I will go now," answered I.

"And why now? Are you afraid of repenting if you take time for reflection?"

"I will prove the contrary, generous and charming girl! I will only do what you desire."

We were called to begin the next act. Celio, who generally watched the slightest movement of his sisters with cautious and jealous eye, had not noticed our absence. He was strangely agitated. He seemed absorbed by his rôle. He finished it most brilliantly, but he was sober and silent at supper time and during the conversation with the marquis, which lasted until three o'clock in the morning.

I slept quietly, and I had not the slightest reaction, no trace of uneasiness, hesitation, or regret, in waking. I must say, that since the morning of the day before, Mademoiselle de Balma's two hundred thousand livres income came upon me like the blow of a club. I did not

want to marry a fortune, and thus put an end to all my life-long dreams of ambition, which were to shape out a life for myself, and to have as partner of it a woman of my choice, taken from a station modest enough for her to consider herself rich in my success.

Besides, I am so constituted that the idea of struggling with a rival at even chances pleases and animates me, while the knowledge of the least disadvantage chills me and cures me miraculously. Is this prudence or pride? I do not know; but it is certain that in this respect I was the opposite of Celio, and instead of feeling driven, out of spite to my self-love, to dispute his conquest, I felt a noble pleasure in bringing them together and remaining their friend.

Cecilia sought me during the day.

"I am going to talk with you as if you were my brother," said she to me. "A few words of Celio's made me think you were in love with me, and I do not believe you are now. That is why I shall open my heart to you. I know that two months ago, when you knew me in a state bordering upon want, you thought of marrying me. I saw then the nobleness of your soul, and that thought of yours will always assure you of my esteem, and more still, of a sort of respect for your character."

She took my hand to her heart, where she held it a moment with such a pure and tender expression that I almost knelt before her.

"Listen, my friend," continued she, without giving me time to answer her. "I believe I love Celio! That is the reason why, in confessing this, I think I have the right to address you one humble, fervent prayer in the name of the most disinterested affection that ever existed. Flee from the Duchess de —; free yourself from her or you are lost forever."

"I know it," answered I, "and I thank you for having kept up this tender interest in me; but never fear—the fatal union was never made; your sweet voice, an impulse of your generous heart, and four lines of the divine Mozart, have saved me from that forever."

"Then you heard them? God be praised!"

"Yes, God be praised!" answered I, "for that magical song brought me here unawares, and here I have found my happiness."

Cecilia looked at me with surprise.

"I will explain all immediately," answered I; "but you have something to say to me, have you not?"

"Yes," answered she, "I will tell you all, for I desire your esteem, and without it my conscience would lack something of its repose. Do you remember that when last I saw you in Vienna you asked me if I loved Celio?"

"I remember it perfectly, and your answer also, and you need make no explanation, Cecilia. I know very well that you were sincere in answering, that you did not think of it, and that your devotion to him was only owing to Floriani's kindnesses. I understand what has taken place in you since then, for I know what has taken place in him."

"Thanks, O, thanks!" said she with emotion; "then you have not doubted my loyalty?"

"Never."

"That is the greatest praise you could claim for your own. But tell me, do you believe he loves me?"

"I am sure of it."

"And so am I," added she, with a divine smile and a slight blush. "He loves me, and denies it to himself; but his pride will bend, and I shall be his wife, for that has been my only ambition since I have become *dama e contessa garbata*. When you asked me, Salentini, I thought I should always be obscure and miserable. Why should I not have stifled in the depths of my heart all thought of being a wife to Celio, the ambitious youth, for whom the glory of wealth is an element of happiness and an indispensable condition of success? I should have blushed to confess to myself that I was moved at the sight of him; he would never have known it. I believe I did not know it myself, I was so resolved to pay no attention to it, and I am so accustomed and so capable in controlling myself. But my present fortune gives me back youth, confidence and right. Celio is not like you. I have read you both. You are calm, you are patient, you are stronger than he, who is only warm, eager and violent. He does not lack boldness and generosity; but alone he could not lead the wide and brilliant career he dreams of, and which is so necessary to the development of his faculties. He needs wealth, already acquired, and I owe him that wealth. Do I not owe it to Lucrezia's son? and even if I had loved you, Salentini, even if Celio's character should have made me tremble for my happiness, I have a sacred debt to pay."

"I hope," said I to her, smilingly, "that the sacrifice is not too severe. As far as it concerns me, it is none at all, and your supposition is only a kind consolation, which I am not so foolish as to believe. Concerning Celio, I believe that you are stronger than he, and that you will caress the young tiger with a firm and gentle hand."

"That may not always be as easy as you think," answered she; "but I am not afraid—that is certain. There is nothing which makes a person so courageous as to feel willing as I do to hold one's own happiness and life of small account. I will not magnify myself; I own that I am secretly delighted, and my courage is strangely rewarded by the love which speaks within me. No man can seem handsome to me after him, who is the living portrait of Lucrezia; no name illustrious or dear to own after that of Floriani."

"It is a fine name," answered I, "and frightens me. What if all those who own it should refuse to change it?"

"What do you mean? I do not understand you."

Then I related what had taken place between Stella and myself, and asked of her the hand of her adopted daughter. The joy of the generous woman was great. She threw herself upon my

neck and kissed both cheeks. I saw her that day as she really was, sympathetic and motherly in her affections, in proportion as she was prudent and puzzling to the indifferent.

"Stella is an angel," said she, "and Heaven has blessed you a thousand times in inspiring you with such instant faith in her words. I know her well, and I know that among all Floriani's children, she is the one who has really inherited her mother's most precious virtue—devotion. She had yearned a long time for love, and, believe me, chances did not fail her; but her delicate and poetic soul did not feel that bewilderment of the senses which so often blinds young girls. She had an ideal, and for that she sought, for that she waited. You can see that by the freshness of her cheeks and the purity of her eyelashes. At last she has found him of whom she dreamed. Lovely Stella! exquisite nature! your happiness is dearer to me than my own!"

Cecilia Boccaferri took my hand again, pressed it with both of hers, and burst into tears, saying:

"O Lucrezia! rejoice in the bosom of thy God!"

Celio entered suddenly, and seeing Cecilia so moved and seated so near me, retired, slamming the door violently. He turned pale, and his features were frightful to look upon. It seemed as if all the furies of hell had entered his bosom.

"Let him say after this that he does not love you," said I to Cecilia.

I made her consent to Celio's suffering a little more, and then we went to find Stella and tell her of our interview.

Stella was at work in a tower, which served her for a studio. I was strangely moved in finding her painting, and to see that she had talent, genuine, tender, deep, charmingly true, for landscape, flocks, pastoral and simple nature.

"Then you thought," said she to me, as she saw my delight, "that I was to be an actress? O, no! I do not love the public any better than Cecilia, and I should never have the courage to face its gaze. I play here, as Cecilia and her father do, to help in the united work which furthers Celio's education, perhaps also Beatrice's and Salvator's, for those two children just now have a great passion for the stage; but you did not understand our dear Boccaferri, if you thought that he only looked upon us as future débutants. No, that was not his intention. He thinks that these dramatic attempts, in the free form we give them, are a salutary exercise to the synthetic (I use his word) development of our artistic faculties; and I believe he is right, for since we have studied it, I feel myself more of a painter and poet than I thought for."

"Yes, he is right," answered I; "and in these delightful attempts the heart too opens to poetry, sympathy and love. I feel it indeed, O my Stella! for the two days I have passed here. Elsewhere I should not have dared to love you so quickly; and in this sweet and happy waking of all my powers, I understood you from the first, and proved the depth of my own heart."

Cecilia took my arm and led me into Stella's and Beatrice's chamber, which communicated with the tower through a little passage. Stella blushed, but did not resist. Cecilia led me before a picture hung in my love's virginal recess, and I recognized a Madonna and child which I had painted at Turin and sold to a pic-

ture dealer two years before. It was very simple, but the feeling was true enough to cause me no shame in seeing it again. Cecilia had bought it for her young friend during her last journey, and then she told me that for two months, Stella, hearing the Boccaferri and Celio speak so often of me, had eagerly desired my acquaintance. Cecilia had cherished, without telling her, the idea that our union would be a beautiful dream to realize. Stella seemed to have divined it.

"It is true," said she to me, "that when I saw you pick up the cherry ribbons, I felt an inexplicably strange emotion; and when Celio came to tell us the next day that our *picker-up-of-ribbons*, as he called you, was still in the village and was named Adorno Salentini, I said to myself, foolishly perhaps, but undoubtedly, that my destiny was accomplished."

I could not express the sweet joy which was inspired in me by the young and pure love of a girl, still a child in freshness and simplicity, already a woman in devotion and intelligence. When the bell rang to call us to the theatre, I was almost beside myself. Celio read my happiness in my eyes, and was laughably ugly and brutal. I allowed myself to be almost insulted by him. I know not what passed that night. He seemed calmer to me and begged my pardon for his violence, which I generously granted.

I must say a few words about our theatre before reaching the denouement, which the reader knows beforehand. Almost every night we made some new attempt. Sometimes an opera; all the actors were good musicians, and each one played the piano in turn. Another time it was a ballet: the sober ones played in the pantomime; the younger ones danced from inspiration, with a grace, an abandon, and a fascination, which is sought in vain in the studied attitudes of the stage. Boccaferri was wonderful at the piano in such cases. He improvised the most brilliant fantasies, and at his pleasure ruled the dancers by his fancy to frenzy or to calm. He subordinated them to the requirements of the scene; for the pantomime, of which he was commonly the author, always had an action clearly developed and followed out.

At other times we attempted a comic opera, and we improvised arias and choruses; but who will believe me?—choruses in which there was no lack of harmony, and in which different remembrances of known operas were bound together by individual modulations, quickly conquered and understood by all. Sometimes we took a fancy to play a farce from memory, whose text we did not own, and which we remembered rather confusedly. These vague souvenirs had their charm, and for the children, who had never seen them played, they had all the attraction of originality. They conceived them, after a simple preliminary explanation, differently from us, and we were charmed to see them inspired with new characters and better scenes than those of the text.

We still had another resource left us—that of making good pieces out of bad ones. Boccaferri excelled in such discoveries. He rummaged his theatrical library, and found a happy subject to experiment upon in some obsolete, badly conceived and badly executed drama.

"There is no work so thoroughly bad and flat," said he, "in which there cannot be found some idea, some character, which may be of good ser-

vice. At the theatre, I have heard a hundred plays hissed, which would have been applauded had an intelligent man handled the same subject. Then let us hunt everywhere, doubting nothing, and be sure we could go on so for ten years, and every night have some new material to invent and develope."

This life was so charming and so impassioned us that it would have seemed puerile and absurd to any one else. We did not weary of our pleasure, for the morning was devoted to more serious labor. I painted with Stella; the marquis and his daughter carefully fulfilled their self-imposed duties. Celio directed his brother's literary and musical education, and also that of our little sister, to whom I was also allowed to give a few lessons. So the hour for acting always came as a well-deserved and ever new recreation. The ivory gate always opened to us the sanctuary of our sweetest illusions.

I felt myself grow better from the contact with these fresh artist imaginations, whose key, whose harmony, whose soul old Boccaferri was. Lucrezia Floriani best knew and understood him, the most unprofitable and powerless member of formal society, the most complete, the most inspired, in short, the most artistic of artists. I owe him a great deal, and my gratitude to him will endure beyond the grave. I never heard any one talk upon painting with so much sense, clearness, depth or delicacy. While daubing coarse scenery, (for he painted very badly,) he poured into my mind a flood of brilliant ideas, which nourished my powers, and whose creative influence I shall always feel.

I was astonished that, since Celio was to become rich and noble through marriage with Cecilia, the Boccaferri should seriously think of his recommencing his débuts; but I understood it, like them, after studying his character, and recognizing his vocation and the superiority of his talent, which was unfolding day by day. "Are not great dramatic artists almost always rich at some time of their life?" said the marquis to me; "and does the possession of lands, castles and even titles disgust them with their art? No. Generally it is old age alone which drives them from the stage, for they feel that their greatest power and deepest joy are there. Well, Celio will begin where the others leave off. He will devote himself to Art at his leisure; he will be so much the more precious to the public, since he may make himself a rarity, and still be so much the better paid, as he cares least about it. So goes the world."

Celio was living in excitement, and these changes of fury, hope, jealousy and delight developed within him a terrible passion for Cecilia, a power superior in his talent. We let him pass two months in this burning ordeal, which he was strong enough to bear, and which was, so to speak, the natural element of his genius.

One morning, when the spring began to smile, and the pines were adorning their sombre branches with points of tender green, the lilacs were bursting forth in the warm breeze, and the birds were filling the thickets with their wild little cries, we were drinking coffee on the terrace in the first beams of a mild and clear sun. The lawyer from Briançon arrived and threw his arms around his old friend the marquis, crying out:

"All your debts are paid!"

These prosaic words were as sweet to our ears as the first showers of spring. It was the signal of happiness to us all. The marquis put the hand of his daughter in Celio's, and Stella's within mine. While I write these last lines, Beatrice is in the green house gathering white camellias and cyclamens for the bridal wreaths. I am happy and proud to call this dear child openly my sister, and master Volabù has just entered the castle as coachman.

NOTICE.

The "Castle of the Wilderness," (*Château des Désertes*) is an analysis of some ideas of Art, rather than an analysis of feelings. This romance has served once more to confirm me in the conviction that real things, transported into the domain of fiction, appear there but to disappear the instant their transformation becomes necessary.

During several consecutive winters, living retired in the country with my children and a few friends of their age, we had conceived the idea of playing comedy upon the stage, without spectators, not for our own instruction in any sort, but simply to amuse ourselves. This amusement became a passion for the children, and by degrees a sort of literary exercise, not without its use in the intellectual development of several among them. A sort of mystery, which we did not seek, but which resulted naturally from this little uproar prolonged far into the night, in the midst of an uninhabited country, when snow or fog enveloped us without, and when our servants even, neither aiding in the changes of our decoration nor in our suppers, left the house at an early hour entirely to ourselves; the thunder, the pistol shots, the rollings of the drum, the cries of the drama and the music of the ballet, all this had something fantastical about it, and the infrequent passers by, who caught a little of the sound afar off, did not hesitate to believe us crazy or bewitched.

When I introduced an episode of this kind into the romance just finished, it became there a serious study, and assumed proportions so much larger than in the original, that my poor children, after having read it, looked now only with chagrin upon the blue curtain and the costumes cut from paper, which had been their delight. But the exaggeration of fancy always serves some end; for they made themselves a theatre as large as the contracted place allowed, and in the following years got so far as to play themselves the pieces of their own composition.

Whether these were good or bad, is not a question of much interest to others; but did they not do better to amuse and exercise themselves in this way, than to pursue that wild Bohemian course of actual life, which at their age we find in all grades of society?

Thus fantasy, romance, imagination, in a word, has its indirect but certain influence on the employment of our life—an influence often fatal, say the rigorists, in bad faith or bad humor. I deny it. Fiction begins by transforming reality; but it is transformed in its turn, and infuses a little ideality, not only into the little facts, but into the great ruling sentiments of real life.

GEORGE SAND.

Nohant, Jan. 17, 1853.

TO MR. W. G. MACREADY.

This little work attempts to agitate a few ideas on the Dramatic Art. I place it, therefore, under the protection of a great name and an honorable friendship.

GEORGE SAND.

Nohant, April 30, 1847.

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI AND FÉTIS.—"Must all this be learned—*cher Fétis*," asked Rossini, smiling, one day, when they met accidentally in the shop of M. Troupenas—"must all this be

learned in order to compose?" Rossini alluded to the *Treatise on Counterpoint and Fugue*, by Fétis, which was lying on the counter, and which the author of *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* was "*feuilletant*" with his fingers. "Ah, maestro!" rejoined the compiler of the *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, "you are a living proof of the contrary."

ANTIQUITY OF THE POLKA.—The description of the lavolta, in Sir John Davies's poem on dancing, "*The Orchestra*," (1596.) shows that it must have closely resembled the dance which we fondly boast of as one of the great inventions of the nineteenth century. It runs as follows:—

Yet there is one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping or a leaping round,
Where arm and arm the dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves with strict embraces bound;
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest to all their music, song
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

The "anapest" is exclusive; it points exactly to the peculiar nature of the polka—the pause on the third step. Moreover it appears that there is not an especial figure for the polka—so there was none for the lavolta; for it was classed among those dances—

Wherein that dancer greatest praise has won,
Which, with best order, can all order shun;
For every where he wantonly must range,
And turn and wind with unexpected change.

Who can doubt, after this, that the polka was certainly danced before Queen Elizabeth.

The Grand Organ Controversy.

I.

(From the Transcript, June 19.)

THE GRAND ORGAN FOR THE MUSIC HALL. *Mr. Editor:* The article in Thursday evening's issue, under the above caption attracted my attention, and I perused it attentively, hoping to learn the necessity of sending abroad for an organ of even "the size, power and quality of the famous instruments of the Old World."

I must confess the article confirmed me, as it doubtless has others, in the opinion that the organ should be built in this country, and in Boston. Inasmuch as a solicitation to the public is made for means to procure the instrument, will you allow me to express the hope that the necessity for such a course will be made more apparent, and if it can be shown that there is a sufficient reason for thus slighting our American manufacturers, I shall cheerfully contribute my portion to the proposed enterprise, or to encourage one of our builders to go abroad.

With the hope of obtaining further information, I beg leave to simply notice some of the points in the article referred to.

You say, 1st, "Travellers and musicians who have been abroad, uniformly concur in speaking of the great organs in France and Germany as superior, not only in volume, but in all other desirable qualities, to those heretofore produced in this country."

On reading this, I could but ask, is it so? and must confess, with an extensive musical acquaintance with persons born and educated, or who have travelled abroad, I could not call to mind one, possessing the necessary qualifications to judge in this matter, who would advise the course proposed. On the contrary, from some of the best German, English, and American organists, I have repeatedly heard expressed opinions adverse to such procedure.

Would our Hayter, Müller, Dr. Tuckerman, and others of this city, and Zundel, of European reputation, late organist at St. Petersburg and Frankfort, advise us to send abroad? And are the opinions of such, and others, to be disregarded? If our builders are not equal to the undertaking—a proposition I do not admit—would it not be better they should examine and give us the benefit of their discoveries in the old world? I understand some of them are ready to do so with far less encouragement than is often extended to our sculptors and painters. We have the best authority for believing that, stop for stop, our best American manufacturers furnish equal to those of foreign lands. To estimate the extent of their ability by their productions, is as absurd as it would be to determine the extent of the ability of our best architects, judging of district school-houses erected by them, in comparison with other structures of greater size and more pretensions.

If we mistake not, the principles involved in the construction of a \$4,000 organ—especially as it re-

gards tone—are no different than in one costing \$20,000. Enlarged scales, increased pressure of wind, and additional stops, suited only to an organ of the required size, constituting the principal difference, but involving no principle in voicing which is not well understood by our best manufacturers.

When informed that to our builders many stops, "such as the vox humana and others," are unknown, I could not resist the inclination to walk among them, and learned at the first establishment I visited, that they were prepared to furnish any stop that was known in Europe one year since, and to warrant as good as can be produced abroad.

That I might be fully satisfied "that they were posted up," scales, drawings, &c., as received from abroad, were placed before my eyes, and the reason given for their non-production, "want of opportunity."

The second consideration named by you, the question of durability, is one I would dismiss by asking, why metals and wood cannot be of as good quality (and stand this climate far better), and be as well put together in this, as in any other country, provided—"aye! here's the rub"—a sufficient price be paid. This, I must believe, is seldom done, and our builders, especially those with a laudable ambition to excel, are, in their great works, generally obliged to pocket more loss than profit. Much could be said on this point, but I forbear. Your third consideration is susceptible of proof, and I hope it may be made to appear, but regret my inability to learn from our Boston builders that they have furnished the information necessary to enable any one to arrive at the conclusion named by you, that "it has been shown by actual estimates, a saving of \$3,000 can be effected by employing a foreign builder.

These are matters that should be intelligently discussed, and while all will accord the right to parties of purchasing where they please, it seems but proper, if the public are to aid in the enterprise here, they should at least understand that the expenditure be judicious, and not such as shall secure to our citizens a standing monument of folly; or an instrument to which, be it good or bad, all will be required to award the palm of superiority, and thus, as has been heretofore done, insult our artists by holding up as a model for their imitation, because from abroad, an instrument equal only to the productions of our second or third rate builders.

The question is asked in Dwight's Journal: "Is it not natural to suppose that Germany, the musical land par-excellence—the home of great organists for centuries, the land of Bach, Mendelssohn, and Schneider, should possess the art of organ building in the greatest perfection?" It seems to me the same question would apply with equal propriety to German music halls, most of which are among the poorest of all Europe; or to piano-fortes. But where is the impartial musician that would not laugh at such suggestions. As well might we argue that the land of Goethe, and Schiller, must necessarily produce the best printing presses, or that in the Holy Land must be found the best exemplars of our Christian religion, because there our Saviour dwelt.

In conclusion, I would venture to express the opinion that an organ of double the size of either of the largest two organs in our city—the Temple and Williams Hall organ—would possess power and variety sufficient for a music hall, considerably larger than ours, and that 12 or \$14,000 expended here will produce an organ which will equal in effect and beauty, and stand in order much better than any from abroad costing twice as much.

Can we be informed how it applies in organ building that a better instrument can be built abroad, owing to price of labor, and long practice? German stops voiced and finished there, have been imported by our builders, but have in no respect proved superior to those made and voiced here.

With the hope that more information may be elicited, and that we may see the names of some competent judges quoted in favor of this scheme, and that it may be made fully to appear that the mover in this matter in acting understandingly, with no other motive than a sincere recognition "that art is of no country and knows no kindred,"

I remain yours truly, MODERATO.

II.

(From the Transcript, June 20.)

THE ORGAN FOR THE MUSIC HALL—If the subject were one in which only professional musicians took an interest, there would not be much need of a rejoinder on our part to the communication in our paper of yesterday. But as it is desirable that the action of the committee shall meet the approval of the subscribers to the fund as well as of the public, we deem it necessary to restate our position, and adduce some facts to meet the objections made by

our correspondent. The case rests upon these points:

1st, The testimony of musicians and travellers, both in past and present time, as to the superiority of foreign instruments, particularly those of Germany.

2d, The ability of American builders to imitate successfully these *chefs d'œuvre*, and

3d, The comparative prices.

With regard to the eminent organists of this city whose names are introduced by our correspondent, we should not think ourselves warranted in quoting their opinions separately, if we had them; but we have the best reasons for believing that nearly every one of the gentlemen named would advise the committee to go abroad. But there is other evidence, so much indeed, that it is difficult to select the most convincing.

Mr. Hopkins, who has recently written a History of the Organ, the best treatise extant, after a careful study of all the famous instruments, comes to the conclusion that the German builders are surpassed by those of no other country; in fact, in many respects. The opinion of this author will be conclusive with all who have read his book.

These concessions are from Englishmen, a race not without pride, and not wholly devoid of national prejudice. In this country we have had few such scientific tourists. But the foreign correspondence of almost every paper in the Union will be found to contain abundant testimony of the same purport. We have a pretty distinct recollection of the letters of Lowell Mason from abroad some years since, in which he expressed the most unbounded admiration for the German organs.

If it is claimed that the organs built in the United States are superior to those in England, then of course the testimony of Hopkins and Chorley will not be conclusive. But it would not be fair to cite any instances of either English or German manufacture now in this country, for the purpose of comparison; for there are no fair specimens here.

But it is needless, we think, to pursue this topic further. The fact we have stated is as well known as that Switzerland has sublime scenery, or that the Cathedrals of Cologne and Rouen are more imposing than the Old South Church.

Upon the second point we may remark that it is no derogation to our people to say that they have not as yet reached that perfection in art which it has taken the old world centuries to acquire. For the organ builder is as truly an artist as a sculptor; it is not a matter of mere mechanical skill. And then the spirit of the two countries is essentially different. We put up thin-walled houses; our furniture is made by steam; our churches are generally clap-boarded or stuccoed. We are more ingenious to save labor than to reach perfection. Very few things in America give one the idea of performance, solidity, and finish. The organs in Germany like the cathedrals, are the out-growth of the religious sentiment of the people; and all the resources of science as well as of art have been devoted to the improvement of the instrument. So much importance has been attached to the subject that for many years a royal commission has existed in Prussia for the inspection of organs; the materials, mechanism, and effects all passing under the most rigid scrutiny before approval.

Our correspondent asserts that an organ costing \$4,000 involves all the principles in one costing \$20,000. This statement, or rather the inference from it, we must be allowed to doubt. Place any number of school-houses together, and they do not make a church; unite churches and they do not form a cathedral. The spirit that conceives the instrument as a grand whole, and combines every thing in due order to embody that conception, is very different from that required to originate and complete the smaller model.

An American builder *might* be successful in a large instrument; all that ingenuity and mechanical skill could accomplish would undoubtedly be given to the work; but after all, when upon one side there is a moral certainty and upon the other only a probability, we do not think the committee would be justified in running the risk. This is really the great point; the question of price is comparatively unimportant.

We repeat that were the cost the only question, we should not hesitate; but since our statement has been doubted, we shall show that we have been far within the mark, instead of overstepping it.

Says Hopkins, whom we have before quoted:

"It must be obvious that there is a durable, complete, but *costly* way of building an organ, and an unsubstantial, incomplete and cheap way of making it. It is also equally evident that organ building may be viewed as a calling of high art, or treated merely as a matter of business; and it will be exercised in either the former or the latter spirit according to circumstances."

It is in this view of the matter that estimates are to be considered. To assume that an organ with any given number of stops is equal in value to any other of similar extent, would be as wise a judgment as that of Wouter Van Twiller, who settled a dispute between two litigants by weighing their respective books. We have before us minute and detailed estimates, procured by one of the Committee, who has thoroughly investigated this subject, both in this country and in Europe; the one from an eminent American manufacturer, the other from a celebrated builder in Germany. The estimates are for organs of similar calibre and quality; both being exclusive of the case, as that is to be made here. And instead of a difference of \$3000, as we stated, the actual cost of the American instrument would be more than thirty per cent. greater than that of the one made abroad, including duties, freight, insurance, and other expenses. Perhaps the German builder is willing to make the instrument without profit, or even at a loss, for the sake of showing a specimen of his skill; but, nevertheless, the fact of the offer is as we have stated. We may readily find a reason for this difference in the price of labor; how great that difference is, every well-informed man knows. The market value of tin for the last five years has been at least ten per cent. less at the Dutch ports than in ours.

There are a great many points which we might make if we had not already exceeded our limits. We are persuaded that there cannot be two opinions upon this subject among disinterested men, when it is thoroughly understood. We believe that it is for the interest of the organ builders that we should have such an instrument as we have endeavored to describe. And we are sure that the views of our correspondent will not be sustained even by those who might be supposed most deeply interested. Several manufacturers have already expressed a desire to see a specimen of German or English skill, and one, at least, has subscribed in aid of the fund.

We wish we could quote further the remarks of Hopkins in regard to the price and completeness of an organ, because, emanating as they do from one who is wholly unconnected with the organ building business, and who, therefore, can be in no way interested in the issue beyond what is shared by all who admire true excellence, irrespective of country, they may be permitted to exercise some influence with those who have to weigh the merits of competing estimates, and because they really involve the permanent interest of the purchaser, the credit of the builder, and the progress of art, in equal degrees.

The Original Score of Mozart's Requiem.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL,
Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.
(Translated for the London Musical World.)

(Continued from page 76.)

The first test consisted in comparing this score with the other MSS. of the *Requiem* contained in the Imperial Library. I have already announced, in my preface to G. N. von Nissen's *Biography of W. A. Mozart (Jahrbücher der Literatur—vol. xlix., page 209)*, that of these MSS. the movements "Dies iræ," "Tuba mirum," "Rex tremendæ," "Recordare," and "Confutatis" were presented some years ago to the Imperial Library by the Abbé Stadler; the movements following these, however, viz.: "Lacrymosa" (and, indeed, of this only the first eight bars), "Domine Jesu," with the fugue "Quam olim," and "Hostias," were at that time the property of the Imperial Capellmeister, Herr Joseph Edlen Eybler, who has since then presented them as a donation to the Imperial Library.

The Abbé Stadler, in his disquisitions upon this masterpiece, often refers to the two above mentioned divisions of it. They are the same which he, and with him Herr André, of Offenbach (in his introduction to the second edition of the *Requiem*, page 1), is fully justified in calling "the actual scores." Herr André has, moreover (in his introduction to the first edition of the *Requiem* page 12), confirmed, by reference to his great collection of Mozart's MSS., that this master was accustomed, in writing vocal compositions with orchestral accompaniments, to make sketches of the score, in which the voice parts and mostly the instrumental bass were written complete, but of the other parts, the subjects were only occa-

* The remarks referred to may be found on page 22 of the present volume of this Journal (for April 19, 1866.)

sionally indicated. It could therefore not appear singular, nor lessen the probability that the present complete score is an autograph of Mozart, that of a composition of such great importance there should be found such previously made sketches, besides the score under consideration.

The division from "Dies iræ" to "Confutatis," inclusive, is doubtless the same that the widow Mozart sent to Herr André, with a letter dated the 26th of January, 1801, requiring him to return it. (See his introduction to the first edition, page 5.) The filling up in a strange hand—not that of Süßmayer—of the blanks left by Mozart, which differs almost entirely from the score now under consideration, appears not to have been inserted at that time, since Herr André makes no mention of it. Why this instrumentation should have been added to the original sketches of Mozart, when the complete score was already published by Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig, is unaccountable.

The second division, from "Lacrymosa" until "Hostias," inclusive, is, (with the exception of two bars of the soprano in the "Lacrymosa," an attempted continuation in the same unknown writing, the melody of which differs completely from that of the score,) untouched by any strange hand; and exhibits only the hand-writing of Mozart, namely the voice parts and the fundamental bass, with occasional indications of the accompaniment for the violin and viola.

With these original sketches the complete score was in the first instance carefully collated. They were particularly appropriate for such a comparison, since the eight movements contain the same notes and the same words. The resemblance, with the exception of the shape of some of the capital letters in the writing of the text, was found to be perfect. Not satisfied with this, the greatest possible number of specimens of Mozart's hand-writing was brought together, for the purpose of inspection and comparison. We are indebted to the kindness of the younger Mozart, now living in Vienna, for the contribution of four large portfolios, which, besides several completed compositions of his celebrated father, contained above eighty fragments, belonging to nearly every stage of his career, including the last, as for example, several of the subjects in the operas *Die Zauberflöte* and *La Clemenza di Tito*. The Society of Musical Amateurs of the Austrian Empire had the courtesy to send in the original score of the before-mentioned cantata—"Laut erschalle uns're Freude"—which in respect to the time of its composition stands nearest to the *Requiem*. Herr Aloys Fuchs, the possessor of a great collection of valuable and interesting musical autographs, brought two small MSS. of Süßmayer, a quartet for male voices, and a minuet and trio for the orchestra; and I added to these the original score of a quartet of Mozart for flute, violin, viola and violoncello, belonging to myself.

Thus provided, several of the principal musical connoisseurs in Vienna, all familiar with Mozart's hand-writing, were invited to inspect and judge the newly acquired score.

This consists of thirty-two sheets of Italian (oblong) music-paper, of twelve staves. The sheets are not numbered according to the pages, but, as was the custom of Mozart, according to the leaves. The score is not sewn together, but in loose sheets, without any title page or wrapper. At the top of the first page in the middle is written, "*Requiem*;" on the right, "*Di me, W. A. Mozart, m. p. 792*" (*sic*); on the left, "*Adagio*." In the fugue, "*Kyrie*," on the second page of the seventh leaf is found a remarkable correction; namely, in the fourth bar Mozart wrote according to his first thought:—



He changed his mind, however, at the last quarter of the bar, crossed through this bar, to which the instrumentation was not yet written, and instead of it, continued the movement as follows:—



as this passage occurs in the edition of Breitkopf and Härtel. Commencing from the fugue, the accompaniment appears in a paler ink than the four voice parts and the fundamental bass, from which it seems that it must have been written at a later period. In both movements, in the "*Requiem*" as well as the "*Kyrie*," the fundamental bass is carefully figured, as was Mozart's practice in his compositions for the church, on account of the organ. The second page of the ninth leaf, though numbered 10, and the remainder of the sheet, is blank.

Upon the next leaf, which is not numbered 11, but again commences at 1, begins the "*Dies iræ*;" this is followed by the other pieces, of which the last, "*Hostias*," concludes on the second page of the thirty-third leaf; it is to be observed that leaf five is succeeded by leaf five-and-a-half; after this, from leaf six, the numbering is regularly continued.

The numbering of the pages commences again at 1 at the *Sanctus*; and the whole concludes on the second side of the nineteenth leaf, having the word *finis* at the bottom of the page. On the twentieth leaf, which bears no number, are written the parts for the clarini of the *Benedictus*, for which there was not room on the page in the complete score. On comparison of this manuscript with the edition of Breitkopf, it is found in all essentials most perfectly to agree with it. This edition must, therefore, have been printed from a copy of the score under consideration.

We may particularize the following important variations:—The time of the movement *Requiem* is in the MS. marked with C and in the printed score with C .

In the "*Tuba mirum*" the case is exactly reversed; also in this movement Mozart has assigned not only the first three bars, but the entire solo, to the tenor trombone, which in this edition is given to the bassoon.

Herr Rochlitz, who was an eye-witness of the following circumstances, kindly gave me this explanation of the discrepancy; at the time when the widow Mozart gave a performance of the *Requiem* in Leipzig for her benefit, there was not at hand a trombone player who could execute this solo as it stands in the original. Hiller, at that time cantor of the Thomas-schule, who conducted the performance, found himself obliged, at the rehearsal, to mark this alteration with pencil on the copy of the score before him. The same copy was afterwards made use of by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel for their edition of the work, and thus this passage still was allotted to the part of the bassoon in print. Besides this, the fourth bar of the "*Domine Jesu*" presents the following variation in the MS.:—



In the printed score:—



In Mozart's sketch of the score, mentioned above, to which I have carefully referred, the instrumental accompaniment in this passage is wanting the alto voice part, however, stands as it appears in the printed copy.

When the connoisseurs who had been invited had examined the score with the greatest attention, the majority of them declared it to be, as well in the formation of the violins and alto voice notes as of the letters, and even of the figures for the thorough bass, without doubt Mozart's hand-writing, while the comparison of this with that of Süßmayer, written hastily on small sized paper, scarcely shewed the most distant resemblance, but on the contrary, in some of the characters, as for instance, the treble and bass clefs, exhibited a marked difference. The minority of the judges admitted that the reasons which spoke in favor of the genuineness of the whole far outweighed the objections to it, which were grounded on the supposition which had prevailed till then, that only a portion of the genuine originals had ever existed. Upon being repeatedly requested, these parties expressed their doubts as follows:—

On the first page there stands under Mozart's name the date of 1792, whereas it is well-known that Mozart was torn from the world by death on the 5th December, 1791.

That Mozart could scarcely have been guilty of the consecutive fifths in the fourth bar of the "*Sanctus*." Amongst the most characteristic signs of his hand-writing are the naturals, which he always formed as a close square, narrower at the top than at the bottom; whilst in the "*Dies iræ*," and the instruments belonging to it, there appear naturals which are formed with an open square, agreeing with those in the leaves of Süßmayer's writing, which were laid before them.

Amongst the capital letters in the writing of the words, commencing from the "*Dies iræ*," the letters B, P, Q, R, and T, differ from those in the "*Kyrie*" and "*Requiem*," and in the two divisions of the sketch of the score.

Almost on every page there are, at the beginning of the top line, straight strokes and crosses, which may have been made by Süßmayer, in order to remind himself of Mozart's intentions.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 28, 1856.

THE ORGAN FOR THE MUSIC HALL.—Where shall it be built? This question bids fair to create a good deal of discussion. Even in the heat of politics the newspapers find room for it. In music as in politics there is a great American party, who cannot listen with composure to the proposition that we must look abroad, to the old musical countries, for the great organ which shall be the pride of Boston and the rival in celebrity of those famous instruments at Haarlem and at Freyburg. Our Yankee confidence in our own powers—this ready assumption of ability to beat all the world in every (even if it be an untried) sphere of action—is surely one great element of success. And so much has been accomplished in the manufacture of pianos and church organs by our own makers, that we cannot wonder they should look with jealous eyes upon the withdrawal

of so grand an opportunity entirely out of the usual competition between them. We believe the question is essentially decided in the minds of the directors, after long and careful consideration, and on what we conceive to be good grounds, and that the organ will be ordered of the best manufacturer in Germany. Yet the comparative advantages offered by American and foreign builders, is still an open and an interesting question, which all friends of music must be glad to hear discussed. Let us have all the knowledge, all the argument that can be produced on both sides. With this view we have copied on another page two pieces, *pro* and *con*, which appeared last week in the *Transcript*. Both are written in good tone and temper, and throw light upon the matter. We wish to keep a record of all the important points and stages in the controversy. We have not thought it necessary, however, to go back to the original article in the *Transcript*, which called forth the strictures by "Moderato," because the views therein contained were essentially the same which we have before imperfectly presented in this Journal. We may from time to time make comments and comparisons, but we do not see that we have much to add at present, since the last piece in the *Transcript* does its work so ably.

It is admitted, we believe, on all hands, that great organs, the greatest that the world knows, have been built and have stood for centuries, the wonder of the world, in Germany. Such organs have not yet been produced here. What our enterprising builders might do, with such outlay and such spur to ambition as are now offered, who shall say? The strong consideration is, that the thing now wanted, and at such great expense provided for, is too great a matter to be risked upon such mere experiment; that it is safer to go where these great works are no vague possibilities of the future, but monuments of actual achievement, and ever present models of a living art—an art in which the great traditions are kept fresh and vital, while it is open to all the new suggestions of to-day. That we shall one day build as great organs, as that we shall one day grow up to be as musical a nation, as any in the world, we do not doubt; but we cannot expect to jump the intermediate degrees. We are to climb step by step to that eminence. In organ building it can only help us onward, to have in the midst of us a model of the highest art attained to in the old world.

What is least appreciated thus far in the ingenious and Briarean activity of our new country is, the difference between Art and manufacture. This has been alluded to, in connection with the organ project, both by ourselves and others. It is not easily explained to those who do not feel it; and we do not wonder at the comment made by "Moderato" upon a remark of ours. He says the idea that the art of organ-building should naturally exist in the highest perfection in Germany, since that has been the land *par excellence* of the great organists and of great music, is as absurd as to look there for the best printing-presses because there lived Goethe and Schiller! The very confounding of Art and mechanism to which we referred!

The two things are not parallel. The great German organs were built, as the *Transcript* well remarks, in the same religious and artistic spirit, the same striving for perfection, the same thought

of eternity and not of momentary effect, as were the old cathedrals; the spirit so well illustrated in Schiller's "Founding of the Bell." Such artistic piety in labor is scarcely known yet in our mechanic enterprises. The love of Art must pervade and inspire a people, before the machinery of Art will be itself artistic. Music must be in the people, music as revealed by the great Bachs and Handels, before they will build great organs in a deeper spirit than we build our factories and rail-roads; just as no mere materialistic skill in mechanism, nothing short of the deep Faith of those old times, can bid cathedrals spring up, winning the senses to the soul's side and refuting all our literal and soul-starving views of life. As to music halls, if they have not the largest and the best in Germany, it is because music there is chiefly listened to by smaller audiences where all are truly musical. It is not in the spirit of the old world society to have great popular concerts, as we do, for most miscellaneous audiences. Both systems have their advantages. As to pianofortes, it is only necessary, to see the force of that comparison, to understand one fact not generally known among our people, namely, that the *square piano*, which has been the chief boast of our makers, is scarcely looked upon in Germany as a legitimate instrument, but as a mere cheap substitute, sustaining about the same relation to the only true piano, the *Grand*, or *Flügel*, that the Melodeon or Harmonium here does to the organ. It is not said the Germans have no good *grand* pianos. Finally, if Palestine has ceased to be the Holy Land in more than name, it is not equally clear that Germany has ceased to be the musical land, in the sense necessary to our argument.

Musical Tales and Romances.

We confess to a great liking for works of the imagination, providing they are the offspring of a truly creative and poetic mind, and make no pretensions as history. So long as the writer deals with imaginary men and women alone, we have patience, and in most cases sympathy, with him, though he be as wild as Hoffmann and Chamisso, as strange and weird as Poe, or the author of "Peter Rugg." But the case is very different when historical personages are made the subjects of fanciful tales, and Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Corelli, Giardini, Rossini, and so forth, are dressed and tricked out in gaud and tinsel—are made the lay figures upon which weak—very weak *modistes* too, sometimes—display their want of skill and taste. When Hoffmann wrote his fanciful meeting with "Ritter Gluck," he carefully stated it to be an "imaginary circumstance"; and yet many have read that as history! German and French musical literature are full of these things, and poor Beethoven has been victimized to an extent incredible to any one who has not had opportunity to look somewhat extensively through the musical journals of Europe of the last thirty years.

We have had occasion two or three times in the pages of this Journal to warn our readers against giving the least credence to stories professedly historical, and our attention is directed to this topic again by noticing a story going the rounds, translated from the *Courier des Etats Unis* but which we have a dim impression of having seen and smiled at in some other quarter. A kind friend translated it for us several months

since, but we could not with a good conscience abuse our readers with publishing that as history which has no foundation in fact whatsoever. We refer to a sketch entitled, "History of a Sonata."

This is the so-called "Moonlight" Sonata, in C sharp minor, dedicated to Countess Julia Guicciardi. Half a dozen words are sufficient to show the utter absurdity of the pretended "history" here given. First, it was *not* composed in Bonn, but at Vienna. Secondly, Beethoven was not in the low, miserable condition described by the writer, but flourishing in the height of his popularity and prosperity. Thirdly, the symphony in F was not written until some fifteen years after the publication of the Sonata.

The facts in the case, so far as we know them, we will give, in answer to an inquiring correspondent. The pecuniary condition of Beethoven during the years 1800–1–2–3 is sufficiently set forth in an article in this paper published April 22, 1854, and needs no further notice. All this time he was deeply in love with Julia Guicciardi, and the fantasia dedicated to her was understood, by those who knew him best, to be a musical expression of that love. Schindler intimates as much. Of any particulars connected with the immediate labor of composing the work, no record is to be found. Beethoven's beautiful Sonata, Op. 26, with the "Marcia Funebre," had hardly become known in the Musical circles of Vienna, when Cappi, one of the publishers of that city, displayed upon his counter two new sonatas, both given as one Opus—Op. 27—from the same fertile brain. The first was a (we copy the original title) "*Sonata quasi una Fantasia per il Clavicembalo o Pianoforte, composta e dedicata a sua Altezza la Signora Principessa Giovanna Lichtenstein, nata Langravina Fürstenberg, da Luigi van Beethoven. Opera 27. No. 1. In Vienna presso Giov. Cappi etc.*"

The second was the one in question: "*Sonata quasi una Fantasia per il Clavicembalo o Pianoforte composta e dedicata alla Damigella Contessa Giulietta Guicciardi, da Luigi van Beethoven. Opera 27. No. 2. In Vienna presso Giov. Cappi etc.*"

The latter became very soon one of Beethoven's most popular works, was most highly praised by the critics, and the dreamy, half-sad first movement, so full of tender melancholy and a spiritual condition, which can find no expression out of music, obtained for it among the pianists of the city the title "Moonlight Sonata." This title no more came from Beethoven himself than the title of "Jupiter," given by the English to Mozart's Symphony with the fugue, originated with that great master. In short, Beethoven, like other men, took a musical thought, worked upon, thought upon it, studied it, elaborated it, wrote it out, corrected it, finished it to his own satisfaction, and then sold it to some publisher. The first thought was an inspiration; the thought as we read it on the printed page is the result of long-continued, persevering labor.

In the name of all who devote themselves to historical and biographical researches, we utter our protest against fanciful sketches of which real persons are made the heroes. The more facts, the more well-founded, characteristic anecdotes of great men in all stations, professions and arts, the better; the more imaginative, fanciful tales and sketches which are adapted to the improvement of musical taste and to the spread of a love for true music, also the better; but do not abuse the reader by presenting as history stories utterly without foundation, and which in every line are fitted but to deceive and convey false ideas.

"THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS."—We give to-day the concluding chapter of this beautiful Art novel by GEORGE SAND. We regret, and so will many of our readers, that it is so short. As many will desire to read the whole connectedly, we have had a limited edition struck off in a neat octavo pamphlet form.—Price fifteen cents per copy. To be had at this office, and at the periodical stores.

Musical Review.

POPULAR COLLECTIONS.

The American Collection of Instrumental Music; consisting of Marches, Quicksteps, Waltzes, Contra-Dances, Quadrilles, Cotillions, Polkas, Hornpipes, Reels, Mazourkas, and other popular music, selected from the works of various masters, and arranged for Wind and Stringed Instruments, such as the Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Cornet, Bugle, Violoncello, &c., without the Piano-forte, Organ, Melodeon or Seraphine. Volume 1. pp. 104. By JOHN W. MOORE, author of the "Complete Encyclopedia of Music," &c. Boston: Geo. P. Reed & Co.

This book is really a curiosity. There is a certain naïve benevolence as well as shrewdness in the plan. It breathes the broadest popular sympathies and shows acquaintance with the largest market. The author in his preface says:

In my intercourse with music loving people, I have noticed, that in every town and village, there are many young persons of some musical talent, who play upon the Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Cornet, Bugle, Violoncello, Piano-forte, Organ, Melodeon, or Seraphine—all of whom, for the want of a suitable collection of music, are compelled to practise alone. Nearly all the collections of Instrumental Music which have been, from time to time, published in this country, have consisted of simply Duets and Trios, with an occasional Quartette—and I know no work where the arrangement is for various and many instruments with Piano-forte accompaniment. It has been my object and in preparing this compilation, not only to supply a great and growing want, but so to arrange all the music in the work, that it may be made a source of pleasure and rational enjoyment to such as may meet together for practice, and yet so to write the parts, that one, two, three, four, six, eight, or even a large member may with equal profit use the music as occasion and circumstances may require. For the social circle, where there may be for use only a Violin or a Flute, or some one or two of the many instruments, the music here presented will be found agreeable with the simple Piano-forte accompaniment.

The design, thus stated, is a good one. To help the scattered musical ability throughout our country villages, our stray and isolated flutists, cornists, clarinetists and pianists, in a small way, to club together and perform in quartet, or in larger bands, the old familiar tunes which, with the Sabbath psalm tunes, constitute the chief musical pabulum of the beginning-to-be musical millions, is in itself a worthy object and may lead to something higher. In the execution of the plan two things are to be considered.

First, the selection of music, which is mainly of the very lightest, homeliest, commonest, most popular description. Here are all the old hacknied dance tunes, patriotic marches, &c., which boys whistle, and which village fiddlers, through successive generations, have employed to keep young feet in motion. Here are "College Hornpipe," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Dashing White Sergeant," "Wait for the Wagon," "Jordan," "Yankee Doodle," and what not. Here, too, are various well-known sets of quadrilles, and some new ones, as also marches, with the letter "M" to indicate (are we to understand?) original authorship. Add a few bits from Rossini, Mozart, Strauss, and well-known "masters," (though nine-tenths of the whole can scarcely be attributed to any masters) and you have seventy or eighty pieces which surely cannot be complained of on the score of being "over-classical" or "scientific."

Secondly, the arrangement and treatment. This is partly explained in the above extract from the preface. Each piece is scored in six staves. The upper staff contains the melody, for first clarinet, or

flute, or violin. Then comes a second treble for the same class of instruments. The third, or tenor, is for cornet, bugle, or third violin. The fourth staff is for violoncello, Saxhorn, or bass. The two lower staves are for piano, organ, &c. This score is extremely convenient, to suit all emergencies. Each part may be played by a single instrument or by enough to make out quite a band. If you have not four instruments (besides the piano), omit the third part. If you have but two, omit the second violin; or you may omit the piano part; and one is wickedly tempted to inquire sometimes: why not omit the whole? Such convenient dilution for conveying an imagination of music with so little of the material, reminds one of that cup of "tea" wherewith "the Marchioness" regaled Dick Swiveller. However, since the ingredients of a stronger cup are here, we will not complain of the suggestion for the benefit of those who like to take it weak. So far as we have noticed, the pieces are correctly and clearly harmonized. But we must wonder at the want of care shown in the case of the few pieces taken from real masters, to go back to the original sources. One of these is the well known *Vedrai carino* of Mozart, here called "Zerlina's Air." Why these alterations and curtailments, so great that the soul and beauty of the song are lost? It would be quite as easy to give it just as Mozart wrote it; far easier and far wiser than to undertake to improve on Mozart. So, too, another Mozart melody, the well-known *O dolce concerto*, which is here called an "English Glee"! Among the minor defects, we may mention the omission of all time marks, as Adagio, Allegro, &c.

On the whole, we doubt not that the book is fraught with a good deal of amusement and some musical profit, (which might be much more) for amateurs in the most rudimentary stages of the art in country towns. The idea of arrangements for such social practice, we have said, is good; and as the present is but Volume I, we trust the next will be well filled with music of a little higher and less hacknied order, such as will tend to raise the general taste somewhat, and that the "masters" will be freely drawn from, only provided that their compositions be presented without needless alteration.

The American School Melodist, and Pestalozzian Teacher, &c. &c. By JOSIAH OSGOOD. pp. 224. Boston: G. P. Reed & Co.

A useful little book for schools and classes, as well as for home circles. A large portion of it is devoted to elementary instruction on the inductive or Pestalozzian system; intermingling explanations with exercises, solfeggi and vocalizations arranged in attractive forms of rounds and tunes in one, two, three and four parts. This part of the work seems done with thoroughness and clearness. Then follows a collection of over a hundred simple children's hymns and songs, on all sorts of subjects, partly original, and partly selected and arranged. These are mostly written in three parts; i. e. for one or two trebles and bass.

The Golden Wreath, a choice Collection of Favorite Melodies, for Schools, &c. Also a complete Course of Elementary Instructions, upon the Pestalozzian System, with numerous Exercises, &c. By L. O. EMERSON. pp. 224. Boston: Oliver Ditson.

A book very similar to the above and for a similar object. The Elementary part covers less ground, but seems well arranged. The songs are of like variety of subjects, only the music is more familiar, consisting mostly of little pieces already favorites in schools and singing circles. They are harmonized in the same simple way for three voices. Every good addition to the stock of school songs should be welcomed; perpetual novelty in this department seems a more reasonable aim than it does in the matter of plain psalmody.

Musical Chat-Chat.

There has been music on the Common two evenings during the past week; as usual, a brass band of about sixteen instruments. What we heard the first evening was played in remarkably good tune

and with careful expression; but many of the pieces partook too much of the doleful sentimental to affect the crowd much. Cheerful was the multitudinous clapping of hands when something like the "Eclipse Polka" or the "Anvil Chorus" struck up. The Verdi music takes well with brass instruments. On Wednesday again three pieces out of the ten or twelve were reminiscences of *Travatore*. O for a harmony not wholly brass! But with any kind of music for a magnet, it is good to see such happy crowds drawn to the Common these June nights. The scene is beautiful, and does away with a great deal of the day's dull prose.... In Providence, last Monday evening, a very successful concert was given by the "Musical Institute," under the direction of Mr. L. T. DOWNES, assisted by the "Beethoven Orchestra," conducted by Mr. W. F. MARSHALL, comprising altogether about 125 performers. The first part of the programme consisted of the Adagio and Allegro from Beethoven's first Symphony; the chorus: "The heavens are telling," by Haydn; a soprano duet with chorus, from Mendelssohn's *Lodge-sang* (beautifully sung, we are told, by Miss PRATT and Miss MORELL); a chorus for male voices: "The Praise of Jehovah," by Beethoven; the Trio: "Lift thine eyes," (finely sung by Miss CARPENTER, Miss MORELL and Mrs. WADSWORTH) and Chorus: "He is watching over Israel," from "Elijah"; and Chorus: "O great is the depth of the riches," &c., from "St. Paul." Part second was of a lighter character, including an overture by Weigl; two choruses from *Ernani*; a Sextet by Zollner; chorus from "William Tell"; selections from a light French Mass, by a quartet of voices; but ending with Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus. Mr. Downes, who is one of the best organists and teachers in the city, is full of zeal for good music, especially that of the great masters in the sacred style, and will do much we doubt not, to inspire a love for the best in Providence.... The many friends and admirers of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS will be pained to learn that her concert tour westward has been interrupted by a pretty serious accident in Utica, N. Y., where, by a fall from her horse, her ankle was broken.

From the "Statistics of the Industry of Massachusetts for the year ending June 1, 1855, prepared from official returns by FRANCIS DE WITT, Secretary of the Commonwealth," we glean the following facts pertaining to our speciality.—The number of Piano-Forte manufactories in Boston was 20; Pianos manufactured in the year, 6,122; capital employed, \$941,000; all other musical instrument manufactories, 10; value of instruments manufactured, \$1,984,700; capital, \$102,100; persons employed, 1,248. The value of the musical instruments manufactured that year in the whole State is set down at \$2,295,680. Of this Boston alone claims \$2,004,700.

Still they come! Another musical journal greets us from Chicago, the second from that city. It is called *The Western Journal of Music*, and announces its determination to make itself the musical journal of the great West. It is a neat print of eight pages, promising music hereafter, and is published once a fortnight by R. G. GREENE. WM. H. CURRIE is the editor. The more the merrier, if they will only serve the cause of Music, and not merely music trade. The Introductory article augurs well.... The German *Musik-Verein* at Milwaukee has worked well in the cause of music. According to the annual report of the secretary, the following operas were performed during the past year: "Freyshutz," twice; "Norma," "Czar und Zimmerman," "Stradella," also twice. Besides this, they gave a grand concert once a month. The operas of "Don Juan," and "Daughter of the Regiment," are now in rehearsal.

The *Criterion* tells us of a new musical prodigy, one Signor VALLO, a Philadelphian. "He is a professor of magic, of ventriloquism, and of the violin, and for the receipt of a ridiculously small sum, promises to send by mail, to any given address, full instructions in either of these elegant accomplishments. According to a contemporary, a 'celebrated composer' speaks thus of the violin performances of

Signor Vallo: 'I have heard Paganini, Sivi, Vieuxtemps, Spohr, and many other great violinists, and I have thought that for power of tone, difficult execution, variety of sound, and management of the bow, nothing more could be done, but Signor Vallo surpasses them all. He draws more powerful tones from the instrument than Sivi or Spohr. His execution of the staccato, pizzicato, and harmonic passages is far superior to those of Paganini or Vieuxtemps. He executes the Carnival on one string, while at the same time he performs two distinct airs on the piano.'

Mr. CHORLEY, of the *Athenæum*, does not admire ALBONI's present singing, or dramatic efforts, so much as the critics we have quoted. Her performance in the *Sonnambula*, he says, "besides being singular to see, was dramatically null, and only partially effective as a piece of singing." "She was frequently out of tune." "In her final *rondo* the pleasure which her executive brilliancy must otherwise have given us, was impaired by the diversity of weight and quality of her notes—no two *roulades* being taken without a mixture of thick and thin, destructive of that flow of serenity which the music of Bellini's village opera demands." By the same writer we are reminded that we did not give due credit for the improvement in respect of shortness of M. BENEDICT's annual concert. Chorley says: "The giver seems this year wisely bent on surprising those who have been used to carry home to Germany the bill of his concert, as a curiosity, which, although it was printed, nobody there was expected to accept as a reality." We have already noticed symptoms at last, in the London concert criticisms, of getting weary of too much of a good thing, and several instances of moderation in the length of programmes, showing that John Bull's musical digestion is not of such superhuman capacity as we had so long supposed. . . . A flute of gold has been made in London for a gentleman in Australia. Its tone is said to have a certain superior richness, roundness and sonority, as compared with flutes heretofore made of box-wood, cocoa-wood, ivory, glass, or silver.

The European journals announce the death, at Florence of ADOLPH FUMAGALLI, a young pianist already highly distinguished, and who fairly promised to become one of the marvels of his time. His fine taste, added to a power of rapid execution quite unrivalled, rendered his performance with one hand an illusion far beyond the one string of Paganini; but the grand feature of Fumagalli's playing was *mind*; he was assuredly the most intellectual interpreter of the old masters that has been heard in Paris, and was considered as one of the best living interpreters of Chopin's music. He was settled in that city, and was on a musical tour in his native country when death surprised him in the midst of his artistical triumphs. On Thursday evening he gave a concert, which was attended by all Florence, and crowned with the most brilliant success; on Saturday he was no more—two little days between the plaudits of the public and the tomb! He was in his 27th year.

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Mozart's Father.

[We translate the following from the new biography of MOZART, by OTTO JAHN, of which the first volume has recently appeared in Germany.]

JOHN GEORGE LEOPOLD MOZART, the father of the great composer, was the son of a book-binder in Augsburg, and was born in 1719. Naturally gifted with a clear, sharp understanding, and a firm, energetic will, he at an early age resolved by proper intellectual culture to work his way up out of the limited circumstances of his family into a higher position; and he could boast before his son that this was only realized after a protracted conflict with unfavorable circumstances, and through earnest perseverance and most watchful prudence. His musical talent, which appeared quite early, must have relieved his studies, as it does with many. When the son visited Augsburg in the year 1777, he learned many things about his father's youth which helped to refresh the latter's recollections. Thus he writes to his son about his having sung while a boy as discantist in the cloisters of St. Ulrich and at the Holy Cross, and how afterwards he was able to make his appearance as a clever organist. * * * * *

Life had early led him into a hard school of privation, which gave a definite direction to his character and views of life. He had long been settled in the conviction that only by continual and intense exercise of his faculties and powers can man attain the goal set before him, either in spiritual culture or in social position. Accordingly, what stood out as the distinctive feature of his character was an unshaken conscientiousness and faithfulness to duty in all the relations of life, in great things and in small, whence an uncompromising severity in his requirements of

others, but before all, of himself. This he shows in his official relations, as teacher and educator, and particularly in his religious deportment. He was a strict Catholic, who, however, recognized, not without admiration, morality and virtue in Protestants. Nothing does he fear so much as the injurious influence which a long stay in Protestant countries might exert upon the soul's welfare of his children; and occasionally too he makes efforts at conversion with an inward satisfaction.* All that the church requires of its professors he fulfils not only dutifully, but with zeal; he has masses read, buys relics, and so forth, where opportunity presents itself. There cannot be a doubt that herein he followed an unfeigned conviction.

Leopold Mozart was a man of real piety, which maintained itself through serious losses, under pressing circumstances, steadfast and unaltered; it was but the natural consequence of his education and his position that he knew no other ground, no other form for this pious disposition, but those transmitted in his church. With the same strict conscientiousness which he maintained in other matters, he fulfilled his duties also towards God and his church.

But it would be a great mistake were we to consider him a narrow devotee. On the contrary, he was endowed with a sharp, clear understanding, for whose many-sided cultivation he made extraordinary exertions, and he had a decided tendency and talent for criticism, nay even for ridicule and sarcasm. The hard and needy circumstances through which he had to toil so painfully, amid environments which he looked far beyond, led him very early to turn his criticism upon the practical relations of men to one another in their ordinary, for the most part small and pitiful relations, which he saw through so easily. And so he acquired the firm conviction that self-love and self-interest are the only springs of human action, on which one may calculate with certainty, and which may be employed with

* "Among my friends in London is a certain Sipruntini, a great virtuoso on the violoncello. He is the son of a Dutch Jew, but after travelling through Italy and Spain, he found that faith, its ceremonies and commandments, laughable, and he forsook it. Talking with him a short time since about matters of faith, I found from all his conversation that he was satisfied at that time with believing in one God, and with loving, first Him, and then his brother as himself, and living as an honorable man. I took pains to give him some idea of our faith, and I carried it so far that he is now agreed with me that of all Christian creeds the Catholic is the best. I mean very soon to make another attack upon him; one must step very softly in such matters. Patience! Perhaps I shall yet become a missionary in England."—*Letter from London, Sept. 13, 1764.*

prudence; that to pre-suppose philanthropy and friendship is a folly such as seldom goes unpunished. This want of faith in men in personal intercourse, which he regarded as the highest result of practical experience, he sought also to impress upon his son, but with the smallest success. And in himself this gloomy view of life by no means stifled generous thought and feeling; in him, as in so many, the theory is sharper and more hostile than its application is in actual life. Where Leopold Mozart criticizes, where he analyzes men's ways of acting, he is sharp and shows himself possessed by no prejudices. In spite of his piety he expresses the profoundest contempt and utters the most bitter ridicule against priestcraft and priestly living;—he had opportunities to know both intimately. Quite as little did high birth and position dazzle him; with full consciousness he opposed to these the independence of true culture and ability.

But also towards those who stood most near to him, even to his beloved son, he remained still impartial. It is a remarkable spectacle, and one which had the most wholesome influence on Mozart's development, to see how the father never let himself be dazzled by the son, whom he loved as much as ever father loved a son, whose artistic genius he recognized with truest judgment, and admired and revered it as it continued to develop; how he never disguised from himself his weaknesses, but warned and blamed him with inexorable severity, and trained him up to systematic loyalty to duty. In this relation to his son the singular mixture of various peculiarities in Leopold Mozart's character with a clear, conscious ability, shows itself in the most pure and edifying manner: he has himself declared that the education of this son was the highest mission of his life. Meanwhile the warmth of his heart and disposition, his readiness to serve and to assist, were by no means limited to those who were united with him by the ties of nature; he shows himself a true and trusty friend, a liberal benefactor within the narrow limit of his means.

The efforts it had cost him to acquire only a tolerable position, the unceasing toil demanded merely to support daily existence, gave him a lively sense of the importance of a secure social position; and the more convinced he was that his son would hardly learn to attach enough importance to that, the more he strove by his own prudence and experience to help him. Remarks have been made in a tone of depreciation or of ridicule about the care which Leopold Mozart manifested about economical affairs. But such writers are unjust, partly in blaming him for what was but the necessary consequence of the straitened circumstances, against which he was forced

to contend; partly in failing to see, that the correspondence, out of which we draw this knowledge, must have involved communications of this sort necessarily. At all events, if a certain anxiety here betrays itself, which was increased in later years by infirmity and hypochondria, still it is cast entirely in the shade by the rare union of general and musical culture, of love and austerity, of correct judgment and earnest fidelity to duty, which Leopold Mozart developed in the education of his son, who certainly without this never would have been what he became through it.

[To be continued.]

The Original Score of Mozart's Requiem.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL,
Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(Translated for the London Musical World.)

(Continued from page 101)

These remarks, which prove with what extraordinary care and conscientiousness that examination was conducted, are to be explained in the following manner, by means of the MSS. of Mozart, already mentioned, which were collected for this purpose:—

As regards the date, 1792, it would be too bold a conclusion to suppose that Mozart purposed to have a transcript made for himself of this, his most important work, when it should be completed, before consigning the original to the person who commissioned him to write it, and which could not be effected before the first days of the approaching new year, and that in this expectation he wrote the date of the coming year upon the first page. This inscription can, however, be explained by another and more obvious probability.

Among the MSS. of Mozart contained in the portfolios referred to, there is a score of a concerto for a French-horn, with accompaniments for string instruments and two oboes, which Mozart composed for his friend Seitzel, a celebrated horn-player. At the end of this stands in his handwriting, "*Vienna, Vener de Santo, die 6 Aprile, 1792.*" Evidently here 1792 is written in mistake, instead of 1791, in which year Good Friday fell upon the 6th of April, and thus it might also have happened with the date in the *Requiem*; although for my own part, I prefer the former solution of the question. Further, no one who designed to make a forgery of a MS. of Mozart would have added to his signature the date of a year in which he no longer existed. Nevertheless, it is worthy of remark that the Abbé Stadler did not notice this date, since if he had he would certainly have mentioned it, as we know, from his dissertations upon the work, that he copied the *Requiem*, *Kyrie*, and the *Dies iræ* "from the first written score, and the genuine autograph of Mozart," and, indeed, this not long after his death.

The consecutive fifths in the violins in the *Sanctus*, the effect of which is softened, and almost annulled by the contrary motion of the first and second violins, may have escaped the composer's attention in the ardour of writing, or may intentionally have been written by him as an exception that may well be permitted to such a master. Moreover, there might be quoted not a few consecutive fifths well known to me, from works of Handel, whom however no one would accuse of impure part-writing.

It is true that Mozart was accustomed almost always to write his rehearsals in the manner described above, and that this is indeed one of the chief peculiarities by which to identify his handwriting. It is, however, to be observed, that in the rondo for the Horn, before referred to, the open-shaped natural, exactly resembling that used in the *Dies iræ* of the score in question, appears throughout; and it is to be remembered that this *Rondo* and the *Requiem* were both written during the last year of Mozart's life. These open, unusual shaped naturals are, moreover, in the MS. under judgment, the less questionable, as they are not continued from the first page of the *Dies iræ* throughout the score, but from the

second page of the sixth leaf the close ones which he usually wrote begin to be mixed with all the open ones, and are more and more frequently employed until folio 27, and they only appear from the 28th leaf until the end of the work.

With regard to the capital letters above referred to: in the MSS. of the four Portfolios are many examples of the B corresponding with those in the score under notice, and there is an R exactly like that in the superscription of the above-mentioned *Rondo*. The remaining letters in the *Dies iræ* to the end, do not precisely correspond with the MSS. with which they have been compared; on the other hand, the word *finis*, at the conclusion of the whole, might be supposed to be an impression from that at the end of the before-named *Cantata* of the 15th November, 1791.

What was meant by these little perpendicular lines and crosses, which either alternately or side by side, at greater or less distances, appear at the top line of almost every page, must always remain a problem which Mozart himself alone could solve. That, however, they were inserted by himself, and not by Süssmayer, is proved by their appearing not only in the sketches of the score of the *Requiem*, which are entirely in Mozart's handwriting, but also in many other vocal pieces in the portfolios, and even in instrumental compositions, for example, on every page of the original MS. of the beautiful sonata for the pianoforte in A minor, which Mozart wrote in Paris in the year 1778, and which is included in his collection.

With respect to the numbering of the pages, it is certainly remarkable that it is not, as in the sketches of the score, in connected succession; but, as is well known, Mozart wrote this work at interrupted periods, and probably was not at the pains of referring to the numbering of the previous portion, to ensure the regular succession of figures in the complete work, and so began numbering afresh each time he resumed the composition. At all events, the figures in the leaves exactly resemble those of the sketch of the score.

Finally, the question, why Mozart did not write the instrumentation from the "*Dies iræ*" to the "*Hostias*" inclusive, in the blank lines of the sketches, rather than make a new copy of the score, may be solved by a letter from his widow to the Abbé Stadler of the 31st May, 1827, wherein it is said: "It may be brought as a reproach to Mozart that he was not very orderly with his papers, and often mislaid what he had begun to compose; rather than spend time in seeking for it he preferred to write it out again; the consequence of this was that many things were twice written, the second of which was in no respect different from the one that had been mislaid; for whatever idea he had once worked out in his mind was firm as a rock, and never altered." It might certainly be objected to this, that such might probably be the case with shorter pieces or single movements, but was very unlikely to have been done with a long series of vocal movements.

What may be cited from the writings of the Abbé Stadler against the possibility of the present score being in the handwriting of Mozart, loses its power through the consideration, that throughout these workings, and even in conversations with myself, his intimate friend, he has never mentioned that he had once spoken with Mozart, or even with Süssmayer, on the subject of the *Requiem*.

The Abbé only knew, and only could know, what had been told him in the house of Mozart, and could only write so much as was there communicated to him. He was not even apprised, as appears from several passages in his writings, what became of the first movements—"Requiem" and "Kyrie"—after he had copied them. "It will probably soon explain itself," he writes, "into whose hands the first leaves of the original score, from No. 1 to No. 10, have fallen." And subsequently—"Two copies were immediately made, of Süssmayer's score; the MS. score of Süssmayer was sent to the person who had given the commission for the work, and probably, for his greater satisfaction, Mozart's original MS. of the "*Requiem*" and "*Kyrie*" may have been sent with

them." In case it was intended thus to convince the person who gave the commission for the work, that Mozart had really composed it, it seems inexplicable that the two divisions of the sketches of the score, from folio 11 till 45, were not sent also, in order to render this conviction as complete as possible.

The well-known letter of Süssmayer to the Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, which has so often appeared in print, was still less calculated to make those waver in their opinion who declared the score to be Mozart's genuine handwriting, quite independent of the opinion of such connoisseurs as considered that he "had composed the '*Sanctus*,' '*Benedictus*,' and '*Agnus Dei*,' anew"—of which further hereafter,—the credibility of this letter is destroyed by its first words, which contains a manifest untruth. He writes:—"in the '*Requiem*,' as well as in the '*Kyrie*,' '*Dies iræ*,' '*Domine Jesu*,' Mozart entirely completed the four vocal parts and the fundamental bass, as well as the figuring, but had only indicated the chief passages of the instrumentation."

I have already mentioned that the Abbé Stadler transcribed the first two movements, viz., "*Requiem*" and "*Kyrie*," shortly after Mozart's death, from his original copy. This transcript, as well as that of the "*Dies iræ*," has been in the possession of the Imperial Library for several years. Stadler says, in the *Addenda* to his *Defence*, etc.—"Should these original MSS. ever come to light, which is very possible, it will be proved that my transcript (of the '*Requiem*' and '*Kyrie*,') corresponds with them, just as the '*Dies iræ*,' at present in my possession, corresponds with the sketch of the score." These original MSS. have been found, and the most complete scores produced of the transcript of the two first movements with Mozart's MS., which forms the division from folio 1 till 10 of the score in question, has proved itself; but this transcript contained, as is now seen in the original MS. itself, a score completed in every detail, of the "*Requiem*" and "*Kyrie*;" consequently these were not sketches of scores similar to the following numbers, and Süssmayer could not have had the slightest share in these two movements.

There remained, therefore, no doubts, or as good as none, as to the perfect authenticity of the newly acquired score; after many fruitless endeavors to obtain some more important MSS. of Süssmayer than the two already mentioned, the Freyherr von Lanog kindly supplied two from his collection, namely: a trio for soprano and two basses, with orchestral accompaniments, consisting of fifteen leaves, and an *aria* for bass with orchestra of ten leaves, both pieces designed for the opera *La Serva Padrona*, and both of the year 1793. If the resemblance of these scores to Mozart's handwriting generally, both as to the notes and the words, was almost incredible, it was still more perfect to that of the score of the *Requiem* commencing from the "*Dies iræ*." The capital letters P, Q, and T, which had been in vain sought for throughout the MSS. of Mozart in that particular shape, were here the only ones that appeared, and the slight deviations in the score from Mozart's general manner, that had been before regarded as unimportant, as well as the twice interrupted numbering of the leaves, now assumed a greater significance.

The longer and the more carefully the comparison of these two MSS. with the score was continued, the more confusing it became; the more so as, on the other hand, the latter presented many characters more peculiar to the handwriting of Mozart than to that of Süssmayer.

[To be continued.]

MUSICAL PLAGIARISM.—The London *Athenæum* has the following:

That ballad music is as curious in its origin and completion as ballad literature, we have frequently had occasion to point out. Where memory ends—where appropriation steps in—where creation begins—are so many questions, which, it appears, cannot be in music settled by a jury. Are all musicians great robbers, with or without being

aware of the theft? Handel was, there is no doubt. Mozart picked and stole a little in a most poetical way. Beethoven, even, was obliged to Clementi, it has been said. Mendelssohn took from Beethoven in the overture of his 'Lobgesang,' and from Herr Lindblad in his second 'Zuleika.' Signor Rossini has gathered treasures from every one,—his crucible, however, having within it a magical power of transformation, so that oftentimes the thing which was put in as emerald has come out a diamond. If we turn from the Tritons to the minnows,—from creators to copy-right holders and copy-wrongs,—from melodies to memories,—the following extract from a late number of the *New York Musical Review and Gazette* will be found curious. It throws a light on the origin of some of our ballads, justifying all that we have advanced as to the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the paternity of tunes which belonged to days when there were no *Gazettes* to point out "coincidences." Here is the American paragraph:—

"A song lies on our table from the press of Messrs. —, London, received by a late steamer, the title whereof runs as follows: 'Bonny Jean, as sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, to whom it is dedicated by G. Linley.' The music of this song is, note for note, Wurzel's (George F. Root) very popular 'Hazel Dell.'"

—Our readers will not have forgotten the literal resemblance betwixt a song by Mr. Linley and one by Herr Lindblad, which a few years since gave rise to some correspondence in the *Athenæum*. It is a pity that even if international law has nothing to do with the matter, and even if courtesy be waved aside on such occasions a title like the above should have not been followed by the words "an adaptation of an American melody,"—supposing Mr. Root's tune to be Mr. Root's property, and not some French, Italian, or English melody naturalized and altered by emigration.

The Grand Organ Controversy.

III.

(From the Transcript, June 30.)

MUSIC HALL ORGAN. To the Editor of the Transcript: In again asking the favor of your columns, for the purpose of noticing the remarks in the rejoinder of the 20th inst., to an article by myself of the 19th, I take occasion to express a recognition of your former courtesy, and assure you that I would not thus obtrude myself upon your notice, but from the conviction that very incorrect views are entertained by many in our community, yourself included, as evinced by the rejoinder. In my remarks I would not be understood as expressing the least doubt that highly honorable and laudable ambition prompts the movers in their proposed action for procuring the Music Hall Organ, and believing myself to be incited by no less laudable motive, hope no such intimation may be again pointed at myself, as was contained in the article referred to, and which was, perhaps, inadvertently made, as no gentleman of the committee could feel more opposed than myself to any expenditure, large or small, that did not give full promise to ensure us an instrument, equal in point of merit to any abroad.

Knowing that a very large and respectable portion of our citizens entertain views similar to my own, and are equally desirous that reasons more satisfactory than have yet been adduced should be presented in justifying the proposed course, I sincerely hope that anything like *evasion*, will be avoided in the manner.

As you have chosen Hopkins for authority, to him I will refer in all cases where he is available, in sustaining my position, (relative to your comments upon my article) which I will notice in the order presented. I will first speak in reference to the opinions of the "eminent organists" named by me; from those who have had personal interviews with them, I cannot learn that any one of the number are advocates of the proposed course—but that the large majority doubt its expediency.

To show you were in error in the statement, "Mr. Hopkins comes to the conclusion that the German builders are surpassed by those of no other country," I will copy from his work, as follows:

"The modern German metal pipes" (which comprise at least five-sixths of all) "are made and voiced more nearly as in England"—from which it seems to me but fair to infer that the Germans recognize the English method as superior to their own; and in passing let me remark, that nowhere in his work does

he award superiority of skill to the German builders, nor to the tone of their individual stops. The only indication of preference expressed by him is in reference to the use of more durable metal, and of the combination of stops contained in their organs of the last century, and almost entirely to these points are his remarks directed. Read the following: "The prevailing taste or prejudice, or both, of English organists run counter to the attempted advance of the most eminent builders toward the production of a complete and well-balanced organ." "Had Harris and Smith" (builders in England of the last century) "worked unfettered; there is little doubt the attributes of tone specified would always have been combined in as eminent a degree in their organs as in those of the great Strasburg builder." (Silbermann.)

Again, in speaking of a late English organ by one of their youngest builders, he declares it "unrivalled." The following is from John Crosse, Esq., F.S.A.:

"Notwithstanding the imposing enumeration of so many stops, the large organs upon the continent" of Europe "are inferior, in the choice and variety of them, to the best English instruments, a great part being merely duplicates of unisons and octaves, and some of them performing other services, such as turning wheels with bells, &c.; so that though 70 or 80 may be in sight, only 50 or 60 of them are actually used."

The important addition of pedals was first made by Bernard, a German, to whose countrymen we owe improvements of the instruments in bellows, stops, &c., and among whom its construction has always been a work of great repute, though in excellence of finish they have been surpassed by our English builders.

Such "concessions from Englishmen" seem to me so far the opposite, as so become claims for superiority.

The attempted advance alluded to by Hopkins was the introduction of Double Manual and Pedal Stops, and the opposition offered was probably not different from that which has since been encountered by our American builders—as I well recollect remarks made by some of our professors of music and organ builders, not at all complimentary to the modesty of one of our youngest New England builders—because of his presumption in introducing the equal temperament, and Double Manual Flue and Reed Pipes, contrary to usage and their approval. Hopkins goes so far as to intimate that to the lack of such stops in English organs, is to be ascribed the introduction of the "vulgar, trifling, and ridiculous voluntaries," which are "void of science, taste, and decorous gravity of style."

Much could be said tending to show that our artists—*real* artists, I mean, are now needing the same support and encouragement, as did Smith, Harris, and Snetzler a century ago. To your statement that not unfrequently letters from tourists, among which you call to mind some from Lowell Mason, contain expressions of "the most unbounded admiration for German organs," I will observe that as organ display is a business abroad, we should be cautious in attaching too much weight to such authorities, and think it well to bear in mind Dr. Burney in his comments when speaking of the Haarlem organ.

The world is very apt to be imposed upon by names—the instant a common hearer is told an organist is playing upon a stop resembling the human voice, he supposes it to be very fine; and never inquires into the propriety of the name, or of the exactness of the imitation.

The propriety of Dr. Burney's remark will appear by comparing the following quotation from "Encyclopædia Roret Facteur d'Orgues," with Mr. Mason's letter relating to the Freiburg organ—which all who have read will doubtless remember—showing as it does how easily one may be deceived, even of Mr. Mason's experience in the theory of music, although, as I understand, not claiming any particular or critical knowledge of either the tone or mechanism of an organ.

Extract Biographical. "Mooser, a celebrated organ builder, was born towards the close of the eighteenth century. His early works attracted but little attention from the public, and he was already advanced in years when he undertook the famous Freiburg organ, which achieved for him a European reputation. This instrument possesses some good qualities, but has likewise important defects, and perhaps in no small degree owes its great reputation to the talent of the distinguished artist who exhibited it, as well as to the self-interested stories which country hotel keepers relate to travellers in quest of the marvellous."

Extract Historical. "We cannot pass by in silence the famous Freiburg organ, as renowned for its vox humana, but far more extolled than it deserves. It is constructed after the German plan, as may be

seen from our description. The foundation stops, and particularly the Gambas, Salcials, and Quintaton, are of a very good quality. It contains, however, but few reed stops, and their tone is rough and without brilliancy, insomuch that, to obtain effects analogous to those of the "full organ" in our (i. e., French) organs, it is necessary to combine all the stops, among which the "quints," "furnitures," and cornets produce great discord and an offensive quality. As for the vox humana, which has nothing peculiar in its construction, I attribute its exaggerated effect entirely to the acoustic properties of its situation, and to the skill with which the organist knows how to display it. This stop is placed in the lower part of the organ, behind a small front opposite to the great one, and opening into a porch through which you pass in entering the church.

The tones of the vox humana, as also that of the other stops placed upon the same wind-chests, must therefore travel through the porch before they can be diffused into the nave, whence they do not reach the ear until they are, as it were, purified of all that which is material in them, and then so weak that the imagination is sometimes obliged to supply the place of the organs of hearing. Finally, if there be added to this prestige that which follows from the selection of pieces performed by the organist, one must acknowledge that these transient illusions, under the influence of which impressive persons may find themselves, are rather to be attributed to association than to a direct imitation of the human voice. As to the rest, this organ has serious defects; the touch is hard; the wind undergoes great alterations, producing in the sound of the pipes a disagreeable shaking. In fact, the whole mechanism presents nothing wonderful, either in its general plan or execution. However, in spite of these defects, which must be noticed upon a careful examination, the Freiburg organ possesses some good qualities, and the skill of Mr. Nogh, who displays it, is not the sole cause of pleasure experienced from hearing it."

In another article, further comments will be made on this interesting subject. MODERATO.

IV.

(From the New York Musical Review, June 28.)

They are about to procure a noble organ for the Music Hall in Boston—one that shall rank with the greatest of the old world. * * * Boston has hitherto proved that her "solid men" are liberal in matters of charity, and the funds for so noble a purpose should not be wanting. The purchase of this organ was the subject of much thought, examination and comparison for two years past. A prominent member of the committee has visited the large organs and the most renowned factories of Europe, expressly on this errand, and specifications and proposals have been received and carefully considered, from all important quarters. The opinions of leading organists and men of judgment and experience have been duly weighed, and the determination arrived at is, to have an organ from Germany, most probably from the factory of the Messrs. Walcker of Ludwigsberg. On the score of economy this is well, but there are other reasons which render it equally advisable.

We have had most excellent instruments built in America, and have reason to be proud of the enterprise and skill of builders in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. But the German builders lead the world in this respect, and it cannot but be of advantage to art to have the master specimen of European organ-builders accessible to our own manufacturers as well as organists. We are rejoiced that this project has been started with such probability of being speedily carried out, and it is very right that Boston should have taken the lead in the matter. We trust that the organ will be procured, and that the committee to whom this matter is entrusted will not be prevented by want of means from procuring as grand and good an instrument as can be made. We have known the reputation of the Messrs. Walcker for some years, and know that they may be relied upon as capable and faithful. We should have every confidence in an organ from their establishment, but should recommend that the late improvements of the French and English manufacturers should be carefully examined, with a view to their incorporation in the instrument for the Boston Music Hall.

LONDON OPERATICS.—Our townsman, HARRISON MILLARD, the tenore, is in London, and has opened a musical correspondence with the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, over the signature, "La Spia." The following extracts pleasantly

recall artists with whom we here are not unfamiliar. But think of a city haunted by *Il Trovatore* throughout this hot season!

I arrived in "the great metropolis" before nine, and went to the Drury Lane Theatre, where an English version of "*Il Trovatore*" was performed, and the American artists, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, played a farce and a comedy. Miss (Mrs.) Lucy Escott (Eastcott—somehow or other, artists have a strange fancy for changing or altering their name! why is it? she was born in Springfield, Mass.) sang the soprano part of the *Trovatore* with considerable effect. She is, I believe, the only *bona fide* American prima donna who has appeared with long continued success. It was, last night, the 48th performance of the opera, which is a pretty good run. I shall say more of her in future. Mr. A. Braham sang the part of Manrico with much effect. I hardly know whether to praise him most as an actor or a singer. The effect of the English adaptation was sometimes droll, as some of the recitatives were spoken and some were sung, and nothing could exemplify the incongruities of the stage more than when, in the duo with the Count, Leonora offers herself as a victim, if her lover is permitted to go free. The Count (Barytone) said: "*Speak! and wilt thou?*" Leonora screams to a note held thirty seconds, "*I swear it,*" and the rest of the duo is sung. The stage, so artificial at the best, is only made to seem real by a stretch of the auditor's imagination, when we hear a chorus of forty or more, who sing, "*Let's fly, or in a moment we are lost!*" instantly made to forget, by a solo which lasts twenty or more minutes, the impending danger, and even to loiter round talking most unconcernedly about "matters and things in general," we can even imagine it real, forgetting its absurd incongruities; but the sudden change from singing to spoken dialogue requires still a greater stretch of the imagination, and destroys the equilibrium of the thing. To-night (Tuesday) Wallace's "*Maritana*" is to be done, with also the Florences, who say they are very homesick for Boston. They have been very successful here, particularly Mrs. F. To-night I have the choice of hearing Albertini (sop.) and Boucarde (ten.) (old Florentine acquaintances), Alboni and Beneviento, of American renown, in the ever-popular *Trovatore* at Her Majesty's Theatre, or Bosio, Mario, Ronconi, and Didiée, in Verdi's "*Rigoletto*," at the Lyceum. The question is soon decided in favor of the latter, and I will reserve for my next something about the artists now performing in London.

There are three Italian troupes of the first order, and two English troupes, besides about twenty concerts each day (excepting Sunday, when people do nothing but drink beer "on the sly," of all sorts, prices, and descriptions. There are however, from two to three million people in the city, and some of the artists ought to do well. The price to-night to the Lyceum is, in the parquette, only about \$5.25, (£1 1s.) and in the amphitheatre or sky parlor only \$1.75 (7s.) What would Americans at home think, if obliged to pay these prices for the opera? There would be few who would do as I intend doing to-night.

"*Rigoletto*" has always been a favorite opera with me, having heard it at least forty times in different parts of Italy when first produced three years since. On Tuesday at the Lyceum it was brought out in fine shape, having Costa at the head of the orchestra, with Bosio, Ronconi, Mario, and the ever-charming Didiée for interpreters. The theatre is quite small, about one half as large as the Boston, and not at all wonderful as regards beauty and elegance. The first, second and third rows are all made into private boxes, on the Italian plan, and the prices for boxes which contain from four to seven persons range all the way from \$20 to \$35. The parquette price is \$5.50, thus making it rather an expensive as well as exclusive thing. The voice of Bosio is one of the most sympathetic organs I ever listened to in my life, not even excepting the wondrous quality of Jenny Lind's; added to that she sings with all the perfection of

Lagrange, which is saying everything. Such liquid, musical bubbles I never heard from human throat. She retains very pleasing recollections of Boston, and made numerous inquiries for old remembered friends, some of whom have, alas! finished their earthly career, for which she expressed much sorrow, and paid them many eulogies for their kindness to her when she was in Boston. She is deservedly the soprano of the present day, and in fact is "all the rage." Her rendering of the Cavatina, "*Caro nome,*" was perfection, and called, even from Englishmen, a hurricane of bravos and a "*bis*." Ronconi is an immensely great artist, although he would not be appreciated in America. He sang nearly the whole opera, all the way from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a tone flat below the orchestral pitch! a thing which in America would grate upon our ears; but here they are accustomed to it from him. He is the operatic actor of the age, and does not neglect any of the by-play, which he does to perfection. Mario is the same good-natured, jolly, gentlemanly *grand seigneur* tenor as ever—always complaining of not being "in voice," and always distancing his competitors. His manner of singing is so natural, that he merely plays with his pearly notes and then tosses them away, as if saying, "*There, take them; I am ennuied with having so many at my command.*" His "*La donna é mobile*" was "*bis'd*," notwithstanding his determination to sing it badly in order to avoid its repetition, as was also the "*Quartet*," in which he had a part, though a small one, with the sympathetic Didiée. They both express themselves warmly about Boston, giving it the preference over all the cities of the United States for musical taste, judgment, kind people and perfect theatres. It is at least gratifying to hear one's own home praised by nearly all the artists who have visited it.

At a dirty little theatre called Sadlers Wells, about as large as Burton's of New York, Mr. Sims, *ed altri*, have been doing English Opera. On Wednesday they gave "*The Bohemian Girl*." Mr. Reeves is the best English tenor, without any exception, that ever lived, and with the exception of "little Mario," the best voice and singer I ever had the pleasure of listening to. His "*Then you'll remember me*" was perfectly exquisite, and not only "made one quite forgive Balfe for having written it," but made one feel quite like asking for more of the same sort. He sang about a dozen quaint old songs in "*The Beggars' Opera*" the same evening, in fine style. I find he is not at all popular with the Italian artists. Is it because he was born in England? He is not going to the States at present; the plan has been abandoned. So the Yankees will have to wait until his voice is more worn ere they listen to his delightful performance.

The North Western Musik-Fest,

HELD IN MILWAUKEE, WIS., ON THE 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d of JUNE, 1856.

My dear Mr. Dwight:—I have just returned from Milwaukee, where I spent a few days, witnessing the musical performances of different German associations, which met there from almost all the North Western cities, as far South as Cincinnati, and North as far as St. Paul, Minnesota. It has been the custom in Europe for years past, and the custom has lately been adopted by the German singing societies in this country, to meet in a certain city for the purpose of forming grand choruses, and, all companies combined, to sing several select compositions. Such music as has been chosen by the Directors is previously forwarded to the different "*Vereine*" for practice, and with one or two rehearsals, is then produced by the mass of singers, forming one body. Each of the societies sing, besides, a piece of their own choice, and with an ambition scarcely equalled, every company is anxious to do as well as the best. The Germans call Milwaukee the "*Athens*"

of America, and, leaving all other advantages out of the question, the musical zeal of its enlightened foreign population justifies the appellation.

I have for the first time since I left Boston, really enjoyed a concert; with few exceptions every single production was as near perfect as you can reasonably expect to hear. The visitors commenced arriving on the 18th, were received by a committee, and greeted with music by the domestic bands. The Germans of Milwaukee, famous for their hospitality, led them to their different abodes. Hotels and private houses were filled, hotel-keepers in many instances exhibiting the greatest liberality, accommodating as many as fifteen and twenty persons without charge, finding gratis all *drinkables* and eatables. The reception ceremonies, including a very appropriate speech by Dr. F——, being duly performed, the guests were invited to visit the opera on the evening of the 19th. Flotow's "*Stradella*" was executed by a corps of vocal and instrumental amateurs in such a manner, that there was no allowance needed on the score of the actors and performers being only *dilettanti*. The principal soprano, the wife of one of their eminent German citizens, sang admirably well; in fact, all the solo parts were so sustained, as to leave little room for criticism. Chorus and orchestra went well.

The principal concert, embracing the *ensembles* of the Milwaukee and the invited societies, came off on the following afternoon. The general choruses were perfect, and I was delighted particularly with "*The Prayer before the Battle*," and *Salomo's Tempelweihe*, both choruses for male voices, the latter with accompaniment of the orchestra. Speaking of the performances by the single associations, the lady society of Milwaukee, (The *Frauenchor*), who sang the chorus from *Die Vestalin*, and the members of the "*Milwaukee Music Verein*," who produced *Die Nächtliche Wanderung*, deserved the palm of the evening. All the productions of the "*Vereine*" from other places were, although not equal to those of the Milwaukee singers, yet very creditable.

On the following morning we had a *Matinée Musicale*, by the "*Milwaukee Music Verein*" exclusively, which formed the principal and most laudable feature of the festival. I give you the programme:

1. Beethoven's C major Symphony.
2. Aria for Soprano.
3. Concerto for Piano.
4. "*Prayer of the Earth*," Zöllner.
(Male chorus, with orchestra.)
5. Overture to *Don Giovanni*.
6. Aria for Soprano, from *Oberon*.
7. "*The heavens are telling*," from "*Creation*."

The execution of every *morçeau* was excellent, without exception; orchestra, choruses and solo parts left no wish for improvement. Fraulein H——, the lady who sang the air from "*Oberon*," possesses a powerful voice of great compass, and Milwaukee is justly proud of such an artist. The success of the Milwaukee Musikverein is mostly owing to the untiring efforts of their talented and energetic director, Herr HANS BALATKA, who also was the president and director of the festival. He is unassuming, and a gentleman of high intellectual qualities; and besides his marked capacity as a musical director, he is a very fine violoncello player. I have often listened with pleasure to a trio or a quartet, in which he sustains his part with masterly ability. Dr. F——, a violinist of the old German school, plays the violin parts in these classical produc-

tions, and is often more true to the interpretations of the composer than many of your modern artists.

By resolution, it was voted that the coming season, our "Garden City," i. e., Chicago, should be the place of meeting.

You see that, although far away from Boston, the city so famous for its liberal support of arts and science, we are yet having a treat now and then, such as any of your gourmands need not blush to hear.

The corners of our streets are to-day ornamented with those large sized posters, bearing the names of OLE BULL and his party. This, however, being no unusual occurrence and their productions nothing new to you, I omit particulars.

I am truly,

CHICAGO, Ill., June 27.

H. B.

Ristori's Debut in London.

(From the Athenæum, June 7.)

Every foreign actor who presents himself to new audiences ought to be regarded by all who think—as distinguished from all who stare—not altogether from their own point of view, but partly from his. The alphabet of pantomime—the vocabulary of tone—are entirely different in different nations. An Irishman shall be recognized by his shoulders—an Italian by his hands—a Frenchman by the closing of his mouth upon his r's or his vowels—a German by his bodily telegraphic signs. The Southern people are intense, self-abandoning, sudden, subtle, to a superfluity which, by those who are nothing save not home-bred, may be found startling, sharp, melo-dramatic. In proportion, too, as the gestures of Italian actors say much, the words they have to utter yield little, if taken abstractedly as words. There is little or none of the poetry of thought, however much of the passion of feeling, in Italian drama. For wit, the actor must shower abroad the buffoon exuberance of high animal spirits—in place of fancy, work out *conceiti*. As interpreters, their personality, which is more rich, more flexible, more self-sacrificing, than French, English, or German personality, suffices to fill up outlines—to color the sketch—to put flesh on the limbs of the skeleton, and speculative eyes into the sockets of the skull—and to impart to common stage rags and blankets the flow and sweep of the draperies of the grand school of sculpture.

Some preliminary remarks like these are called for as sequel to the perpetual comparisons betwixt Mlle. Rachel and Madame Ristori, which have heralded the Italian actress to this country. Those who are led by precedent, however—those who balance and stereotype and apportion—are invited to recollect how, on the appearance of the French tragedian, our Shakspearians were so busy in proving the poverty of Corneille (in place of trying to find out his riches) that they only gave a qualified praise to all that was most admirable in the new-comer, who devoted herself to a farm of drama not Shakspearian. Madame Ristori arrives fifteen years later than "the Muse of Israel." She comes to be judged by a public fifteen years less Siddonian, or Keanite, or Macready-ish—less exclusively insular, that is, and better taught the larger charities of Art by foreign intercourse—than were Mlle. Rachel's first audiences; yet, no less true is it, that while Madame Ristori comes to play to us—unless we be willing in some measure to play to her—her means of executing and expressing her conceptions run some risk of being misunderstood.

Never was actress more earnestly, passionately, gracefully Southern than Madame Ristori:—Southern in the self-forgetfulness of what may be thought of this or the other attitude or tone, provided either be true—Southern in an instinct for the beautiful, which harmonizes gestures the most hazardous and effects the most daring. Not merely the single sounds of her voice, but its gamut of unequalled range, have the music of

Italy, in them. Her features are large and impressive, yet delicate in their mould. Her mouth is susceptible of a rare sweetness of expression; her eyes gleam with many different lights. She is above the middle height, and thin; but her demeanor is indeed queenly. We have never seen such a mass of drapery as she wears in 'Medea' so little of an incumbrance to the play of a figure—to the motion of arm and neck—to the gestures of the most rapid passion. Madame Ristori's delivery is admirable: never over-measured—never feverishly hurried. She may not pile up a *tirade* to a climax with the graduated and progressive force of her French compeer; but she throws a hundred tones into as many words, and this without affectation, and consequently without fatigue to the listener. In brief, to end these few general remarks, our public did well to welcome the gifted woman as she was welcomed on Wednesday. When Ristori's audience shall become more habituated to her style, it will welcome her yet more cordially, we believe.

A poorer tragedy, giving scope for the display of strong passion, was perhaps never upborne in triumph by an unassisted woman of genius than this 'Medea' by M. Legouvé. The Sorceress has been almost entirely forgotten. The cauldron of poisons is gratuitously hidden:—the cup of human tears is too largely emptied. The Colchican Princess has here little to distinguish her from any deserted woman who seeks justice, if not generosity, from her faithless lover,—and who, when all things (even her own children) turn against her misery and hunt her from among men as a creature noxious by reason of her agony, flings herself into revenge as her last resource. The baleful power of the enchantress, which should give at once a motive to Jason's faithlessness and a fearful emphasis to Medea's presence and pleadings, seems never to have presented itself to the French tragedy-carpenter. It may have been owing to Mlle. Rachel's disappointment in not being able to find this in the part, or to dig it thence by the resolute force of her divining will, that the French tragedian, who has such a small store of tenderness at command, shrunk from a character in which the very jealousy is to the last soothed by tenderness and chequered with hope. But the French dramatist, to compensate for the low flight which he has taken—for his total avoidance of those heights of the old fable, where the *upas-tree* groweth—has shaped the legend neatly into scenes and acts, ending each of the three with a *mot* for the heroine, in order to bring down the curtain with an attitude, an effect, and a tableau.

How must the heart of the author of so meagre a play be gladdened, after having been cast on one side by Mlle. Rachel, to be set in a high place by such an actress as Mme. Ristori! Not an instant or syllable of opportunity from first to last is neglected by her. From the moment when first she appears wending her melancholy way towards the sea-shore, and bearing in her weary arms the last treasure left her—her children—to her attitude of aghast horror when she is disclosed at the feet of the statue, looking down on the dagger which has avenged her, there is not a touch forgotten—not a point neglected. Let us particularly call attention to the growth of suspicion in her entire scene with Creusa, culminating in the menacing *Vedremmo*, which closes the first act:—in the second act, to the wondrous coolness of sarcasm with which she almost anticipates Jason's designs and expedients for disposing of her,—to the tone of half-encouragement with which she compels him to unfold his purpose, as if eager to have done with suspense, to see the snake uncoiled to its fullest length;—and, greatest of all, to her scene with her children, towards the close of the tragedy, when, on being permitted to choose one of the two as the companion of her exile, she finds that the hearts of both have been stolen from her by her rival, Creusa. These are but a few of the things to be studied in this magnificent piece of acting. We may return to it again to specify more. Meanwhile, in recording Madame Ristori's triumph, it is needful to record also that it has been won single-handed. The Creusa of the tragedy is tolerable,—the other members of the company are wretched.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 5, 1856.

The Great Organs at Hamburg.

The following descriptions of the noble instruments for which this ancient city has been so long celebrated, are taken mainly from the work of Mr. Hopkins, (Organist of the Temple Church, London, &c.) from which we have had occasion to quote before. They will, no doubt, prove interesting to our readers at the present juncture, while so much is being said on the subject of Organs and their construction.

Of the splendid structures at Hamburg, two perished in the great conflagration of 1842. Of the three which remain, that in the church of St. Michael is best known, and is also the most modern one. Silbermann, the celebrated organ-builder of Dresden, was first invited to construct it; which invitation he accepted; but he dying shortly afterwards, the execution of the work was entrusted to his principal workman, Hildebrand. This was about the year 1768. Matheson, the celebrated composer and theorist, left by will 50,000 gulden towards paying for this organ; which sum, however, did not nearly equal the amount expended in its fabrication. The disposition of its stops is as follows, viz:

GREAT ORGAN. 18 stops.

1	Principal, tin.....	16 feet.
2	Quintadena, wood and metal, 16 "	
3	Octave, tin.....	8 "
4	Gedeckt, wood and metal.....	8 "
5	Gamba, tin.....	8 "
6	Gemshorn, metal.....	8 "
7	Quint, tin.....	5 1/2 "
8	Octave, tin.....	4 "
9	Gemshorn, metal.....	4 "
10	Nasat, metal.....	2 2/3 "
11	Octave, tin.....	2 "
12	Rauschpfeif, 2 ranks, tin.....	2 3/4 "
13	Mixture, 8 ranks, tin.....	2 "
14	Scharf, 5 ranks, tin.....	1 1/2 "
15	Cornet, 5 ranks, tin.....	8 "
16	Trompete, tin.....	16 "
17	Trompete, tin.....	8 "
18	Oboe, tin, from tenor f.....	8 "

CHOIR ORGAN. 16 stops.

19	Rohr Flöte, wood and metal, 16 "	
20	Principal, tin.....	8 "
21	Principal, to fiddle g.....	8 "
22	Rohrflöte, metal.....	8 "
23	Flauto Traverso, wood.....	8 "
24	Klein Gedackt, wood.....	8 "
25	Octave, tin.....	4 "
26	Rohrflöte, metal.....	4 "
27	Nasat, tin.....	2 2/3 "
28	Octave, tin.....	2 "
29	Flach-flöte, metal.....	2 "
30	Quint, tin.....	1 1/2 "
31	Rauschpfeif, 2 ranks, tin.....	2 3/4 "
32	Cymbal, 5 ranks, tin.....	2 "
33	Chalameau, tin.....	8 "
34	Trompete, tin.....	4 "

UPPER WORK AND SWELL, ON THE SAME MANUAL. 20 stops.

Upper Work.

35	Bourdon, wood and metal.....	16 feet.
36	Principal, tin.....	8 "
37	Quintadena, wood and metal.....	8 "
38	Spitz-flöte, metal.....	8 "
39	Unda Maris.....	8 "
40	Octave, tin.....	4 "
41	Spitz-flöte, metal.....	4 "
42	Quint, tin.....	2 2/3 "
43	Octave, tin.....	2 "
44	Rauschpfeif, 2 ranks, tin.....	2 3/4 "
45	Cymbal, 5 ranks, tin.....	1 1/2 "
46	Echo Cornet, 5 ranks.....	8 "
47	Trompete.....	8 "
48	Vox humana, tin.....	8 "
49	Cremona, to tenor f.....	8 "
50	Glockenspiel, to tenor f.....	8 "

<i>Swell.</i>		
51 Octave	8	"
52 Octave	4	"
53 Cornet, 5 ranks in the treble, 2 in the bass	8	"
54 Trompete	8	"
PEDAL, 16 stops.		
55 Principal, tin	32	"
56 Sub-bass, wood	32	" tone.
57 Principal, tin	16	"
58 Sub-bass, open wood	16	"
59 Sub-bass, stopped wood	16	" tone.
60 Violine, wood	16	"
61 Rohr-quint, metal	10 $\frac{2}{3}$	" tone.
62 Octave, tin	8	"
63 Gedackt, tin	8	"
64 Octave, tin	4	"
65 Mixture, tin, 10 ranks.		
66 Posaune, tin	32	"
67 Posaune, tin	16	"
68 Fagotto	16	"
69 Trompete, tin	8	"
70 Clarino, tin	4	"
ACCESSORY STOPS.		
1 Tremulant to Great Manual.		
2 Cymbalston.		
3 Wind to Great Organ.		
4 Wind to Choir Organ.		
5 Wind to Upper Work.		
6 Wind to Pedal Organ.		

The case of this magnificent instrument presents a front sixty feet in height, and sixty feet in width. The 32-foot pipe stands in the centre, by itself, in an immense pilaster; the remainder of the 32-foot stop in two great concave compartments, one on each side, and every pipe is supported below by a base, and finished off above with a Corinthian capital, gilded, the pipes themselves forming the shafts, being of their natural bright silvery color. The organ is finely laid out inside, in four stories, to each of which free access is obtained by wide stair-cases with hand-rails. Passage boards occur in abundance, and any pipe in this immense instrument can be got at without disturbing a second one. The diameter of the 32-foot Posaune is 16 inches at the bell, and of the 16-foot Posaune, 10 inches. The CCCC pipe in the middle of the front is made of pure tin, is 35 feet 6 inches in length, weighs upwards of 960 pounds, and is 20 inches in diameter; the body of it was cast in one sheet.

The fine-toned organ in St. Catharine's church at Hamburg is said to be about 400 years old. It is not known by whom it was built. It contains 54 sounding stops, distributed among four manuals and pedals, and like the preceding has a 32-foot front of tin.

The organ in the church of St. Jacobi was built by the Abbé Schnitker, and was completed towards the close of the 17th century. It has 60 sounding stops, four manuals, and a pedal of 14 stops. The name of the builder of this excellent organ is held in great veneration in Germany, where his instruments are as highly prized for their stability as they are justly celebrated for their dignified and impressive tone. The Abbé Schnitker resided at a place about thirty-six English miles distant from Hamburg, in the Hanoverian territories, in a house that has gone by the name of the "Organ-builder's box" or villa, ever since.

The three fine instruments just noticed, says Hopkins, form most interesting objects for examination to an English admirer of the organ; not simply on account of the very distinct character of the tone of each, but because they so closely resemble in quality the organs of three of the most celebrated builders of that country of past times, and thus, therefore, picture to the bearer what the instruments of those builders would have

been, had the art in England been in a more advanced state in their day.* The organ in the church of St. Catharine, which is the oldest of the three, he continues, is strikingly like Harris's in tone; clear, ringing, and dashing in the mixtures. That in the church of St. Jacobi calls to mind the instruments of Father Smith; resonant, solemn and dignified; with somewhat less fire than that at St. Catharine's, but rather more fullness. The organ at St. Michael's, the most recently constructed one of the three, is also the largest in scale; is less powerful than the others, but very musical and pleasing; and, in all respects, calls to mind the excellent instruments of Greene.

Athenæum Gallery.

TWENTY-NINTH EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND STATUARY.

Two or three hasty visits to the picture-rooms have satisfied us that the collection this year is larger, more various and more interesting than we have had for some years. Besides the old familiar specimens, which are the property of the Athenæum, and which have so often formed the nucleus and sometimes almost the whole of the exhibition, including the ALLSTON works and studies, we have this time many valuable contributions from private collections, and from the recent efforts of a large number of our own native artists.

Of the former class great interest attaches to the contributions from our townsman, Mr. C. C. PERKINS, whose entire collection, it would seem, has been most generously placed here for the public good. It includes not only pieces with which he has thus favored us before, such as the "Dante and Beatrice" of SCHEFFER, but nine very interesting water color copies from RAPHAEL's Vatican "Stanze" frescoes, made by CONZONI and several of the best young Roman artists under his direction. These of course are pictures to be studied. Also a large number of good copies and originals, of which we have only room now to specify as particularly interesting an *original drawing* by MICHAEL ANGELO, called "The Lost Soul," a face of terrible expression, which suggests ideas of guilty passion ever renewing itself and tormenting itself in its own fire unquenchable.

The specimens from our own artists are uncommonly interesting, although several of the foremost names, as KENSETT and CHAMPNEY, are but poorly represented, and HICKS and others not at all. This department of the exhibition was placed under the direction of our Boston artists, and only at so late a day that they could only partially effect the arrangements they desired with artists in all parts of the country. As it is, we wonder at the rich results they have realized. Next year, we understand, the whole

* Bernard Schmidt, as the Germans write the name, brought over with him to England from Germany, of which country he was a native, two nephews, Gerard and Bernard, his assistants; and to distinguish him from these, as well as to express the reverence due to his abilities, which placed him at the head of his profession, he was called *Father Smith*.—Dr. Burney.

Renatus Harris went from Vienna to England shortly after the arrival of Father Smith in that country, and became his formidable rival.—*Id.*

Samuel Greene was an English builder of great celebrity, who flourished about the middle of the 18th century.—*Ed.*

exhibition will be placed under their charge. It could not be in better hands, as they have already given evidence, both in the selection and arrangement which now prove so satisfactory. We can but recall, almost at random, a few of the paintings that are well worthy the visitor's attention.

Of the landscapes the most brilliant and effective again, the most marvellous in execution, is a scene by CHURCH—one of our autumn forest views, in which the colors are so gorgeous as to seem at first exaggerated; but the more you look into the picture, the more you feel its truth. You can sit long before it, and recall golden October hours, when such excess of light and color seemed as incredible in fact as they do here in picture. In an opposite vein admire three sweet, cool, quiet little beach scenes by W. A. GAY. Most unpretending, truthful and refreshing little bits of nature. You see no paint about them—none of the vanity or mannerism of the artist. We have never seen a beach so naturally represented; with such a level sameness of subject, the artist has contrived to give us the far-sweeping and harmonious perspective, the exquisite blending of shore and sea and sky, the cool sense, the very color of the sand, the very atmosphere. It is at once the poetry and exact truth of seashore painting. There are some nice little "Pre-Raphaelite studies," as it is the fashion now to call attempts to copy the details of nature with a scrupulous exactness. Some grasses, leaves and flowers by a meadow brook-side, painted by SHATTUCK, have a microscopic truthfulness, so that you almost smell the fresh grass. He has also a study of rocks. And Mr. STILLMAN, of "The Crayon," a man religiously in earnest with his art, sends a small landscape, which, though cold in color, is singularly true in form and detail. We do not see that there is less poetic spirit in these careful transcripts than in more ideal and free reproductions. In a larger way, the "Bay of Naples," and other landscapes, by G. L. BROWN, a fine sea piece by HUNTINGTON, CROPSY's Newport scene, &c., &c., deserve notice.

WILLIAM PAGE contributes two admirable specimens of his ripest skill, both full length figures; the one being one of his wonderful copies from TITIAN, the "Bella Donna;" the other original, an Italian peasant girl, which has more sentiment and depth of beauty than appears at once.

WM. HUNT has two capital female portraits, besides those same specimens of his peculiar style, so strong and individual, in spite of a certain affectation of antiquity in their grey, rain-beaten color, which were exhibited last year, viz; the "Fortune-teller" and boy with the hurdy-gurdy. The head of a Capuchin monk, and portrait of a lady and child, by M. WIGHT, a young Boston artist of rare promise, (who painted the portrait of Humboldt, now at Cotton's) do him great credit.

There is a most lovely female head by E. D. E. GREENE, which hangs in a modest corner, so pure and sweet in sentiment, so transparent, sincere and substantial in its flesh color, almost Titian-like, that you are amazed to think what kinds of portraits sell and are famous, while the name of such an artist is scarce known.

ELLIOTT's portrait of Col. Kinney is admirable. There are fewer positively bad portraits than we remember in any miscellaneous exhibition, while

besides so many noticeable new ones, there are the Washington heads by STUART, and two exquisitely beautiful female heads, the image of each other, on one canvass, by the same. Nor can one pass by the excellent crayon heads by LAWRENCE, of Longfellow, Everett, Tuckerman, and G. H. Calvert. The first and last, especially, are speaking likenesses.

We can but allude to some of the fancy compositions; to ROSSITER's three large voluptuously colored pictures, which hang fitly round about that Autumn scene of Church's. One is called "The Wise and the Foolish Virgin," one is "Venice," and the third "Primitive America." They are among the best of his peculiar vein of fancy, which is all of the rainbow school; his characters all seeming like inhabitants of some gorgeous sunset realm, and not at all of common day-light. "The Fortune Teller," by SANT, a London Art Union Prize picture, is another brilliant effect piece, which cannot fail to catch the fancy of the many. In a quieter way, enjoy the humor, the quaintness, and the honest love of luxury in color and in all things, which mark Mr. HAMILTON WILD's scene from "Don Quixote," and "Spanish Girl reading a letter."

There is much more of interest which we cannot even mention now. But the gallery will continue to invite us, and we may continue to report. The Sculpture room presents but little that is new, except some ancient bas-reliefs from Nineveh.

Musical Review.

SHEET MUSIC.

(Published by Oliver Ditson.)

Transcriptions of Favorite Melodies. By G. A. OSBORNE. No. 8. "Of what is the old man thinking?" pp. 7. Price 25 cts.

A moderately difficult piano arrangement of a sentimental, commonplace melody. The old man's thoughts, we judge, could not be very interesting. Even the elaborate variation of the song, when repeated, is more exercise to the fingers than edification to the mind.

G. A. OSBORNE'S *Beauties of Scottish Melody* No. 1. "Scots wha ha." No. 6. "Auld Lang Syne." No. 8. "Comin' thro' the Rye." pp. 7 each.

A page or so of introductory fantasia precedes each song, which is then simply played through, and then follows one tame variation. Well enough for practice, and not difficult. But neither variations nor preludes are such as might spring from a fertile musical brain, really quickened by the inspiration of the song.

Le Prophète; Fantaisie de Salon, pour le piano, par TH. ØRSTEN. pp. 11. Price 50 cts.

Here are reminiscences from Meyerbeer's great showy opera strung together, and varied in the usual fantasia manner; not at all, however, on the broad scale of the Thalbergian and Lisztian operatic fantasias. This one is comparatively literal and easy. The themes introduced are the first strain of the wild, fanatical song of Zacharias: *Aussi nombreux que les étoiles*, which is alternated with the second strain of the Coronation March; then the pastoral andante (tenor), in which Jean of Leyden sings of *Un impero piu soave*, which is given simply and with variation; and then some of the dance music, the *pas des patineurs* (skater's dance), &c.

Grand Coronation March (March du Sacre,) from *Le Prophète*. By MEYERBEER. Arranged for piano, for four hands. pp. 9. Price 40 cts.

A full and effective arrangement of this brilliant and famous march.

Six Songs without Words, arranged for flute and Piano, by WILLIAM FORDE. 25 cts each.

No. 5, the one before us, is the song: *Einsam wandle ich*, by KALLIWODA. The other subjects are to be partly from the same composer and partly from SCHUBERT. They will make pleasant pieces for young flutists and pianists of moderate skill, the melodies having a somewhat choicer flavor than those often used for the same purpose.

Revue Melodique, Collection des petites Fantasias, &c., for four hands. By FERD. BEYER. No. 1. *Don Juan*. pp. 11. Price 50 cts.

Here are dovetailed together into one piece, for four hands, (master and pupil) a succession of favorite themes from Mozart's opera. First a touch of Leporello's opening song; then the duet: *La ci darem*; then the dashing wine song: *Finch' an del vino*; then the minuet; and finally the serenade. The title page promises similar bouquets from *Norma*, *Martha*, *Moïse*, *William Tell*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, &c., &c.

Six Morceaux Elegans, for piano, upon favorite German Airs. By FERD. BEYER. No. 1. GUNGL's March, *Krieger's Lust*, or "Warrior's Joy." pp. 7.

The Melodien: Airs from Popular Songs and Operas, for Flute and Piano, easily arranged by CASP. KUMMER. Book I. pp. 13. Price 60 cts.

Odd title! *Melodien* means melodies; and probably the true English of this German collection of little pieces would be, "Melodies for Flute and Piano." However, judging from this Book I, the parlor flutist and pianist will find here just the melodies of song, dance or opera, which are most apt to please the fancy and haunt the memory of amateurs. It contains the minuet from *Don Juan*; Allegretto, from *Zampa*; Song: "When the May breeze," by Kreipl; the Prayer, from *Freyschütz*; Air from *Preciosa*; "Last Rose of Summer," "from Flotow's *Martha*," (!); *Suono La Tromba*, and Polacca: *Son vergine, from I Puritani*; "When the swallows homeward fly," by Abt; air from *Le Pre aux clerics*, waltzes, &c.

Twelve Recreations, or popular airs for Piano and Flute or Violin, with embellishments by RAPHAEL DRESSLER. No. 3. "Isabel." pp. 5. Price 25 cents.

Mozart's Songs, "Who treads the path of duty," (Qui s'adegna non s'accende); Bass Song from "The Magic Flute."

Another number of Ditson's beautiful edition of "The Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of Mozart, with the original Italian or English words, and new English version; arranged from the scores of Mozart, &c., &c., by S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc." It is the famous bass song: *In diesen heiligen Hallen*, with which the name of every great German basso has been associated. A more noble, satisfying song for a true *basso profundo* could not be recommended. The arrangement (accompaniment) is excellent. But it would seem more natural to see the voice part printed in the good old bass clef, instead of the G Clef here used. And why not give the original German words, together with the English and Italian?

Suoni la Tromba: the celebrated Liberty Duet, from "I Puritani," by BELLINI. Translated and adapted by THEODORE T. BARKER. pp. 17. Price 75 cts.

More food for big lungs and deep voices. Here we have complete the "Sound the trumpet" duet, with the whole scena, the introductory movements: *Il rival*, &c., which we have heard sung and roared upon the stage so often, and with such *fiore*, by our Badialis and Marinis, and all the lusty pairs of baritone and basso. Many a pair of amateurs will welcome it.

MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held at Chapman Hall, June 27, the following officers were elected for the ensuing

year, viz: for President, Merrill N. Boyden;—Vice President, Sidney A. Stetson;—Recording Secretary, William Statton, Jr.;—Corresponding Secretary, Jerome A. Richardson;—Treasurer, Norman Morton;—Librarian, James A. Shedd;—Directors, William L. Brown, Edward L. Balch, Joseph W. Foster, Ellery C. Daniell and Charles T. Sylvester.

The *Gazette* says "We have had a new notion the past week in the shape of iced operas. This is an improvement, we can assure our readers who were not present, and *Ernani* cooled down and *Lucia* frigidified go very well. In winter it requires two tons of coal to keep the Boston Theatre warm, and Mr. Barry has been experimenting to see how it could be kept cool. By placing a few hundred weight of ice in the ventilators, the atmosphere was reduced 10 degrees, and with 500 weight, it is thought that the house can be rendered the coolest place in Boston."

It is the mission of Counts to marry *prime donne*; at least all the *prime donne* who have visited us have had Counts for husbands. Miss ELIZA OSTINELLI, of Boston, married a Count as soon as she became a *prima donna*; and it is reported that Miss HENSLEY, also of Boston, is engaged to a Milanese nobleman, a Count of course. The London papers, in announcing the engagement of Signora ALBONI, speak of her as "now Countess of PEPOLI." The Count Pepoli accompanied Alboni to this country.—*N. Y. Times*.

The *N. Y. Churchman* (May 2) has a letter describing the services of Ascension Day in St. Paul's Church in Albany. In speaking of the music, the following compliment is paid to a most faithful and enthusiastic servant of the good Saint Cecilia:

The music, under the direction of Mr. GEORGE W. WARREN, the excellent organist of St. Paul's, was very well worthy of special note. In this department there has been in this church a vast improvement within a few years. Mr. Warren, and a portion at least of the choir, are communicants, and it has been a great satisfaction to the lovers of true Church Music to witness the zeal and industry with which Mr. W. has devoted his genius and talents—for he possesses both in a more than ordinary degree—to promoting the true worship of God in the Church. In these efforts he finds a most effectual assistant in Mr. Whitney, who, through all the changes of years past, has been identified with every effort to promote true musical taste and skill in this congregation. The choir consists of four adults—Soprano, Mezzo Soprano, Alto, and Bass, and of some twelve boys, to whose instruction he very sedulously devotes himself. At the Service, of which we now speak, the *Venite* and Proper Psalms were given in plain song, antiphonally, and with very good effect. The *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, with the Psalm tune (Ps. 123,) were of Mr. Warren's composition, and possess a high degree of merit, and show that he is studying in a good school. The responses to the Versicles and *Amens* were given by the choir, and it only needed that the rich and sweet voice of the officiating clergyman should take up the tone to have given us a full choral service. Indeed, to those who know his taste and ability in such matters, it seemed strange how he could help it. The usual parts of the Communion Service were given musically, and altogether the effect was much what it should be, to elevate the sentiments of the worshippers, and to aid their approaches to the majesty of heaven.

The Albany paper, from which we copy this, understands that the success of Mr. Warren in the management of the musical exercises of St. Paul's, has attracted the attention of the ministers of the various churches comprising the Western Diocese, and they have requested him to meet with them at Utica, to consult regarding such measures as will tend to improve their church music.

Music Abroad.

London.

MME. GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS. (*From the Times of June 12.*) The last but two of these entertainments took place last night, when Exeter Hall was crowded in every part by an audience whose vehement applause testified that Mme. Goldschmidt's popularity remains as great as ever. Among the other merits of this admirable artist, it must not be forgotten that her concerts have always possessed an

intrinsic musical value; an admirable orchestra, an efficient chorus, and a programme in which classical music has largely preponderated, have been marking features in the Lind concerts. This is, indeed, a most important merit in a singer whose attractions are sufficient to draw crowded audiences, were she to sing only to a piano-forte accompaniment. This sacrifice of a large expenditure in the getting-up of her concerts is sufficient proof that Mme. Goldschmidt has that essential quality in a truly great artist, an abstract reverence for the art itself. The following was the programme of last night's concert:

PART I.

Overture, "Les deux Journées,".....Cherubini
Cavatina, "Di militari onori," Signor Belletti,
(Jessonda).....Spohr
Air, Mme. Goldschmidt (Armida, Act III. Sc.1) Gluck
Fantasie on Themes from "Don Juan" of Mozart,
with Orchestral Accompaniments,
Violoncello, Herr Moritz Ganz (from
Berlin).....M. Ganz
Duo { "Ebbene a te: ferisci," } (Semiramide) Rossini
 "Giorno d'errore," }
Mme. Goldschmidt and Mme. Pauline Viardot.
Concertstück, for Pianoforte, with Orchestral
Accompaniments.....C. M. von Weber
 Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.
Scena and Aria, "Ah non credea," "Ah non
giunge," (Sonnambula).....Bellini
 Mme. Goldschmidt.

PART II.

Choral Fantasia, pianoforte, orchestra, and
chorus.....Beethoven
(Piano-forte, M. Otto Goldschmidt.)
Adagio—Allegro—Adagio—March and Finale,
(Chorus.)
Duet, "Per piacer alla Signora," (Il Turco in
Italia).....Rossini
 Mme. Goldschmidt and Sig. Belletti.
Air, "Prêtres de Baal," (Le Prophète).....Meyerbeer
 Mme. Viardot.
Morning Hymn, Solo and Female Chorus, the
solos by Mme. Goldschmidt and Mme.
Viardot.....Spontini
Duo Concertante, for violin and violoncello,
without accompaniment, Messrs. Leopold
and Moritz Ganz (from Berlin.)
 L. and M. Ganz
Scotch Ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo."
 Mme. Goldschmidt.
Swedish Melody, "The Echo Song."
 Mme. Goldschmidt.
Part-Song.....Pearsall
Coronation March.....Meyerbeer

In the vocal selection Mme. Goldschmidt was heard to great advantage, the pieces in which she sang exhibiting the great variety of her style and the wide range of her studies. In the tranquil air from Gluck's *Armide*, the subdued pathos and tenderness of expression were breathed forth with a delicacy of refinement which evinced the possession of the most exquisite taste, while in the duets of Rossini and the scena of Bellini, the greatest difficulties of vocalization and the most elaborate *tours de force* in the cadenzas and interpolated ornaments were executed with a power and brilliancy, and an apparent *abandon*, combined with real self-control, which can only co-exist in the highest order of artist. In each performance Madame Goldschmidt was received with an enthusiasm as great as on any previous occasion. She was admirably supported by Madame Viardot and Signor Belletti, whose thoroughly artistic singing was not thrown into the shade even by the brilliancy of the Lind performance.

Mr. Goldschmidt appeared to more advantage in the choral fantasia than in Weber's concerto, which latter he played with a want of ease and freedom that somewhat marred the impulsive effect which should be given to it; nor was the passage playing always faultless. The choral fantasia would have been an effective performance but for the inefficiency of the chorus soprani, who were both out of tune and out of time on several occasions. The Messrs. Ganz are skillful players, with great command of the finger-board on their respective instruments, but their music was a mere collection of fiddling passages and reiterations of mechanical difficulties. As at the other concerts, Mr. Benedict was the conductor.

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Mozart's Father.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JAHN.

[Concluded from p. 106.]

It is much to be lamented that we are so uninformed about the education and the early life of Leopold Mozart. In Augsburg he was not successful, and his allusions at a later period to the life there are bitter and sarcastic. "As often as I have thought of your journey to Augsburg," he writes to his son, Oct. 18, 1777, "Wieland's Abderites have occurred to me; only one must have occasion to see in *natura* what one takes for pure ideal when he reads about it." We only know that he set about the study of jurisprudence with great perseverance, and that to this end he went to Strasburg; but failing to obtain a situation, he found himself compelled to enter the service of Count Thun, canon in Salzburg, as valet de chambre. But he had always pursued music thoroughly, had mainly earned his support by teaching it, and enjoyed especially a high reputation as a violinist; so that the archbishop Sigismund, in the year 1743, took him into his service as court musician, and afterwards appointed him court composer and leader of the orchestra, and in 1762 vice kapellmeister. *

Of the compositions of Herr Mozart which have become known in manuscript, the most noteworthy are many contrapuntal and church pieces; farther a large number of Symphonies, partly only à 4, and partly for all the usual instruments; also 30 grand Serenatas, in which solos for various instruments are introduced. Besides many Concertos, especially for Flauto traverso, Oboe, Bassoon, Horn, Trumpet, &c., innumerable trios and divertimenti for different instruments, he has composed also twelve oratorios, a mass of theatrical pieces, and even pan-

tomimes, and especially music for particular occasions, such as a military piece with trumpets, drums, kettle do., and fifes, in addition to the usual instruments; a piece of Turkish music; a piece for a steel spring-keyed instrument; and finally a sleigh-ride piece with five strings of sleigh bells; not to speak of marches, *nicht pieces*, so called, and many hundred minuets, opera dances, and such small matters.

* * * * * In his later years he composed but little; circumstances in Salzburg were so unfavorable that he found no occasion to do more than his position required of him; the education of his children claimed his whole time, and after his son had come forward as a composer, he would not in any way compete with him. Nevertheless, he was honorably recognized as a composer in his day. * * * Schubart says of him: "His style is rather old-fashioned, but well grounded and full of contrapuntal insight. His church pieces have more value than his chamber pieces." * * *

But he gained his greatest and widest fame through his "Attempt at a fundamental School for the Violin," which appeared in the year 1756. It was the first and for many years the only work of its kind, and was spread abroad in numerous editions and translations: a proof that in its time it has done good service in the technical formation of the violinists. What makes the book still interesting is the earnest, sterling tone pervading it, and which reveals to us the whole man. Thorough, solid musical culture is what he would give the scholar; he must not only exercise his fingers, but must everywhere be clear about what he has to do and wherefore; "it is such sorry work to keep playing on at random, without knowing what you do" (p. 245); a good violinist must be even versed in rhetoric and poesy, to be able to deliver a piece with understanding (p. 107.) Hence he constantly insists that the scholar must not hasten onward before he is fully master of what he has to learn; he is very particular not to make the thing too easy and convenient to the pupil; let him exert himself and take pains. Thus he writes at the beginning of the exercises (p. 90): "Here are the pieces for practice. The more unpalatable you find them, the more I shall be satisfied; I tried at least to make them so;" that is, to prevent the scholar from falling into a habit of playing them by rote. The same sterling character appears in the direction of his taste. He requires before all an "honest, manly tone" (p. 54); the scholar must from the very outset draw the bow somewhat strongly, "so that by the firm pressing down of the fingers and strong holding on of the bow the organs may be hardened, and

a vigorous and manly stroke may be acquired. For what can be more absurd than when one cannot trust himself to take right hold of his instrument, but scarcely touches the strings with the bow, (which oftentimes is only held with two fingers) and commences such an artificial whispering up to the bridge of the violin, that you hear only here and there a note hissed out, and cannot tell what he would say, since it all seems merely like a dream! Such air-violinists often are so rash that they make no hesitation about playing off the most difficult pieces at first sight. For their whispering, when they do not hit, is not heard; but that is what they call playing agreeably. The greatest silence seems to them very sweet. Must they play loud and strong? then all at once all art is gone" (p. 101.)

A simple and natural *cantabile* is also the highest goal for the violin player; so that one should imitate with the instrument, as much as possible, the art of singing; for this is "the most beautiful in music" (p. 50.) He is severe upon the virtuosos, who "think they bring wonderful things to pass if they give the right frizzle to the notes in an *Adagio cantabile*, and make a couple of dozen notes of one. Such note-stranglers expose their want of judgment in this way, and tremble if they have to hold out a long note or play a couple of notes in singing style, without intermixing their usual absurd and ridiculous trickery" (p. 50.) They are the more severely blamed, because they generally lack the means of knowing where they may introduce their ornaments without committing faults in composition; and on a suitable example he remarks:

"Here those bungling players, who want to twist up all their notes, may see the reason why a rational composer is indignant if the notes are not played simply as they are written." Other faults, too, are severely censured in the virtuosos, such as the incessant *tremolo* of players, "who shake continually on every note, as if they had the unintermittent fever," (p. 238) or "the continual intermixture of the so-called flageolet tone, producing a ridiculous sort of music, entirely contrary, in its inequality of tone, to nature" (p. 107); or the hurrying and dragging of the *tempo* common among "virtuosos of imagination." I add the entire passage here, because it proves how highly Leopold Mozart valued the freedom of the master, while he rejected the wilfulness of the virtuoso.

"Many," he says, (p. 262) "who have no idea of taste, are never willing to observe equal time in the accompaniment in a concerted piece, but strive always to imitate the leading voice. Such are accompanists for bunglers and not for masters. When one has before him an Italian

cantatrice or other such imaginative virtuoso, who never will produce what he has learned by heart in correct time, he really is obliged to drop out whole half bars, to save them from open shame. But when one accompanies a true virtuoso, worthy of the name, then he must not let himself be misled into dragging or hurrying, by that protracting or anticipating of the notes which said virtuoso can employ with great skill and expression; but he must always play on in an equal rate of movement; else what the concertist would build up, the accompanist tears down again. A skilful accompanist must thus be able to criticize a soloist. To a real virtuoso he certainly must not give in; for by so doing he would spoil his *tempo rubato*. But what stolen time is, can be better shown than written. But has one, on the contrary, to do with a virtuoso of imagination? then often one will have to hold an eighth note out through half a measure, till he recovers from his paroxysm; for he plays *recitativo*."

But technical development and cleverness is not with him the end, but only the means of reaching the higher goal. He wants the player to be able to transport himself into the feeling which pervades the piece to be performed, that so he may penetrate the soul of his hearers and excite their feelings. The most essential requisite to this end for the violinist he declares to be the stroke of the bow, which is "now an altogether modest, and now a bold one; now a serious, and now a playful one; now produces a soothing, now a composed and elevated, now a merry melody, and consequently is that medium through the rational use of which we become enabled to excite the passions at first indicated in the hearer. I understand," he adds, "when the composer makes a judicious choice; when he chooses melodies that correspond to each passion, and knows how to indicate the fit delivery." "For there are plenty of half-composers," he says elsewhere, "who do not even know how to indicate a good delivery, or who place the patch beside the hole. Many a half-composer is delighted, and conceives a new idea of his own importance when he hears his musical nonsense performed by good players, who know how to introduce at the right place a feeling which he never dreamed of, to bring in (as far as possible) characters that never occurred to him, and so make the whole miserable botch-work tolerable to the ears of the audience by a good delivery." We see he was a sworn enemy to halfness and to superficiality; thorough-going study in all the technicals and intellectual training to clear, reasonable thinking, are what he requires of artists with uncompromising severity. He grants, indeed, that rare natural talent sometimes redeems deficiency of learning, and that a man with the best natural endowments often has no opportunity to look about him in the sciences (p. 103); but that does not set aside the rule.

* * * These passages show us the views and principles upon which Leopold Mozart proceeded in the musical education of his son; and when to these we add his true insight into the freedom and superiority of a nature full of genius, we must confess that in the young Mozart's case genius was most fortunately met by the most admirable schooling. * * *

His style of writing is clear and sharp; his tendency to sarcasm so prominent that he be-

speaks indulgence for it in his preface. And as in this book, so also in his letters you will recognize a man who has not only acquired a finer culture in his intimacy with the world (and indeed his travels brought him into the most varied intercourse), but who is acquainted with literature, has read intelligently and critically, and who maintains his independent, self-formed convictions with equal clearness and decision on æsthetic as on moral subjects.

With such a culture and such claims, Leopold Mozart must have felt himself somewhat isolated in Salzburg. Towards the court he had to fulfil the duties of his office, and the more scantily he was paid for it, the more care was taken to make him feel, like all place-holders, his dependence. In the noble families which lived in Salzburg, he was for the most part employed as teacher, since his instruction justly was esteemed the best; but no more intimate relation could grow out of this. To ingratiate himself by flattery Mozart was far too proud, feeling that these persons stood below himself in culture, through which alone could any equal intercourse be possible. However much his criticism and his sarcasm might be turned against them in silence, he had enough experience and composure not to risk his situation, to keep himself in favor and respect without loss to self-respect. Even towards his brother artists we find him unsocial. The most of them no doubt were hack musicians, without any higher interests or culture, with whom any special intimacy, intellectual or social, was not possible for him. Even with the most important musicians of Salzburg we find him in no closer intercourse than that involved in their office and the practice of their art. Their want of intelligence beyond the technical part of music, frequently, too, of moral culture, their loose and easy way of living, kept Mozart from them, and in no case does it appear that any ignoble passion influenced his reserve. We find a little circle, mostly of the middling station, with which the Mozart family maintained a social intercourse, which was in part, to be sure, quite lively and friendly, but which on the whole seems to have afforded more entertainment and amusement, and in the humblest way, than it did intellectual stimulus and culture. "The spirit of the Salzburgers," says Schubart (in his *Æsthetik der Tonkunst*) is exceedingly inclined to the low comic. Their popular songs are so droll and burlesque, that one cannot hear them without having his sides shake with laughter. The Jack-pudding peeps out everywhere, and the melodies are generally excellent and wonderfully beautiful." This tendency could not possibly have suited the earnest and critical Leopold Mozart, who was caustic indeed, but not comic.

The Original Score of Mozart's Requiem.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL,

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(Translated for the London Musical World.)

(Concluded from page 106)

In this state of things there appeared to remain but one course in order to arrive at the truth, viz., to resort to the still surviving widow of the great composer, and put the question to her, whether, according to her knowledge, he did or did not complete the work. Certainly several expressions of hers, which have at different times appeared in print, testified in favor of the latter; but through the recent discoveries this important

fact was newly brought in question, and a decision from the first authority was in the highest degree desirable.

The estimable matron did not leave the question long unanswered; she replied on the 10th of February of this year (1839):

"If this score be complete, then it is not Mozart's, for he did not finish it, and in that case it will be easily seen what Süßmayer has written, because, according to my ideas, it would not be possible for any man to imitate the writing of another to such an extent as not to be detected. So much for this; and now I assure you that no one but Süßmayer completed the *Requiem*, which was not a difficult thing to do, since, as is well known, all the chief points were indicated, and Süßmayer could not go wrong."

Although this reply leaves several minor circumstances unexplained, and rests too much upon generalities to lead to a complete and satisfactory elucidation, it coincides, nevertheless, with the account given by the Abbé Stadler.

"The first piece," he says in his *Defence*, etc., "Requiem," with the fugue, and the second, 'Dies iræ,' until 'Lacrymosa,' are instrumented, for the most part, by Mozart himself, and Süßmayer had no more to do to them than most composers leave to their copyists. Süßmayer's work really commenced at the 'Lacrymosa.' But here, also, Mozart had written the violin parts himself; only from the words 'Judicandus homo reus,' Süßmayer continued them till the end. Just in the same way, in the third piece, 'Domine,' Mozart has himself written the violin parts wherever the voices are silent; and when the voices enter has plainly indicated the form of passages for the instruments. Before the fugue, 'Quam olim,' he has given to the violins two and a half bars to play alone. In the 'Hostias' he has written out the violin parts in the two bars before the voices enter, at the words 'Memoriam facimus,' throughout eleven bars, with his own hand. After the end of the 'Hostias,' there is nothing more seen of his pen than the direction, 'Quam olim da capo.' There is the end of the hand-writing of Mozart in the original MS. But let it not be believed that Süßmayer has introduced anything of his own in the filling-up of the instrumentation. He made himself a score, exactly similar to that of Mozart, commencing from the 'Dies iræ,' (which would be the one under consideration.) Into this he first transferred, note for note, all that the original contained, and then followed the indications of the instrumentation in the most minute manner, without introducing any new feature of his own."

The whole of this explanation is, however, rather a description of Mozart's scores of the "Kyrie" and "Requiem," and of his sketches from the "Dies iræ" until the end of the "Hostias," than a proof that Süßmayer really did what the Abbé ascribes to him, since he did not witness it, and, as has before been mentioned, never spoke with Süßmayer upon the subject, and consequently could only have derived these particulars from a third party.

Some of the cognoscenti, who were invited to the examination of the score, men of recognized authority, persist, however, in the opinion that the whole MS. is in Mozart's hand-writing, notwithstanding the letter of Madame von Nissen, just cited, and the declaration of the Abbé Stadler.

We see, indeed, from the following passage in Stadler's "Defence," etc., how little certainty Madame Mozart herself possessed as to Süßmayer's real share in the work of her husband:

"The widow told me, that after his death, she had found several small leaves of music upon Mozart's desk, which she had given over to Herr Süßmayer. What these papers contained, and what use Süßmayer made of them she did not know."

It can easily be imagined that grief for the early loss of her husband, and the sad position in which she found herself, with two young boys to provide for, left this unfortunate lady neither time nor calmness of mind sufficient in the first weeks after her bereavement to occupy herself with the papers, finished or unfinished, that Mozart left behind him. In what disorder these papers were, and for how long a time they remained so, is shown in another portion of the "Defence," when Stadler relates that the widow Mozart had requested him to put the remains in

order, to which end she offered to send the whole to his house.

"I declined this offer," he continues, "and promised, as often as my time would permit, to visit her, and in the presence of Herr von Nissen, who lived adjoining, to look through all that the great departed had left behind him, to put it in order, and to make a catalogue of the whole. This was done in a short time. I named everything, Herr von Nissen wrote everything down, and the catalogue was soon ready."

I have seen a "solemn declaration," in the handwriting of Herr von Nissen, in which he states that he conducted the affairs of Mozart's widow, afterwards his own wife, "with the most perfect independence;" and that, therefore, the entire responsibility of the management of her business fell upon him. From the same document it appears, however, that he first made the acquaintance of the widow towards the end of the year 1797, and, therefore, as Herr von Nissen assisted at the examination and cataloguing of Mozart's papers, this cannot have taken place, at the earliest, until six years after the composer's death. Who can tell what advantage Süssmayer took of these papers, during the long time they remained unknown, to enable him to complete the *Requiem*, which merit he claims entirely for himself?

The opinion of celebrated musicians as to the extent of his claim, may be gathered from what has been expressed upon the subject. In the criticism on Breitkopf and Härtel's edition of Mozart's *Requiem*, from the pen of one of our first musical judges, Herr Hofrath Rochlitz (in the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, volume iv.), the assumptions of Süssmayer's letter, though not flatly contradicted, owing to the well-known delicacy and kindness of the critic, are quoted in such a way that any one may infer how little claim the writer can have felt him to possess to the merit of the work. "That Mozart's setting of the *Requiem*, as Süssmayer says at the commencement of his celebrated letter, is unique, and could not be paralleled by any living composer, is the belief of the writer." And further, "That the whole did not proceed from Mozart's pen, is proved, amongst other things, by the occasionally very faulty instrumental accompaniment." Then the page and bar of several of these places are cited, amongst which examples are the consecutive fifths in the "Sanctus" already mentioned. "That a great part of the instrumentation may be attributable to Herr Süssmayer is very possible," it is said further on, "but the known productions of Herr Süssmayer subject his assumption of an important share in the composition of the *Requiem* to a very stringent criticism." After Herr Rochlitz has illustrated the beauties of each single movement, he comes to the consideration of those which Süssmayer claims to have "originally composed."

"*Sanctus*, etc.—A veritable "Holy," full of lofty simplicity, grandeur, and dignity. What mortal has more powerfully expressed the repose of the Infinite and His immeasurable plenitude than is here done by the C natural doubled in the unison? (p. 130, bar 3)." "*Benedictus*, etc.—On account of the easily appreciable melodies and harmonies prevailing throughout, one of the simplest, most insinuating pieces, not only in the *Requiem*, but in the whole range of music. To signalize particular beauties above the rest, is, on account of the great unity of the whole, the almost unexampled similarity and equality of the single portions, the beautiful and manifold combinations and complications, not to speak of other qualities, impossible; one would quote the whole." "*Agnus Dei* etc.—This chorus, too, contains several individually distinct beauties. The critic would particularly cite the noble, touching, longing expression of the following prayer for eternal rest, which occurs in several different keys."

Here the passage to the words "Dona eis Requiem" is quoted at length.

Would any one believe that after what he has expressed above, with regard to Süssmayer, the critic would consider compositions which he deemed worthy of such praise, to be the work of this author?

Herr A. B. Marx (*Berliner Musikalische Zeitung*, 1825,—pp. 378, 379) expresses himself

still more decidedly on the subject of Süssmayer's assumed additional compositions to the *Requiem*:

"Where is there, throughout the *Requiem*, a movement that contains not some trace of Mozart's creative power? Let us instance the 'Agnus Dei,' a movement that Süssmayer ascribes entirely to himself. Who would accredit him with the figure of the violins, the three phrases 'Dona eis Requiem?' If Mozart did not write these—well!—then he who wrote them is Mozart."

As regards the repetition at the end of the first movement and of the fugue, the opinion of Hofrath Rochlitz is elsewhere expressed in such a manner as to give no countenance to the supposition that Süssmayer's idea of giving thereby greater uniformity or unity to the work emanated from himself.

"At the repetition of the 'Requiem,' it is usual and quite in keeping, and was, moreover, most probably a part of Mozart's design to resume the first 'Requiem' abbreviated and with some slight modifications; and thus, if the recapitulation after this manner is not by himself, it is as he would have written it."

Thus the Abbé Stadler, who was intimately acquainted with nearly every work of Mozart, who was so imbued with the style and spirit of the master that three unfinished posthumous compositions by him (a brilliant minuet for pianoforte, a grand Kyrie, and a smaller *Fantasia* for pianoforte in C minor) were such that the most sharp-sighted connoisseur could not guess them to be anything but works of Mozart; how this man, I say, could receive the assertions of Süssmayer's often-mentioned letter with trusting belief it is difficult to conceive. Certainly I must confess I have myself been led away by this widely circulated belief, always, however, with the reservation that Süssmayer had formed the three movements that he claims upon motives that he discovered among Mozart's MSS. But my knowledge of Mozart's genius, boundless as my veneration for it is, was far inferior to that which my departed friend Stadler was proved to have possessed.

Besides the above-mentioned reasons against Süssmayer's claims to Mozart's *Requiem*, the following passage of a letter from the *États vâleins* von Nissen to the Abbé Stadler of the 31st May, 1827, will be of great weight.

"When he (Mozart) felt weak, Süssmayer often had to sing through what was written with him and myself, and thus he received formal instructions from Mozart. I still hear Mozart saying, as he often did, to Süssmayer, 'Ah, there stands the ox at the mountain again,—you are far from understanding that.' And then he would take the pen and write, what were, probably, the leading points."

And yet is it possible that Süssmayer should have completed this masterwork as we have known it for these forty years and as it stands in the MS. before us, that he should have created three of the chief pieces, and that the best *cognoscenti*—in spite of the belief of the majority that they were his—recognized them as Mozart's work.

However this may be, the score, acquired by the Imperial Court library, the only existing original score, is the same, from written copies of which the different printed editions have been taken; the same which after Mozart's death was delivered to the party who gave the commission for the work.

That this party was the Count Walsegg, is now generally known; that the score was consigned to him as not only Mozart's own work, but as his own handwriting seems beyond a doubt; since, although he gave the commission with the understanding that he should retain the exclusive possession of the work, he took no steps to prevent or complain of its public performances here and in Leipzig in the year 1792 for the benefit of the composer's widow; but upon the report being spread that it was not entirely Mozart's own, and that it was about to be published, he commenced an action, through his advocate, D. Sootschan, an esteemed lawyer of this city. In consequence of this the conference took place between this gentleman, Herr von Nissen, and, at the widow's request, the Abbé Stadler; which he mentions several times in his writings and in the appendix

to W. A. Mozart's biography by Nissen, page 170, in a note.

It is singular that Süssmayer, whose death did not take place until the year 1803, was not invited on this occasion, for he surely ought to have been able to give the most reliable testimony, of any one living, upon the subject. The strange whim of Count Walsegg, to bring forward the *Requiem* as his own work, proved by the copies upon the title-page, of which this is stated, scarcely lessens the merit of the gentle intention to commemorate by this work the obsequies of his departed wife, but it entirely explains why the original score was so long kept secret.

The contentions as to the genuineness of the *Requiem* had either not reached as far as to the quiet rural retreat of the Count, upon his seat, *Stuppach*, or else he had no inclination to take a part in it.

Thus the MS. in question remained hidden from every eye until, in the year 1828, the Count Walsegg followed his beloved consort into a better world, whose death, thirty-seven years before, had called this *chef-d'œuvre* into existence.

After his decease, the MS., together with other music, passed into the hands of an amateur, who prized it too dearly to relinquish it, until at last it came by lawful inheritance into the possession of the gentleman from whom the Imperial Library has received it.

This library, therefore, possesses the original autograph score of the movements "Requiem" and "Kyrie" (leaf 1 till 10.), as well as the original sketches of the "Dies iræ" until the "Hostias" inclusive (leaf 11 till 45). All in fact that exists of the dying strain of Mozart in his handwriting; what remains, if not from his pen, came, surely, by every principle of art, from his brain.

The whole has found a worthy resting-place in the magnificent sanctuary of sciences and arts where it now remains. Charles VI., not only a connoisseur and patron, but himself a master in that art, of which this work is the most exquisite production, looks down upon it from the centre of this temple of the muses, which himself erected. There it shines for all time as the highest example of its kind, an object of admiration to artists, and of study to such disciples of the art as do not hold the quickly fleeting praises of a vain and capricious public to be a compensation for the approval of the few and the honorable appreciation of a grateful posterity!

[From the American Museum, published by M. Cary at Philadelphia, January, 1788.]

On Musical Pretenders.

TO THE EDITOR.

"Timotheus, with his breathing flute or sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire."

SIR—I was led the other day by a friend to a concert of music, in expectation of being enraptured, as he was pleased to call it, by the performance of many excellent masters. I am indeed a lover of music, but unhappily no connoisseur; I imagined I should be entertained with some of the works of Corelli, Handel, Geminiani, or the like; but alas, sir, after a good old overture, which I thought tolerably well performed, when my expectations were raised very high, up starts Signor Sombodini (a name Italianized, which I do not remember) to play a solo on the violoncello, which used to be known by the name of a bass-fiddle not half a century ago. He had indeed one part of Timotheus's skill; he did not a little enrage many besides me by producing some of his own composition, which, after Handel's, was nearly similar to a low farce after a fine tragedy; his performance, which a fat gentleman, who sat next to me, told me I should call his *execution*, was very good; but I never knew, till some of the connoisseurs informed me, that music was only intended for vile scrapers to make minced meat of, to show—what? why, truly, their *execution*! I had almost said, would they were all *executed*, connoisseurs and all. In the name of wonder, have we not solos of Corelli, Geminiani, and many other great masters, that every fiddler must be perking his

own wretched compositions in our face? A gentleman was observing, that on all bass instruments the movements ought to be slow and solemn, and that they never were intended for jigs, &c., to which a personage of a very formal aspect made answer, in a kind of German English: "Sir, you know very little about the matter. That might be the case in Corelli's time, but now we have learned better things. In his time it was thought wonderful if a performer on the violin could reach E in alt, (I think that was the expression) but now we make nothing of going up close to the bridge." I did not doubt but the person must be a very great performer, who knew so much better than Corelli, and being told that he was immediately to give a specimen, I was all expectation, when behold! Mynheer mounted the rostrum, or what else you please to call it; and indeed, he did get up to the bridge, as he had promised, but (would you believe it?) he could not find the way down again, till during a great applause, raised by some of his admirers, he wisely threw himself down headlong; and upon my word I wished he had broken his neck—I mean musically, not mischievously—for he only intended to show his own execution.

I always understood, till lately, that music, I mean composition, was a very difficult affair; but was greatly surprised to find that every spark that has just learned the gamut on the fiddle or German flute, composes his own solos, trios, &c., &c., with the greatest facility, and, I do not doubt, can get up to the bridge much better than Corelli ever could, and come down again, like Mynheer, in a masterly manner.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY PHRAM.

Philadelphia, May 6, 1787.

LIFE MUSIC.

(From the Monthly Religious Magazine.)

A band of Minstrels, separated
Far from their childhood's sunny land,
Before a vast assemblage, waited
The waving of the master's hand,
To bring forth harmony entrancing,
From strings diverse, with magic skill:
Meanwhile the fingers, o'er them glancing,
Evolved discordant notes at will.

For every hand was idly trying
The strength and tone of many a string;
And one breathed forth a mournful sighing,
And one a sharp, sonorous ring:
Anon a sweeter strain ascended,—
A clear and perfect chord, alone;
Then harsher notes again were blended
In strange and inharmonious tone.

And thus was wafted unto me
This thought of Life's mysterious things,—
How undeveloped harmony
Lies hidden in the mystic strings.
Perchance sweet notes sometimes arise,
Distinct, 'midst a discordant whole;
For, in each instrument, there lies
The music of a perfect soul;—

But for the Master's sign delaying,—
The key-note known to none but he,—
When each, his own part thenceforth playing,
Shall wake celestial melody.
Then, Soul! thy magic lyre inwreathing
With heavenly graces, wait thou still,—
The strain of sweet submission breathing
To the beloved Master's will,—

Until the prelude here is ended,—
The counter-notes of hope and strife,—
And thou, by angel-bands attended,
Shalt enter on the higher life:
Mystery and discord there subsiding,
Infinite harmony shall rise,
And, in thy Father's house abiding,
"Praise" be the chorus of the skies. H. W.

"The Greatest Singer in the World."

(From the London Musical World, June 14.)

The first of the three "Farewell Concerts" has been given. The next will take place shortly, and a few days onward the last. Those who are not fortunate enough to hear JENNY LIND on Monday, June 30th, 1856, will never enjoy the chance again—at least in England. On that day the greatest singer in the world will take leave forever of that public which has best understood, and most munificently rewarded her.

The greatest singer in the world!—Yes—the greatest singer in the world is JENNY LIND. We say so after mature consideration, based upon an experience of twelve years. A strict analysis of her qualifications, mental and physical, would probably lead to the disclosure of more faults and more beauties than could be detected in any other great artist. But we are not going to attempt any such thing. It is too late.

The voice of Jenny Lind is defective. None can deny that fact; and yet it is by far the richest and loveliest of sopranos. All the middle and lower notes are veiled; and these registers evince rather stubbornness than flexibility. But, as the singer warms into exertion, struggles with impediments, and vanquishes them, the voice issues forth like a conqueror in arms—or pierces brightly through the veil as the sun through a cloud. Jenny Lind's efforts to master her rebellious organ, remind us of a simile applied by Halifax to the search after hidden scientific truths, in which he compares the sensation created in the seeker to what must be felt by a man in the act of wrestling with a beautiful woman. One thing is certain. Jenny Lind cannot force her voice so as to render any of its tones harsh, or otherwise disagreeable. The more she demands of it the more it yields—as though its wealth was inexhaustible.* Thus, while she sings, the pleasure of the listener always increases—until towards the end of a long concert or opera, when the veil is thrown aside, and the voice becomes wholly free, it may be likened to broad noon-day on the hills; the mists have vanished, and the sun rides bare and fierce, with not a vapor to impede him. Grant, then, that the voice of Jenny Lind is defective. We maintain that the exquisite gratification, derived on the one hand by herself, in battling against its defects, and on the other unconsciously communicated to her audience, belongs to that catalogue of indefinable idiosyncracies which make up the sum total of a charm possessed by no other singer in existence.

But let us not stop, at the moment of parting, to dwell upon "points," or pry into secrets that are after all to be classed among the inscrutable ways through which nature so frequently manifests herself. Jenny Lind is nobly, though eccentrically endowed; but the causes of the spell she exercises, *physically*, on her hearers, escape definition. As an artist, with many faults, she combines a larger number of excellencies than any of her contemporaries. She has had greater difficulties to surmount than the majority; but with indomitable perseverance, and a soul emphatically musical, she has risen from the ordeal, triumphant.

Our object just now, however, is not to entertain a discussion about the acquired talent or natural gifts of Jenny Lind, but to impress upon the consideration of the intelligent among our readers (the majority of course) that if they wish to hear the greatest singer in the world once again, it must be now or never. We are well aware that the cant, with a certain restrained and narrow-minded class, has been to regard Jenny Lind as a delusion and her artistic and social life as a sham; but never was there a greater delusion or a greater sham than this very cant of the restrained and narrow-minded class. Nine-tenths of us know better. We are able to recognize the legitimacy of the Lind influence in the consistency of its duration, and the unanswerable logic of its origin. We who are musicians enough to appreciate the transcendent musical excellence of the songstress—who remember the words of Mendelssohn,† the foremost authority of the last thirty

* Mario has also something of this quality.

† "The greatest singer I know, in every style, is Jenny Lind."

years—and prefer judging for ourselves to letting others judge for us, can afford to smile at the sophism of coteries. Truth is great and will prevail. Jenny Lind is an example of it. A rare genius, consummate artist, and noble heart, through the agency of a series of fortuitous circumstances, has been enabled to perform its mission fully—a mission from above—a mission to delight by the exhibition of a beautiful art, and console by the administration of that sympathy which human beings owe to each other.

In what has Jenny Lind failed that, in regard of the riches with which God endowed her, she was bound to do? In *nothing*. We can recall no single instance of a person remarkably endowed, and high in station, deriving more honor from her endowments, yet living more unostentatiously in her station. Jenny Lind might have been a *millionaire*, but she despised it. She preferred to do a million good deeds rather than hoard a million in gold. Some will cry out, "This was all for notoriety—for a name." Very well. Be ye, scoffers, as anxious to obtain a good name as Jenny Lind; and, perhaps, one day you may be found worthy to touch the hem of her garment. For our own parts we can in no wise be persuaded to regard her as an ordinary creature, but believe her to be truly inspired—and that belief is strengthened by the simplicity of her manners and the utter guilelessness of her heart. Had she lived in the early ages of the Christian era, she would have been canonized, St. Jenny, by the whole world, as she is already, at this period, and devoutly, by a few. That she is determined to take leave of us soon is matter for regret; but depend upon it she has good reason for the conclusion at which she arrives—and that when she says "good bye," she means it.

Johanna Wagner.

(From the London News, June 16.)

The curiosity of the musical public as to the far-famed Johanna Wagner has at length been gratified. She made her debut in England on Saturday evening in the character of Romeo, in the *Capuletti ed i Montecchi* of Bellini.

Mlle. Wagner is younger than might have been supposed from the length of time that her name has been known to the world. That is owing to the precocity of her genius and the early age at which she appeared before the public. She is now in her twenty-fifth year, having been born in 1831. She is a native of Hanover. Her father, an eminent tenor singer, was well qualified to give her a good vocal education; but she was an actress before she became a singer; and to this day her greatest strength lies in the dramatic branch of her art. By the time she was fifteen, she had distinguished herself in many important parts in tragedy and serious comedy, but in the meantime her musical education was not neglected. Her voice being a contralto, her first part in opera was the Page in the *Huguenots*; and her success in this and some other parts gradually brought her entirely upon the lyrical stage. Ten years ago she was at Paris pursuing her studies under Manuel Garcia, the celebrated instructor now resident among us, who has contributed to form many of the most distinguished singers of the day, Jenny Lind included. After her return to Germany she took, alternately with Madame Schröder Devrient, the principal parts in serious opera; and now, holding a life-engagement at the Royal Opera of Berlin, she is the acknowledged chief of the German musical drama, unapproached by any one save the Dresden prima donna, Jenny Ney, whose great powers have never been properly brought before the English public.

Johanna Wagner's voice is properly a contralto, but, like Malibran, Viardot, Alboni, and other celebrated singers, she has extended it far beyond its natural compass, and performs many parts which are entirely soprano. In a merely musical point of view this would be a disadvantage, for a voice cannot be thus artificially stretched beyond its natural pitch without some injury to its quality; but some voices are so extensive by nature, that the process is comparatively harmless; and more—

over, if a contralto singer were to keep within the limits of her voice, her dramatic range would be sadly circumscribed, and as an actress she would lose the brightest triumphs of her genius. The music of *Romeo*, in which Mlle. Wagner has now been heard, is entirely suited to her organ; it remains to be learned how she sings such parts as *Valentine* or *Norma*.

Bellini's opera, *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, is one of several Italian pieces on the same subject. There is old Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*; there is Vaccai's opera with the same title; and there is this of Bellini. It is one of his early and immature works, not comparable for a moment to the riper fruits of his genius, *Norma*, the *Sonnambula*, or the *Puritani*. It bears, however, a strong family likeness of the stripling to the full grown man. The melodies have the same simplicity and sweetness, with Bellini's characteristic tinge of melancholy; but they seem to be, as it were, in embryo—the themes are left in their rudimental state without the expansion and development which, in *Norma*, and the *Puritani*, we find given to *motivi* of a similar kind. The consequence is that the airs sound trite and familiar, like things we have heard before; and their expression is so vague that their dramatic character rests entirely with the singer. Hence this opera has owed its success (such as it has been) to its subject and not to its music, which has been deemed so weak that it has generally been patched up with music by other composers. The most common practice has been to throw aside the last act and take Vaccai's instead; nay, sometimes a sort of pasticcio has been concocted out of the three operas of Bellini, Vaccai, and Zingarelli. Mlle. Wagner, however, is right in taking Bellini's music only, and in giving it entire. However weak it may be, it has a consistency of style, and unity of design, which can never be found in a piece of patchwork. As to the subject, it is of course the story of *Romeo and Juliet*; but whether taken from Shakspeare or from the old Italian tale to which Shakspeare had recourse, seems doubtful. Signor Romani, the Italian dramatist, may be supposed to have read Shakspeare; but his opera might have been written though our English *Romeo and Juliet* had never existed. The story is told in all its original meagreness. The lovers are scions of hostile houses; Giulietta's family wish to force her into marriage with Tebaldo, a kinsman. To save her from this sacrifice, Lorenzo, the family physician, gives her a potion to produce apparent death, intending to communicate the device to Romeo, in order that he may rescue her from the tomb. Romeo, uninformed of this contrivance, hears of Giulietta's death; he breaks open her tomb in the night, and, after weeping over her cold remains, takes poison. Giulietta awakes, and their reunion is a moment of rapture, followed by despair and agony. Romeo expires, and Giulietta falls dead upon his body.

Johanna Wagner appeared near the beginning of the piece, in the scene where Romeo, presenting himself to the Capulets as an envoy from the Montecchi, proposes that the houses shall bury in oblivion their ancient feud, and cement the union by the nuptials of Romeo and Giulietta, a proposal which is disdainfully rejected. Mlle. Wagner's entrance was very striking. Her tall, graceful figure, frank countenance, and chivalrous air, made an instant impression. She was received with long-continued applause, and it was some time before she could open her mouth. A brief dialogue in recitative showed her beautiful declamation, and introduced the air, "Si Romeo t'uccise un figlio," a plain simple melody, into which she threw the utmost earnestness of expression, displaying the richness of her deep contralto notes. The subsequent air, "La tremenda ultrice spada," in which Romeo retorts the haughty defiance with which he is met, was delivered with immense fire and vocal power, a high B natural being uttered in a tone which rang through the theatre and produced a burst of admiration, and the fair singer, after leaving the stage, was recalled with acclamations. In the following scene between the lovers, where Romeo, introduced to his mistress's apartment by the friendly doctor, tries in vain

to persuade her to fly with him, there is a pretty duet, "Miglior patria," into which Mlle. Wagner threw the most impassioned tenderness, well responded to by Mlle. Jenny Baur, who throughout the whole piece was a pleasing and interesting Giulietta.

In the second act there is little that is remarkable, or that displays very strikingly the powers of the performers. The finale, however, is worthy of notice. The scene in which the lovers are surprised by old Capulet and his followers, and forcibly separated, is worked into a concerted piece, written with considerable energy and dramatic effect. This, indeed, is the best music in the opera.

There is a powerful scene in the third act between Romeo and Tebaldo. Tebaldo assails his rival with threats and invectives; and Romeo, after restraining himself for a while, is at length exasperated and retorts with equal violence. The burst of passion with which Romeo exclaimed—

Vieni; io ti sprezzo, e sfido
Teco i seguaci tuoi,

electrified the audience. In the midst of their wrath the sound of melancholy music is heard, and Giulietta's funeral procession passes over the stage. They thus, for the first time, learn that she is dead, and their fury is changed to woe. This is a fine dramatic situation, though not in Shakspeare. Nothing could be more beautiful than Mlle. Wagner's acting and singing in this scene. The exclamation, "Ella è morta!" seemed the cry of a broken heart.

But the strength of the piece is concentrated in the fourth act. The feeble music is quite inadequate to the situation, but the strength lies in the situation itself, and in the powers of the principal performer. The scene is the cemetery of the Capulets. Romeo comes to visit the tomb of his beloved; but instead of coming in secrecy and silence, he absurdly comes at the head of a crowd of followers, who begin by singing a loud, unmeaning chorus, and then break open the tomb, leaving him alone with the dead. From this time to the end Mlle. Wagner's acting was beautiful beyond description, and its pathos was resistless. In the air, "Deh, tu bell' anima," insipid as the melody is, every tone, every accent, seemed steeped in tears. How we longed for Zingarelli's beautiful air, which Pasta used to sing so divinely. Giulietta, awaking, faintly utters, "Romeo, Romeo!" He listens without surprise, thinking that her voice calls him to join her in the tomb; but when he sees her rise, the cry, "Cielo! chi vegg' io?" is a thing never to be forgotten. There was not a person in the house, we firmly believe, who was not heartstruck by the sound.

Mlle. Wagner's whole performance has inspired us with unbounded admiration of her powers as a tragedian. Were she to act Shakspeare's own Romeo, with all its rich and beautiful details, instead of the meagre outline of the Italian librettomaker—were she to give us the romantic love at first sight, the passionate fervor of the moonlight wooing under the balcony, the scene with the apothecary, and the thousand touches of truth and nature which our poet has thrown in, what a picture could she not give of the enamored Italian boy—what an effect could she not impart to the saddest tale of true love that ever was told! Were she to "throw music to the dogs," and be, in her own tongue, the Romeo of Shakspeare, she would be, in her own country, such a Romeo as the English stage has never possessed. There is some music which may exalt and intensify the language of passion; but if Mlle. Wagner reaches the heart and stirs the inmost affections, it is in spite of, and not by the help of, the unmeaning sing-song of Bellini.

That Mlle. Wagner is a great singer is as certain as that she is a great actress, but we doubt if she is equally faultless. On this head, however, we do not as yet feel quite prepared to speak. Her contralto voice we think is the most powerful we have ever heard. It is almost masculine, sometimes, in its strength, and when she makes a close on some profound key-note, she aggravates it till it becomes almost harsh; but she does this, we suppose, because, like her attire and her manner, it is the assumption of a masculine part. In

her mode of vocalizing we desiderate something of the smoothness and finish of the Italian school. But she is a German singer; and to be fairly judged, must be heard in the music of Mozart, of Weber, of Beethoven, and of Meyerbeer.

GRETRY'S "RICHARD CŒUR DE LION."—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes, under date of May 30th: The Opera Comique has given us the masterpiece of its theatre, Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, arranged by poor Adolphe Adam. You know that this opera (which was first produced in 1784, in the presence of Marie Antoinette and her court,) suffered a good deal from political passion during the revolution, and the career of Napoleon, and the earlier years of Louis Philippe's reign. The famous air, *O, Richard! O, mon Roi!* seemed to parties a touching lament for the exiled Bourbons, and the governments of the day forbade it the stage. The "book" is by no other than Sedaine, who took it from a forgotten novel, then in the height of sale and success, and which he first offered to Monsigny, with whom he had just obtained the triumph which crowned "Le Deserteur." Monsigny rejected it, and suggested Grétry as likely to do something with it. Grétry took it with delight, and working on it day and night, completed it in three months. I should note that the names of all the actors who appeared in the piece at its first performance are forgotten, except that of the person who created the part of *Laurette*—the celebrated Dugazon.

When political passions had abated something of their fury, and the throne of Louis Philippe appeared to be consolidated, M. Crosnier, then the manager of the Opera Comique, determined to bring out Grétry's masterpiece. At the first rehearsal it became evident that the piece could not obtain success with a public accustomed to the affluence of the orchestration Rossini and M. Auber throw into their scores. M. Girard, the leader of the orchestra, knew that Adolphe Adam had arranged the piece to suit modern science, and he suggested that this score should be adopted. The success of the rehearsals created an excitement, and Louis Philippe commanded that the piece should first be played at Fontainebleau, where the court were then staying. The piece succeeded even beyond anticipation, especially after the famous duo of the second act, *Une fièvre brûlante*, to which Adam had added a *tremolo*, which is indeed the pivot of the work, as is evident from the fact that Grétry employs this thema no less than nine times in the course of the opera. Grétry tells us in his memoirs that he hunted for this thema from 11 o'clock at night until 4 in the morning. "I recollect," says he, "I rung to order me some fire. 'I don't wonder at your being cold,' said the servant, 'you have been sitting so long doing nothing.'" He had been "doing nothing" but compose an immortal work! The success of the work at the Opera Comique is very great; the first night's receipts were given to Mme. Adam.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 12, 1856.

THE GREAT ORGAN ONCE MORE.—The controversy, of which we commenced copying what seemed essential, has yielded several more newspaper articles, but no addition to the argument (that we could see) on either side. And as we do not wish to multiply words unless we can at the same time multiply thoughts and materials for judgment, we copy no more now. But we are happy to present the following communication from one of our own organists, whose initials will be recognized, and whose opinion carries weight. It proves that *one*, at least, of the authorities so confidently cited by "Moderato" as in favor of

domestic manufacture in the matter of an organ for the Music Hall, is wholly of the other way of thinking. Our correspondent's criticism of the largest organs already made by American builders, so fair and kindly in its spirit, is much to the point. We may remark also, since the work of Hopkins has been so much appealed to as an authority upon this subject, that the writer of the following during several years residence in England, enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of Hopkins, and may be supposed to represent his views upon the general subject.

An old friend of music in our city sends us a plea in behalf of an entire departure from the old ways in the construction of an organ for the Music Hall. He suggests the adoption of the *no temperament*, or mathematically perfect tune principle of the so-called "Euharmonic Organ" of Messrs. Alley & Poole, of which a small, but certainly in many respects most satisfactory specimen has stood for some years in the church in Indiana Place. As a scientific demonstration of the principles of harmony and of the musical scale, we have from the first thought it absolutely perfect and one of the most interesting inventions of modern times. What is *not* yet demonstrated to the satisfaction of musicians is its availability for complicated music, which abounds in rapid modulation and in ambiguous chords, which it costs more than a moment's thought to tell whether to refer to one key or another (each key having its distinctive gamut of pipes, commanded by a pedal, in this organ.) But we should surely much delight to have this beautiful experiment (or triumph, shall we call it?) occupy a portion of the proposed great organ work, say constitute a chapel embraced under the wing of the great cathedral, separable in its action from the rest. But it was not our purpose to discuss this question now, and we will not withhold the good word of our correspondent any longer.

MR. EDITOR,—During the past month, a great deal has been written and said concerning the large Organ, which it is proposed to have built for our Music Hall; and as usual in matters of this kind, great diversity of opinion has been displayed among our Organ-builders, Organists and others, as to the relative merits and excellence of European and American builders. But we are all doubtless agreed upon one point, which is, that we desire to procure, from the best, and most reliable source, an organ that shall be in all respects the most complete and perfect, that human skill can devise or that money will buy; and if there is the least doubt or question as to the ability of our own builders to construct an instrument, which we desire shall rival the most famous European specimens, ought we not without a moment's hesitation to entrust the contract to some one of the most renowned European builders, whose reputation is known and established, and where the chances of failure are next to impossible?

We know that the most prominent among the modern Organ builders of Europe have already produced many grand specimens of their art, proving conclusively that they possess a much greater degree of experience and knowledge on the subject, than we have had either time or opportunity to acquire. The famous Organs constructed by Hill and Willis of London, Walcker and Müller of Germany, and Ducroquet and Cavallé of Paris, prove this beyond all question; and we also know that these builders have had opportunity to hear and examine the world-renowned productions of those older and (for the time) more celebrated artists, such as Snetzler, Father Smith, Silbermann, Hildebrand and Müller,

Sen. Surely one cannot claim such advantages as these for our builders; therefore how is it possible for us to suppose that we can equal, much less surpass them? That our own builders, such men as the Hooks and Simmons & Fisher, can build large and effective Organs, will not be questioned by those competent to judge in such matters, and we may say further, that in *some* respects their work is decidedly *superior* to that of many of the first class organ builders in Europe; but, in *many* of the very important features belonging to a very large organ they have had literally *no* experience; and therefore if the contract should be entrusted to one of them, whatever his skill might accomplish would, after all, be but the result of a *first experiment*, and possibly, might end in a partial failure. Clearly then our most prudent course is to run no risks from *first* experiment, or from possible failure; but on the contrary, we should seek in this undertaking, for all the experience, skill and knowledge that the old world can give us; and by adopting this course we shall without question, procure for our Music Hall an Organ that shall know no rival among modern instruments, and be recognized by competent judges as the only real standard of highest excellence in this art, that we have ever possessed in this country.

There are doubtless many persons among us who have sufficient confidence in our own builders to believe, that they are fully capable of constructing in a faithful and able manner such an Organ as we require for our Music Hall; that is, a perfect instrument, of the largest class and capacity, and which would in all respects compare favorably with the most famous European instruments. But before we express any opinion upon the matter let us see what our success *has been* in the manufacture of these first class instruments. Two of our largest organs (in regard to compass and power) are those in Trinity Church, New York, and in the Tremont Temple, Boston; the former built by Erben, and the latter by the Hooks. Taken as a whole, these instruments may be considered as highly successful specimens of American workmanship; yet they have their defects, and are by no means perfect instruments of their class; neither would they compare favorably with Organs of the same size in Europe.

The Organ in Trinity Church, New York, owes its great efficiency, and many if not all of its most striking features, chiefly to the skill and knowledge of Dr. Hodges, the accomplished and learned musician who designed it, and prepared the specification, but who is not in any way responsible for the faults we are about to mention. This instrument, notwithstanding its extreme effectiveness while under the masterly management of Dr. Hodges, must still be considered (at least in some respects) as the unsuccessful result of a first experiment; and this partial failure must be ascribed solely to the lack of the requisite knowledge and experience, absolutely necessary for the faithful and proper construction of so large an organ. We will now instance two of the prominent defects in this instrument, in evidence of what we call a partial failure. Neither of the two open diapasons on the great manual (both of 16 ft. compass) has sufficient body and volume of tone for so large an organ, and therefore they cannot furnish a proper degree of foundation for the chorus stops belonging to that manual. Again the scales and voicing in these two registers are so nearly alike, that whether drawn singly or together, the increase or diminution of sound is hardly perceptible, and when used in connection with the mixtures and reeds, their presence is scarcely recognized at all. The Pedal organ shows another serious defect which we must notice. It contains a 32 feet open diapason, of a large scale and of good quality of tone from the FFFF upwards; but the four or five lower notes in the scale, which may be considered the most important in the whole range, (where we have a 16

ft. Manual) are nearly silent, and have never, we believe, produced anything approaching to their proper tone, even when coupled with their octaves; and this defect must again be ascribed simply to a want of knowledge as to the right method of producing the true tone from pipes of this large calibre. Whenever the full organ is used, the light, thin quality of the two diapasons in the Great Manual is most apparent; we hear the deep and pervading tone of the pedal pipes at one end of the organ, and the shrill and screaming quality of the mixtures at the other, but no lusty and strong doubles or unisons to fill up the gap; consequently the result is, a top and bottom effect, highly unsatisfactory to the ear, and which must be considered as a serious and radical defect in the construction of this instrument.

The large organ in the Tremont Temple, built by the Hooks, is without doubt the most successful experiment of the kind ever attempted in this country. The mechanical portion of the instrument is not only constructed with marked ability, but in some respects is greatly *superior* to the best work of the European builders. It has also other good qualities which belong to a first-class organ; yet we cannot say with truth that it compares favorably, in many important features, with instruments of the same size and general character abroad. We will now mention two of its prominent defects. All the speaking stops on the four manuals are voiced on too light a wind for an organ designed to fill a hall of such capacity as the Tremont Temple; and moreover, it is quite apparent that the pipes are not voiced up to the extent of their scales. The diapasons, especially those belonging to the great manual, are of too light a volume and too reedy in their character for so large an organ, and they are sensibly deficient in that round, bold and lusty character which distinguishes this stop in the best English and German instruments. Another defect in this organ is the want of sufficient wind. There are but three bellows, one supplying the Great, Choir, and Swell Organs, one the Pedal organ, and the smallest of the three the Solo Organ. A fourth bellows of the same dimensions and capacity as the two largest, (12 feet by 6) is absolutely required, to give the proper force and steadiness of tone expected from an organ of such pretension and capacity.

Let us see what Hopkins says on this subject: "The bellows should be made of such dimensions that they will easily yield, and continue to give an abundant supply of wind, when all the manuals are coupled together, with every stop drawn, and the fullest chords are played on the manuals and pedal. The first thing that Sebastian Bach used to do when requested to examine an organ was, to draw out all the stops and play on the full organ. He used to say he must first know whether the instrument had good lungs." If we apply Hopkins' test to the organ in Tremont Temple, or to that in St. Paul's Church, we shall find more or less unsteadiness of tone perceivable at the very moment the bellows feeders commence and complete their work, besides considerable noise in the blowing action, both of which are serious defects, and ought to have been avoided in organs of such pretensions.

We now desire to call especial attention to an organ which Messrs. Simmons & Fisher are building for a church in Charleston, South Carolina; and we do this simply for the purpose of comparing the capacity of wind possessed by this instrument with that of its gigantic neighbor in the Tremont Temple.

The Charleston organ has two Manuals, the Great and Swell, the former of 8 ft. compass, the latter of 4 feet. The Pedal organ extends two octaves from C C C, and contains open Diapason 16 ft., Dulcinea 16 ft., and Trombone 8 ft. There are about twenty-five speaking stops, and the wind is supplied from two bellows, each 10½ ft. by 5½, furnishing a surface of wind of 115 feet. The organ in the Tre-

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture to the 'Barber of Seville,'.....Rossini.
Instruments:—Nine Pianos, (3 for solo performers, 4 for 4 hands, and 2 for 6 hands); Organ; Two Harps; Two Flutes; Contrabasso; Horns, from the Athenæum Juvenile Brass Band.
2. Song: Harp. Miss — (of seven years.)
3. March in Pizarro.—Twelve Pianos, (one for four hands); Three Harps; Flutes, Horns, &c.
4. Song: Piano. 'Where, as Dewy Twilight,' C. Hine.
5. Hattie Quickstep.....Markstein.
Ten Pianos; Two Harps; Contrabasso, Flutes.
6. Fairy Dell: Chorus.—Six Guitars; Flutes.—Basso and Tenor voices.
7. Song: Harp. 'Blanche Alpin,'.....S. Glover.
8. Canary Warbling Waltz.—Twelve Pianos.
9. Vocal Duet: Organ and Harp. 'La cloche du soir.'
10. Gentil Houzard.—Ten Pianos; Organ; Four Harps; Flutes, &c.

PART II.

1. Song: Harp. 'Come to the Forest,'.....Maeder.
2. 'Les Cloches du Monastere.'—Twelve Pianos, and Organ.
3. Vocal Duet: Piano. 'Holy Mother,'....Wallace.
4. Parisienne: Four Harps,.....H. Herz.
5. Song: Harp. 'Giusto Cielo,' from 'Eliza Claudio.'
6. Phantom Chorus, from 'La Sonnambula.'—By all the members of the Singing School.
7. Song: Piano. 'On the banks of Guadalquivir,' from Linda di Chamounix,.....Donizetti.
8. Second Concert Polka: Four Pianos,....Wallace.
9. Song: Piano. 'M' amarai tu.'
10. Song: Harp. 'I'm a merry Zingara.'
11. The Hundredth Psalm,.....Wallace.
Ten Pianos; Organ; Two Harps; Contrabasso.
12. Parting Chorus. Music from 'Zampa,' Words by a Pupil.—Organ; Harps; Pianos; and the Amateur and Band instruments. Sung by the whole Music School.

There! That beats Fourth of July fireworks. What a vast breadth of brilliancy is covered by each "piece"! and what a wholesale blaze of rockets went up for finale: *Zampa* chorus, sung by the whole school, with full organ, all the harps and the pianos, all the brass of amateurs and band—why, the whole continent must have rocked to the vibration of that "Parting"; but for its perfect harmony, no doubt, the Union would have been in danger. And then the bold and dazzling experiments in the science of musical combination. Think of that novel instrumentation of Rossini's overture: did all the fair young solo pianists, and all the four and the six-handers, and the organ, play distinct and *real* parts, or were they only many to the eye, with a confusing sameness to the ear? Think of twelve piano-fortes "warbling" together that "Canary waltz"! and of "Old Hundred" sung by the whole congregation of ten pianos, organ, harps, *et cetera*! But, seriously this is a sorry way of inspiring the souls of the rising generation with ideas of music;—this making musical culture to consist in mere display, all tending to a sort of dazzling military parade of masses; as if quantity and not quality were everything. Such a show may have seemed a great thing to the assembled unmusical friends and parents; but what musical person would not rather hear a single pupil, upon one piano, play one decent piece correctly and with feeling, than be exposed to such broadsides of ill-assorted sounds? We have abridged the programme by the omission of the names of the performers, some of which are truly patriotic and euphonious, as Miss "Virginia Tennessee" So-and-so.

GARCIA'S "COMPLETE SCHOOL OF SINGING," the first half of which has just been published by Oliver Ditson, is probably the best work that exists upon the subject. We shall have more to say about it hereafter.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Messrs. WILLIAM MASON and BERGMANN, with their Quartet party from New York, recently gave a classical chamber concert in the town of Farmington, Connecticut. Who shall account for taste in audiences? What in most cities of much musical pretension would have been voted dull by the majority, was here, on the first hearing of such music (we presume), received with a unanimous enthusiasm. Beethoven and Mozart were admired, parts of a quartet (or quintet?) by Schubert encored, and the performers pelted with bouquets; so saith our informant.

The New York Academy of Music remains closed. The stockholders have arrived at no conclusion as to the disposition of the property. Nothing more is heard of the promenade concerts promised there by Maretzek, and it does not seem likely that the splendid theatre will be opened this summer.... A series of four Organ Concerts has recently been given at the National Hall in Philadelphia, to exhibit the powers of a grand organ built by HENRY KNAUFF for a church in Savannah. It has 52 stops (some of which are of 16 ft. tone), and contains 2403 pipes; it has three manuals and pedal. The programmes on these occasions were of a mixed character, consisting partly of classical organ music proper, such as fugues by Bach, voluntaries by Rink, &c., choruses from Handel, Haydn, Beethoven; Sonatas by Mendelssohn; and partly of show pieces, fantasies, overtures, variations, and impromptus, to display imitative skill and fancy stops. The prime mover among the organist, we understand, was Mr. A. G. EMERICK who had the assistance of brother organists, as Messrs. THUNDER, CROSS, NEWLAND, WOOD, BECKEL, KNAUFF, WARREN, JANKE, JARVIS, LOUD, and others. The concerts drew large audiences and gave great satisfaction. Why will not our many Boston organists, who possess among them so much talent and so much acquaintance with good music, give us a series of organ concerts—say in the different halls and churches, where there are good organs?

The *Flower Queen* (Chicago, Ill.) prints the following epistle, received by a dealer in musical instruments:

Deer Sir I see From your advertisement that you have Musical Instruments For Sale, I want To No Wether you wood Take a Parson To Learn to Play on Brass music and I will Take a Horn of you I want to Learn to play on Brass Music Bad if you can take me Let me No soon, and I will pay you in advance if you wish it see if you can get me a Birt of any Description as I wont be on so much Expence Paying Board all the Time I am there I have No Perticular Horn in Vew Write seon and Let me No your terms and give a fool account aBout all I requested you to Doo For me Direct to C. R. L. C. Respectfully
J—— H. T——.

This is an instance of the influence of brass bands upon youthful aspirations. No doubt the enterprising fellow *did*, like hundreds of others, learn to "play brass music bad."

In Manchester, N. H., a series of four Orchestral Concerts are announced, to be given under the direction of Mr. G. W. STRATTON, a valued teacher and conductor in that place, as well as composer and arranger for the orchestra. He promises to present in them "some of the overtures and other works of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and other celebrated composers, with a variety of marches, waltzes, polkas, selections from operas, &c., with a full orchestra, which will number twenty or more of the best performers, with Mr. WALTER DIGNAM as leader." Good for New Hampshire!

The *Gazette* learns that JOHN P. GROVES, the young Boston violinist, who is now in Europe completing his musical education, has advanced even beyond the warmest expectation of his friends. He is located at Brussels, and is under the instruction of Leonard, who is much interested in him. He is pro-

mont Temple has fifty speaking stops, independent of the Solo Organ, and only 144 square feet surface of wind, furnished by two bellows 12 feet by 6, showing that while there are *double* the number of speaking stops in this organ, with four 16 and one 32 feet in the Pedals, drawing on these bellows, there is only *twenty-nine* feet more surface of wind than we have in the Charleston Organ. Need we say more to prove that we are yet experimenting in some of the details of organ building, which at the present time, if not for centuries, have been understood by the artists of Europe? And when our builders assert that they can manufacture an organ of the great compass and capacity required for a room like our Music Hall, and which shall be in all respects equal to the most finished productions of the European builders, we must tell them (and the opinion is founded on the knowledge and experience gained from an eight years' residence in Europe) that they are not only mistaken, but that they greatly overestimate their own abilities in even thinking so. In all Art we are, as a nation, yet in our swaddling clothes; we must crawl before we attempt to run; we must pass through the ordeal of labor and hard study before we can hope to gain the knowledge and experience of the old world. Where are our Michael Angelos and Raphaels, our Handels and Beethovens, our Silbermanns and Müllers? We answer, in the egg, and time alone can warm them into life and being. Therefore, until such native-born artists as these really exist among us, let us be content to look up with reverence and respect to those whom the civilized world has pronounced eminently great and fully worthy of our study and imitation; let us try to moderate our "go-ahead" and "can't be beat" sentiments, and in showing a teachable spirit and a willingness to learn of those whose opportunities for acquiring knowledge and experience have been greater than our own, we shall not only gain great present advantage, but by the continued cultivation of such a spirit and disposition, we shall ensure our future welfare and success in whatever we undertake, whether as sculptors, poets, musicians, or organ builders. S. P. T.

Another Monster Programme.

In music, as in cotton, sugar, and tobacco, our own South-west appears to be the greatest *growing* country in the world. Nowhere do we hear of such prodigious crops of amateur musicians as are yearly raised in the large female institutes and colleges which so abound in those states. In their exhibitions everything is done upon the scale of ten or twelve pianos at a time, with any quantity of flying artillery in the shape of harps, guitars, &c. Immense must be the market opened in this way for the innumerable pieces of "new and fashionable" music published, and the cheap and rickety pianos manufactured to let here in the Eastern cities. And what is the return? What the fruits in real musical culture and refinement? We shudder to think of it, when we peruse their programmes. We have given our readers one or two specimens before. Below we print another, the programme of a concert which took place a few weeks since at the Columbia Athenæum, in Tennessee. Well may the amazed German, from the land of Bach and Beethoven, who sends it to us as a curiosity for our readers, ask: "Did you ever see a greater Barnum-ism in your life?" and "Do you think the taste for music can be cultivated by such a noise?" Surely the combinations beat the most remarkable that ever Jullien or Berlioz conceived of.

nounced the best violinist in the Conservatoire at Brussels, and has received a silver cup from several friends for his admirable performance as first violin in a quartet of Beethoven.

It is said that a fine German Opera company will commence a season at Niblo's, in New York, early in September; they will perform both German, Italian and French operas.... WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, the composer, is reported to have become entirely blind through intense application, and to have been obliged to abandon his profession and place himself under the hands of the best optical surgeons in London. He was engaged on two new operas, to be produced during the coming opera season.

An old number of the London Musical World (for June 13, 1839,) contains the following ludicrous libel upon musical barbarians on this side of the ocean; its idiom is too Cockneyish to have come from Yankeeedom:

A LITERAL ORDER.—The following is a verbatim copy of an order just transmitted from one of the first music sellers in Boston, the Athens of the United States, to a publishing house in town. The original is in our possession. *Sic vos non vobis!*

"Please sir to send by the bearer a musick book with lins & spaces and no music to it, for whe wright hour hown."

M. Hector Berlioz criticizes the want of musical taste at the present day in the following just terms: "Has a man a strong voice, although he has not the least idea how the voice should be directed, and is ignorant of the elementary notions of the art of singing: if he screams violently, the 'sonorousness' of his voice is applauded. Has a woman no virtue except a voice of extraordinary compass; when she gives, right or wrong, a *sol* or a grave *fa* more like a death rattle than a musical sound, or a sharp *fa* as agreeable as a fish's scream when an iron-heeled boot crushes its tail, it is enough to 'bring down the house.' Such people are the curse of music; they demoralize the public."

Of the young Countess PICCOLOMINI, to whose debut in London we referred last week, the London Post says:—

In regard to her voice it is an exquisite organ—a pure *soprano sfogito*—clear, penetrating, and yet extremely sweet. It has, moreover, the delicious freshness and bloom of youth—so fair, and, alas! so fading—while its every tone and inflexion seem to flow from the spontaneous impulse of feeling. Her taste is pure, and her style is natural and simple; but (as we 'are nothing if not critical') we must add that she still has something to acquire in the mechanism of her art. She does not yet possess that perfect execution—that clear, articulate enunciation, of which Alboni, under the same roof, has been giving us such exquisite specimens. She has not yet gained the *aplomb* which enables that most accomplished singer to strike every note of the most complex passage with the certainty and firmness of the finest violin—a defect which is especially shown by her habit of measuring a large interval by means of a slide. She is very young, has been brought up as an amateur, and, moreover, the present Italian school does not subject its disciples to the severe artistic training of an earlier day; so that the only wonder is that her method of vocalization is so excellent as we find it to be."

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The Six and Twentieth Birthday of the Organist's Fur Cap.

(Translated from the German for this Journal.)

We had a glorious feast. The brave old court organist was just then in his happiest humor, for he was celebrating his silver wedding with his office. Around the long, stately table sat children and children's children; also the court preacher, the forest commissioner, the grocer cousin from Z—, the kapellmeister with his lady, and myself, and at the head of all the venerable mother of the house, by the side of the jovial host.

"And now," said the court organist, when we had discussed the roast meats, and were cutting into the cakes adorned with flowers, and the precious Burgundy began to illuminate our brains, "now, dear Margaret, bring me Bastian."

The children of the good old man, who well knew what was coming—for they had heard the history before—grew silent all at once, and even we older ones ceased our loud laughing as the housewife came in with a large oil portrait in a golden frame, and placed it solemnly behind the father, so that we all could see it.

"That is Bastian," said the court organist.

"Yes, that is Bastian," cried the little ones, who had known him.

"How do you think he looks, my very worthy friend?" inquired our host of me.

I—in truth, I had never seen a more villainous face. Upon the half-bald head were curled a few sparse, white tufts of hair; small blinking eyes were deep-set under white, bushy eyebrows; a long, deep scar divided the left cheek almost into two halves, and a Judas chin projected far beneath the mouth, which was distorted by a devilish grin. The face appeared to

be at least seventy years old, and with malicious look to meet your eye from whatever side you viewed it.

I was silent, for I knew not what I ought to say.

The others, too, were silent.

"I perceive," continued the organist, "I see well, my dear friends, what you think and feel at the sight of this picture. Hear, now, what a man this Bastian was, and what an influence he has had upon my destiny. It is just five and twenty years to-day since I was installed as court organist; and now, if my dear guests will permit me, and will not let it interfere with their eating and drinking, I will relate the commencement of the last act of my life. Indeed I must; it is a holy duty."

"O, we beg you will!" we all exclaimed, and the court organist began:

"It was a cold, dreary December night, on which, six and twenty years ago, Buchenrode, where I was cantor, was burnt down. The whole village lay in peaceful sleep. All at once, about midnight, rang out the terrible cry of 'Fire! fire!' God in heaven! I and my Margaret had scarcely time to spring out of bed and into our clothes, to throw a small cloak over the little Gottlieb, and to wrap up the baby in some bed blankets; for already had the fire broken out in the house of our next neighbor. As to saving money and money's worth and furniture, it was not to be thought of. The frightfullest storm raged, and baulked all attempts to put the fire out. Like rockets and fire-balls flew the bundles of straw, and soon all Buchenrode was one sea of flames.

"Trembling we stood behind the burning village in our field, and heard the crashing in of roofs, the bellowing of the unfortunate burning cattle, and the howling and shrieking of our friends. Then—the flame had just caught my roof and front chamber—then, O my God!—then it occurred to me—I tore myself from my wife and child and plunged into my dwelling. More than my life I felt that I now must save—my three hundred organ preludes, which I had labored ten years in composing. The scream of terror from my wife died away behind me, and through smoke and heat I made my way.

"Holding the book high in my hand, but half stifled and excoiated, I returned and exclaimed to Margaret: 'Thank God, wife, I have got the organ preludes!' Ah, it was all that I had rescued from destruction; and as the sun rose, the beautiful large church village, the school and the church, all lay in ashes and in ruins.

"For ten years had I here been happy in the quiet circle of a modest, useful labor, and now at

once was I, with my family, breadless, a beggar and an outcast; for of the rebuilding of the village and the church in a short time there was no hope, and quite as little of support from our lord, the gracious count. He had been rioting for long years in Paris. And yet my courage was not gone. 'Quiet yourself, Margaret,' said I to my weeping wife. 'God still preserves the lives of ourselves and our poor little innocents. Compose yourself; have we not friends and relations in the Residence? They will not leave us in the lurch. And have I not my three hundred organ preludes? O, Margaret, you will see how the publishers will snatch at them, and how glad they will be to get them of me for a round sum! So leave off your lamenting, and come away from this place of terror.'

"I took by the hand the four-year-old Gottlieb—the Secretary there of the High Court of Justice; Margaret carried the suckling, screaming in the most unseemly manner, the stubborn little creature!—it is the honorable Forest Commissioner's lady there; and so we went along barefoot through the street towards the Residence—I, indeed, bare-headed, for I had lost my hat in rescuing my organ preludes.

"When we had reached the hill, where the three lindens stood, and looked now for the last time on the spot where our ill-fated village had been, and as the morning sun tinged the still rising clouds of smoke, the mother in a mournful tone said: 'Now we have nothing left except ourselves, our love, and our heavenly Father, who will not forsake us.' 'Margaret,' I answered, and in a cheerful voice began to sing the beautiful hymn: *Befiehl du deine Wege*, (Commit thou all thy ways, &c.)

"I had, to be sure, but five *gulden* in my pocket. But did not our cousin, the rich leather-dealer, live in the suburbs of the Residence, which was only four miles off? And was there not inside, in the Seilergasse (rope-maker's street) the noble and respected Counsellor of Justice, whom I once entertained, with wife and child, for three days long in Buchenrode, when his carriage was upset and the old aunt sprained her hip? Did he not call me a thousand times his *charming, darling friend*, and take the most solemn oath that on the first opportunity he would richly remunerate me for the labor of love? Were there not in that happy city three book and music-publishing establishments? Could I then possibly fail? Were we not most certainly provided for in one way or another? And was there not before all also in the Residence our very best of friends—our dear Lord God?

"In truth, never had a burnt out family, who had lost their all, and who were almost helpless

from fatigue and cold, greeted the towers of a city with more joyful feelings than did we the towers of the Residence in the light of the sinking sun.

"Half dead, we stood before the door of the stately house of our cousin, the leather-dealer. Chattering with cold, I pulled the bell, which rang loudly through the vaulted building and set the dogs to barking, so that the frightened Gottlieb hid his face in his mother's gown.

"Who is there?" inquired the cousin from the window of the middle story.

"It is we," was my answer—"Andrew from Buchenrode, with my wife and children. Open right away, Herr cousin, for you won't get rid of us again so soon."

"What?" exclaimed the cousin. "What do you want, and why come you here with all your baggage?"

"Why?" was my answer, "because we were burnt out last night, and have lost all. So don't stop to make many compliments, brave cousin! Unlock the door, and let the good aunt bring a pot of warm beer, for we are hungry and frozen to death."

"Eh!" croaked the cousin from aloft; "look at the ragged pack! Get you to the tavern if you are hungry! You don't come in here! Our relationship is not such a near one! It is only that your wife's father was my father's brother. Go to the Red Ball, where I will send you something in the morning."

"Cousin!" I cried, "cousin! I am Andrew of Buchenrode; do you hear? Andrew am I."

"Go, and be hanged to you!" replied the cousin, and shut down the window.

"And there we stood in the grim cold, with the night coming on. My children trembled and wept. But I said: 'Fie, Margaret! the Herr cousin is not worth your tears;' and so we went over to the Red Ball, since it was too late that evening to fall upon the neck of the eminent Herr Counsellor.

"But now we were seated in the warm room, and the hostess brought the comforting warm beersoup. This and the glad prospect of the following day made us soon forget our sweet cousin and our suffering, and went so cheerily to the right spot, that I committed an excess, and ordered, in addition to the bread and butter, a supply of cheese and a foaming pitcher of beer. Ah, thought I, the Counsellor and the music-publisher will pay for all.

"With real comfort we rank down upon the hard straw and slept, collectively and severally, as sound as rats and as dreamlessly until the coming day, the eventful, the decisive. It was the seventeenth of December, just six and twenty years ago this day.

"Early, at nine in the morning, as early as we could call with propriety upon the noble gentleman, my poor caravan set itself in motion, after we had taken leave of the roguish host, who extorted two gulden out of me for the single night, and so we reached the Seilergasse.

"Here it was quite different from what it had been with the leather-dealer. The Herr Counsellor admitted us at once into the house, and came himself down stairs with his morning pipe. I related briefly our misfortune, who I was, and hoped that the charming, darling friend would instantly present himself, and by advice and deed make a quick end to our trouble. But the

Herr Counsellor knew us no longer, and troubled himself no further about the fatal history of the carriage and the dislocated lip of the loose-toothed aunt. Jog his memory as I would, it was of no use—he knew us not. But our misfortune touched him, and he pressed a half-florin piece into my hand, while he courteously pushed us to the street door, but I flung the half florin through the opening of the door before his feet, and stood again with my weeping wife and shivering children helpless in the open street.

"Margaret," said I, "do you go back again with the children for the present to the Red Ball. God willing, I will soon bring help, and that right to the purpose. We will beg no more. The deuce take the leather-dealer and the justice! Let us now take the better part! That is the sure way. Now bring out your money bags, ye brave music-dealers! The one of you that gives the most, has them." I meant the organ preludes, and so I marched on in high spirits, still, to be sure, bare-headed, into the bookstore that stood open before me.

"Here crept out from behind a table a little man in steel-bowed spectacles, and staring at me, asked me who I was and what I wanted. I soon saw that I had the bookseller himself before me, for the little man was excessively short and crusty. I also said, very shortly, that I was the Cantor Andreas of Buchenrode, a pupil of the great Bach, and that I brought him three hundred organ preludes, composed by me, to publish, if the Herr bookseller was disposed to pay me something handsome for them, besides twenty free copies.

"But the little man did not deign to bestow a single look upon the book, and with the words: 'That is not a current article,' and 'I can make use of such things,' he showed me the door and crawled grumbling again behind the table.

"As if touched by lightning, I stood now again bewildered in the street. I had never expected that! Three hundred organ preludes after Sebastian Bach no current article! My brave ten years' labor a thing of which no use could be made! O God! shivering and shaking overtook me, and I glided utterly without hope into the two remaining bookstores, where, with a few variations, my luck was not a hair's breadth better. Everywhere I was repulsed, and no one would so much as look at my work.

"O, dreadful fate! My last, sure, joyful hope was gone! What should I say to the anxiously waiting wife in the Red Ball? Must not such a Job's message strike her to the ground? Was I not myself stricken down?

"There I held the laborious work of ten long years in my trembling hands, and there was nobody who had offered me a sixpence for it. What should I set about next? What was there left for me and my poor hungry little innocents? In tears I glided past the stately houses, all without help for me, across the market-place, where all things possible for life's enjoyment were displayed and heaped up to superfluity, and nothing, nothing of all that could drop down for me, and so on to the wretched tavern, where I was to step before my Margaret with the mournful news. Verily, my mood was more dreadful than at the moment when I stood behind my burning house.

"Then—O God!—then there came into my throat, I know not how, the sixth verse of the beautiful hymn, and just as I was passing the

house of the Counsellor—I could not resist it—I sang with a loud voice:

Hope on, poor soul, forever
Hope on, and never fear!
God's mercy will deliver
From all thy troubles here.
To Him thy life surrender,
And only wait His time;
Full soon in heavenly splendor
The sun of joy shall shine.

"The passers-by had every reason to suppose me crazy; but I was marvellously consoled, and greeted Margaret, who came from the Red Ball to meet me, with the joyful cry of: 'Victory, dear wife! We are received and welcomed by the dear God as his children, and found worthy of a severe trial; for whom the Lord loveth, him he chasteneth. With the booksellers it came to nothing. They hold the works of art and genius for mere commodities, and feel, like the butchers, only of the fat parts for their shambles; the deuce take them! But now we will not stay an hour longer in this accursed hole. Up and take the little ones; now we will go to Z——, to the grocer. To be sure, he too is our cousin, but he is poor; therefore he will be human, he will feel for others' need, and surely will not forsake us.'"

"Andrew!" exclaimed here the honest grocer, and reached out his hand across the table to the narrator, "Andrew, you knew my heart. Truly I would not have forsaken thee, if thou and thine had come to me, although I myself at that time wore the belt of want about my loins. But go on with thy story."

"My wife," continued the court organist, "when she heard how every project failed, could not refrain from weeping. There really was nothing further left to us except the way to Z——, which lies seven miles from here. I was quite blue in the face from cold, and the icy wind blew on my hair.

"Andreas," said the mother, "it does not signify, you must have a cap; you will freeze so." 'Indeed I do freeze,' was my answer; 'but where is a cap to come from? We have now not more than three gulden left, and if I give them for the cap, how shall we get to Z——?'"

"Make yourself easy about that," said Margaret. "Fortunately I still find the silver thimble in my pocket, and a handkerchief which we do not need; this will keep us along till then; but you must by all means have the cap."

"So be it," I replied, "in God's name," and we went together into the house of Kilian Brustfleck, the furrier. It was, as I have said, the seventeenth of December, about half past ten in the forenoon, and that was the way by which fate—ah, why do I say fate?—that was the way by which God led me into my good fortune.

"The master furrier had right handsome caps, but they were too fine and too dear for me. 'Here is yet one more in the maker's hands,' said he, 'a real nice fur cap, which I can let the Herr Cantor have for three gulden; but then the Herr Cantor will have to wait half an hour until the journeyman is ready with it.'

"I found that quite convenient. My family could warm themselves in the meantime at the warm stove, and I could tell the worthy master the history of my sufferings and misfortunes, to which he listened with a heartfelt sympathy, and made not a few severe remarks upon the mean cousins and booksellers. Indeed, he was so

touched by my misfortune that he promised to let me have the cap a half gulden cheaper.

"What!" croaked out some one from a corner, whom I had not yet observed in the room. 'Master Kilian, are you mad? That beautiful cap—it is worth more among brothers. I tell you what, let me have the cap; I will give you four gulden for it.'

"Terror, as if the evil one had suddenly appeared, paralyzed my tongue. The monster, who knew my misery, for he had overheard all, a little old man in a brown coat, crept nearer, took one pinch of snuff after another, stepped up to my poor children, and spoke with a sneering laugh, while he pinched Gottlieb in the cheeks: 'He, he, he, you young brat, why do you not die? But you will freeze perhaps before the day is over; he, he, he!'

"Sir!" indignantly exclaimed my wife, 'are you a man? are you a Christian? Can you take the cap from my poor husband?'

"Why not?" laughed the man. 'I need it myself, and will give four gulden.'

"Sir, by no means!" now exclaimed the honest furrier. 'I have promised the cantor this cap, and he must have it.'

"Well, do as you like," replied the man in brown, 'but do not let it go under four gulden; that I tell you, and I will have it. Does master Kilian understand?'

"Yes," he replied, surprised, 'I understand; and since the Herr Cantor can play the organ so well, he may in the meantime, while the cap is being sewed up, while away the time there at the clavier.'

"In the chamber there stood to be sure a not bad instrument, on which the master's children practised, and I did not have to be asked twice, but sat down, opened my organ preludes, and played valiantly, at first in a grim and moody vein, but gradually softened by the holy power of harmony, which worked like balsam on my bleeding heart. At last I figured my favorite choral: *Commit thou all thy ways, &c.*, and I rejoiced to see that even the brown devil, fascinated by the tones, like Rameau's spider, had crept to my side. But when I had ended, the monster again croaked out with a sneering laugh:

"He, he, he! the Herr Cantor will draw no dog from the oven so. Money is the word! The cap is now ready. Down with the four gulden, Herr Cantor, else the cap is mine.'

"O heavens! I had not, to save my soul, a farthing more than the three gulden. My own and my wife's entreaties with the master, that he would keep his word as at first given, were fruitless. 'Even if I would,' said Kilian, shrugging his shoulders, 'I could not; and four gulden must be paid, or else the cap belongs of right to the old gentleman.' The latter laughed again insultingly, and suggested that, under the circumstances, it were much better I should go back to the Red Ball, and there wait till the weather should grow milder. But, indignant at this villainy, neither I nor Margaret were willing to waste another word, and I cried: 'Away! away hence from this Sodom! away to Z——, to cousin Benjamin!' Margaret spread out the handkerchief, and I laid the three gulden upon it, and suggested that the whole together was now amply worth four gulden; but the old brown coat pushed back the handkerchief and offered to lend me a gulden if I would pledge my organ preludes.

"What should I do? Bitter as it was to me to know my work in such hands and to be a debtor of that man, yet I had to bite into the sour apple, for the master himself, to whom I would have preferred to pledge the manuscript for the one gulden, declined it at a wink from the man in brown, and so the latter paid the gulden, took my dear book, and went off with a mocking laugh.

"Who is the fiend?' I asked the master.

"That is Bastian, Herr Cantor," was the reply. 'But what he does may be quite right. But if he has compelled me to take a gulden more from the Herr Cantor than I would, he has not prevented me from having made for you good people a nice warm cup of coffee, and it must soon come in, and a couple of fresh wheaten rolls besides.'

"Readily and gladly did the kindly housewife obey this benevolent order, and soon the invigorating beverage was steaming, and, with the white rolls refreshing us poor hungry, half-starved creatures.

"Deeply touched and grateful, we took leave of the honest master. Were we not warm and full, and did not my head stick in the most admirable of fur caps?

"But—just God!—scarcely had we wandered through two streets of the town on the way to Z——, when two policemen with the brown-coat came towards us. 'There they are,' said the latter, pointing to us; 'bring them along with me.' 'What?' exclaimed I; 'what do you want of us? We are honest people.' 'Honest people?' said the old man, grinning. 'That remains to be proved.'

"All my protestations, all my wife's tears were no help; we were carried off, and now and then I saw our devil sneer and laugh, while the beadles muttered many indistinct things about vagabonds and strollers.

"So on, till we came before the city. Here they opened a wicket gate and led us into a house that stood all by itself. 'In!' cried the old man, and we stepped into a small chamber, opening upon another chamber. 'Sir,' said I, earnestly to the old man, 'I suppose you are the head beadle here, and really the Prince could not have found a better. But tell me, what offence have I and mine committed? Has not the cup of misery already been poured out upon us sufficiently? Must we also languish in a prison?'

"Compose yourself, Herr Cantor," replied Bastian, after the others had withdrawn, 'and please to tell us briefly whether you are disposed to stay here or actually to travel on to Z——?'

"To Z——, will I," I exclaimed with a bitter smile—'to Z——, and shake the dust of this ungodly city from my feet.'

"Well, then," replied the old man, 'then I cannot help you; the Herr Cantor is under arrest.' So saying, he withdrew, and I could hear him lock the door.

"Then my dear wife fell, weeping aloud, into my arms, and I myself was comfortless. A beggar, an outcast, sick, and now a prisoner. That was too much!

(Conclusion next week.)

(From the Providence Journal.)

"Power" Music.

My Dear Mr. Editor.—Shall I congratulate you upon the indescribable pleasures of having heard the steam organ, that triumph of our race

and time? I believe you are not deaf, so I think I will; but at any rate you may congratulate me, since I have heard it, and, like Daniel Webster, "I still live." What an age it is! What a forth-stretching, seven-league-booted people this is, among which we move and listen! As I stood on that beautiful Cove promenade—itsself, by the way, made out of nothing, though certainly not for nothing—and heard the first notes of the approaching Worcester train, I must own to having been, for an instant, lost in the enormity of my feelings. I came by notification, and prepared at all points for surprise, but—could it be possible! Yes, there was a locomotive, and it was a rather staid old foggy, too, one of those most machinery of all machines, a thing that has always been to me the personification of humdrum toil, a creature tied down to a single track in life, and never indulging in any pastime beyond a snort and a puff; there was that worthy old drudge, actually careering towards me, with a jolly sort of look, decked with evergreens, all its breaching kicked off, and bran new holiday housing on, Hailing Columbia, that happy land, with all its might; bidding old Dan Tucker clear the track, with much jocularly; showing us how the weazel pops, and finally, when abreast of us, bursting spasmodically into a triumphant Yankee Doodle.

As I remarked, I was at first lost in my feelings, but surprise soon toned itself down into meditation. Well, thought I, old fellow, what a blessing it is you are so patriotic, if you must be so noisy; and then I began to think how nice it would be to use him in the coming fight, and enlist him for Kansas; and to wonder whether we couldn't somehow get him, like the Howadji, to take the stump for "our Jessie" and sing a little prose steam politics. The idea seemed to me both a good one, and a feasible; but I was a little too quick, for while the thought was swelling within me, the old fellow gave a huge snort, and sputtered the Marseilles Hymn all over us, following the compliment with Rory O'More. Now this, I own, "gave me pause." It was very fine, I confess, but was it just the thing for a sober Rhode Islander, to take those "furren" articles, when "Old Bristol" was on the market, or perhaps "New Shoreham," and both could probably stand any required pressure. Looking at it merely in the light of an example to all the young iron colts in the Cove engine houses, I thought it of doubtful expediency, and so I hinted to the Attorney General, whom I met, and who met my anxiety, "you may suppose, with a hearty sympathy. Well, it might be a Massachusetts engine, after all, and so I followed it into the depot to examine. I didn't find out, because so many were before me, but such delicious sensations as I experienced I think I shall never feel again, for as soon as I was in the building the delightful creature began once more. Again I heard how the weazel pops, and a curious pop it seemed, not unlike what I suppose to be that of a ginger beer bottle in Brobdingnag, but I dare say very accurate, for never having caught one, either asleep or awake, I am not well acquainted with his habits. Then I was invited to "wait for the wagon" and would have done so cheerfully, had the hour been earlier, but it was nearly my dinner time, and somehow, the music was of so strengthening a nature that it gave me all the sensations of a fine appetite; that sort of vibratory goneness, Mr. Editor, which you may have never known, but I could refer you to many who have; a peculiar internal condition, as if a ratification meeting were being held inside of one, and more were for bolting than for ratifying. It was delightful, and as soon as I perceived the state of the case, I at once started to make use of the happiness so unexpectedly provided.

All the way home I heard the plucky old fellow roaring out tune after tune, and I must say I was overjoyed, in ecstasy, until as I approached my house, it occurred to me that I might have been all the time mistaken, and what I had supposed was pure musical spirits, might be after all drink. Yes there it was, the murder was out. He had been taking a little "so'thing hot," and seasoned though he were, it had evidently got into his head. The idea was a painful one I need not say, and altered my whole opinion of the creature in a second,

from fatigue and cold, greeted the towers of a city with more joyful feelings than did we the towers of the Residence in the light of the sinking sun.

"Half dead, we stood before the door of the stately house of our cousin, the leather-dealer. Chattering with cold, I pulled the bell, which rang loudly through the vaulted building and set the dogs to barking, so that the frightened Gottlieb hid his face in his mother's gown.

"Who is there?" inquired the cousin from the window of the middle story.

"It is we," was my answer—"Andrew from Buchenrode, with my wife and children. Open right away, Herr cousin, for you won't get rid of us again so soon."

"What?" exclaimed the cousin. "What do you want, and why come you here with all your baggage?"

"Why?" was my answer, "because we were burnt out last night, and have lost all. So don't stop to make many compliments, brave cousin! Unlock the door, and let the good aunt bring a pot of warm beer, for we are hungry and frozen to death."

"Eh!" croaked the cousin from aloft; "look at the ragged pack! Get you to the tavern if you are hungry! You don't come in here! Our relationship is not such a near one! It is only that your wife's father was my father's brother. Go to the Red Ball, where I will send you something in the morning."

"Cousin!" I cried, "cousin! I am Andrew of Buchenrode; do you hear? Andrew am I."

"Go, and be hanged to you!" replied the cousin, and shut down the window.

"And there we stood in the grim cold, with the night coming on. My children trembled and wept. But I said: 'Fie, Margaret! the Herr cousin is not worth your tears;' and so we went over to the Red Ball, since it was too late that we saw several groups of the eminent society and astonishment depicted upon their countenances, and while listening and looking at the wonder they unconsciously found themselves whirling in the graceful gyrations of the waltz, or singing as an accompaniment, the old familiar words set to the old national tunes which were sung by our great-great-grand-sires.

At Providence the people seemed to turn out en masse, as at the exhibition of fire-works or some remarkable pageant, and occupied all the vacant room contiguous to the route through which the organ could be seen. Never since the opening of the road has there been such a universal manifestation of wonder and admiration by the people along the line as was exhibited on this occasion. At all the large machine shops in the north part of the city the operatives came out by hundreds, and swung their hats and cheered us as we passed. Even the cattle and horses in the pastures seemed quite exultant at the sound of Yankee Doodle, and with heads and tails erect pranced along with a great deal of majesty so long as we were in sight of them.

The effect of this music upon the ear of those at a distance was most astonishing. On my return I saw one lady, who was sitting in her house upon a high hill about two miles from the road, when the sound of the music first fell upon her ear. She arose, went to her bureau and took out her purse to throw a piece of money to what she supposed to be a hand organist, playing under her window, but not seeing him, she went out doors and quite round the house, and wherever she stopped the music seemed to be on the opposite side of the house from where she stood; but she could not discover whether it was in the air or in

Herr Counsellor knew us no longer, and troubled himself no further about the fatal history of the carriage and the dislocated lip of the loose-toothed aunt. Jog his memory as I would, it was of no use—he knew us not. But our misfortune touched him, and he pressed a half-florin piece into my hand, while he courteously pushed us to the street door, but I flung the half florin through the opening of the door before his feet, and stood again with my weeping wife and shivering children helpless in the open street.

"Margaret," said I, "do you go back again with the children for the present to the Red Ball. God willing, I will soon bring help, and that right to the purpose. We will beg no more. The deuce take the leather-dealer and the justice! Let us now take the better part! That is the sure way. Now bring out your money bags, ye brave music-dealers! The one of you that gives the most, has them." I meant the organ preludes, and so I marched on in high spirits, still, to be sure, bare-headed, into the bookstore that stood open before me.

"Here crept out from behind a table a little man in steel-bowed spectacles, and staring at me, asked me who I was and what I wanted. I soon saw that I had the bookseller himself before me, for the little man was excessively short and crusty. I also said, very shortly, that I was the Cantor Andreas of Buchenrode, a pupil of the great Bach, and that I brought him three hundred organ preludes, composed by me, to publish, if the Herr bookseller was disposed to pay me something handsome for them, besides twenty free copies.

"But the little man did not deign to bestow a single look upon the book, and with a striking 'That is not a current article' contains a parquet, use of such things,' he said, and third tiers, and crawled grumblingly to be seats for about three thousand. Every one will have perfect freedom. As if talent and will not be cramped or unbewildered, as in all the other establishments of the kind in the country.

The whole building is to be heated by steam from boilers placed in a vault south of it, and there will be several miles of iron pipes to convey the heat to every part of the vast structure. Of gas pipes there will be nearly two miles, and water will be conducted through the edifice on an equally liberal scale. The dome of the auditorium is of an entirely novel construction. The frame work is of wrought iron and the whole ceiling is of wire-work interlaced, on which is to be placed the plaster that is to receive the fresco painting. Lightness and additional security in case of fire are obtained by this novel and elegant mode of constructing the roof. Around a large circular opening in the centre of the dome, will be globes and hundreds of gas burners, which will shed a flood of light upon the whole interior, without interfering with the eye-sight of spectators. At the same time, this mode of lighting will much assist the ventilation, which is further provided for by openings in the ceilings and floors in various parts of the house. The walls are of enormous thickness, and the wood-work of the galleries and the roof is the most massive and substantial that we have ever seen in any building.

In the front part of the house, looking on Locust street, is a superb saloon, to be used for promenades, or for concerts, lectures or balls, which will seat some eight hundred people comfortably. This saloon is to be decorated in the highest style of art. There is a most liberal supply of retiring rooms, cloak rooms and refreshment rooms, and nothing that can contribute to the comfort and convenience of the public seems to have been neglected. The stairways throughout the building are spacious and easy of ascent, and

house of the Counsellor—I could not resist it—I sang with a loud voice:

Hope on, poor soul, forever!
Hope on, and never fear!
God's mercy will deliver
From all thy troubles here.
To Him thy life surrender,
And only wait His time;
Full soon in heavenly splendor
The sun of joy shall shine.

"The passers-by had every reason to suppose me crazy; but I was marvellously consoled, greeted Margaret, who came from the Red Ball to meet me, with the joyful cry of: 'Victory, dear wife! We are received and welcome to the dear God as his children, and found relief from a severe trial; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. With the booksellers it is nothing. They hold the works of art and for mere commodities, and feel, like the tinsmith, only of the fat parts for their shame. The deuce take them! But now we will not be an hour longer in this accursed hole. Up with the little ones; now we will go to Ziegler's grocer. To be sure, he too is our cousin, but he is poor; therefore he will be humane and feel for others' need, and surely will help us."

"Andrew!" exclaimed here the bookseller, and reached out his hand across the street. Does narrator, "Andrew, you knew my wife! I would not have forsaken thee, if I had come to me, although I myself wore the belt of want about my loins with thy story."

"My wife," said the bookseller, "when she was a school of Art to be sure a not refining the taste of the popular children them away from less profitable and amusements."

Franz Schubert's Symphony in C Major.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

[Translated for the London Musical World.]

The musician who visits Vienna for the first time may perhaps be able to amuse himself for a while with the festive bustle in the streets, and have, most likely, remained standing in astonishment before the *Stephansthurm*, but he will soon be reminded that, not far off, there is a churchyard more important to him than all the other sights of which the city can boast, and where two of the greatest men who ever exercised his art, repose at a few paces' distance from each other. Many a young musician has no doubt, like myself, after the first few days spent in noise and bustle, wandered forth to the Währinger churchyard, to lay his offering of flowers upon the two graves, even though it were only a wild rose-bush, such as I found planted on the grave of Beethoven. Franz Schubert's resting-place was unadorned. A fervent wish of my life was fulfilled, and I contemplated for a long time the two sacred graves, almost envying him—a certain Count O'Donnell, if I am not mistaken—who lies between the two. To look a great man in the face or to grasp his hand is perhaps one of those things which everybody most desires. It had not fallen to my lot to greet, while living, the two artists whom I revered most of all those of modern times; and, therefore, after having visited their graves, I would have given anything to have had near me some one closely related to either of them, especially one of their brothers, I thought. It struck me, on my way home, that Schubert's brother Ferdinand, whom the composer, as I knew, greatly esteemed, was still living, I quickly sought him out, and from the bust near Schubert's grave, found he resembled

his brother; he was smaller, but strongly built, with honesty and music stamped on his face. He knew me by my veneration for his brother—a veneration I had often publicly expressed—and told and showed me many things, of which, with his permission, a great deal was inserted, some time ago, under the title *Reliquien* in the *Zeitschrift*. At last he allowed me to see some of the treasures of Franz Schubert's compositions still in his possession. The riches thus heaped up made me shudder with pleasure. Where was I to begin—where end? Among other things, he pointed out the scores of several symphonies, many of which have never been heard at all, having, in fact, been thought too difficult and bombastic, and laid on one side. A person must know Vienna and the peculiar circumstances attending its concerts, as well as the difficulties there are in assembling the means for more than ordinarily great performances, in order to understand how, in the place where Schubert lived and worked, only his songs, and few or none of his greater instrumental works are ever heard. Who can say how long the symphony, of which we are now speaking, would have lain in dust and darkness, had I not soon come to an understanding with Ferdinand Schubert that he should send it to the directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, or to the artist who conducts them, and whose sharp glance not even modestly budding beauty, much less beauty so apparent and brilliant, can escape. Thus it came to pass that the business was effected. The symphony was forwarded to Leipzig; it was heard and understood; it was heard again, and joyously, almost universally, admired. The active firm of Breitkopf and Härtel purchased the copyright of the work, and so it now lies before us in parts, and perhaps will soon lie in score, just as, for the profit and pleasure of mankind, we desired.

I say distinctly, whoever does not know this symphony, knows yet but very little of Schubert. This may, after what Schubert has already presented to Art, appear almost incredible praise. It has so often been said, to the annoyance of composers: "Abstain from ideas of symphonies after Beethoven"; and it is partly true that, with the exception of some few rare orchestral works of importance, which, however, are more particularly interesting as a means of judging of the gradual development of the talent of those who composed them, and have not exercised a decisive influence upon the masses, or the progress of other similar works, most of the rest are only flat reflections of Beethoven's style, for we make no account of those lame and wearisome manufacturers of symphonies, who possessed the power of imitating tolerably well the powder and perukes of Haydn and Mozart, without the head suitable to them. Berlioz belongs to France, and is only mentioned now and then as an interesting foreigner and madcap. What I had thought and hoped, that Schubert—who, steady in his forms, and full of fancy and variety, had already exhibited himself in so many other kinds of composition—would also attack the symphony from his point of view, and would hit the place, whence and through which the masses were to be reached, has most triumphantly come to pass. Most certainly he never thought of endeavoring to continue Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but, as an industrious artist, created uninterruptedly from out his own mind, one symphony after another; and that the world is now made acquainted with his seventh, without having viewed his gradual development, and the symphonies preceding the one in question, is perhaps the only thing which could cause any regret at its publication, and occasion the work to be misunderstood. Perhaps the bolt will soon be withdrawn from the others; the smallest among them will always possess its importance in relation to Franz Schubert; in fact, the Viennese symphony-copyists need not seek so very far the laurel needed by them, since it lies heaped up sevenfold in Ferdinand Schubert's study, in one of the suburbs of the city. This would be a wreath worth presenting. But it is often thus: when people in Vienna speak, for instance, of ———, they never end in their praise of their Franz Schubert; when they are

among themselves, however, neither the one nor the other is reckoned of much importance by them. But, however, this may be, let us now revel in the spiritual abundance which gushes out of this precious work. It is true this same Vienna, with its *Stephansturm*, its beautiful women, its public magnificence, and, gilded by the Donau with innumerable bands, stretching into the blooming plain, which gradually rises to a higher and higher mountain range—this Vienna, with all its remembrances of the greatest German masters, must be a fruitful soil for the fancy of the musician. Frequently, when contemplating it from the lofty mountains, I have thought how Beethoven's eye must many a time have wandered fitfully towards the distant range of Alps; how Mozart must often have followed dreamily the course of the Donau, which everywhere appears to vanish in bush and forest; and how Father Haydn must also have often looked at the *Stephansturm*, shaking his head the while at such a giddy height.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 19, 1856.

Psalms and Hymns.

One cause, we doubt not, of the endless manufacture and multiplication of new psalm tunes, with which this country is particularly cursed, is to be found in the equally indefinite multitude of feeble, prosy, pretty, sentimental, doctrinal, didactic, metrical hymns. Every poetaster has felt called upon to write such. Every ordination or dedication calls out the village poet. Whoever can weave rhymes for the corner of a newspaper, especially if there be some slight dash of the devotee, some Sunday church or class-leadership connection about him, fancies himself inspired to add his feeble contributions to the songs of Zion. It is needless to affirm that nine tenths of the metrical hymns contained in most of the voluminous hymn books which have been in use in our time, are destitute of all soul of melody, all principle of music, and such as had better be left out, and a mere humming or an instrumental performance substituted, if we would secure the real beauty and devotional aid of any good music which might be mechanically adapted to them. They are simply not lyrical; there is no fire of genius or of true feeling raised to poetic fervor in them. They are but cold, prosaic, imitative thoughts and utterances, painfully bent and twisted into rhyme. It is quite natural that uninspired and coldly working musical mechanics, considering the multitude of these tame verses to be sung, should find sphere for themselves (a mighty profitable one too—"thrift, thrift, Horatio,") in a corresponding multiplication of new psalm tunes by the book full, hundreds and hundreds at a time, year after year yielding a larger and a larger crop.

But our business just now is with the hymns, with the words rather than the music. Probably the great source of the thousands of poor, prosy hymns, through whose wishy-washy medium the lyrical element in all our worship is diluted, has been the practice of metrical translations of the Psalms of David. The hymns have been made on the principle of variations upon good old traditional material, or of working up those old "thoughts that live and words that burn," and which have come down as inspired, into endless

modern varieties of verse and metre. The Psalms in themselves, as we have them in our English Bibles, are incomparably grand and sweet and deep and musical, without any metre. There can be no improvement on the words as such. To bend them to the hum-drum music of a common psalm-tune, they must be versified into hum-drum; whereas a far more glorious music may be, often has been, written to them, only in a larger form, than psalm tunes (witness the many fine motets, Te Deums, services, by master composers, the admirable "Psalms" by Mendelssohn, &c.); or there is music in the simple chanting or reciting of them as they stand. A recent article upon "Hymnology" in the *Church of England Quarterly Review*,* sets this matter right, from its own Church point of view; and there is much in its argument, especially the following, from which all denominations of worshippers might profit.

The causes of this degeneracy are as obvious as the fact itself: and first of all there stands out, as the chief obstacle in the way, the practice which is so unfortunately prevalent of making a great portion of the hymnal to consist of a metrical Psalter. Why this should be done we are quite at a loss to conceive: it appears to us to be utterly unreasonable to do so. It is unreasonable if we argue *à priori*, because if the Psalms are chanted (as they ought to be) or even said, in one part of the service, there can be no grounds for serving them up metrically in another: the necessity for a metrical version—which must from the nature of the case be unliteral—is entirely set aside by the fact that we have a really good prose translation, magnificent when simply read, and doubly so when adapted, as it may be, to the most stirring music in existence. It has been well said; "The sorrow and the triumphs which shook the strings of the royal harp are breathed in such strains of poetry as speak with divine eloquence in the unfettered rhythm of our version; but the sublimity is dwarfed by the exactments of metre and the music faintly and falsely echoed by the jingle of rhyme."

But we argue *à posteriori*, that it is unreasonable to encumber our hymnals with a metrical Psalter, because no one has ever yet succeeded in transferring the Hebrew poetry into English metre without losing either the beauty, or power, or both, of the original. Time after time has the attempt been made, and each time, almost utterly in vain: successive ages have in turn endeavored to improve on the failures of their predecessors and have all signally split upon this impassable rock. Were the translation ever so good, we have already shown that we should not require it, since if it equalled it could not surpass the sublime pathos and strength of the two prose versions which we possess. But as it is, the whole aggregate of metrical versions, from that of Sternhold to that of Keble ("The Oxford Psalter," 1839), can hardly produce a dozen hymns which are fit for Christian worship, the vast majority being utterly powerless to fill the soul with holy joy, or raise it on wings of ecstasy to heaven.

To use the words of Dr. Warton in his "History of Poetry"—"The most sublime imageries of the Divine Majesty, the most exalted effusions of thanksgiving, are, in metrical psalms, lowered by a coldness of conception, weakened by frigid interpolations, and disfigured by a poverty of phraseology. To the disgrace of sacred music, sacred poetry, and our service these psalms still continue to be sung. In the mean time it should be remembered they were never admitted into our church by lawful authority."

We would therefore retain the Psalms in our Liturgy in their own exquisite simplicity, rejecting as futile all the attempts which have been made to cramp their strength or pervert their meaning by metre and rhyme. A few of the versions, however, cannot be left to perish with the rest, they must still have a place in Christian worship as hymns: but the main idea of a metrical Psalter

* Copied into Littell's *Living Age*, July 19.

must, we think, be utterly rejected as the chief stumbling-block in the way of improved hymnals.

The writer proceeds to remark upon a second cause of the degeneracy of our hymnal, namely, the incompetency of our would-be sacred poets, and then points out the superiority of those old hymns which sprang "out of the burden of the soul" in periods of real faith and inspiration, particularly the old Latin hymns and the German hymns of the Reformation, so full of simple, unaffected piety and childlike gratitude and love to God, composed by Gerhardt, Angelus, Luther, &c. We commend the article to every one.

Now here is our point. Suppose that out of the thousands of hymns, good, bad and indifferent, (the great majority, however, very commonplace and cold, or else ingenious and affected in their beauty and their show of gushing fervor—many of them, too, mere doggerel rhymings of what is better, and even more musical unrhymed, unmetred) we should select a hundred or two of the best and truest; those that sprang from true poetic and religious exaltation and creative energy of soul; those that are really fit for music, which contain a simple, complete, rounded whole or member of a whole of thought as well as rhythm in each line; those which have not too many thoughts, or too far-fetched, but which are simple, perfect utterances (like genuine tunes themselves) each of its mood of praise, or gratitude, or heavenly aspiration; suppose that we do this, would not these hundred or two hymns exert more of the quickening virtue of true sacred poetry upon our souls, than this eternal ringing of mechanical changes and sophistications upon a few simple, natural types?

And then again, suppose we do the same thing with the psalm tunes. Suppose that out of the innumerable "Collections," we cull just the hundred or two old universal favorites, which experience has proved to be of the right stuff and to have the soul of the matter in them; the really inspired tunes to go with the inspired hymns—not that we would proscribe all novelty—would not the singing of hymns in churches, whether by choirs or congregations, be a more edifying service than it is generally now?

But Music can do more for worship and for religious culture than is confined in this very humble sphere. So it can. So it has done, in Catholic and in Protestant churches. But it has been chiefly done in larger and more artistic forms of composition; in the Mass, (or its several movements, the *Gloria*, the *Benedictus*, &c.) in the Motet, such as a Bach, a Mozart wrote, in the extended "Psalms" of a Marcello, or the still more extended compositions of Mendelssohn under the same name, and so on. Is it not better, letting the basis of public musical worship remain very simple and familiar, that the musical talent should expend itself in the production or performance of larger compositions, in trained choirs? Let the psalmody part be the people's part, deriving a virtue from its very simplicity and familiarity; and then for the rest let Music exercise her full, free sway in enriching the religious service with the nobler forms of Art, so that it all be genuine and good. There is nothing which we should so much like to see, nothing which would so greatly benefit church music, as a book which should contain even no more than a hundred of the best hymns, severally mated to a hundred of the best tunes or chorals. We read now of new

psalm books, selling at the rate of fifty or a hundred and fifty copies each. But the first prize should be his who should best solve this far simpler, yet more difficult problem, of embodying the pure gold of the sacred melodies and verses in a small collection of about a hundred pieces, worthy to be known and used and loved of all.

We cannot stop to make such qualifications and explanations as we might and would, of what may seem a somewhat moody and eccentric proposition. We are not for shutting the gates against any real flood-ways of inspiration. We are aware that our age and place are not the first in the world's history, in which there has been a prodigious activity in the production of hymns and psalm tunes. Luther's time, we know, was most prolific in such fruits. But those were times of real, deeply pervading piety and faith; then the soul of the people was, as it were, rhythmically inspired. The Germans are richer in their national treasures of that sort than we are. But we are now considering what is best for the dull times in which we are cast. It cannot be said that we in this day are a people of peculiar musical genius in a creative way, or of a peculiar simplicity and heart-felt depth of faith, such as has quickened arts in other times. At all events the outpouring of the spirit among our people has not been in the form of immortal flowers of melody, of musical creation. If we make psalm-tunes faster than the old reformers, it is by virtue of that external enterprise which marks our age, and not of that inward exaltation and rejoicing consciousness of God which filled men in the days of Luther. If we cannot originate the true thing, we had better borrow what has still proved true.

Brass! Brass!

In these dog-days the only music is of one sort, and that not the most refreshing. "The heavens are as brass above us," and the *airs* are all as brass about our ears. Whatever arguments, of taste, economy, necessity, there may be for bands all of brass on ordinary occasions, it does seem to us that there are some cases which would more than justify an exception. For instance, we can never cease to feel a sense of incongruity, in moving in procession on Commencement day, through the calm Academic shades of Harvard, to the hoarse, martial sound of brass, smothered by drums and cymbals. It would seem that then and there at least some gentler, more refined and at the same time richer commingling of sonorous ingredients should assist us to keep step to the music of our Alma Mater. We look back with regret to better times (in this regard at least,) when we were undergraduates, and when the old Brigade Band, not yet reformed to Gallo-Sax-on fashions, discoursed rich music from its well-blended, well-seasoned harmony of clarinets and bassoons and French horns, and more martial brass, not yet emasculated to unmeaning, uncharacteristic smoothness by the modern valves, &c., but still ringing with the true shivering trumpet crash.

What with our various college anniversaries, our civic, patriotic, literary society festivals, our now established institution of music in the open air, on summer evenings, at the public cost, and what with our numerous occasions for a band not strictly military, there surely should be business enough to support one complete band organized on the old principle of instruments of various qualities and individualities of tone; such a band as has been once or twice furnished (by special exertion) for some military parade.

At all events a college Commencement would be a good time for commencing this reform. There is, composed of Harvard's music-loving graduates, a society called the "Harvard Musical Association," whose very aim is to further the cause of musical culture in college, and among educated men. Why should not Alma Mater call on them to take charge of the music at the annual home-gathering of her children? Let taste be consulted, and not allow the whole thing to go on by mere routine.

Classical Music in Farmington, Ct.

STOCKBRIDGE, JULY 15, 1856.

MR. DWIGHT:—Dear Sir,—In taking up your paper of last week I saw a notice of a concert given in Farmington, Ct., by Messrs. MASON and BERGMANN, in which was the remark, "that there is no accounting for taste," &c. I am happy to know that it can be accounted for. You are probably aware of the fact, that Prof. EDWARD B. OLIVER, with whom you are doubtless acquainted, and of whose Text-book and compositions you have given such favorable notices, recently taught there for five years, and whose pupil it was my pleasure to be at that time. In justice to him and his arduous labors while there, I feel bound to state the following facts. When he first left Boston for that place on account of his health, he found the people, and also the school, that consisted of but very few pupils at that time, but which increased five-fold before he left, were, as usual in country places, entirely ignorant of the more elevated class of music, and had never heard of the names of world-renowned composers; indeed, nothing of music was heard but negro melodies, polkas, and like trash. By several years of extraordinary perseverance, he succeeded in banishing such from society, and the place being small, the good influence was felt throughout the village. As the pupils advanced, soirées were given semi-monthly, at which many persons were present and had opportunity to hear the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Hummel and Bach, performed by the pupils. Also, select articles upon Music, and many excellent ones from your own Journal, were read aloud, and no pains were spared to correct and elevate the standard of taste in the community. Thus, by these means and efforts, have the people become prepared to appreciate the works of those illustrious authors. And I cannot but feel that justice ought to be done to one who labored so assiduously and against such odds. I write to you in preference to other journals, as I know you are well aware of the difficulty of planting a love for classical music where there is so much ignorance and prejudice existing. That Prof. Oliver, who is now in Pittsfield, engaged in the same good work, where he has established a Musical Institute, may be equally successful in that place, is the hearty and sincere wish of

A FORMER PUPIL.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A letter has been received in New York from the renowned pianist, THALBERG, announcing it as positively his intention to come to this country in the autumn. Now that he has tried South America, he will perhaps find it easier to cross the ocean a second time.

HENRY HILL, for many years esteemed the best of English tenor players, and whose name has so continually occurred in our reports of London chamber concerts, is dead. He was but little more than forty. He enjoyed the friendship of the best artists, English and foreign, was very popular among all musicians, and a *sine qua non*, says the *Musical World*, at all performances at the Royal Italian Opera, the Philharmonic, the Sacred Harmonic, the Musical

Union, and the provincial festivals.... Covent Garden Theatre is to be rebuilt, arrangements having been made between Mr. Gye and the Duke of Bedford, who reclaimed the land and ruins of the old theatre.

The Mendelssohn Union, an energetic choral society in New York, of which Mr. GEORGE S. PARKER is president, and Mr. MORGAN, the organist, we believe, conductor, gave the fourth soirée of their second season on the 1st inst. They performed the "Athalie" and the "Walpurgis Night" by Mendelssohn, and Mr. Eisfeld's "Voice from the Lake." Willis says: "The beautiful music of *Athalie* was given in a manner creditable to any society whatever. The choruses were prompt, true to pitch, time and shading. The sopranos might perhaps have been a little stronger to balance the other parts, and an orchestra instead of a pianoforte in the accompaniment would have been an improvement of course—but this was not included in the plan. The male chorus was the best we have ever heard in this city: the tenors seemed also to be excellent voices, although singing from the chest a good deal they somewhat overpowered the other voices." The same society announce Costa's new oratorio, "Eli," for the next season. The New Assembly Rooms, where this soirée was held, are said to be now the best place for music in New York.... The commencement exercises of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, in New York, were made unusually interesting this year by the first use of the *plain chant* in the services. The Rev. John Henry Hopkins, editor of the *Church Journal*, who has enthusiastically taken up the subject, presided at the organ, while below the students sang antiphonally the selected psalms. Mr. Willis says the number of voices was too small, "but still there were enough to show how manly, and dignified and devotional a music it is, and how practicable for the purpose included."

If some of the best things are those which are absolutely common,—sun and air, for instance,—how many good things are spoiled by the curse of commonness! We heard a hand-organ yesterday playing the Prayer from the *Freischütz*, and on approaching found that the instrument had an "attachment," to-wit a monkey!—to whose capers the slow tune vainly endeavored to keep time.

The *Musical Review* says: "It is settled that we are to have German Opera in America, on an appropriate basis in New-York. German opera rendered *not* by a real artist in one rôle, with the others filled by chorus-singers; *not* with a repertoire consisting of *Martha* and *Der Freischütz* alone; but with a full, complete, and capable troupe, and with a repertoire as varied as at home. CARL BERGMANN is engaged as conductor, and his name alone is assurance of something worth listening to. NIBLO'S GARDEN, the most popular place of amusement in New-York, has been leased for a term of months, commencing in September; and there have already arrived in the country, in addition to Mad. VON BERKELE and sister, whom the New-York public have heard, Messrs. PICKANESER (tenor) and WEINLICH, (basso,) artists of excellent voices and talent, and capable of a thorough artistic rendering of the rôles which will be entrusted to them. Besides these, a mezzo-soprano and baritone are shortly expected, completing the troupe; the orchestra and chorus are already gathered and in preparation. The repertoire of operas to be offered are Kreutzer's *Nachlager von Granada*, Boieldieu's *Weisse Dame*, Lortzing's *Undine*, *Die beiden Schützen* and *Czar und Zimmermann*, Halevy's *Judin*, Flotow's *Stradella*, and *Martha*, Meyerbeer's *Robert der Teufel*, *Hugenotten* and *Nordstern*, Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Weber's *Oberon*, and *Der Freischütz*, Weigl's *Schweizerfamilie*, Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Mozart's *Figaro's Hochzeit*."

Mr. PHILIP ROHR announces his intention of starting soon a monthly German musical paper in Philadelphia, to be called the *Deutschen Musik-Zeitung für die Vereinigten Staaten*, (German Musical Journal for the U. S.) It will be in the German language, edited by Mr. P. M. WOLSIEFFER; price \$1.50 per annum. Success to it!... MAX MARET-

ZEK has taken a three years' lease of the N. Y. Academy of Music, at \$22,000 per annum, and goes immediately to Europe to engage opera singers.... Our friend CARL BERGMANN was presented a few weeks since with a silver goblet by the "Liederkrantz" of Hartford, Ct., during the German Musical Festival, which he conducted there.... The "German Trio," (Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNG-NICKEL, of this city,) gave two concerts in Burlington, Vt., which were quite successful, during the first week of July.... Among the other rumors is one that JOANNA WAGNER will come to America, after the expiration of her present engagement with Mr. Lumley, which will be next Fall.... LAGRANGE and GOTTSCHALK are concertizing in Canada;—PARODI and STRAKOSCH are expected soon in New York on their return from a lengthened tour in the West and South;—the PYNE and HARRISON troupe ditto.

The *Musical Review* sneers at the *London Musical World's* opinion that JENNY LIND is the greatest singer in the world. It is not quite clear, however, whether the sneer is meant entirely for the critic, or partly also for the singer. The *London correspondent* in the same number of the *Review* declares that her singing of the scena from the *Freischütz* was "a pretentious, cold, affected and imitated business; a kind of bird-organ exhibition, sung with great care to hide the inroads which time has made upon a voice naturally not of the best kind." Believe that who can.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. (From the *Times*, June 27.)—In many respects one of the best performances we have witnessed of the *Barbiere di Siviglia* took place last night, when that masterpiece of opera buffa was presented for the first time this season at the Royal Italian Opera, and with a remarkably efficient cast.

As we have very recently had to speak in terms of disparagement of Signor RONCONI—whose Don Giovanni is certainly open to animadversion—we have the greater pleasure in bearing testimony—though not for the first time by many—to the unsurpassable excellence of his Figaro. Never was Ronconi's supremacy in this part more triumphantly demonstrated. From *Largo al factotum* to the end of the opera his humor, wit, and invention seemed inexhaustible. New points out of number were presented—all without exception racy, natural, and spontaneous. To describe the characteristics of Ronconi's barber at the present time, however, would be superfluous. The operatic world is sufficiently familiar with this famous impersonation; and we have only dwelt upon it thus far in order to impress our readers with an idea of the signal revenge which the gifted and versatile artist achieved after his recent *quasi* failure in a part of a very different nature.

Why MARIO should ever allow any one else, in the theatre to which he is attached, to essay the portraiture of Count Almaviva is a puzzle. There was never on the stage a more complete and striking representation than his of the hero of Beaumarchais and Rossini. In the hands of Mario the Count is essentially a gentleman—a gentleman at once so gay, *insouciant*, brilliant, and refined, that we may seek in vain for a parallel. The singing, too, is quite as great as the acting. That no living tenor can execute the florid music of Rossini with the same facility as Mario is notorious. His vocalization in this respect is as finished as that of Alboni herself—the most faultless of Rossinian singers. The series of rapid passages in the quick movement of the duet with Figaro—*All' idea di quel metallo*—are delivered throughout in an exquisitely sustained *mezzo voce*, and with surprising fluency and evenness of tone. Not a note is shirked, not a shade of indecision to be detected in the intonation—all is pure, genuine, and artistic *singing*. It is a pity that so little of this kind of music is now produced. Were it otherwise, we might have a few more such artists as Mario—since it cannot be denied that composers are in a great measure responsible both for the merits and defects of their performers. Where Rossini and his predecessors may be said to have created singers, Verdi and his disciples must be equally allowed to have generated a race of screamers.

Madame BOSIO's Rosina has improved so sensibly from year to year that it now ranks among her most perfect achievements. True, she adorns the cavatina, *Una voce poco fa*, in so profuse and elaborate a style that not much of the simple beauty of the original is left, but her ornaments and *flourishes* are accomplished with such wonderful brilliancy that the first impulse

is rather to applaud the skill of the vocalist than to question the taste which admits a system of such unlimited embellishment. The same applies to Madame Bosio's share of the duet with Figaro—*Dunque io son*—in which the consummate neatness of her execution disarms criticism altogether. In the lesson scene last night she introduced the well-known *polka varié*, from Alary's *Tre Nozze*—or rather a new version of it, since the original, as composed for Madame Sontag, was written, too low for the high soprano voice of Bosio. We did not greatly admire the first edition of this musical *jeu d'esprit*—nor do we find the present one, which far exceeds the other in difficulties, much more to our taste. It served, however, to exhibit the vocal powers of its fair and talented exponent in a highly advantageous light, and was encored enthusiastically.

Herr FORMES again produced a marked effect by his very original conception of the personage of Don Basilio and by his spirited declamation of the famous *La calomnia*. Signor TAGLIAFICO's Don Bartolo was a careful and meritorious performance; but the character is not exactly in his line. Mlle. CORTI was Berta, and Signor SOLDI Fiorello. The overture was capitally played; and, indeed, the band and chorus, under Mr. COSTA, were more than usually excellent. The opera was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, who recalled Madame Bosio, Mario, and Ronconi after each act, and the two latter after their admirably effective performance in the duet "All' idea," to which allusion has been made.

On the 16th *Don Giovanni* was played with RONCONI as the Don, BOSIO as Zerlina, Mme. DEVRIES as Donna Anna, Mlle. MARAI as Elvira, GARDONI as Ottavio, FORMES as Leporello, &c. The *Times* says:

Mme. Bosio's Zerlina is charming in all respects—charming as an unaffected and truthful delineation of the half innocent, half coquettish peasant girl, who, while she really loves Masetto, is by no means averse to the admiration of the courtly cavalier—and still more charming on account of the exquisite purity with which the music is given. *Batti, batti, and Vedrai carino*, were both encored last night, and, which is more worth stating, were both sung to perfection. Mademoiselle Marai, too, is a most interesting and at the same time clever and intelligent Elvira. Her music—which is among the most arduous and difficult in the opera—was executed with the taste and correctness of a true artist. The part of Donna Anna was undertaken by a *débutante*—Mme. Rosa Devries, who comes to us with a considerable reputation from the United States. Madame Devries is no novice on the stage, although she has few pretensions (at least, if we may judge from last night's performance) to the title of a tragic actress. Her Donna Anna was a somewhat quiet and apathetic revelation. She executed the music, however—both concerted and solo—with all the facility, point, and emphasis of one to whom it has long been familiar. The grand scene and aria, *Or sai chi l'indegno*, where Donna Anna narrates to Ottavio the outrage by Don Juan, was an extremely clever though by no means a great performance. The trio of the masques, in the first finale, was still better. Here the upper tones of Mme. Devries' voice—a clear-toned legitimate soprano—were heard to much advantage, and, as the singing of Mlle. Marai and Signor Gardoni, was equally good, the result was a unanimous encore. On the whole the impression produced by the new comer was decidedly favorable. Nevertheless, with Grisi and Jenny Ney in the company, it was odd that a Donna Anna should have been sought for out of the theatre.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. At the fifth concert the orchestra played Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, Beethoven's No. 4, and the overture to *Oberon*. Miss ARABELLA GODDARD played Bennett's piano-forte Concerto in C minor, (to the great delight of the *Musical World*), and SIVORI performed Paganini's Violin Concerto in B minor. Miss DOLBY sang an Aria by Mozart: *Alcandro, lo confesso*, and Haydn's "Spirit Song"; Mr. WEISS sang an air from Mozart's *Figaro*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC. The following was the programme of the fifth and last concert:

PART I.

Overture (*Ruy Blas*).....Mendelssohn
Scena (*Der Freischütz*), Mme. Goldschmidt...Weber
Chorus, "Hail, holy light;" duet, "Brightest Seraph," Miss Sherrington and Miss F. Huddart; solo and chorus, "Farewell, ye happy fields," Herr Rokitsky and chorus: song, "For spirits when they please," Miss Sherrington, (*Paradise Lost*).....Wylde
Concerto in D minor, Mrs. J. Robinson, Mendelssohn
Aria, "Squallida veste," Mme. Goldschmidt, Rossini
Overture (*Oberon*).....Weber

PART II.

Symphony Pastoral.....Beethoven
Recueil de Mazourkas (arranged by Otto Goldschmidt), Mad. Goldschmidt.....Chopin
Overture (*Masaniello*).....Auber
Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

The Musical World says:

As Mme. Goldschmidt has before sung all the pieces included in the above programme, it is enough to say that she never sang them more transcendently. The scene from *Der Freyschütz* was glorious; the *bravura* from *Il Turco* dazzling and splendid, and the mazourkas of Chopin, admirably accompanied by Herr Goldschmidt, were exquisitely quaint and touching. As the last faint note died away into silence, Mme. Goldschmidt produced such a marvellous *sotto voce* that we could not help recalling the beautiful simile in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*:

"A music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense."

Mrs. J. Robinson, who brilliantly represents the sister isle as *pianiste de la première force*, performed the difficult concerto of Mendelssohn with remarkable energy and fire. Her reading of the *andante* was charming—gracefully feminine, and yet quite unaffected. She was applauded with enthusiasm.

CLARA SCHUMANN'S RECITALS. *The Musical World* (June 2) says:

On Tuesday afternoon Mme. Schumann again "recited" some piano-forte music to her friends and admirers, who assembled at the Hanover Square Rooms in larger numbers than before. Mme. Schumann played the following pieces on the present occasion:

Variations in E flat on a theme from the Eroica Symphony,.....Beethoven
Two Diversions (Op. 17); Suite de Pieces (No. 1, Op. 24),.....Sterndale Bennett
Variations on a theme (Aus den bunten Blättern) of Robert Schumann,.....Clara Schumann
Sarabande and Gavotte (in the style of Bach), and Clavierstück in A major,
Johannes Brahms and Scarlatti
Carneval (Scenes Mignonnes, Op. 9), Rob't Schumann

MME. GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.—The 'Creation' was given last night at Exeter Hall. We have little to say of the performance, beyond expressing the extreme delight which we received from it, for it was precisely similar to the performance of this oratorio in the early part of the season. After all, it is in sacred music that the greatness of Jenny Lind's genius is most strikingly displayed. In the 'Messiah' she is as pre-eminently sublime as, in the 'Creation' she is incomparably beautiful. She never sang more divinely than she did last night. The delicacy and grace with which she warbled 'With verdure clad,' her splendid voice and brilliant execution in 'On mighty wings,' and her exquisite tenderness in the duet, 'Graceful Consort,' excited the audience to enthusiasm. The other solo parts were admirably sung by Mr. Lockey and Mr. Weiss; and Haydn's great master-piece was probably never more magnificently performed. Every part of the hall was densely crowded. We have only one thing to add—and we do it with sincere sorrow—that only once more will the notes of the Nightingale of nightingales be heard in England. —*Times*, June 26.

MEETING OF THE CHARITY CHILDREN.—The hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary meeting of the Charity Children, belonging to the various free schools of the metropolis, took place on Thursday afternoon, as usual, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in presence of a vast multitude of people. There was no change in the musical parts of the ceremony, with which alone we have to do. The children, as usual, sang the hundredth, the hundred and fourth, and the hundred and thirteenth psalms; joined the members of the United Chorus in the "Gloria Patri" to the Psalms, and also in certain parts of Handel's *Coronation Anthem*, *Zadoc, the Priest*, and the "Hallelujah" Chorus. The Chant to the "Venite" was Jones's eternal in D. The "Te Deum and Jubilate" were Boyce's eternal in A. The children acquitted themselves well and so did the choir. Mr. Bates beat time, as usual, from his rostrum, and the whole of the musical proceedings were superintended, as on a former occasion, by Mr. Goss, the zealous and intelligent organist of the Cathedral, assisted by Mr. G. Cooper, the talented sub-organist, both of whom exhibited their accustomed ability and care. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lincoln. A larger sum was collected at the doors than has been known for years.

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No. 21 SCHOOL STREET.

"He, he, he!" laughed the old man, snuffing in the most unseemly manner, and said: "Well, then, the Herr Cantor is now free from the arrest and can go where he pleases. But if the same perhaps is not disposed to introduce himself to the cousin in his native town, or to the Herr Counsellor, or to have his skin drawn over his ears at the Red Ball, and if the Herr Cantor and his family can be better pleased here in the jail, he may remain with pleasure until something further turns up—"

"O thou noble, thou good Bastian! O thou poor misunderstood one!" here we all exclaimed, interrupting the worthy court organist. "Give us the portrait here, dear grandfather," exclaimed the grandchildren, stretching out their little arms to it. "Give us the picture!" cried we all; and the old Bastian, amid blessings and kisses, was passed around the table and back to his place crowned with flowers.

"Children and friends," said the court organist, in a deeply moved and earnest voice, "you are quite right. The noble friend has long been no more among the living; but the dead too shall live! Our Bastian shall live in heaven!"

"Hoch! hoch! hoch!" we cried, and drained the full glasses together.

"But now," resumed the court organist, "now hear what further took place. My lessons with the princesses were attended with the best success. In the way of eating and drinking and all physical necessities, nothing was wanting to me and mine. Margaret sewed and knitted. Bastian's noble and instructive society made short the evenings for us, when I had usually to play my best to the good old man, and regularly every Saturday I received my bright ducats.

"Friends, that was a life as it were in heaven. But one day, while I was with the princesses, and was boldly improvising on the fine piano, there stood behind us suddenly the Prince! I thought the shock would embarrass me. But the Prince clapped me on the shoulders and said: 'Bravo, Herr Cantor! you must some day play the organ in St. James's Church.'

"Ah, that had long been my most earnest wish. Often on a Sunday had I stood modestly near the keyboard, upon which the seventy-two years old court organist reigned supreme with master power over the superb work, and carefully had I observed the treatment and the registers. But I had never yet had courage to ask permission of the morose court organist to play a hymn. I knew that Bastian had given him my organ preludes, yet never had the old man, who was severely pained by gout and rheumatism, deigned to honor me with one friendly look.

"For a fortnight had his hands been palsied so that he could not play, and school-boy players bungled at that majestic organ of the first church of the Residence.

"Then all at once the court organist sent me word that I might come and play the organ the next Sunday. Heavens! how happy I felt! I could scarcely wait for the dear Sunday. It was a feast day. The people poured in, and I knew, too, that all the court were in the church.

"O, with what feelings I sat down upon the organist's bench! With what feelings I beheld in front against the railing of the choir the whole princely chapel, with the chapel director at their head!

"But awe and terror seized me when the stern

old master, the court organist, stepped up to my side, his lame right hand bound up in a cushion, and Bastian stood on my left.

"At first I held a long, deep tone in the pedal, and then I grasped the full chords of the whole coupled organ. Like a storm then I moved up and down the chromatic scale through all the octaves, and pushed the waves to the highest pitch of awe and terror. Then a sudden silence; then I let the kettle drums roll, all alone, and without any accompaniment. Now again the full chords roared, and now again drums solo.

"At last it all united in a double subject, filling the whole vast church with a mighty mass of tones, and announcing the praise and greatness of the Most High with thunder and with angel voices, and so introducing the choral: *Allein Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr'* (To God alone be honor, &c.,) which I now played strong and plain, without any tinsel ornament or burlesque frippery in the beginning or middle.

"Now came the music. The chapel director laid the general bass before me. It was a grand, gorgeous psalm of Handel, which was performed with all the pomp of modern instrumentation by an extremely clever orchestra.

"I played my part with precision and discretion. But when I came to develop my great power in the last long and very brilliant organ solo, and for this purpose had drawn out altogether strange stops, and wove ingeniously into it the theme of the first movement, I remarked that the court organist, who had been creeping about in a surly manner, suddenly went off. The music was over, and now came the principal hymn. O God! it was my favorite one: *Befiehl du deine Wege*. The director had told me beforehand that it was the custom here to have this hymn preceded by a very long, elaborate prelude, in which the organist had a chance to show himself, and that I might occupy a quarter of an hour or more with it.

"I did not have to be informed twice, but drew out all the trumpet and trombone basses, and began, the instant that the priest at the altar had pronounced the last word of the gospel, with a majestic adagio. Hereupon, with my left foot on the pedal, I introduced a powerful fugue, which I worked through all the parts with all the artistic subtleties which I had learned from my great teacher, and brought it to a successful close.

"Suddenly I changed the registers. Soft, but murmurous tones, like ocean waves, streamed through the vast cathedral, and the soul, shrinking and trembling, seized with pain and doubt, seemed as if it would sink into the depths of the foaming ocean; then high in the sun-lit clouds resounded the consoling angel voice: *Befiehl du deine Wege*. It was in fact the *Vox Humana*, which I had drawn, and with which upon the upper manual I carried on the melody with the left hand, while the right hand and the pedal made the figural harmony.

"And so I closed the prelude, introducing in a surprising manner, just at the last phrase of the melody, the chime of bells.

"Not a breath stirred in the immeasurable building. Bastian had long been smiling in his sneering way and taking snuff with great energy; when, just as I was about to commence the hymn itself, God in heaven! out shot the court organist from behind the organ, and rushing towards me, cried with a thundering voice:

"Down from the seat! He, turning to a pupil—he plays the hymn!"

"As if struck by lightning, I left the seat. I thought I had done all very well, and yet I had to submit to be driven from a seat, of which I was not worthy, and to hear a blockhead of a school-boy make a mess of the noble choral.

"Like a poor sinner I crept to a stool which stood by the organ, and sat down shivering and shaking. No one spoke with me. Bastian leaned obstinately still against the railing, and the others all avoided me, passed far before me, looking at me shyly.

"I was scarcely able to sit through the sermon. Of what was preached, I did not know a word. There was nothing present to me but the feeling of my misfortune and the most disheartened brooding upon what I had done wrong, and how I could have been so stupid as to have really thought my playing good. As to any further organ-playing, it was no longer to be thought of. Crushed and humbled, I slipped home, where with tears in my eyes, I told my Margaret how horribly I had disgraced myself that day, and that now probably our splendor here would soon come to an end.

"I had no appetite at dinner. I had no consolation, for Bastian had not yet come home.

"Well, about three o'clock—no, what now took place, my dear friends, it is utterly impossible to describe. At about three the chapel director, the court organist and Bastian came into my room. Now, thought I, now it is coming—now they will shake thee, and probably drive thee away! The pain gave me strength and presence of mind, and boldly I called out to them as they entered:

"O, do not trouble yourselves, my masters! I know very well that I have done my task miserably, and that I am now to be hauled over the coals. But if you should take my life away, I could not do it better; indeed, I know not how it were possible; and at all events, I play more discreetly than your blundering choir boys."

"A terrible burst of laughter from all three interrupted me, and the chapel director turned me clear round and exclaimed:

"Cantor, are you then actually mad, or is it only your way? You have to-day, without knowing it yourself, passed your trial in the very bravest manner. Cantor, you are now court organist at St. James!"

"How? What do you say? Trial? Brave? Court organist?" I stammered, and sank down on a chair.

"Yea, verily," replied Bastian, and unfolded the Prince's patent.

"But the letters danced before my eyes; I could not make out a word; and Margaret stood speechless with mouth open.

"I must beseech you now for God's sake," sobbed I, "my kind masters, do me the favor to give me a few right sound boxes on the ear to wake me up. For really this is some hoaxing nonsense of a dream."

"Eh! what dream?" said the chapel director. "Hear how it all came about, and then you may box your own ears for being so bewildered. Long since had Bastian proposed you to our gracious master as the substitute for our worthy but sick court organist; and since the latter had long wished to seek rest and retirement, but was unwilling to resign his post to any but a skilful

master; and since the court organist had tried your organ preludes and praised them highly to the Prince, it all depended upon ascertaining whether you were practically competent to the work.'

" 'Therefore,' the old court organist took up the story, 'therefore I did not let you play immediately, in order that you might first of all become familiar with the instrument and with the registers. And therefore was your trial appointed for to-day without your knowledge, lest your fingers should be lamed by fear.'

" 'And therefore,' resumed the director, 'therefore I brought out to-day the great, difficult Handelian Psalm, which is a real doctor's test for an organist. What effect you have produced by your playing, you may best judge from what took place here with our worthy court organist. Scarcely were you down from the organist's bench, when he caught hold of me with his left hand and urged me to go home with him and assist at an execution. I knew not what he meant, but I went with him. We were scarcely inside of his house when he cried out with a hideous voice: 'Wife, an axe here!' 'An axe?' asked the good woman, terrified—'an axe, Matthew? What do you want of it? What ails you?' 'An axe, I say! I wish to hew off these useless members. Wife, I tell you, you never in your life heard organ-playing! My performance—old-fashioned, insipid stuff compared to Andreas! And just for that reason I will never touch another key, and do as it stands written in the Bible: If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee! Why, did not the fellow actually make child's play of me? Did not your old man sit behind the organ with the bellows-blower, weeping like a fool, when the malicious spirit on the seat in front there figured the choral with the *Vox Humana*? O wife! if I had let him also play the hymn, who knows what sort of excesses he would have committed? Perhaps I should have had to fall upon his neck before the whole chapel and utterly disgrace myself! So I let Habakkuk play, and gained time, after a few false fifths and octaves, to compose myself the best I could. But on reflection, were I to hack my fingers off and cast them from me, would that help the brave Andreas at all? So, Herr Kapelldirector, come right away now to the castle. The church is out, and the affair must be settled.' 'You are right, old friend,' answered I, and off we went to the Prince, with whom, when we were introduced, we already found Bastian. The Prince was extremely well pleased with your playing, and caused to be made out for you upon the spot the patent as substitute court organist at St. James's, with all the income and emoluments, at the same time pensioning our old friend here with his usual full salary.'

"I assure you, my dear friends, the scales fell from my eyes at this relation of the chapel director. I was really and truly court organist. Like a crazy man I danced about the room, and embraced now Bastian, now the chapel director, now Margaret, now the court organist, and now the stove. Wine was brought, and in the whole Residence there were no happier mortals than we. We were as joyful as we are to-day.

"But all those good men are missed to-day. Before a year had passed, we buried the venerable court organist, and Bastian contrived it admirably again that I should be formally installed

in my office on the seventeenth of December, just a year from the day that I had made acquaintance with him at the house of master Kilian. You should have heard me then—how I made the old organ work together! For now I was sure of bread, and everywhere respected and honored. Verily, I played the organ like a lion!

"Two years afterwards the noble Prince went to his fathers, and the good Bastian soon followed him, constant, as ever, in death. The chapel director too went home, but left us in his place his gallant son.

"The leather-dealer died, the Counsellor died; but we, friends, we still live, and mean, if it please God, to enjoy life now right heartily. To be sure, I am just now an amiable youth of five and sixty years. Is it not so, Margaret? And our Prince, our gracious Grand Duke, will, should I chance——"

Two servants in a rich court livery here interrupted the cheerful old man. They bore into the room a heavy basket, and one of them handed to the court organist a billet from the Grand Duke, which the old man opened with a trembling hand, and, while all rose reverently, read aloud as follows:

"My dear Court Organist:

I am not unaware of what a happy day you have experienced. Therefore I send you here a basket of my good Sillery, and wish we both may have the happiness to celebrate the *fiftieth* jubilee of your office, when you shall receive speaking evidences of the good will of

Your affectionate, &c."

And now burst forth without restraint the cry:

"Long live his royal highness, our Grand Duke, the honored father of our land! *Hoch! hoch! hoch!*"

The champagne corks flew, and for the infinite jubilation no one could hear his own voice. Tongues stammered, but so much the more eloquently spake the sparkling eyes.

The good-hearted court preacher glowed like a Whitsuntide rose, and could do nothing else but laugh and wonder. The kapellmeister had his arm around the old grocer's neck, and both wept for love and kindness.

Then suddenly the court organist rapped on a glass with his knife and cried:

"Silence! silence, my friends! There is still some one wanting in the company, and he must now come forth. Margaret, the faithful fur cap is still living."

"In with him!" we all cried; "in with the fur cap!"

Then the mother of the house, much affected, brought the cap upon a salver, and set it down upon the middle of the table. All at once we grew sober and still, and I rose and solemnly began:

"Six and twenty years ago this day, O fur cap, wast thou born! Thou art indeed one of the least out of Kilian Brustfleck's furriery; but thou wast the instrument of the heavenly Father, who through thee led his unfortunate and wavering children to good fortune; and how far behind thee stand thy whilom brothers and sisters, the fairy, sable, fox-skin and lamb-skin caps, which have long been buried in the kingdom of the past, and no one thinks of them, although they once esteemed themselves thy betters. Small

and insignificant thou mightest appear, but from small causes great results do often flow. Is the life of the respected man, whose head thou wast destined to keep warm, a matter of no prime and national importance? Then at least what was brought about through thee was wonderful and full of blessing. Therefore, long live, O fur cap! In the safe screen far be from thee the corrupting moth and gnawing mouse; far be the sporting mastiff and the fondling cat; and may grandchildren and great-grandchildren at the sight of thee with gratitude and love remember him who was the first to wear thee!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the whole company. "Vivat! long live the fur cap! Live all the caps in the whole world! Live the Grand Duke! Live Bastian! Long live the brave host and the mother! Long live the organ! Long live everything!" we all shrieked in mad jubilee, and drank and laughed, and sang and were happy until, long after midnight, everybody danced, sprang, slipped or tumbled to *Be—thelehem*.

Hints for the Formation of a Musical Library.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. FETIS.

It is with a musical library, as with every scientific or literary collection, the best must be that which is most adapted to the taste and wants of the possessor. It would therefore be not only difficult but unreasonable to attempt to decide positively upon the elements that ought to enter into its composition. The library of a learned musician will differ very essentially from that of a composer, and a singer's from that of an instrumental performer; in a word, every one collects such works as are best calculated to augment his knowledge or satisfy his inclination. This is no more than reasonable; for at the same time that it is impossible to possess everything that is valuable, it is not only useless, but something worse, to gather round us piles of books and music which we shall never have the leisure to examine or study. Successively to direct the attention to a multitude of objects, can give only superficial knowledge, instead of imparting solid instruction. Before collecting a musical library, it is therefore necessary to examine the use for which it is designed. This point once settled, the only question will be regarding such a selection as is best calculated to attain the end proposed. The object of this article is to offer some few hints towards making such a selection, of whatever nature it be.

I observed that it is not possible to possess everything valuable; this is self-evident, for not only would it be necessary to employ enormous sums in the acquisition of all that has been written on or respecting music, but it must also be recollected that there is a host of works of extreme rarity, of which chance alone could put us in possession. The most complete musical library ever collected was that of Padre Martini, which contained the works of nearly seventeen thousand writers and composers, and yet, even at the period in which it was formed, it was very incomplete, and would be still more so at the present day.* Next to this library, the most numerous ever formed by an individual, comes that of the court of Vienna, which is maintained with great care, and has been successively enriched several amateurs of music. The Bibliothèque du Roi, at Paris, possesses a fine collection of works, both theoretical and practical; this collection dates from the gift made by Sebastian de Brossard to Louis XIV. of his musical library, which has been augmented by several successive additions. It is particularly estimable for the

* Of this library it ought to be known that it consisted not only of works, &c., on music, in all its various branches, but also of every book wherein the subject was merely incidentally mentioned. A single page concerning music in a volume was a sufficient inducement for the learned Abbate to place it in his collection.

number of ancient works which it contains. After this comes the library of the Ecole Royale de Musique, which is numerous, but chiefly remarkable on account of its collection of dramatic music. A well-known amateur, Mr. Poelchau, of Berlin, and the Abbate Santini, of Rome, are possessed of musical libraries which pass for the best in Europe; in effect, they are rich in works in every department of the art, but are not less incomplete than those I have named, it being impossible to amass everything.

It is necessarily to public establishments that we are led to look for a complete assemblage of all that is known relative to music; but, however active the zeal of the librarian, he is sure to meet with obstacles that paralyze his efforts. Money, too, which is so profusely lavished on objects useless, nay, worse than useless, is always wanting for the acquisition of what is necessary. For instance, the library of the Ecole Royale de Musique, rich as it is in scores of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, possesses little or nothing of the fifteenth and sixteenth. The sacred music of the German school is almost entirely unknown there; nothing is found but fragments of the works of Bach, Handel, and the other great men who enriched the domain of music from 1700 to 1750. Of compositions for the organ there are absolutely none, and it is nearly the same as to what regards the theory and history of the art. Under the reign of Napoleon, all these deficiencies had been stated, and a memoir presented on the subject, and funds to the amount of six hundred thousand francs were on the point of being granted, as well for completing the building as for making the necessary acquisitions, when the restoration took place. The Ecole Royale then passed from the jurisdiction of the Minister of the Interior into that of the Minister de la maison du Roi, and the imperial ordinance was never carried into execution. By a very simple means, the library of the Ecole Royale de Musique might be rendered one of the most complete in Europe, and that is, by adding to it the collection of ancient music in the Bibliothèque du Roi, thus consolidating the two collections, and making one complete library from two incomplete portions. But, unfortunately, these two establishments belong to different administrations, and it is not likely that so desirable an arrangement will ever take place.

The formation of a great public library of music, in order to fulfil its object, which is that of furnishing means of instruction in all the departments of the art to those who frequent it, ought to be directed according to the following principles:

In the first place, two great divisions should be made; the one of musical literature, the other of practical music, of which the following is a sketch.

The first division should be distributed into classes.

I. GENERAL LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

Subdivisions.

1. Origin and invention of music.
2. Beauty and utility of this art.
3. Of its nature and uses.
4. Of its effects on the moral affections.
5. Of its effects on the physical constitution of man and animals.

II. HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Subdivisions.

1. General history of music of all nations and of every age.
2. Particular history, which may consist of three divisions: 1. Ancient music; Music of the middle ages; 3. Modern music.

The history of *Ancient Music* embraces that of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans; and each of these divisions includes whatever has been written on the musical systems of these people, their notation or semiography, their rhythm, musical instruments, &c. This class is very extensive.

The history of the music of the *Middle Ages* may be divided into the eastern and the western; the eastern comprehending whatever has been

written relative to the music of the Greek, Ethiopian, and Armenian churches; the western embracing the history of the Gregorian and Ambrosian chant, and whatever has been written on figured song, notation, formation of systems, invention of harmony and counterpoint, popular songs, music of the troubadours and minstrels, instruments, &c.

The history of *Modern Music* may be divided into general and particular, and consists of all that has been written on the successive progress and revolutions of the art, not only in different parts of Europe, but throughout the world generally. The catalogue of this single division would form more than twenty octavo pages. To this must be added the particular histories of church music, of dramatic music, of the biography of composers, both for the voice and for instruments, singers, and instrument makers of every kind, as well as of bibliography or literal history, dictionaries, &c. These latter divisions comprise more than twelve hundred articles.

The second great division of musical literature includes all that relates to the theory and practice of music, and may be divided as follows:

I. The *Mathematical* and physical part, subdivided into three relations; the first including all that relates to acoustics or the science of sounds, to the organ of hearing, to the voice and echoes; the second, comprehending the calculation of proportions, and the temperament and tuning of instruments; the third, treatises for the construction of instruments. This part comprehends more than six hundred articles.

II. The rudiments of music, divided into four sections: 1st, notation, solmization and rhythm; 2d, solfa-ing; 3d, plain song and figured song; 4th, the methods of performing on different instruments. More than three thousand articles are comprised in this part.

III. The theory and practice of *Harmony* and *Composition*, divided into four sections: 1st, systems of harmony; 2d, treatises of intervals and chords, and methods of accompaniment; 3d, counterpoint and fugue; 4th, composition in general, which is composed of treatises on melody, on poetical and musical rhythm, on the employment of instruments and voices, on orchestral effects, and on the poetry of music. In this part are contained nearly two thousand articles.

IV. *Musical Criticism* and *Literature*, containing, 1st, treatises on expression, style, and taste; 2nd, considerations on the amelioration of the musical art, and improvements in its methods and different parts; 3d, polemic writings, pamphlets, and satires; 4th, musical journals.

Such should be the materials of the literary part of a grand public library of music.

I now come to the practical part, that is, to compositions of every kind. This part will consist of two divisions; the one comprising vocal, and the other instrumental music.

This division of vocal music will be subdivided into three great sections: 1st, *Church Music*; 2d, *Musical Theatre*; 3d, *Chamber Music*.

Church Music must again be divided into several classes; the first will embrace all the motets and masses, from the origin of composition in several parts, till about the middle of the sixteenth century, in order to enable us to regard under one point of view all such music as had the mechanical combination of sounds, more or less perfect, for its principle; for the works which remain to us of these times offer little or nothing else, till the period of the reformation of the art by Palestrina.

The second class, of masses and motets, comprehends all that was composed from the time of Palestrina to that of Carissimi, the inventor of the modern style, and of church music with accompaniments.

The third class includes masses, vespers, motets. The Deums, &c., from the time of Carissimi till 1780, at which time wind instruments were introduced into church music accompaniments, and when commenced what may be termed musical coloring and the expressive style. This class will comprehend all that has been written to the present day. Church music might also be divided into schools, in order the better to show its

historical progression. In fine, a particular section should be set apart for all that regards the reformed religion, such as psalms and canticles in several parts, and in the languages of different countries, German masses, Te Deums, and services in German, English, Dutch, &c.

Intermediary between church music and that of the theatre stands the Oratorio; it is allied to the one by its object, and to the other by its dramatic expression, and may therefore be properly assigned to a separate class.

Theatrical Music, strictly speaking, contains but one class—that of the opera; yet it will be proper to divide it according to different epochs and schools. The first epoch of the Italian school comprises the first essays and the first works, from Giulio Caccini to Alessandro Scarlatti, the real inventor of the expressive and dramatic style. The second epoch extends from the time of this composer to that of Pergolesi. The third commences with Maio and Jomelli, the inventors of musical coloring or instrumental effects. The fourth comprises all the works in which the accompaniment ceases to be a secondary part, and claims a rank with the vocal; that is, all that has been written from 1790 till the present day.

Of *German Dramatic Music*, the first epoch commences with Keiser, and finishes with Benda; the second commences with this master and extends to the time of Mozart; the third extends from the works of this great man to those of Weigl. A fourth epoch, which may properly be denominated that of philosophical music, begins with Carl Maria von Weber.

The *French School* will also be divided into several epochs; the first commences with Lulli and extends to Rameau; the second comprehends all that has been written from the time of this master to that of Gluck; the third and fourth are formed by Méhul, Cherubini, and their successors. For the comic opera, one class will comprise the works of Duni, Philidor, Monsigny, Gretry, and their imitators, and the second will extend from 1790 to our time.

Chamber Music will be divided into the madrigal, the canzonet, airs in several parts, the cantata, detached airs, the romance, and national melodies of every country on the globe.

Instrumental Music will be subdivided into concert music and chamber music, and each of these subdivisions will class according to different schools.

Concert Music includes, 1st, all the ancient pieces, known by the French under the name of *Suites*, and by the Germans under that of *Partien*; in other words, all small pieces in several parts, for the viol, lute, harpsichord, &c., of which kind is the whole of the music of the seventeenth century; 2nd, symphonies for full orchestra; 3d, concertos, symphonies, concerted pieces, &c.

Chamber Music is of two kinds: the first comprising works for several instruments, such as duos, trios, quatuors, quintets, sextuors, septuors, &c.; the second, all pieces for a single instrument, either alone or accompanied, viz., the solo, sonata, capriccio, fantasia, varied airs, preludes, fugues, &c. A subdivision will necessarily be made for each instrument, while the organ will form a distinct class.

Military Music will form a third division of instrumental music.

A library formed according to the rules of classification, and as complete in all its parts as possible, would be worthy of such an establishment as the Ecole Royale de Musique, and would be productive of great utility in a nation which owes its success in the musical art to the superiority of its system of education. Let us hope that the government will one day be sensible of the advantages of such an assemblage of musical knowledge, and make the necessary sacrifices to supply the numerous deficiencies which are found in the existing one.

I spoke in the beginning of this article of musical libraries formed according to the peculiar taste or studies of the individual; it will at once be understood that a library of this kind can form but a section, as it were, of the great collection of which I have been speaking. A scholar,

for instance, desirous of pursuing his researches upon some branch of acoustics, would collect works belonging to the physical and mathematical section of musical literature; a professor of harmony and counterpoint, those appertaining to the theoretical part of his art; an organist, those treating of his instrument; and so of the rest. The historian of music, and the biographer of musicians and writers on music, are alone required to possess a universal knowledge of the art.

But it may be asked, what are the books and what the compositions to be selected in forming a musical library, and by what means can a knowledge of their titles and general contents be obtained? I answer, that this is not the place to enter into these details, for a mere catalogue of the materials for forming a great musical library would of itself fill several large volumes. The treatises of musical literature by Forkel and Lichtenthal, Gerber's Dictionary of Musicians, and some other authors, are the sources whence this information may be obtained. Unfortunately, these works are more or less incomplete, more or less faulty and erroneous. I am led to hope that the "Historical Dictionary of Musicians," which I have composed, and the tables with which it is furnished, will leave nothing to be desired in this regard.

Franz Schubert's Symphony in C Major.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

[Translated for the London Musical World.]

[Concluded.]

Let the reader bring together and envelope in a slight catholic cloud of incense, the pictures of the Donau, the *Stephansturm*, and the distant Alpine range, and he will have a picture of Vienna itself, and, when once the charming landscape stands living before him, chords will be touched which otherwise would never have resounded within his breast. On hearing Schubert's symphony, and the clear, blooming, and romantic life it contains, the city rises up before me more plainly than ever, and it becomes once more perfectly evident to me how it is that such works can be produced in exactly such a place. I will not endeavor to give the symphony a folio; the different periods of age vary too much in their tastes, and the youth of eighteen often perceives in a piece of music an event affecting the entire world, where a man sees only an occurrence relating to a single country, while the musician has thought neither of the one nor the other, but simply gave his best music, the music he had in his heart. But that the external world, to-day brilliant and to-morrow gloomy, often penetrates the mind of the poet and musician, is a fact the reader must believe, as well as that more than simply beautiful song, more than mere grief and joy, such as music has already expressed in a hundred different ways, lies concealed in this symphony; nay, to grant it leads us to a region where we cannot remember ever to have been, we have only to hear such a symphony. We find in it, besides masterly technical musical skill of composition, life in every vein, the most delicate gradation of coloring, significance everywhere, and the sharpest expression of individual points, while, finally, diffused over the whole is the romantic hue we have previously met in Franz Schubert. And then the heavenly length of the symphony, like a thick novel in four volumes of Jean Paul, for instance, who also can never end, and that for the best reason, in order to let the reader afterwards create for himself. How does this feeling of riches everywhere refresh us, while, with others, we have always to fear the end, and are so frequently grieved at being deceived. It would be impossible to imagine whence Schubert obtained such playful, brilliant, and masterly power of treating an orchestra, did we not know that this symphony was preceded by six others, and that he wrote it in the most mature vigor of manhood.* It must, at all events, be

accounted an extraordinary instance of talent, that a man who, during his lifetime, heard so few of his instrumental works performed, should have been capable of training so peculiarly each instrument, as well as the combined mass of the orchestra, so that they often sound like separate human voices and a chorus. This similarity with the human voice I have never met with, in so surprising and deceptive a degree, in the works of any other composer, except Beethoven's; it is exactly the reverse of Meyerbeer's treatment of the singing-voice. The perfect independence of the symphony, as far as Beethoven is concerned, affords another proof of its manly origin. Let the reader here remark how correctly and wisely Schubert's genius is displayed. Conscious of his more modest capabilities, he avoids any imitation of the grotesque forms and bold relations with which we meet in Beethoven's later compositions; he gives us a work of the most graceful form, and yet interwoven in a novel manner, never departing too far from the middle point, and always returning to it. Such must be the opinion of every one who has frequently studied the symphony. In the commencement, it is true, its brilliant character, novelty of instrumentation, breadth of form, charming alternation of the life of the feelings, and the completely new world into which we are transported, must embarrass many a person, as the first glance at something unusual always does; but even then there still remains the agreeable feeling which we experience, for instance, after a tale of fairy-land or magic; we are quite convinced that the composer was master of his story, and that the connection of one part with another will in time, become clear to us. This sentiment of security is produced at the outset, by the gorgeously romantic introduction, although everything then appears enveloped in mystery. Completely new, too, is the transition from this to the *Allegro*; the *tempo* seems not to be altered, and we are landed, we know not how. To analyze the separate movements would gratify neither ourselves nor any one else; it would be necessary to transcribe the entire symphony to give an idea of the novel character pervading it. I cannot, however, part without a word for the second movement, which appeals to us with such touching tones. There occurs in it a passage—where a horn summons us as from the distance—which appears to me to have come from some other sphere. Every one listens in silence as if a heavenly spirit were stealing through the orchestra.

The symphony produced among us an effect produced by no work since those of Beethoven. Artists and amateurs united in its praise; and from the master, who had the work studied so carefully that the result was most magnificent, I heard some observations which I would fain have been able to convey to Schubert, as they would, probably, have caused him the greatest pleasure. It will be years, perhaps, before the symphony is firmly established in Germany, but there is no danger that it will be forgotten or neglected; it bears in itself the germ of eternal youth.

My visit to the churchyard, which reminded me of a relation of the deceased composer, rewarded me doubly; my first reward, I received on the day in question. I found upon Beethoven's grave—a steel pen, which I have religiously preserved. Only on festive occasions, like the present, do I use it; may what has flowed from it prove interesting to my readers.

Johanna Wagner in London.

Having presented the favorable view of this lady's singing and acting, from the *News*, we give now what we find upon the other side. The independent critic of the *Leader* (July 5) says:

The memorable and somewhat disrespectful letter of Wagner *père*, in which that gentleman expressed his belief that the English were no judges of music, and only good for money, finds a melancholy comment in the fact that the enthusiastic admirers of JENNY LIND are the cold and astonished sufferers under JOHANNA WAGNER.

No one, it is true, would believe, from the tone of our most powerful organs of public criticism (with one signal and important exception), that Mlle. Wagner had not created an extraordinary sensation in London. But it is not our fault that the criticism of almost all our contemporaries has degenerated into a dilution of vapid and unnecessary eulogy of all new singers, good, bad, or indifferent, who have found their way into the paradise of puffery. It is our humble but earnest duty to speak what we conceive to be the truth. We are, therefore, bound to record the fact that Mlle. Johanna Wagner has narrowly escaped a total *fiasco* in this country. Whether the effect would have been the reverse had she made her first appearance in German opera, we are not enabled to conjecture; we think it would have been impossible to have selected a more unfavorable introduction than *I Capuletti ed I Montecchi*. This feeble and trashy opera, with its meagre and effeminate pasticcio of worn-out reminiscences of tunes strung on to the silliest travesty of a beautiful story, is as dull and worthless a performance as any audience can desire.

The weakness of the opera is rendered monstrous by its Teutonic interpreters. Three Germans to sing Bellini! Mlle. Wagner looks like Minerva in her armor, with her tall and lithesome figure, and the grace and ease of her bounding steps; but the incessant attitude-striking, after the manner not of sculpture, but of those prints of penny warriors so dear to children (1d. plain, 2d. colored), fatigues the admiring and diverts the doubtful critic. There has been so much nonsense talked about the statuesque, that it is time to remind some dramatic artists that *poses* are a poor substitute for feeling and intelligence. We conscientiously avow that we fail to detect a breath of feeling or a gleam of emotion in that Pallas face from the first scene to the last. Only in the last act is there anything approaching an abandonment to the situation, and even there the sacred fire is not, and the passion is a careful trick. As to the singing, Mlle. Wagner cannot be said to have a voice at all: she has a rough sketch, so to speak, of three voices, all equally harsh, imperfect, and unpleasing. Occasionally, it is true, there is a breadth of "phrasing" not without a certain grandeur; but delicacy, refinement, finish, are all absent, and every now and then we are shocked and exasperated by sounds that are neither speech nor song. It is difficult to expect that Mlle. Wagner will correct these deficiencies; she has too high and too assured a reputation in Germany to take lessons any more. Let us hope, at least, that she may improve her visit to London by hearing Mme. Jenny Lind and Mme. Viardot!

We hear it said that Mlle. Wagner cannot be fairly judged by those who have not heard and seen her as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, or Fides in the *Prophète*; and of her *Orfeo* we have never heard but one, and that the highest, opinion. Nevertheless, we are too well satisfied that her dramatic reputation in England will not have been increased by her appearance. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*.

Mme. Goldschmidt's Last Concert in London.

(From the Times, July 1.)

JENNY LIND took her leave of the English public last night, in Exeter-hall, where a veritable multitude had assembled to greet her. The excitement of this occasion can only be compared in intensity and unanimity to that which was created on the night of her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre—May 4, 1847. The universal sentiment last night was one of pleasure mixed with pain—for, if ever public performer may be said to have reigned in the heart of a nation, Jenny Lind has reigned in the heart of England, throughout the length and breadth of which her name is familiar as a household word. The causes of this unprecedented popularity need not here be dwelt upon; enough that, although Jenny Lind is one of the greatest of artists, it is not to her art alone that she is indebted for her celebrity; and, on the other hand, while there is every reason to believe her one of the most single-minded and benevolent

* Written on the score are the words: "March, 1828." Schubert died in the November following.

of her sex, it is not merely her personal character that has raised her to the place she enjoys in the world's esteem. Others have probably sung as well—perhaps (we doubt it) better, but no one, at least in our time, has sung *like her*; others may have been as kind and charitable, but none have publicly exercised the qualities of charity and kindness in a precisely similar manner. Jenny Lind, is, in fact, *an original*; in the fullest acceptance of the term. The grace which is hers belongs to herself exclusively. Even her voice, beyond the fact of its being a *soprano*, possesses nothing in common with any other voice we have heard; and though she has lived in a century remarkable for great singers, she has maintained a place apart from them all.

Not to become rhapsodical, however, the "Farewell Concert" of Jenny Lind last night is likely to be remembered for a long time to come by the audience and herself, since the demonstration that accompanied it was worthy of both, and flattering to both. As it was undoubtedly the last concert, and as everything connected with the event must possess a certain kind of interest, we subjoin the programme:—

PART I.
Overture: 'Clemenza di Tito,'.....Mozart.
Hymn for Soprano, Chorus and Organ—Mme. Goldschmidt,.....Mendelssohn.
Concerto Dramatic: Violin, Herr Ernst,.....Spohr.
Sacred Cantata: the 130th Psalm—Solos, Mme. Goldschmidt & Mr. Lockey,....Otto Goldschmidt.

PART II.
Overture: 'The Ruler of the Spirits,'.....Weber.
Aria: 'Non paventar,'—Mme. Goldschmidt, Mozart.
Concerto for Piano-forte, with Orchestra, Otto Goldschmidt.
Scena and Aria: 'Ah, non giunge,'—Mme. Goldschmidt,.....Bellini.
Fantasia: Violoncello—Sig. Piatti,.....Piaatti.
Swedish Melody: 'The Echo,'—Mme. Goldschmidt.
Conductor.....Mr. Benedict.

From the above it will be seen that we should be spared the duty of criticism, even if it were possible, under the circumstances, to be critical. Every piece in the programme (including the psalm and concerto of Herr OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT) had been already heard this season. We shall therefore confine ourselves to recording that the regret at parting with such a singer was made all the more poignant by the splendor of her performances, which left the fixed impression that Jenny Lind was about to retire into private life in the very meridian of her powers. When she first came on to sing in Mendelssohn's hymn she was welcomed by a shout of applause from all parts of the hall, the orchestra included. As the concert progressed the enthusiasm of the audience got warmer and warmer, until, after the extremely arduous and trying song of the Queen of Night (from *Die Zauberflöte*), which taxes the highest notes of the voice so terribly, it became exacting and Jenny Lind was compelled to repeat the *Allegro*—one performance alone of which is enough to shake the physical force of the strongest and most expert vocalist. The second time however, was even better than the first. The great *finale* from *La Sonnambula* presented threefold difficulties after such an effort; but these were overcome with ease, and the *cantabile* singing in the recitative and *largo*, "Ah non credea" was unsurpassable for pathos, delicacy, and refinement, disclosing all the old beauties so often described—and especially that incomparable *sotto voce* shake at the conclusion—in colors more than ever attractive. This truly exquisite performance—listened to throughout by the whole of the vast audience in breathless silence—was followed by such a burst of applause as seldom meets the gratified ears of an artist. The audience were enraptured, and the singer was enraptured too—at least, if we may draw conclusions from the gush of song which followed in the rondo, "Ah non giunge"—only to be likened in its beauty and impulsiveness to those "profuse strains of unpremeditated art" which the poet attributes to the skylark. The audience responded by cheer after cheer, and Jenny Lind was compelled to return to the orchestra; but, having yet another task to perform, she wisely declined to repeat the rondo. The last piece was the well-known "Echo Song," in which, as usual, the songstress accompanied her-

self at the piano. There was something suggestive in this Swedish melody, which, after the reiterated "echos," as everybody knows, terminates *pianissimo*—like the music of some sweet voice heard from a long distance. Jenny Lind seemed to bestow more than ordinary pains upon this illusion, and lingered upon the few concluding notes, as if with a feeling that they were the very last to which she was ever to give utterance in presence of the English public. If such were really the case nothing could be more natural, since where so large a sympathy has been shown it is impossible to believe that it has not in some measure been reciprocated. Jenny Lind has given us good cause to think that she does not belong to the common race of artists, and that ingratitude does not belong to her nature. Let us, then, believe that the regret felt at parting was not all on one side, and that the slight tremulousness which imparted an additional charm to those soft and just audible tones at the end of the "Echo Song" came from the heart of the singer, and meant something more than a simple expedient resorted to for the purpose of effect. Of one thing we are certain—the last notes of Jenny Lind will not very soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear them. They represented the final greeting of one who has rather been idolized than courted as an ordinary public favorite, and were listened to with an interest little short of painful. To portray the scene that ensued is not easy. The audience rose as one, applauding, cheering, and waving hats and handkerchiefs, with an enthusiasm that defies description. The object of this extraordinary ovation—in which the ladies were quite as earnest as the gentlemen—was at length so moved by it that she caught the infection from her admirers, and waved her own handkerchief, first to the audience, and then to the orchestra, with a heartiness that left little doubt of her emotion. When she had gone she was called back again, and the scene repeated.

The end was thus worthy of the beginning. Jenny Lind won the favor of the English public from the first, and retained it undiminished to the last, which recent events have proved; and, as we take it for granted that few can be indifferent to what immediately concerns the welfare of one who—not merely by rare gifts, but by good works—has attained such distinction, we are glad of this opportunity to assure our readers that Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt retires from public life to devote herself to a home which is now, and has been since she was first married, one of unclouded happiness.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

(From the London Press.)

It may be heretical—it may be paradoxical—but, even with the deafening cheering of last Monday night at Exeter-hall still ringing in our ears, we must pronounce the Swedish Nightingale to be a puzzle, both in her career as a vocalist and in her policy as an artiste. As a lyric actress there is no other instance on record of a fame acquired by such an extraordinarily limited range of characters; and, as a concert singer, her range of music seems equally to have been confined to the narrowest limits. Jenny Lind was first heard in England in 1847. She achieved assuredly the greatest success ever known, and yet her dramatic reputation is based on Alice in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, Amina in Bellini's *Sonnambula*, and Maria in Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*. To state that these respective performances were perfection is an exaggeration. But her Norma was a signal failure. Her Susanna in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, always excepting that wondrous piece of vocalization, the "Deh vieni," was singularly repulsive. Her Adina in the *Elisir* was a terrible termagant, and her Lucia the most unloving one ever witnessed. Strange it is, but in one of her finest assumptions, in Spontini's *Vestale*, she never appeared in this country. Taking her oratorio repertoire, we have those magnificent displays in the *Messiah*, the *Creation*, and in the *Elijah*, which will give Lind's name much greater glory than her stage successes. Her collection of music for the concert programmes

exhibited little variety. Her eternal "Echo" song, the "Ah non giunge," the "Non paventar," the scena from *Beatrice*, &c., with ever and anon "John Anderson," a stray ballad of Balfe or Benedict, whoever was conductor for the time being, and some weak work of Herr Otto Goldschmidt, and the catalogue is soon gone through. Setting aside a miserable quibble that has been raised of the probability of Lind's return to sing for others, but not for her own account, assuming that this is a *bonâ fide* farewell, and not a Grisi juggle, the truth may now be told of Mme. Goldschmidt's final appearance. It has been given out that her chief reason for the campaign of this year in England was to enable her *caro sposo* to take his position, as she believes, as a second Mendelssohn. If this be true, it was an amiable but an unfortunate delusion, for, whether as pianist or composer, a more marked mediocrity never claimed public patronage than Herr Goldschmidt. In this respect Mme. Schumann, the unrivalled pianiste, has made as great a mistake as Mme. Goldschmidt. Polite toleration and fair hearings have been granted to the productions of Dr. Schumann and Otto Goldschmidt, and that is all. It is yet too early to enter into all the causes of Jenny Lind's popularity. Many judges think that it was mainly owing to her system of singing for charities, like that so successfully adopted by the celebrated Mme. Catalani. This supposition will not stand good, however; if Lind and Catalani had not been great singers, with artistic specialities to distinguish them from the throng, their charitable policy would have availed but little. It is much more reasonable to ascribe the vast triumphs of the Italian and the Swede to their ingenuity in isolation. Catalani would never sing, if she could avoid it, with first-rate artistes. "Moi et mes quatre poupées," her well-known axiom for an Italian opera, has been imitated by Lind. Until towards the close of her career this year, Viardot was the only rival star permitted to approach Mme. Goldschmidt, whose ambition was so overwhelming as to originate Meyerbeer's quaint observation as to its uncompromising character. She has realized an enormous fortune, and yet it is, we believe, a fact, that for money she herself cares but little. To be regarded as the artiste, the singer, here was the impetus to her intensity in the execution of the duties she took on herself.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 26, 1856.

JENNY LIND AND HER LONDON CRITICS.—

Human nature in its varieties seems to be, about equally distributed in all countries. Everywhere, where genius and highest excellence are recognized and felt, you will see just about the same proportion of deniers and protesters, who declare they can see nothing in it, that the great artist's, poet's, hero's success is all a mystery, and probably a humbug. Everywhere just so many persons, who will believe anything, resort to any silly or malicious explanation, rather than accept acknowledged excellence as genuine. When JENNY LIND sang here she carried the masses with her, as she does everywhere; she awakened that kind of enthusiasm which is a blessing in itself, in that it lifts the common mind above its every-day, dull, hacknied, unbelieving habit, and proves again to us that the ideal is as essential to our life as anything we eat or drink or wear; that in the ideal human souls most nearly touch and feel each other, and the divine relationship and destiny. This remarkable artist, possessed of the highest qualities, and in the fullest measure known to our day, which make up the great singer, appealed alike to high and

low, to popular instinct and to cultivated taste. The general voice acknowledged her. Yet the chorus of praise was always disturbed by some croaking, ill-omened sounds. There were not wanting those who could not or would not believe the thing was genuine, who muttered humbug, trickery, cold and soulless throat imitation of instruments, &c., who indulged, and to this day at every mention of the singer's name indulge, in petty sneers about "ventriloquism." It seems to be an impossibility for some natures, even with the help of considerable experience and technical knowledge in the externals of an art, to credit or conceive of excellence in spheres which transcend their own. What their scales cannot weigh is naught. What is morally, spiritually superior, what is truly imaginative and not conventional, offends and irritates them because (in all simplicity, not meaning it, but necessarily) it somewhat excludes them and their small ways of seeing, hearing, and of judging. When a musical critic "of long standing" habitually abuses Jenny Lind, you know at once the tone and temper of the man.

In England LIND stood always first, where every great singer in her best days was so well known. Never more so than now. This last farewell visit of Madame GOLDSCHMIDT has been a series of the heartiest ovations. We have copied some of the most important notices of the London press. That of her last concert, which we copy from the *Times* to-day, is one in tone with nearly all of them. Yet there are crows among these birds also. On the principle of *Audi alteram partem*, we have copied the testimony of an unbeliever from the *London Press*. It is in the same sceptical tone, only not so vulgar, as some of the criticisms which have appeared here. The amount of it is, the writer cannot conceive how it can be, that a singer can take so much deeper and wider hold upon the public than all others. Grisi, Sontag, Persiani, &c., are great singers, but they have not done it. Therefore it must be an illusion. The worthy public *fancies* it has received vastly more than has been actually given. Note what the writer says about her limited repertoire; as if the few rôles she sang in her brief career on the stage, and the oft-returning names of pieces (widely different, it must be owned, in character and style) in the programmes of her crowded concerts, were all or even a tithe of the musical range of Jenny Lind! See what Mr. Benedict has said about it:

It would not be easy, in our time, to meet any *cantatrice* whomsoever, who could play and sing to you from memory, from the first note to the last, the *Armida* of Gluck, the *Chateau de Montenero* of Dalayrac, the *Vestale* of Spontini, the *Deux Journées* of Cherubini, the operas of Mozart, Weber and Meyerbeer, the oratorios of Handel and Haydn, all the melodies of Mendelssohn, of Franz Schubert, of Schumann, the Mazurkas and *Etudes* of Chopin, without counting a very extensive dramatic repertoire, comprising the scores of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi.

It would perhaps be yet more difficult to name an artiste, who could appreciate and comprehend these great schools, become penetrated with their genius, preserve their local colors, and appropriate to herself their styles. It would be almost impossible to find a *musicienne*, who could at sight decipher the most difficult pieces, retain melodies of an irregular and unusual rhythm, and repeat them, after several days, as if she had created them herself. Mlle. Lind unites these precious qualities.

The insinuation about jealousy of other artists is mean enough; and equally so the alleged discovery of the *motive* of the singer's recent visit to England—to wit, to bring out her husband as a composer and another Mendelssohn! But it is easy to see that this stern dictum about the "marked mediocrity" of OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT is to be taken with not a few grains of allowance; for it accuses Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN of the same mistake in playing the piano compositions of her husband. Now ROBERT SCHUMANN's compositions, English prejudices to the contrary, are known to have the merit of originality, rare musicianship and beauty—many of them at least—although they may be open on some sides to criticism.

If Jenny Lind would only visit us now, would it not be like the coming of the rain in Mendelssohn's "Elijah"? Our musical experience is wider than when she came before. We have heard more models to compare her with, and should appreciate her excellence more fully than we could before.

A Note from Mr. Crawford, the Sculptor.

NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 22, 1856.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

May I ask the favor of your giving publicity to the following explanation in reference to a misunderstanding, which I supposed some months since had been sufficiently cleared up by your remarks in an article upon the inauguration of the Statue of Beethoven.

I arrived here a few days since from Rome, and hasten to express my surprise at there having been any question regarding the right of proprietorship exercised by Mr. C. C. PERKINS in presenting the bronze statue of Beethoven to the Music Hall of your city. I find that attempts have been made to claim for me a portion of whatever thanks the public owe to Mr. Perkins for the liberality of his donation, by suggesting that he merely paid the expense required for the model of the statue and its execution in bronze; while I gave my time and thought to the creation of it, as an acknowledgment of the obligations I may be under for the appreciation your townsmen have conferred upon me.

I desire that it may be distinctly understood, in justice to Mr. Perkins, that such a representation is without any foundation whatever.

I shall only observe in reply to it, that when Mr. Perkins expressed to me his intention of ordering the bronze statue in question, I immediately requested that he would allow me to dedicate my time in the production of the model, as an indication of my esteem, and of my regard for the friendship with which he has honored me during many years. I need scarcely say that my friend insisted upon declining as strenuously as I insisted upon his accepting such a souvenir; and that finally he was induced to accede to my wishes. I have only to add that I shall always consider the statue to be in every sense of the word the *property* of Mr. Perkins, and that I have no more right to question his disposition of it than I should have to claim any portion of the praise due to him for a donation without example, I believe, in the city of Boston. Hoping that this subject, which I regret to find is still a vexed one, may be set at rest forever by the explanation I have given, I remain very respectfully yours,

THOS. CRAWFORD.

Beethoven's Sonatas.—A Card.

The subscribers to the new German stereotype edition of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonatas, are respectfully informed that a case of them has arrived, and that they are ready for delivery at the office of this Journal, 21 School St. The undersigned regrets exceedingly the long delay which has attended their passage to this country, arising from their having been forwarded by a sailing vessel. A. W. TRAYER.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Commencement festivities at Cambridge last week were enriched by a new element. In the evening the "Orpheus" Club, of about twenty singers, mostly Germans, from this city, encamped in the College yard, and remained till midnight, singing German and Latin songs, and drinking lager beer, with accompaniments of crackers and cheese. The students of course fraternized with a hearty welcome, and thus one of the pleasantest features of German student life was as it were engrafted on the American. President Walker's levee, it is said, was somewhat deserted in favor of this musical encampment.... The *Evening Gazette's* London correspondent, "La Spia," in speaking of Charles Kean's production of "The Winter's Tale," at the Princess's Theatre, recalls a well-known figure to Bostonians. He says: "One of the most pleasing things in the performance was the familiar, jolly, good-natured countenance and spectacles, with bald head attached, of J. L. HATTON, (of 'little fat man' renown,) who presided over the orchestra, and who could not refrain from often joining his voice, in unison with the bassoon, double bass or some other instrument, to some of the quaint old music which accompanied some of the shepherd and bacchanalian dances of the piece."

MAX MARETZKE, in his new three years' lease of the Academy of Music, has wisely and successfully insisted on the curtailing of the stockholders' privilege, so fatal to all managers. He will charge stockholders fifty cents each for the choice of reserved seats, and every seat not so secured by noon on the day of performance, will be freely sold to the first comer. There is now some chance of a paying season of Italian opera in New York.... The Philadelphia *Bulletin* translates the following items:

The Cologne *Gazette* states that it is intended to build a monument to HANDEL at Halle, his native town, and that a committee of the principal citizens has been formed for the purpose.

On the 30th of June there died in Darmstadt, J. REICHEL, once celebrated as one of the first basso singers in Italy or Germany. He was for a long time attached to the opera in Darmstadt. The depth of his bass has seldom been equalled, and many of his parts, as for instance those of Sarastro, Osmin in the "Eloquence," Bertram, Marcel, will long be remembered as wonderful. Reichel was a Hungarian by birth, and a man of such colossal frame that one would have supposed his health impregnable to the ordinary attacks of disease, but he died in his 55th year. He bore, personally, a very high character.

"Stella," of the Worcester *Palladium*, says that "some of the finest music ever heard in that city was performed in the Catholic Church a week or two ago. If we are rightly informed, a mass by Mozart, and selections from Handel, Beethoven, &c., were given under able direction. Surely this is enough to move the heart of the sternest Know-Nothing. Why must all the best sacred music be confined to the Catholic church? Weekly we ask the question, as we hear fine voices singing nothing but psalm-tunes, the majority of which are to the works of these old masters what Mother Goose is to Shakspeare!"

The celebrated musician CARL FRIEDRICH ABEL was one day walking in the streets of London with Lord Kelly. They passed a tavern, where they heard some one playing a concerto of Abel's. "I should like to know who this conceited tavern virtuoso is," said the lord. "Who else can it be," said Abel, "but the accursed Cain?".... Here is an anecdote of another Abel:

JOHN ABELL was a native of England, at the time of the reign of Charles Second, and was celebrated for his fine counter-tenor voice. He was sent for at court; but evading to go by feigning some slight excuse, was commanded to attend. At the palace he was placed in a chair in the middle of a spacious hall, and suddenly drawn up to a great height, when the king and his attendants appeared in a gallery opposite to him. At the same time a number of wild bears were turned into the hall. The king bid him choose whether he would sing or be let down among the ferocious beasts. Abell chose the former, and declared afterwards that he never sang so well on any occasion before. From this circumstance originated the saying, "The bird that can and won't sing, must be made to sing."

TO THE HUMBLE BEE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Burly, dozing Humble Bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone;
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within ear-shot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the South wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sods to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days and solid banks of flowers,
Of gifts of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue,
And briar-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he past.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep—
Woe and want thou canst outsleep—
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY L. L. NICHOLSON DIZING.

As a star of the first magnitude in the musical firmament shines the name of a man, who opened an entirely new path in the domain of music, and who by the magic of his melodies mightily stirred the hearts of his hearers and drew tears from their eyes. This hero, whom nature had gifted with a rich and inexhaustible imagination, was LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

He sprang from a musical family. His grandfather, Ludwig van Beethoven, who died Dec. 24, 1773, as kapellmeister and bass singer in the service of the Elector of Cologne, Max Frederick, had often in his earlier days appeared acceptably upon a national theatre established by his liege. He had particularly distinguished himself in the musical play: *L'amore artigiano*, and in the then very favorite opera, "The Deserter," by Monsigny. His son, John van Beethoven, also devoted himself to music. He held afterwards a position in the chapel of the Elector, residing at Bonn. On the 12th of November, 1767, he married Maria Magdalena Kewerich, the daughter of a head cook of the Elector of Treves, and widow of the electoral Chamberlain, Johann Laym. She was born on the 20th of December, 1746, at Ehrenbreitstein, near Coblenz, and died at Bonn on the 17th of July, 1787. Her husband died Dec. 18, 1792.

The second son by this marriage was the great master of tones, LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.—He was born at Bonn, on the 17th of December, 1770. His elder brother, Ludwig Maria, had died soon after his birth (April 2, 1769). After him two younger brothers saw the light: Caspar Anton Carl, on the 8th of April, 1774; and Ni-

colaus Johann, on the 2d of October, 1776. The former supported himself as a piano-forte teacher; the latter learned the art of an apothecary at Bonn. Both afterwards followed their brother Ludwig to Vienna, where he spent the greatest part of his life.

Reliable accounts indicate as the spot where Beethoven first saw the light, the "Graus house," situated in the Bonn-gasse, number 515, the fourth house on the right from the Jews' lane, afterwards owned by Dr. Schildt. Subsequently his parents hired a habitation of the baker, Fischer, in the Rhein-gasse, No. 934, and this house has often been erroneously taken for Beethoven's birth-place.

The scandal here and there circulated about Beethoven's descent from the king of Prussia, Frederick William II., scarcely needs a refutation, since neither was that monarch in Bonn before Beethoven's birth, nor had the mother ever left that city during her married life. How Beethoven expressed himself concerning it, appears from a letter which he addressed in the latter part of his life, Dec. 7, 1826, to an aged friend. "You write me," said Beethoven, "that I have somewhere been referred to as a natural son of the late king of Prussia. I heard of the story a long time ago. But I have made it a principle, never to write anything about myself, and never to answer anything that is written about me. I gladly leave it to you therefore to make known to the world the honesty of my parents, and particularly of my mother."

The education of Beethoven was not distinguished. Reading, writing, drawing, and a little Latin he learned at a public school. Among the pupils the one to whom Beethoven was most deeply attached, was Wurzer, afterwards president of the State Tribunal at Coblenz. But little progress was made in his elementary studies. Music soon supplanted in him any interest in other occupations. Already in his fourth year he knew no greater satisfaction than to listen to his father, when he was preparing himself for a musical performance on the piano. Then Beethoven hastened away from his playmates, listened with eager attention to the fascinating tones, and begged his father, when about to end, that he would still keep on. His greatest pleasure was when his father took him on his lap, and let him with his little fingers accompany the melody of a song on the piano. Presently he began to attempt a repetition of it all alone. This succeeded so well in his fifth year, that his father was induced to give him instruction in music. But by this means music was well nigh spoiled for him entirely. Often did he shed bitter tears over the hard treatment of his not very morally refined father,

who was somewhat given to drink, and in that condition would indulge in an irritability that knew no bounds. This inconsiderate harshness of the father had a still more special ground. His salary scarcely sufficed for the bare necessities of life. In the want of other resources, he cherished the hope of soon procuring through his oldest son some aid towards the education of the two other sons.

Better instruction than he owed his father, in such circumstances, Beethoven received from a certain PREIFFER, who was music-director and oboist, and afterwards kapellmeister to a Bavarian regiment. To this excellent man, who was known as a talented composer, Beethoven was indebted for the greatest part of his musical education. In his later years he gratefully remembered the instructor of his youth, and, when he found himself in needy circumstances, sent him pecuniary aid from Vienna.

Still greater progress did Beethoven make in music, when one of the most distinguished pianists in Bonn, the court organist and chamber musician, VAN DER EDEN, offered, in consideration of the father's straitened circumstances, to instruct the boy gratuitously. But van der Eden's duties were so pressing, that the lessons could not be continued as regularly as the teacher, who was much delighted with his pupil's progress, could have wished. Van der Eden received a commission from the Elector Max Franz, whose attention had been called to the talent of the boy, to give him an hour's instruction daily at the royal expense. In his musical development, and especially in the technical handling of the organ, Beethoven made such rapid progress, that he often had to let himself be heard in the chapel and in the private chambers of the Elector, and always won applause. Max Franz provided also for the further instruction of the boy after van der Eden's death. Beethoven's teacher now was the celebrated composer and court organist, CHRISTIAN GOTTLÖB NEEFE, who, after having been for a long time music director in Grossmann's theatrical company, had been appointed to the place vacated by van der Eden's death in the electoral chapel at Bonn.

It was of essential advantage for Beethoven's musical culture, particularly for his taste, that he was made acquainted through Neeffe with the works of SEBASTIAN BACH, and learned to overcome the difficulties involved in the execution of these compositions. By this means he acquired an uncommon facility of finger, by which his playing was in later years distinguished. In his eleventh year he already played Sebastian Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," which consisted of four and twenty preludes and fugues in all the

keys, with such wonderful facility, that his performance was compared with that of many a distinguished pianist. In his ninth year he had begun to compose. His attempts were more successful, after Neefe had taught him the rules of composition, of which until then he had been entirely ignorant. In his eleventh year he composed nine variations on a march, three piano sonatas, and some songs, among others the well known one of Claudius: *Wenn jemand eine Reise thut*, &c. He also wrote about this time the music to a chivalric ballet produced by the high nobility in the Carnival season, which for a long time passed for the work of a Count von Waldstein, who with the dancing master Habich from Aix had arranged the ballet in question.

Beethoven had found an especial patron, who remained not without influence on the higher culture of his talent, in the above-named Count von Waldstein, who at that time lived at Bonn as knight of the Germanic Order, and afterwards as Commander of the order and imperial treasurer at Birnsberg. The Count was not merely a connoisseur of music; he engaged in it practically. It was he who first rightly appreciated Beethoven's talent, and through him was developed in the young artist the gift of varying and working out a theme extempore. From him Beethoven received, with the most delicate regard to his sensibility, frequent pecuniary aid, which was for the most part considered a donation from the Elector. With him the Count stood in high favor, and was almost his inseparable companion. By his mediation Beethoven already in his fifteenth year (1785) was appointed organist to the electoral chapel in Bonn, where he alternated with his teacher, Neefe, in the discharge of the not heavy duties. The little organ in the then Court Chapel (now Evangelical Church) required no great dexterity, nor could such have found sphere in an instrument of such limited construction. Neefe was strong and healthful, and not prevented by other business from attending to his duties. From all this it appears, that Beethoven's appointment was simply a kind provision for his support. Beethoven always alludes to his patron, the Count Waldstein, with a feeling of the deepest gratitude, which he expressed in his later years by dedicating to him his great Sonata in C major, (opus 58), one of his most celebrated works.

To the musical instruction which he gave in a few families, Beethoven was indebted for an attractive acquaintance, which was of the most favorable influence for his social culture. He made it in the house of the widow of the electoral Counsellor von Breuning. The family consisted of three sons, nearly of Beethoven's own age, and one daughter. Besides the latter, the youngest son also received music lessons from Beethoven, and was already a distinguished piano-player, when, after completing his medical studies, in 1798, he died. The second son, Stephen, afterwards imperial Counsellor in Vienna, where he died a few months after Beethoven, (on the 4th of June, 1827,) was his friend of many years' standing, devoted to him with the most inviolable constancy. The third son, Christopher, received a position in Berlin, as privy counsellor of revision and cassation. To the daughter, Eleonore, afterwards married to Dr. F. G. Wegeler, in Coblenz, Beethoven dedicated his first Variations for the Piano.

Throughout his life he retained a friendly re-

collection of the happy days which he had spent in that family. There too he had first become acquainted with the German literature, particularly with the best poetical productions. In that house reigned, with all the impulsiveness of youth, an unconstrained fine tone. Christopher and Stephen von Breuning tried their hands not without success in little poems. The family lived comfortably, and in their social circles there prevailed a conversation, which combined the useful with the agreeable. From several of the later letters of Beethoven it is evident how contented he felt himself in that family, where he was soon treated as a child of the house. Not only the greatest part of the day, but many a night he passed there. There he felt free and without any restraint. Many things conspired to make him cheerful and to further the development of his mind. Especially did the friendly and good-natured lady of the house exert a beneficent influence upon the young man's humors, which occasionally bordered upon stubborn self-will.

In his above-mentioned capacity as court organist, Beethoven first gave accidentally to the orchestra a proof of his talent at a solemnity which took place during Passion week in the Catholic church. There the Lamentations of Jeremiah, consisting as it is well known of little sentences of four to five lines, were chanted to a definite rhythm as chorales. The tune consisted of four successive tones, for example, *c, d, e, f*; several words, indeed whole sentences being always sung upon the third, until a few concluding words led back into the ground tone. As the organ had to be silent during Passion week, the singer was only accompanied *ad libitum* by a pianist. Beethoven, upon whom this office devolved, contrived by his modulations in the accompaniment to throw the very accurate singer Heller so out of time, that he could not find the closing cadence. The kapellmeister Lucchesi, who was present, was amazed at Beethoven's playing. The latter was complained of by Heller, in the first ebullition of his rage, to the Elector, who, although pleased at the youthful wag-gery of the pianist, commanded a more simple accompaniment.

About this time also Beethoven became Chamber musician. One day he was playing *at sight* in a court circle a new Trio by Pleyel, together with FRANZ RIES, the first violinist of the Electoral Chapel, who died in his native city, Bonn, in 1845, and the celebrated BERNHARD ROMBERG, who closed his early career in 1841, at Hamburg. In the second part of the Adagio, the artists, if they were not together, did not break down; they played bravely on, and came out happily together. It was found afterwards that there had been two bars left out in the piano part. The Elector wondered very much about this work of Pleyel's, and a week afterwards caused it to be repeated, when the mystery was discovered, to the satisfaction of the prince.

It was on the first return of the famous JOSEPH HAYDN from England, in July, 1792, that the Elector's orchestra surprised him with some music at a breakfast at Godesberg; a summer place of resort near Bonn. Beethoven was very happy, when a Cantata of his composition, which he submitted to the great master, attracted the especial notice of Haydn, who encouraged the composer to continued studies. The intended performance of this cantata afterwards at Mer-

gentheim, where the Elector used to reside as grand master of the Germanic Order, fell through, because several passages for the wind instruments were so difficult, that several musicians declared they could not play them.

According to the judgment of one of his contemporaries, Beethoven's piano-playing, for which he was afterwards so celebrated, had at that time something rough and hard about it; he had never yet heard any excellent pianist and knew not the fine *nuances* in the treatment of the instrument. Not long afterwards, when he had composed his Variations, dedicated to the Countess von Hatzfeld, upon *Vieni amore*, a theme of Rhigini, he followed the electoral orchestra to Aschaffenburg. By Ries and the two Rombergs he was presented to the kapellmeister STERKEL, who died in 1817, in his native city, Würzburg. By repeated entreaties this then celebrated master was moved to play upon the piano. His performance was very easy and graceful. Beethoven stood by him with the most earnest attention. It was now his turn to play. He only consented to do so because Sterkel had intimated a doubt whether he himself, as the composer of the above-named Variations, could play them readily. Sterkel could not find them. But Beethoven played not only those Variations, so much as he remembered of them, but also several others, which were not less difficult, to the greatest amazement of the listeners, in the same graceful manner, by which he had been so much struck in Sterkel. He thus gave a proof, how easy it was for him to learn his manner of piano-playing from another.

At this time, however different it may have been in later years, it cost but little pains to persuade him to a musical performance. It only required a friendly invitation. So much the greater was his aversion to giving lessons, except those in the von Breuning family. Opposite the house of Madame von Breuning was the hotel of the Austrian ambassador, Count von Westphal. Beethoven could hardly be induced to continue the often interrupted lessons which he had commenced there. Frequently he turned back before the door of the hotel. Then he would promise Madame von Breuning, that he would give two hours' instruction on the following day, but that day it was impossible. His own rather narrow circumstances did not trouble him; but he was made anxious by the thought of his family, particularly of his mother, whom he deeply loved. A similar, if not even stronger aversion, to that for giving lessons, was felt by Beethoven in his later years against invitations to play the piano in company.

"Then he came to me," relates one of his friends, "gloomy and out of tune. He complained of their forcing him to play, even if the blood burned under his nails. Gradually a conversation was spun out between us, in the course of which I sought in a friendly way to entertain and quiet him. That end attained, I let the conversation drop. I seated myself at my writing-desk, and Beethoven, if he wanted to speak with me again, had to sit down upon the stool before the piano. Presently with a careless hand, often while turned away from the instrument, he would seize a couple of chords, out of which by little and little the loveliest melodies developed themselves. About his playing I must say little or nothing, even in passing. Beethoven now went off in an entirely changed mood, and always liked

to come back again. But that repugnance still remained, and frequently became the source for him of the greatest misunderstandings with his friends."

[To be continued.]

Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

[ROBERT SCHUMANN is certainly one of the "best abused" and hated of all musical composers. Witness the following amusingly bitter protestations from that lamentable victim of the English bugbear about the "Music of the Future," the London *Musical World*.]

The last concert of the season, [of the Philharmonic Society,] which took place on Monday night, was certainly *unique*. The programme was entirely devoted to—

"*Paradise and the Peri*," a cantata for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, by Dr. Robert Schumann; the poetry from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, translated and adapted to the music by William Bartholomew. First time of performance. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett."

We do not remember any other composer besides Schumann to whom the whole programme of a concert has been assigned. No doubt "*Paradise and the Peri*" is a long work, which must necessarily preclude anything else being given on the same night. The Choral Symphony is a long work, too, but only one part of the programme is absorbed in its performance. There are many other compositions of length (and strength) which are dealt with by the society according to rule. If compassable within the ordinary duration for one part, they may be performed; if not, they are rejected. The new work of Dr. Schumann constituted an exception: why, we cannot make out, unless that it was given at the express desire of her Majesty, who attended, and who should have the privilege of constructing her own scheme, or, at least, of naming the principal *morceaux*. If, on the present occasion, Her Most Gracious Majesty named Dr. Schumann's "*Paradise and the Peri*," she was thereby the unconscious means of excluding anything else from the programme. We repeat, the concert was *unique*.

Mme. Goldschmidt's singing was entirely thrown away, the music of "*Paradise and the Peri*" being everywhere unvocal, and scarcely anywhere interesting. Indeed, many who heard Jenny Lind for the first time, went away disappointed, having expected something very different from a singer of such colossal reputation. In short, a more dreary concert was never listened to at the Philharmonic.

Of the music of "*Paradise and the Peri*," it is not easy to speak. If judged by the standard of the great writers, it can hardly be considered music at all. It has nothing akin to Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Weber, Cherubini, Rossini, or any of those whom we have been taught to regard as the masters of the art. There is no melody, no form—nothing that "appeals" to the ear—nothing that touches the heart. Even the effects, to which the disciples of the new school point so triumphantly, are produced by means anything but legitimate. Dr. Schumann, in short, is not possessed of that musical organization, without which all the talent and ingenuity in the world avail nothing. He has mind—but his mind is not musical. He has power—but he lacks the instinct for music. He produces by some mysterious rule of his own; but nothing he does springs naturally from the heart. For years Schumann reigned a high authority on musical matters; but in an evil hour he fancied he could compose, and began, as he imagined, to exemplify his doctrines of taste by music of his own. Finding he could not follow in the path of the really great masters, he determined to strike out a new one for himself, which he effected accordingly in a totally opposite direction. The world will never be in want of those who think that whatever is new *must* be good, and that what is unintelligible *must* surely be profound. Dr. Schumann was hailed as an apostle of a new school, and became the

prophet of a certain clique. The new preacher, nevertheless, did not boast of many disciples; and Schumann was soon compelled to abdicate in favor of another apostle, who brought with him greater eloquence, subtlety, and daring, with an equal contempt for precedents. The old was deserted for the new; Schumann was dethroned, and Richard Wagner sat in his place. Such is a brief outline of Schumann's career. The asylum at Düsseldorf can tell the sequel.

The principal vocal performers in the Cantata were Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Mr. Lockey, Madame Weiss, Mr. Benson, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Lawler. The orchestra and chorus were as zealous and careful as if they had to play the *Walpurgis Night* or the *Requiem*. The singers did their utmost. Professor Sterndale Bennett took immense pains, and never more earnestly strove for a success; but all would not do. There was no success—not even the shadow of a success. The applause at the end was faint, until the Queen arose to depart, when loyalty gave vent to that enthusiasm which the music itself failed to excite.

And yet Jenny Lind sang the last air—when the Peri has found the treasure which buys back her place in Eden—like a cherubim(!)

(From the same, June 28.)

Robert Schumann has had his innings, and been bowled out—like Richard Wagner. "*Paradise and the Peri*" has gone to the tomb of the "*Lohengrins*."

When, to drop metaphor, is all this trifling to cease? How many times more shall we have to insist that the new school—the school of "the Future"—will never do in England? If the Germans choose to muddle themselves with beer, smoke, and metaphysics, till all things appear to them through a distorted medium, or dimly suggested through a cloud of mist, there is no reason why sane and sober Britons should follow their example. The moon-struck zealots of Weimar, Halle, and Leipzig, have their Liszt, to (mis) guide them; but without a Liszt, who may "stand at our elbow and teach us what is *whale* and what *ouzel*" (*Athenæum*—"ante," page 786), it is impossible for ordinary thinkers to apprehend the meaning, if meaning there be, of such strange fish as Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, Franz and Co. Unhappily, or happily, we are unprovided with a jack-a-lantern. Thus, when listening to the music of such men, we are compelled to wander at random in a dark and impenetrable forest, without even a cheat of a will-o-the-wisp to deceive us for a moment into the notion that we are going somewhere, that we are really about to light upon an unseen path conducting to an outlet from the labyrinth of trees and undergrowth. We are lost, like the babes of the wood, when night approaches—seeing nothing but shadowy phantoms, hearing nothing but the howling of furious wolves, and the roaring of pitiless pards. Why then, we repeat, in the absence of Liszt—who will not travel from Weimar to London, and enlighten us, but sends us books which we cannot understand—why thus helplessly afflict us with Wagner and Schumann? We put it to Professor Bennett, who took such care to introduce the Peri in her best attire, that, but for her moral deformity, she might have passed for something decent and becoming—we put it to Professor Bennett, who has redeemed the Philharmonic sins by good works, and saved those who, justly, should have done penance in a winding sheet—we put it to Professor Bennett, a musician and composer of genius and attainments, who knew Mendelssohn intimately, and worships John Sebastian with his soul—to Professor Bennett, the champion of English instrumental music among foreigners, and the spoiled child of his own country—Professor Bennett, who was nurtured in harmony, and brought up in the path which all sincere musicians should tread—we put it to Bennett, whether such a tuneless rhapsody as "*Paradise and the Peri*" was fit for those whose delicate ears—during half a century, more or less—have been nourished with the pure, and sweet, and healthy strains of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn? We anticipate his answer—"No."

After the disastrous failure of Richard Wagner and his music, last season, there was no excuse for devoting a *whole concert* to the music of another composer of "the Future." Since these gentlemen have written for "the Future," let "the Future" enjoy the exclusive benefit of their inspirations. Why perturb and vex the Present to no purpose? The Present—as the most enthusiastic partisans of Schumann and Wagner admit, nay, insist—is incapable of fathoming the depths of their philosophy; all the length of line which it can throw out is unsufficient to get half-way down to the bottom. To abandon it as hopeless, then, and rest satisfied with Mozart and his successors, would surely be the wiser course.

Such an experiment as that of Monday evening must not, on any account, be repeated. The Queen's visit and Jenny Lind's singing were almost rendered inflictions—since, as no one was willing to rise before Her Majesty had given the signal, or to quit the concert-room while Jenny Lind was in the orchestra, the inconveniently crowded audience was compelled by courtesy, if not by inclination, to remain till the end. Imagine—oh, uninitiated reader!—three uninterrupted hours of Schumann, three uninterrupted hours of music "without form and void," three hours of organized sound *without a single tune*! We are not exaggerating, but stating a simple fact. Seriously, this passes the limits of toleration. It was sad to listen to the efforts of Mme. Goldschmidt Lind and her associates—so clever, intelligent, and zealous—to give life to music which has no more spark of vitality than a corpse; it was painful to view the care-stricken countenance of the conductor, who with an "anxious polyscopy," natural under the circumstances, surveyed now the band and chorus under his control, now Jenny Lind and her vocal fellow-sufferers, now the Queen and her most musical Consort, and now the poor subscribers, half suffocated and half asleep—as though fearful that in spite of all his toil and trouble, the *cantata* would sooner or later go to pieces. Poor Professor Bennett! His task was not an enviable one—before the Queen, too, in presence of the "Nightingale," and with Mr. Costa, all eyes and ears, among the audience.

Last year Richard Wagner very nearly annihilated the Philharmonic. Luckily he did not *quite*. But, now that Wagner has returned to Zurich, never again to be summoned "to the rescue," if Robert Schumann is allowed to represent the school of "the Future" (not as conductor, of course, but as composer), a still greater peril will be incurred—for, though Richard is more subtle, uncompromising, arrogant, and fearless, Robert is more specious. His music, at times, more nearly resembles music than the monstrous combinations of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*; yet inasmuch as, in principle, it is just as vicious and bad, for that reason it is all the more dangerous.

Paradise, or Purgatory?

[From Punch.]

Being particularly desirous to know what kind of a musical dish the Philharmonic Society had set before the Queen and the subscribers at the concluding concert, Mr. Punch on the following morning sent for the two journals in which the two ablest musical critics of the day keep watch and ward. The great and important novelty of the night was a composition, called "*Paradise and the Peri*," by Dr. Schumann, and Mr. Punch's mind was thus set at rest, and his curiosity satisfactorily met.

The *Daily News* says:

"From the impression on ourselves, as well as the evident effect on a highly critical audience, we believe '*Paradise and the Peri*' to be a work of great genius and power, of which the beauties will develop themselves more and more as it is oftener heard and better understood."

The *Times* says:

"We have only to add that '*Paradise and the Peri*,' as a musical composition, is destitute of invention, and wanting in intelligible form. In short, any thing so hopelessly dreary, so wholly made up of shreds and patches, so ill-defined, so generally uninteresting,—we have rarely heard."

And the question being thus decided, and the

foolish idea of the heterodox, who think that there is no such thing as an absolute fact in musical art, being thus overthrown, Mr. Punch is happy to place on imperishable record the opinions of his brother critics, with whom, he begs to add, that he cordially agrees, without having heard the composition they describe.

Objects of Musical Education, and their Time.

By DR. A. B. MARX.*

What is to be learned, and which is the proper time for each kind of instruction? These questions, of the utmost importance in their minutest particulars, demand the gravest and most searching consideration from parents and teachers when they have determined to dedicate a child to musical education. To professors of music, these questions must always be of the highest interest. In order to point out, at least, the most important periods, we will take a cursory view of all the relationships and circumstances of musical employment, whether as a profession or otherwise.

We must, in the first place, clear away a deep and widely diffused prejudice. On the question being asked: What ought to be learned in music? it is usual, particularly among teachers, to make a distinction between those persons who make music a profession, and those who cultivate it merely for pleasure and general humanizing education; between future professional men and mere amateurs. The former, according to the judgment of the teachers, ought to be *fundamentally*—the latter, however, only *superficially*, or less fundamentally instructed. This distinction is one of the most erroneous and destructive that ever crept into discipline. That education alone is beneficially fruitful which is most perfectly grounded; and what is more, it is the easiest, and consumes the least time. In order to be convinced of the truth of these assertions, it is only necessary to have a right understanding of the nature of this fundamental knowledge; not of the false pedantry which assumes its name (and is as useless to the professional man as to the amateur), but of the study absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the real nature of the science, of the close connection of all that is essential, and of the constant and rational development of one form or figure from another, so that the preceding form necessarily leads on the succeeding, and the succeeding form is always prepared and facilitated by the preceding.

Between the instruction of the artist and of the amateur there is only this difference—that the latter may discontinue his pursuit of the science earlier than the former, at any point or position of artistic power he may choose to fix; whereas the artist is necessarily obliged to dedicate himself entirely, once and for ever, to the art of his election.

Now to return to our own proper question—What is to be learned, and which is the right time for each study?

I. SONG.

We have already said that, if possible, every one should learn music: we now pronounce our opinion more specially, that *every one, if possible, should learn singing*. Song is man's own true peculiar music. The voice is our own peculiar connate instrument—it is much more—it is the *living sympathetic organ of our souls*. Whatever moves within us, whatever sensation or emotion we feel, becomes immediately embodied and perceptible in our voice; and so, indeed, the voice and song, as we may observe in the earliest infancy, are our first poetry and the most faithful companions of our feelings, until the "shrill pipe of tremulous age." If, as in song, properly so called, music and speech be lovingly united, and the

words be those of a true poet, then is consummated the most intimate union of mind and soul, of understanding and feeling—that combined unity, in which the whole power of the human being is exhibited, and exerts upon the singer and the hearer that wonderful might of song, which by infant nations was considered, not quite untruly, as supernatural; and whose softened, and therefore, perhaps, more beneficent influence now contributes to social elevation and moral improvement.

Song is the most appropriate treasure of the solitary, and it is at the same time the most stringent and forcible bond of companionship, even from the jovial or the sentimental popular catch of the booth, to the sublime creations of genius resounding from congregated artistic thousands assembled by one common impulse in the solemn cathedral. Devotion in our churches becomes more edifying; our popular festivals and days of enjoyment become more mannerly and animated; our social meetings more lively and intellectually joyful; our whole life, in short, becomes more elevated and cheerful by the spread of the love of song and of the power of singing among the greatest possible number of individuals. And these individuals will feel themselves more intimately connected with society, more largely participating in its benefits, of more worth in it and gaining more in it and gaining more by it, when they unite their voices in the social harmony of their friends.

To the musician, but more especially to the composer, song is an almost irreplaceable and indispensable means of calling forth and seizing the most delicate, tender, and deepest strains of feeling from our inmost sensations. No instrument can be a substitute for song, the immediate creation of our own soul in our own breast; we can have no deeper impression of the relations of sound, of the power of melody; we cannot work more effectively upon our own souls and upon those of our hearers than by heartfelt song.

Every friend of music, therefore, should sing; and every musician, who has a tolerable voice, should be a master of song in every branch. Song should, also, in the order of time, be our first musical exercise. This should begin in the earliest childhood, in the third to the fifth year, if it be not possible earlier; but not in the form of instruction. The song of the mother, which allures imitation, the joyful circle of children playing together, is the first natural singing school, where, without notes or masters, simply according to hearing and fancy, the fibres of the soul are first freely excited and set in vibration. Instruction in music, properly so called, should not in general begin until the second step of life's ladder, between the seventh and fourteenth years.

By far the greatest number of individuals have sufficient qualifications of voice for singing, and to justify their pursuit of the art with reasonable hope of success. Indeed, very considerable and valuable vocal faculties are much more common than is generally imagined. There is certainly less deficiency of natural gifts than of persons observant and talented enough to discover, to foster, and to cultivate them. In the meantime, if indeed every one have not disposition and means (and good fortune) to become of some consequence as a singer, let us consider that even with an inconsiderable voice, much of the most touching and joy-inspiring capabilities may be attained, if feeling, artistic cultivation, and a vivid conception speak through a medium but slenderly endowed. Why should any one be dissatisfied if small means and trouble have made him capable of touching our hearts with a joyful or tender song; or have enabled him to participate skilfully in the choral assemblies of his fellow citizens? Whether it may be advisable to proceed farther in singing and the cultivation of the voice, must be decided by the circumstances and inclinations of each individual. From composers, conductors, and higher masters, a complete knowledge of everything belonging to singing is to be absolutely demanded, and also practical execution thereof; unless, indeed, organic defect should render it to them impossible. A composer who does not expressly study singing, and practise it as far as

possible, will scarcely be able to write for the voice; he will with difficulty acquire the more delicate musical declamation; he will never become entire master of the life-like conducting of the voice, which is something far different from mere correctness.

II. PLAYING ON THE PIANO.

After singing, the command of the pianoforte is our most essential qualification, and among us is so considered. The piano is the only instrument, excepting the scarcely accessible organ, on which melody and harmony, and the rich web of combined and simultaneous voices, or parts, can be produced with accuracy and almost unlimited magnificence of effect. It is also highly adapted to accompanying song, and to conducting. From these advantages it has happened, that for this single instrument more masterpieces have been written, since the time of Seb. Bach up to Beethoven, than for all other instruments put together. Most songs have been composed with accompaniment for that instrument—organ parts can be transferred without any change—and whatever quartet and orchestral music found favor with the public, was immediately presented to pianoforte players in the form of arrangements, &c. Therefore, no branch of practice can promise so rich a harvest as piano playing; and it must be acknowledged, that, without so abundant a field, any extended acquaintance with our musical literature would be scarcely possible to the world in general. To the composer this instrument is nearly indispensable, partly on the foregoing grounds, and partly because no other is so appropriate, both for exercising and exciting his own imagination and for proving the effect of many-part compositions. It is equally important to the conductor and to the singing master. Even its defects are advantages to musical education, and particularly to the composer. The pianoforte is greatly inferior to bowed and wind instruments in inward feeling and power of *tone* or quality of sound, in the power of sustaining a *tone* in equality of force, in crescendo or in diminuendo, in melting two or more *tones* into each other, and in gliding imperceptibly from the one to the other, all which so admirably succeeds on bowed instruments. The piano does not fully satisfy the ear: its performance, compared to that of bowed and wind instruments, is in a manner colorless, and its effect, in comparison with the resplendence of an orchestra, is as a drawing to a painting. But exactly on this account the piano moves more powerfully the creative faculty of both player and hearer; for it requires their assistance to complete and color, to give full significance to that which is but spiritually indicated. Thus imagination fosters the new idea, and penetrates therewith to our hearts; while other instruments immediately seize, and move, and satisfy the senses, and by their means attack the feelings more powerfully, perhaps, in a sensuous direction, but not so fruitfully in the soul. This is probably the chief reason why the piano has become the especial instrument for spiritual musical education, and particularly for composition; since other instruments easily overcome their votaries, whom they seduce into their own instrumental peculiarities, and create a one-sided mannerism in their productions.

For the earliest instruction, also, the piano has the advantage (good tuning being supposed) of presenting to the pupil correct *tones*, and a clear insight into the tonic system by the key-board.

But just from this point arises the important quality of the instrument, which may be perilous to all the real advantages derived from it, unless it be sedulously counteracted; and this, we must confess, is at present but little thought of—may, indeed, that dangerous quality is speculated on, and an entirely false system of education is built on it for outward show, through whose apparent advantages even the true artistic education is represented in a false light, as ignorant and baneful. Since the pianoforte has its fixed *tones* provided, it is easier to play upon this instrument than upon any other, without any internal feeling of correctness of *tone*, or even without hearing, and to arrive at a certain degree of mechanical dexterity. How often do we meet ready piano

* General Musical Instruction. (*Allgemeine Musiklehre*.) An Aid to Teachers and Learners in every branch of Musical knowledge. By Dr. Adolf Bernhard Marx, Professor of Music in Berlin. Translated, by George Macrone, from the original German, expressly for Novello's Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge. The musical portion has been revised by Mr. Josiah Pittman, Organist of Lincoln's Inn. London and New York: J. Alfred Novello.

players, who, from want of a cultivated feeling of *tone*, are incapable of singing a correct succession of *tones*, or of imagining it, who have no clear notion of what they are playing—nay, who in reality hear nothing correctly! How many bravura players might one name, to whom the artistic meaning of a simple movement remains a sealed book, and who therefore perform the greatest and the least compositions, with assumption and vanity indeed, but without awakening joy in themselves or in their audience, but merely a fruitless astonishment at their technical cleverness! And how deep has this perversion of art into dead mechanism penetrated into artistic life! Whoever has an opportunity of observing many students of music and their teachers, cannot conceal from himself that at present, particularly in large towns devoted to vanity and fashion, the greater part of the pianoforte students are in this manner led astray; and that a great part of the teachers are themselves ignorant of the right path, or otherwise have not the courage to oppose the stream of fashion, or the allurements of example and personal advantage.

If, however, satisfactory instruction is not to be expected from all masters, nor every student is to hope for the choice of a good master, there remains still a tolerably sure method of guarding against this wide-spread evil. It consists in rigidly examining the work, which is exacted from the pupil, in the pupil himself, and his parents or preceptor insisting absolutely that the teacher shall furnish really profitable work; or, if that cannot be secured with certainty, in seeking immediately another teacher more trustworthy to his art.

[To be continued.]

BIRD CONCERTS.—At Verviers, in Belgium, another species of sport and amusement has become altogether fashionable. The Belgians are not fond of hunting; they are partial to birds, not for masticatory purposes, but in order to hear them sing. On Sunday last a grand concert of *linnets* took place at Verviers, at the residence of Mr. Henry Talurasse. The linnet belonging to Mr. Jean Huizé, a butcher, having performed fifty-five *quoting-sages* in two hours, carried off the first prize, consisting of a gold medal and a ham. The word *quoting-sage* signifies song, musical flourish. The second prize was awarded to a linnet belonging to Mr. Henry Hanlet, having executed fifty-three flourishes, and the third to a linnet belonging to Mr. Henry Talurasse. Numerous amateurs from Spa, Lieges, and the surrounding country attended this interesting concert. The sport is a singular one, but *de gustibus non est disputandum*.—N. O. Della.

Brass! Brass! again.

[A friend (whose style sounds wondrously familiar) writes Willis's *Musical World* the following letter about the Commencement music at Cambridge.]

Last week we had commencement—commencement at old Harvard—and as usual, a Boston band assisted at the exercises. But—*Ichabod!*—the glory has departed. Brass, brass, brass,—nothing but brass. Brass led the procession from the library to the church—brass stood in the entry, and blew and blew—as we advanced to our pews. Brass clashed, and drums cracked the drums of our ears as we entered the doors. Brass led us to the dinner in Harvard Hall—brass gave us sentimental melodies in the President's yard in the evening—all is brass now-a-days—nothing but brass.

Brass plays upon the Common in Boston, evenings.—Brass leads off our military and civic and political processions—brass is everywhere, and nothing but brass. God grant, that the disease among the bands do not become chronic. I remember, I remember—when the old Brigade band was our principal delight in musical matters—dulcet flutes, tender hautbois, manly clarinets, solemn bassoons, melting horns, soul-stirring bugles, all joined in the harmony, and filled my soul with delight. But now—oh, no, I cannot mention it—without inwardly execrating Sax! In the history of Tom Thumb, we read that he was the son of a trumpeter, in Queen Anne's service, who might have lived to this day had he not blown his breath away! When I hear this continual braying of brass, I silently pray that the fate of the elder Thumb soon overtake these followers of Sax.

Dwight begs, entreats, prays for a return of the olden time—all in vain: the multitude is satisfied—what though the few are discontented? Really, though, the matter is becoming serious. At this rate, in a few years wood instruments will become unknown, and we shall have to go to Europe to learn how one sounds. Like the singing of men's voices, a brass band occasionally is very beautiful and satisfying; but as in the one case the ear becomes weary, and longs for the soprano voice; so, in the other, we want the soft voices of the wood.

There is one kind of brass music which I never hear here—wonderful for its effect upon the feelings. You can recall, doubtless, from your experience abroad, the thrill which has gone through you as in some narrow street of an ancient European city, suddenly you met a funeral procession, and the long-drawn notes of an old Lutheran choral arose from the deep-voiced horns, trombones and trumpets. The feeble Sax-horn found no place there, but the bold, manly tones of those old-fashioned, masculine brass instruments, playing the harmonies of Bach, Mozart, Strauss, were pervaded with a solemnity and grandeur for which we sigh here in vain. Here is a legitimate use for brass. But why try to make it the only music?

The music on Boston Common, these moonlight evenings, calls out a vast number of people—many of whom go to hear. Now and then comes up some favorite waltz or song,—then it is fun to hear the applause; but the whining sentimental ditties from operas do not always take. I am glad of it. It is a good sign. The music which takes best is that which is good in its way—that which is genuine. A march, waltz, quickstep, or negro melody, which is the true thing—which has the real spirit of the march, waltz, or quickstep—is sure to be liked. There is taste enough—I only ask that this taste should be cultivated; and this might easily be done by having a full band instead of half a one; and in giving us band music more, and poor vocal music, imitated on brass instruments, less.

One of the Boston German singing societies came out on Commencement evening, and sang in the College yard. It was good, and reminded one of old Germany. Good as it was, much as I liked it, still I am not anxious to have this style of music much cultivated in this country; now that I love *Cæsar* less, but *Rome* more. I do not call men's choruses bad, but mixed choruses better—as long as young men and women can mingle so freely as our New England habits now allow, we need not give up the beauty of the true soprano.

Descriptive Music.

A great rage has arisen, in modern days, for giving instrumental music what is called a "descriptive" character; and this rage is now about reaching its maximum intensity. It has been thought not enough that music should excite emotions in the mind; but it has been desired to make it also suggest ideas of facts, which is quite a different office. Emotions must necessarily be produced by the concord of sweet sounds; and happily it is the province of all good music, whether pure or mixed, vocal or instrumental, to excite in us feelings and sensations of the highest and noblest order. But the advocates of descriptive music are not content with this; they wish to make it perform a work altogether different—namely, to excite in the hearers ideas of things properly cognizable only by other senses than that of hearing. For by descriptive music we do not mean that which is imitative only, such as the expression of the warbling of birds by a shake on the flute, or the roll of thunder by a tremolo on the drums; this parrot-mocking of sounds is of the lowest grade, and scarcely worthy of serious mention; but the true descriptive music is of a much better class, and, from the patronage it has received from the best writers, is worthy of much higher esteem.

A few examples will show this, and will at the same time illustrate our meaning clearly. In Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, the chorus, "He sent a thick darkness," is a sublime attempt to give, by the character of the music, an idea of intense gloom—"even darkness which might be felt." There is no proper connection between sound and optics; but few fail to appreciate the merit either of this or of other great descriptive music in the same oratorio. Haydn's representation of Chaos is an effort to raise in the mind ideas analogous to a state of formless, incoherent disorder; and,

though to do this well lay beyond the composer's power, there are good points in the composition; as, for instance, the snatches of melody, intended no doubt to symbol the existence, in the midst of the chaos, of the materials from which a fair and happy world should hereafter be formed. There are many other examples of true descriptive music in this Oratorio, mixed however with much of a lower grade. We may content ourselves with a mere allusion to the exquisite dramatic music of Weber, symbolic equally of earthly scenes and unearthly fancies, and refer to—what is by far the grandest of all descriptive compositions—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. And this is more to our purpose, as it is purely instrumental; it depends only on inarticulate sounds, having no libretto, save the few introductory words attached by the composer to make his intentions more clear. There is much misunderstanding about the nature of the descriptiveness in this Symphony, even among some musically educated persons, who, judging by one or two exceptional parts, imagine the representation to consist of mere imitations of sounds, the kind of music we have already condemned. But this is a great mistake; the only portions amenable to this charge are the drums in the storm, and the bird passage at the end of the slow movement. Now, if the former were the only, or even the principal, feature, to indicate the confusion of the elements, it would be certainly puerile; but it is in reality quite subordinate; and as of course the drums must be included, they are skilfully given just that to do for which they are most suitable. As to the nightingale, wagtail, and cuckoo passage, we cannot defend it; we always wish it was not there, as compromising the dignity of the composition; and it is so obviously an episode, that we indulge a fancy it may have been a subsequent interpolation, added perhaps at the instance of some of the composer's romantic lady friends, who thought the presence of good unmistakable birds essential to complete the idea of the wood beside the murmuring stream. We firmly believe that if Beethoven had sincerely approved this style of description, he would have introduced the warblers into the body of the composition, as Spohr has done in *Die Weihe der Töne*. But putting these trifles aside, what a magical composition is this Pastoral Symphony! How true the depiction of the "*heitere Empfindungen*" (the word *heitere* has no correct equivalent in English), awakened by the arrival in the country! How gorgeous the natural coloring of the scene by the rivulet! How joyous the abandon of the dance of the peasants;—and then the storm! What a stupendous exercise of musical genius! This movement alone is a study for a lifetime; it is the climax of the power of legitimate musical description; for it might easily be shown that, strong as is the temptation offered by a storm for unworthy devices, there is scarcely a note of Beethoven's that is not pure music of the noblest kind! Only compare with it an analogous work of another composer of no mean order, the triton among the minnows of Italian Opera, Rossini, and see how poor the *Guillaume Tell* storm appears by its side!

(Conclusion next week.)

CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR.—A private letter from Munich gives a charming account of a little impromptu *fête* in honor of our countryman, Crawford, who arrived last week in the Fulton. Müller, the master of the celebrated Foundry, invited the sculptor and a few friends to see the newly-cast statue of Washington by lamplight. Accordingly thirty or forty artists and gentlemen entered the building after dark, and beheld the grand bronze figure exposed to view, against a dark-green curtain, and by the somewhat misty illumination of a few scattered lamps; the effect was quite solemn. The grand proportions of the statue half revealed, the dusky space around and the sombre back-ground gave it a spectral sublimity, like Don Giovanni in the opera. The guests formed a silent and attentive circle, with the artist in the centre; they sang, with impressive accord, an appropriate *canzone*, and, as the chorus died away, Müller stepped forth with an enormous glass of beer in his hand; he addressed

the company and complimented the artist; each person then drank from the huge goblet to Crawford's health and prosperity. Suddenly a Bengal light flashed a noon-day radiance on the statue, where majestic grace and impressed dignity were thus revealed, as it were, by enchantment; cheer after cheer broke from the electrified assembly. They escorted Crawford to Müller's house, each bearing a lighted taper;—there a supper awaited them. Mrs. Crawford's health was drunk with enthusiasm, and speeches, songs and congratulations gaily closed this truly German fête.—*Corr. Boston Transcript.*

German Opinions on Crawford's Washington.

The *Evening Post* translates from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* two opinions on Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington. The first is as follows.

Several journals have already criticised Crawford's statue of Washington, expressing themselves both favorably and unfavorably towards it. The magnitude of this work of art, which is destined to occupy a distinguished place among modern statuary, must be our excuse for venturing once more to give our opinion of its merits.

Crawford has already shown, at the last German Exhibition of Industry, in his strongly contrasted statues of Henry and Jefferson—the one fiery and enthusiastic, the other thoughtful and calm—that he is entitled to rank among the most eminent of living sculptors, and he could, therefore, fear no comparison with his brother artists. But to compare him with Thorwaldsen and Rauch, because he equals them in many respects, is unjust to all parties.

We see in Crawford a sculptor of spirit and patriotic sentiment, both qualities being conspicuous in all his works; but he possesses sound judgment also, and with his acknowledged talent for individualizing plastic forms, we had a right to expect that in his Washington monument, the principal figures as well as the side figures would be properly conceived. Equestrian statues present unusual difficulties to the artist, who must represent the animal in motion, and yet in perfect rest, in order to give a proper conception of the figure. Crawford chose a position, which makes the horse rest with all his weight upon his left hind and right forefoot. The artist wished to show by this beautiful position the spiritual movement of the horse, full of the ardor of combat, and yet under the perfect control of his rider; and it is the execution of this double design in this excellent work that we regard as the least successful part of it.

On the one hand are to be noticed the unplastic appearance of the elevated right hind foot and the too violent movement of the stretched left fore foot of the horse; on the other hand, the curve of the neck, which is natural beyond doubt, but yet not æsthetic, because it covers the rider, the principal figure, if seen in front. One word on the rather clumsy management of the unnaturally swollen veins on the throat of the horse will complete all we have to say of the principal faults of a work which is destined to occupy an honorable place among the trophies of modern plastic art.

Another critic of the same sheet writes from Munich:

"The unfavorable opinion which one of your correspondents has expressed of Crawford's masterpieces, has brought the whole population of Munich, in the midst of a pouring rain, to the royal foundry, and they have expressed their indignation, without reserve. Although the illustrious names of Thorwaldsen and Rauch, have been mentioned in connection with that of the American artist, whose whole desire is to render himself perfect in his art, it has failed to change the favorable opinion of Crawford's Washington. The overwhelming admiration which this colossal work excites in the beholder, renders a timid searching for small faults impossible. The easy position of the horse, so full of animation, is wonderfully true to nature. In the noble attitude of the rider, Crawford shows the hero who commands

on the battle-field, the man of courage and of iron will; he despises the stale accessory of drapery, and nothing conceals the rider's manly form, clothed in the historical costume of his time. Crawford held strictly, in form and treatment, the middle ground between the stiffness of antique models and the extravagant naturalism of modern, and particularly of French artists.

"It is with regret that we leave this noble statue, whose perfect proportions never awaken in the mind that feeling of oppressiveness which a colossal figure naturally produces. (The statue is twenty-two feet high, and weighs 21,000 pounds.) If America does not receive a masterpiece of Thorwaldsen or Rauch, it receives a masterpiece of Crawford, of which King Maximilian said: 'I wish it could remain here to ornament Munich.'"

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 2, 1856.

To our Subscribers and Advertisers.

We have to remind many of our patrons that our terms are, *payment in advance*; yet very many are still in arrears not only for the present year, (which commenced in April,) but for one and even two years past. Bills have been sent to all since April, and it is hoped that those who have not already done their duty in this matter, will soon do so by remitting the amounts due, by mail, or otherwise.

☞ Money letters by mail should always be *registered*; in that way only can money be remitted at our risk.

THE "LIFE OF BEETHOVEN," which we have commenced translating in the present number, is one which we have found prefixed to one of the volumes of the new stereotype edition of the Piano-forte Sonatas, published at Wolfenbüttel, Germany. For a biography of moderate length, and suitable for a weekly journal like ours, it is about the best that has appeared. It is to be sure a matter of fact sort of affair, and its author seems to be one of the careful, industrious, dry literary hacks of Germany. It is not a Life in the artistic sense of the word, a life made alive by the reproductive imagination, the sympathetic feeling and insight of the writer. It is not made interesting and living by sparks of poetry and fancy, or by subtle metaphysical appreciation of genius and character. When it aspires beyond plain narrative of fact, as in the introductory sentence, which we translate literally, it is with an awkward grace.

But in the matter of its facts, it is, we are assured by those who should know best, remarkably complete (for its length) and reliable. And this is what our readers will most prize. Here is not a fine poetic tribute, in the shape of a biography, to the great master whom we all revere, such as LISZT paid to CHOPIN, OULIBICHEFF to MOZART, or CARLYLE to SCHILLER. But here are brought together in convenient shape and size, for reference, the authentic facts, so far as known, of the artistic career of Beethoven. Even the particularity of dates about the persons incidentally mentioned, dry as it may make the story, adds to its value as a work of reference. And a work of reference is what we want. We may find more,—if not a well-digested life, yet certainly much that is extremely interesting about Beethoven,—in the Life by MOSCHELES;—a work however almost out of print. The truth is, a satisfactory biography of Beethoven, one really

worthy of the subject, and accepted as a standard work, does not yet exist. We look forward, as all admirers of Beethoven in this country must do, to the long promised biography by an American, our own "Diast," who has been devoting the best years of his life with pains-taking earnestness to the collecting and mastering of all the materials to be found in Germany for the composition of the true life of Beethoven. His explorations were nearly completed, when he was obliged, in order to recruit his health and give rest to an over-taxed brain, to come home for the summer months. He will return to Europe in the autumn, and a few months passed in Vienna will complete his long researches. May he then have strength and inspiration to fuse the materials into the book we want, and give it to us speedily!

The present biographer (Dr. Döring) has certainly in one respect discharged his duty well and wisely. He has allowed Beethoven to speak for himself, by frequent citations from his letters. This in itself goes far to clothe the dry bones of fact with flesh and blood. And for the rest have we not the very soul of the composer in his music? Have we not the immortal symphonies? Have we not the thirty piano-forte Sonatas, and the Trios and the Quartets, and the "Egmont" music, and the "Fidelio," unspent vibrations from the very chords of his own life and inmost experience? Have we not the "Choral Symphony?" And shall we not have every year the privilege of listening to it and to all the symphonies, here in our Music Hall, with CRAWFORD's noble statue of the man rising before us in the midst of his interpreters?

Musical Party Warfare.

On another page we copy some curious articles about the recent performance of ROBERT SCHUMANN's "Paradise and the Peri," in London. Those from the *Musical World*, like the articles in the same journal last year about Richard Wagner, manifest a disposition to find nothing good in any music emanating from certain recent German composers, whom it is pleased to sweep together into one category, called sarcastically the "Music of the Future." Mr. CHORLEY, of the *Athenæum*, is equally bitter and systematically opposed to whatsoever hails from that quarter. So is the musical critic of the *Times*, and so are most of the musical oracles of England; while at the same time they claim MENDELSSOHN to themselves, set him up as the model and *ne plus ultra* of a musician, and abuse the Germans for not publishing every MS. work or sketch he left behind him, good, bad or indifferent.

Of the particular merits or demerits of "Paradise and the Peri," the three hours long Cantata, we cannot speak, since we are not familiar with the work. We only know that in Germany, where there are as good judges of music as there are in England, the work has been over and over brought out with acceptance, and spoken of with admiration in the best critical journals. As to the utter lack of melody complained of, the "three hours of organized sound without a single tune," those of our readers who were so fortunate as to be present at a certain private concert held in Chickering's rooms last winter, and to hear the "Chorus of Houris" from the work in question, will be slow to chime in with the complaint so far

as that piece is concerned, and remembering that experience, will be apt to take the English report with some grains of allowance. Moreover we have heard more than one intelligent German say, that in musical *ideas* Schumann is rich to overflowing, that his chief short-coming has been in the art of using them to the best advantage; that, given half the *ideas* found in "Paradise and the Peri," Mendelssohn by his consummate treatment would have produced a wonder of the world.

But this we do know. We have come in contact with Robert Schumann's creative genius at enough points to know, that he is not to be set aside as nought by any dictum of an English or an old-school prejudice. We have heard and have enjoyed and been inspired by—and so have not a few of our readers—a symphony of his, a piano Quintet of his, a great variety of his compositions for the piano alone, which, if they were in some respects strange, have yet left a deep impression, and a desire, which grows by every hearing, to listen to them again. He has composed songs surely, which are among the most beautiful and full of melody and feeling that we know, and which "appeal," (to use the *Musical World's* expression,) to both ear and heart. Therefore the wholesale condemnation of the London critics makes us suspect there may be something of these qualities in "Paradise and the Peri." To take a somewhat analogous case in literature, such abuse is probably worth just about as much as some of the slashing criticisms upon Robert Browning.

But the most striking folly and injustice of this partisan warfare is the absurd way in which it confounds together composers who are most essentially unlike. New School and Old School become mere catch-words, mutual bugbears, and whatever is not wholly of the one is set down as wholly of the other, whose is not for us is against us, and so the thorough-going partisan sees only one indefinite level in all his adversaries and has but one name for the host of them. "Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, Franz & Co!" There is a combination for you! "Music of the Future!" It is mere calling names. It is like the blind and absurd way of calling people "Transcendentalists" in this country when they show any individuality of thought. For Schumann is no more like Wagner, than Mendelssohn is like Wagner. Their adventurousness, their Beethoven-like unwillingness to be mere copyists, is about all they have in common. Of the young Brahms we know but little; but we presume it is enough for the London critics' purpose, that Schumann happened to admire him and anticipate great things of him. As to Robert Franz, he surely is not in any way of kindred tendency with Wagner. His songs are entirely *sui generis*, as much remarkable for their even classical perfection of form and harmony, as for their peculiar genius. And when he has written for many voices, as hymns, a Kyrie, &c., there is no master with whom he seems so kindred as with the most classic of the classics, old Sebastian Bach!

THE GREAT ORGAN AT FREYBURG.—As everything relating to the world's great organs derives a peculiar interest here, just now, from the discussion of the Music Hall Organ question, we take pleasure in presenting the following extract from a private letter, dated Freyburg, July 5, 1856.

"But the famous organ, built by Mooser, was the great attraction, and is considered one of the finest, if not the finest in Europe. Certain it is, I felt that

I had never heard anything that could be called an organ before, fine as some of ours are. We made a large party of strangers from our hotel, and paying a fee of one franc each, at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, P. M., we entered the church, taking seats as far from the organ as possible. The music selected is always that which will best exhibit the wonderful powers of the instrument; but it was so perfectly played that it had not the effect of anything like *dap-trap*.

"First we had the national song of Austria, a charming air, followed by variations upon it, of the organist's own composition; infinite in changes. The last piece was also of his composition, representing a storm, as it commences in the distance and draws gradually near a convent among the mountains. Sighings and gusts of wind are heard, and low, smothered roarings—flashes of lightning—rumbling thunder, driving rain and fierce howlings, as of a terrible hurricane. Through all this, occasionally was heard the prayer of a single monk or nun, in the sweetest, most plaintive of melodies, represented by so close an imitation of the human voice, that we could hardly believe there was not a company of singers up in the dimly lighted organ-loft. And then all the voices would seem to join in grand chorus to finish the evening vespers. All the while, above the roar of the fierce tempest, and the songs of the monks, tolled a bell, signaling to the weather-beaten traveller that a refuge was near.

"I had heard great playing, I had thought, at home, and splendid organs; but this surpassed all my ideas of what an organ might be. You know, in America, when anything is undertaken to show what a player can do with his hands and feet, our organs do not seem to join in the display: they make a great noise, but the sounds *jump*, particularly in the playing of accompaniments. There was nothing of the sort here. We were entranced, as we sat listening in the old cathedral, till the twilight had died away entirely, and there was nothing to be seen save the glimmering light far up in the organ-loft, which cast but faint shadows through the gloomy aisles. But the music of that glorious organ—shall I ever hear anything like it again on earth?"

Beethoven's Sonatas.—A Card.

The subscribers to the new German stereotype edition of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonatas, are respectfully informed that a case of them has arrived, and that they are ready for delivery at the office of this Journal, 21 School St. The undersigned regrets exceedingly the long delay which has attended their passage to this country, arising from their having been forwarded by a sailing vessel. A. W. THAYER.

Musical Review.

SHEET MUSIC.

(Published by Oliver Ditson.)

Un Soir sur le Alpes: Nocturne, pour le piano. By CHARLES MEINERTH. pp. 5.

Quite a sweet and graceful little Nocturne, which indicates a refined musical feeling, as well as careful, conscientious writing, it being a regular piece of four-part harmony. It is not difficult, but must be played with expression, and due attention to the four parts.

(Published by Geo. P. Read & Co.)

Good Night, my Heart (Gute Nacht, mein Herz). No. 2, of Six Songs by ROBERT FRANZ, with English and German words. pp. 3. Price 25 cents.

This is one of those sweet, sad little songs, so full of feeling, in which Franz, with the highest refinement of art, seems still to have caught the natural melody of the people. It is taken from his 12th opus, and not from the first, as indicated at the head of this reprint. The tune repeats itself thrice, with some variation at the close, to verses by the German

poet Geibel. Franz is very faithful always to his poet. The English translator therefore has a nice task to perform. In the main it is well done in this instance, only with a sacrifice of the double endings, and of some little felicities in the fitting of verbal to musical accents, by which Franz develops the melody as it were out of the words. Both sense and accent protest against this:

Thy pains, thy pains, thy joys are dead,
The songs of Spring are o'er,
For the love's rose, so purple red,
Shall bloom, shall bloom no more.

Instead of "For the love's rose," read "The rose of love." And then that repetition of "thy pains" is bad. We mention these little things, because in the Franz songs poetry and music are alike important. But the German words are also here, and every singer who shall learn the little song will be richly rewarded. It is one of the easier ones.

Tone Blossoms: Six Characteristic Pieces, for the Piano, by F. SPINDLER. No. 5, "Lily," pp. 3. Price 20 cts.

A cheerful little six-eight melody, running and leaping in sparkling semi-quavers, with common-chord guitar-like accompaniment for the most part. Pretty enough, good for practice to cultivate a light and graceful finger, but not especially "characteristic" of "lilies," or aught else, that we perceive.

Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven, in the form of Petites Fantaisies for Young Pianists. By TH. OESTEN. No. 2, "Dearest Maiden," by MOZART. pp. 5.

The piece before us is a simple sort of child's melody, unmistakably Mozart, with introduction and several pretty variations and finale. Of medium difficulty, and good for practice. The subjects of the rest of the series are to be drawn from a curious variety of sources, from the operas, violin quintets, septuor, &c. of Beethoven and Mozart.

1. *There are Angels ever near us.* Song, by JAMES G. BARNETT.
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Case of Jewels: A Collection of Opera, People's and Dance Melodies, for Piano. By TH. OESTEN. No. 9. Price 30 cts.

This number contains a song by Kücken, airs from *I Lombardi*, *Fra Diavolo*, &c. Easy little pieces.

La Traviata Valse, on VERDI's celebrated opera. By G. MONTAGUE. Price 60 cts.

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Musical Chat-Chat.

One of our Boston oratorio societies is in treaty with Madame CLARA NOVELLO for the coming season. She is always spoken of as the greatest living oratorio singer in England. The accession of such a talent would ensure a brilliant season; and we trust the negotiations will not fail. She would probably give also concerts on her own account, and there have been intimations (we know not upon what authority) of some intended combination of forces on the part of the oratorio societies of Boston, New York and other cities, with Mme. Novello for prima donna, to hold one or more musical festivals like those of Birmingham, Norwich, &c. in England. Her first appearance will probably be in this city in October or November.

A. W. LADD, Esq., of Boston, Ms., was officially notified by the last mail from Europe that he had been admitted as a Brother Member of the Grand Imperial Society of Piano-Forte Makers of Paris, as a distinctive mark of honor.

In the list of *scritture*, or engagements, for the next Carnival season at the Pergola theatre in Florence, we notice the name of our townswoman, ELISA BISCACCIANTI. The Florentine Journal of Arts and Sciences, *L'Indicatore*, alludes to her eminently successful debut there at a concert of the Philharmonic Society on the 22d of June, and expresses the hope that the management "will be able to give the Biscaccianti companions worthy to stand by her side." The same journal says her singing of *Ah non giunge* produced such an outburst of enthusiasm as was excited twenty years before in the same piece by Madame PASTA. Another journal, *L'Arte*, calls her "*questa incomparabile artista*," and is at a loss which to admire most, "the pure and silvery *timbre* of her voice, her most beautiful accent, her unimpeachable method, or the grace, the soul, the sentiment with which she executes the most difficult passages."

Sig. LABLACHE's health prevents his visiting London this season.... Messrs. Fox and Henderson, (says the *Athenæum*), "have contracted to deliver a new Covent Garden Theatre, on the site of the old one, in six months."... Among the doings of innumerable musical societies in London, we read of the Sacred Concerts of the *Ecclesiological Motett Society* now in progress.... M. HECTOR BERLIOZ has been elected by the Académie des Beaux Arts, as successor to Adolphe Adam. His competitors were Panzeron, Felicien David, Niedermeyer, Gounod, and others.... PALESTRINA's "Mass of Pope Marcellus" was announced to be sung on St. Peter's day, at the Church of St. Sulpice, by 250 voices.... The Bradford Triennial Festival (in England) is announced for the 26th to 29th of August. The principal singers will be Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Mlle. Piccolomini, Mme. Alboni, Mme. Weiss, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss, Reichardt, Belletti, Beneventano, Formes, &c. Conductor, Mr. Costa. The oratorio of the first day will be Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; of the second day, Costa's "Eli"; of the third day, Handel's "Messiah"; the fourth day, miscellaneous. In the evening miscellaneous concerts, two MS. Cantatas, "Robin Hood," by J. L. HATTON, and "May-Day" by G. A. MACFARREN, (composed expressly for the festival,) will be performed; besides the usual melange of symphonies, overtures, madrigals, operatic selections, &c.

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 139.)

In the year 1792, Beethoven's outward circumstances, which never had been easy, shaped themselves more favorably than before. The Elector Max Franz, with whom he always stood in favor, invited him at his expense to take a journey to Vienna. There he was to improve himself still further in music, especially in composition, under the tuition of the celebrated HAYDN. He became more intimately acquainted with SEBASTIAN BACH's works, which he had already studied at an earlier period, his attention being now again directed to that great master by his teacher. At the same time he diligently studied, with a view to the church style, the compositions of HANDEL. Haydn had formed himself upon them both, and therefore thought he could not commend better models to his pupil, whose progress he remarked with satisfaction. Haydn also made him acquainted with the works of MOZART, whom he found on his arrival in Vienna no more among the living, he having died the year before. Such models gave Beethoven's taste that distinguished direction, to which he remained faithful all his life, thereby winning universal admiration. The instruction he had been receiving was interrupted in 1795, when Haydn made another journey to London. He turned his pupil over to the celebrated contrapuntist, ALBRECHTSBERGER, under whose direction Beethoven studied on industriously.

To the first part of his stay in Vienna belongs a letter, which shows his character from a very amiable side, through the good-heartedness with which he openly confessed and asked pardon for

a hasty act of which he had been guilty. This letter, dated Vienna, Nov. 2, 1793, was addressed to the friend of his youth, Eleonore von Breuning, afterwards the wife of Dr. Wegeler. "A year has elapsed since my stay in this capital, and this is the first letter you receive from me; yet rest assured you have ever lived in my recollection. I have often conversed with you and yours, although not with that piece of mind which I could have desired; for the late wretched altercation was hovering before me, showing me my own despicable conduct. But so it was; and what would I not give, could I obliterate from the page of my life this past action, so degrading to my character, and so unlike my usual proceedings! It is true, there were many circumstances widening the breach between us, and I presume that in those whisperings, conveying to us our mutual expressions, lay the chief source of the growing evil. We both imagined that we spoke from conviction, and yet it was but in anger, and we were both of us deceived. Your good and noble mind has, I know, long forgiven me; but they say that self-accusation is the surest sign of contrition, and it is thus I wanted to stand before you. Now let us draw a veil over the whole affair, taking a warning by it, that should a difference arise between friends, they should not have recourse to a mediator, but explain face to face."

This letter was accompanied by some Variations, composed by Beethoven, upon the aria: *Se vuol ballare*, from Mozart's *Figaro*. Beethoven had dedicated them to his friend. "I could only wish," wrote he, "that the work were greater and more worthy of you. They importuned me here to publish this little work, and I improved this opportunity to give you a proof of my respect and friendship for yourself, and of an ever enduring recollection of your house. Accept the trifle, and think, when you look at it, that it comes from a friend who respects you very highly. If it only gives you pleasure, my wishes are entirely satisfied. Let it be a little revival of the time, when I spent so many and such happy hours in your house. Perhaps this work will keep me in your memory, until I come again, which, to be sure, will not be so soon. How we will enjoy ourselves then! You will then find a happier man in your friend, from whose brow time and his better fate have smoothed out the furrows of his past refractory conduct. At the close of my letter I venture one more request. I should like again to be so happy as to possess a waistcoat embroidered with Angora by your own hand. Pardon your friend this presumptuous request. It arose from a great partiality for every thing that is from your hands, and confidentially I can tell you, vanity lies at the bottom

of it, the vanity of being able to say that I possess something from one of the best, most estimable maidens in Bonn. I still have the first waistcoat, which you were so kind as to present to me in Bonn; but through the fashion it has become so unfashionable, that I can only keep it in my clothes-screen as something very dear from you. You would give me great pleasure if you would soon rejoice me with a letter. Should my letters cause you any satisfaction, I promise so far as possible to gratify you."

In relation to the Variations, which accompanied this letter, Beethoven said: "They will be somewhat difficult to play, especially the trills in the Coda. But that need not terrify you. It is so arranged, that you need do nothing but make the trills; the other notes you may leave out, since they occur also in the violin part. I never would have set anything so; but I had frequently remarked, that there was here and there some one in Vienna, who, when I had been improvising in the evening, would write down many of my peculiarities the next day, and make a show upon them. Foreseeing that such things would soon appear, I determined to anticipate them. Another reason was, to puzzle the resident pianists here. Many among them are my deadly enemies, and I wanted in this way to revenge myself upon them, since I foresaw, that here and there the Variations would be set before them, where the gentlemen would make a poor figure in attempting to perform them."

A letter of Beethoven's, written a few weeks later, described the impression made upon him by a gift from the fair friend of his youth. "I was exceedingly surprised," he says, "by the beautiful neck-tie, wrought by your hand. Pleasant as the thing was in itself, it awoke in me feelings of sadness. Its effect was the recollection of former times, and shame on my part through your magnanimous conduct towards me. Really, I did not believe that you still held me worthy of your thought. O, could you have witnessed my emotions yesterday, you surely could find no exaggeration in what I tell you now, that at the thought of you I wept and was very sad. I beg you will believe me, little as I may deserve faith in your eyes, that I have suffered very much, and do still suffer through the loss of your friendship. You and your dear mother I shall never forget. You were so kind to me, that your loss cannot and will not be so soon replaced to me. I know what I have lost, and what you were to me; but—were I to fill up this interval, I should have to go back to scenes which would be unpleasant for you to see, and for me to describe. As a slight return for your kind memento to me, I make free to send you a violin Rondo. I have a great deal to do,

or I would have written off for you the long promised Sonata. In my manuscript it is hardly more than a mere sketch. You can have the Rondo copied off, and then send me back the score. What I here send you is the only one among my things which would be useful to you, and I thought that possibly this trifle might afford you some pleasure. If it is in my power to contribute aught else to your gratification, I beg that you will not pass me by. It is the only means now left of testifying to you my gratitude for the friendship I have enjoyed."

In the above letter Beethoven had spoken of having a great deal to do. His tasks were lightened by a young man, with whose father he had stood in friendly relations in Bonn. It was FERDINAND RIES, then a youth of sixteen, who died at Frankfort on the Main in 1838, a son of the first violinist in the electoral chapel at Bonn, Franz Ries, who closed his earthly career at an advanced age in 1845. By thorough instruction Ferdinand Ries had become a clever pianist and made remarkable progress in music. With a letter of introduction from his father he went to Beethoven, whom he found busied about the completion of his oratorio: "Christ on the Mount of Olives," which was to be produced for his benefit at a concert in the theatre. Beethoven read the letter through, and said: "I cannot answer your father now. But write to him, I have not forgotten how my mother died. With that he will be satisfied." It was only some time later that Ries learned, that his father had in every way actively supported the Beethoven family, then in needy circumstances.

In the very first days Beethoven found that he could use the son of his old friend. On the day of the performance of the above-named oratorio, Beethoven sent for him at five o'clock in the morning. Ries found him still in bed, writing upon single leaves. When he asked what it was, Beethoven replied laconically: "Trombones!" So the trombones were played from those sheets. Possibly they had forgotten to copy those parts.—But it was more probably an after-thought, since Beethoven might have had the original sheets, as well as the copied ones. The rehearsal began at eight in the morning. Besides the oratorio there were also performed for the first time a Symphony of Beethoven's in D major (No. 2) and a Piano-forte Concerto. It was an extremely difficult rehearsal. By half-past two o'clock all the musicians were exhausted and more or less dissatisfied. The prince Lichnowsky, who was present from the beginning, ordered bread and butter, cold meat and wine brought in great baskets. By that means he re-inspired the players to rehearse the oratorio through once more. It is Beethoven's first work in this kind, said the Prince; it must be produced in a manner worthy of him. The concert began about six o'clock, but was so long that a couple of pieces were omitted.

Beethoven had given the score of the above-named Symphony in D major, in his own handwriting, to his young friend Ries. The latter remarked upon it some years afterwards: "The score showed something very striking in the *Larghetto quasi andante*. Indeed the *Larghetto* was so beautiful, conceived in so pure and friendly a spirit, and the carriage of the voices so natural, that one could scarcely imagine anything had been changed in it. The plan too was from the

beginning the same as in the later editions. But in the second violin, almost in the very first lines, in many passages a very considerable part of the accompaniment, and in some places also in the viola, had been changed; and yet all had been so carefully erased, that I could not with the utmost pains find out the original idea. I asked Beethoven about it, and he answered dryly: "It is better so."

Several circumstances conspired to plunge the universally celebrated composer into a sad mood, which often bordered on despondency. It was not merely the cabals of his rivals, who envied him his fame. An essential reason of his melancholy lay in his state of health. An obstinate bowel complaint, of which the first traces had already shown themselves in the year 1796, induced a train of other disorders for him, among which his increasing hardness of hearing became an unspeakable torment, embittering all the joys of life. An extended description of his physical sufferings is contained in a letter to Dr. Wegeler, in Bonn, afterwards the husband of his former pupil, Eleonore von Breuning. After an eight year's residence in Vienna, on the 29th of June, 1800, Beethoven wrote this letter, which may serve as a pure transcript of his mode of thinking and of feeling. He opened it with self-reproaches on account of his long silence.

"How much I thank you," says he to his friend, "for thinking about me! So little have I deserved or tried to deserve from you, and yet you are so kind, you let yourself be turned away by nothing, not even by my unpardonable neglect, but remain always the faithful, sterling friend. That I could ever forget you, you who were once so dear to me, o, do not believe that! There are moments when I yearn towards you, nay when I long to pass some time with you. My fatherland, the beautiful country in which I first saw the light of the world, is still ever beautiful and clear before my eyes, as when I left you; in short, I shall regard that time as one of the happiest events of my life, when I can see you again and greet our father Rhine. When that will be, I cannot yet determine. So much I will tell you, that you will see me right great. Not greater as an artist, but better and more perfect as a man, shall you find me; and then should my fortune become somewhat better in my native land, my art shall exhibit itself only for the benefit of the poor. O happy moment! How happy I esteem myself, that I can bring thee near, that I can myself create thee!"

From the above it appears, that the very straitened circumstances, in which Beethoven lived at Bonn, had shaped themselves more favorably. "You wish to know," he writes to his friend Wegeler, "something of my situation; it is not so bad. Within the last year the prince Lichnowsky, who, if there have been little misunderstandings between us, always was and has remained my warmest friend, has set apart for me a sure sum of 600 florins, which I can draw so long as I find no suitable position. My compositions bring me in a good deal, and I can say I have more orders than I can satisfy. For every thing I have six or seven publishers, and even more, if I make a point of it. They no longer stipulate with me; I demand and they pay. You see that is a nice thing. I see for example a friend in need, and my purse does not allow me to help him immediately; I have only to set my-

self to work, and in a short time he is relieved, and then I am more economical than formerly."

[To be continued.]

Objects of Musical Education, and their Time.

By DR. A. B. MARX.

[Concluded from p 141.]

We have already said that the pianoforte possesses an extremely voluminous literature, partly written expressly for it, and partly adaptations from other works foreign to it. What can be more natural or more enlightening than to make these works the chief means of instruction, their complete possession being one of the objects of pursuit? For this end, technical readiness, finger exercises, and studies are required. But these are manifestly only means to an end; and as certainly as their use ought not to be delayed, so certainly also they ought to be set aside when the required dexterity has been gained, and the principal difficulties overcome; or else, from a want of methodical arrangement, exercises may be prolonged without end. We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times this error has been stretched to excess, and has overwhelmed us with countless studies, &c. Every respectable teacher, every distinguished amateur, considers himself bound to present the world with some dozens of studies, from which a few particular artistic forms of fingering are to be acquired. And since the composition of a well-sounding study exacts nothing but the occurrence of an idea to be worked in the ordinary routine of composition; since, moreover, a little burst of enthusiasm is highly thought of in these matters; and, further, since the brilliant playing of the author, or the reputation of his master, renders him tolerably sure of his public, we can never tell when this composition and spread of studies will come to an end: neither, indeed, can we imagine how the pupil shall find time to labor through the most respectable of them only; to say nothing of the real works of art themselves, for whose sake alone the whole drudgery has been endured.

Let the non-musical inquirer consider the foregoing as a token of good and bad instruction in the question before us.

Sebastian Bach and Handel, Joseph Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—these are the artists to whom we owe the greatest and the most numerous works of art for the pianoforte. Among these, Bach and Beethoven stand forward, the one in elder, the other in our own times, as those who have reached the highest eminence. After them, Emanuel Bach, Clementi, Dussek, Karl Maria von Weber, Hummel, and many more may be named. We abstain from giving a more numerous list, particularly of those still living, as it is not the province of this work to pass judgment upon individuals. Upon the highest, the vast preponderance in estimation of the five first-named artists, there is not the slightest question among those who have the least tincture of art. The one may indeed be compared with the other, but the high preeminence of all is unquestioned.

We can therefore declare as a condition for good pianoforte teaching, that the works of those five eminent men* shall be considered as the

*We have to give an urgent warning with respect to Seb. Bach's work, the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," that the younger scholars be not set too early to the study of it; and that neither they nor others should be persuaded that everything that that great man has composed—often composed for momentary objects of instruction, &c.—was of equal value. Bach's manner is so different from the modern style, that we cannot without reflection employ his works. This, and the usual beginning with pianos of the most accustomed temperament, have driven more friends of art from this master than the pleasure of his music has created admirers; and, therefore, with the greatest veneration in his regard, we will not refuse to acknowledge that another portion of his works, namely his dances, have outlived their time and become antiquated. But the enlightened teacher will find in the "Six Preludes pour les commencans," in the inventions and single fantasias, namely in the English and other suites among the preludes, sarabands, jigs, &c., a rich choice of the most charming and imperishable compositions, most intimately adapted to our tastes and feelings, and highly calculated to produce both pleasure and improvement in his scholars. We would

distinguished and governing lessons in the instruction. Whatever finger exercises, hand lessons or secondary work, a teacher may find necessary for his pupil, must be left to his decision, as it cannot be estimated. But the teacher who does not conduct his pupil into the study of the five great masters, as soon as it can be done with any precision, and the time of the lesson permits it, and does not make them the chief object and goal of the instruction, such a teacher, we say it without hesitation, is not able to give a true artistic education, however clever and careful he may be in other parts of his duty. Teachers who keep their pupils to fashionable dances and such trifles, to arrangements from favorite operas, &c., are altogether unworthy of the confidence of those who seek for genuine education in art. Therefore, no teacher ought to be chosen without the previous knowledge of his method of instruction.

Pianoforte learning may begin very early—in the seventh or eighth year, or even earlier, even before the hand can span the octave. There is, moreover, a sufficiency of excellent works of Haydn and Mozart, well adapted to the sensibilities of that tender age, if the teacher be but capable of choosing them.

III. COMPOSITION.

We name the study of composition as the third object of general musical education. Deep penetration into art and its productions, a rich development of musical talent, cannot be attained without this study. If it be undertaken in the right sense, it rewards every step forwards with clearer insight and increased pleasure; and, indeed, those also who are not destined by peculiar talents to the profession of composers.

This circumstance demands the more deliberate consideration, the more imperfect and erroneous the representations are which have been attached to it.

Music consists, as can be seen from this book, in an inward comprehension of innumerable most diversified forms, constantly approaching and separating, perpetually combining and dissolving in each other. Their operation can be perceived, more or less, without previous cultivation, and can be understood and represented by a superficial instruction; but to comprehend them entirely, to penetrate into their whole nature and attributions, is to know the meaning and force of each form by itself, and also when in combination with every other. Now, let us imagine a great composition before us, in which different parts are united in the most varied manner, in all sorts of artistic forms, each part having its cantilena, its rhythm, its succession of *tones*, while each *tune* has a determined relation to the *tones* of the other parts, and with all this are combined different degrees and kinds of motion, of *forte* or *piano*, and of manner of performance. Now, we say, with such a composition before us, we presume it will be admitted that without study such a composition could not be understood, and that the study for that object must be thorough, systematic, and methodical.

Let us suppose for a moment that any one unaccustomed to composition undertook the dissection of the above imagined work. Then would he be overwhelmed with an intolerable burden of unities. The completion of his task would be impossible, were it only from the creation of new forms and applications of them which daily takes place in art.

The only ready, practicable, and fruitful procedure is, therefore, to set one's own hand to work, to learn oneself how to bring the forms from out the world of sound, to "call the spirits from the vasty deep;" to learn to feel the rhythm of the

here wish to recommend the new collective edition of Bach's works, at Peter's in Leipzig. As an Introductory School for conducting from our own time and manner into those of Bach, which are so importantly different, and for primary instruction in polyphonic playing, the Author has published a selection from Seb. Bach's compositions, at Challier's in Berlin, at 20 Sgr.

The above warning may also apply to Handel, whose works, however, for the piano, are not numerous. We can recommend his Six Fugues and a Capriccio, at Trautwein's, in Berlin, for more advanced students.

forms, so that all present and future forms shall be within our scope and comprehension, because we have grasped the root of their existence—because we know how they have come into existence, and why. This the doctrine of composition teaches us. This science alone gives us, not abstract ideas upon art—not merely superficial notions upon the operations of art—not a few cut out dead parts, but the whole entire, with all its individualities, and in its unity, matter, and spirit, form and meaning, in that single entirety which is the material of true art.

We may add, from a large experience of every age and of both sexes, that the study of composition, without any proportionate loss of time, even for amateurs, most surely rewards every step, even when but small disposition exists in the student, or when circumstances prevent a lengthened pursuit of the subject. The first few lessons in one-part* compositions will at once awaken the sense for melody, and give a significant idea of its fundamental forms, of the efficacy of rhythm, and of the origin and accumulation of passages and phrases. Already the doctrine, so comprehensive and so easily comprehended, of the two and two composition in two parts, built upon the natural harmony, makes the foundation of all harmony and tonic progression perfectly obvious, and furnishes to moderately endowed students, pleasurable and exciting lessons. So much can be acquired in two or three weeks, with a couple of lessons a week and but little exertion; and, moreover, we might abandon our studies at this point, without having lost our labor. Then the gradual development of harmony and the richer progression of parts, will have, in the mere inspection, the charm of a perfectly rational and highly copious display, from the most simple fundamental forms and the most obvious laws. But to any one who enters upon this pursuit with inbred activity, to such a one the regions of sound are illumined and extended with every effort,—the sense of music is vivified, excited and strengthened by every fresh manifestation of the internal art. Now, with the knowledge of the limitation of chords, freedom in the unfolding of art returns, and her play becomes continually richer and more variegated. Then all artistic forms are imagined and explained, the one from the other—the order of the succession being pre-supposed—the one quite as easy as the other, until, finally, their realization on determined instruments or in song, in ecclesiastical, dramatic, and other objects of our art, completes the whole study. At any point the study may be relinquished with profit, in proportion to the labor bestowed, if circumstances should so command, or the zeal of the student should not urge him to further investigation.

The study of composition may begin early, particularly with talented and lively children, but not before they have made some progress upon a musical instrument,—if possible the pianoforte, and have thereby gained some participation in and capacity for art, and also more penetration and habits of reflection. They ought at least to have got beyond the elementary exercises, and be able to play with feeling and technical correctness larger works, such as, for example, the sonatas of Haydn and Mozart. Instruction in composition

*The author has conformed himself here to the tenor and tendency of his Doctrine of Musical Composition (*Lehre von der Musikalischen Komposition*), at Breitkopf and Härtel. How little can the above assurance be given by the old thorough-bass and doctrine of harmony; how unartistic is it in foundation and method, how extremely incomplete and unsatisfactory! This the author has exemplified from time to time in the *Instruction for Composition*, but more demonstratively in the work "*Die alte Musiklehre im Streit mit unsrer Zeit*" (the old Doctrine of Music in contention with our times), at Breitkopf and Härtel, 1841,—as had been acknowledged and declared long enough before him by Reicha and every thinking professor of composition. The indolence of so many old masters, or the ignorance of masters absolutely unacquainted with the real nature of composition, is still answerable for the painful and useless labor of many young persons. Many such, indeed, are still enduring in the continually disappointed hope that they will at last, some day, arrive at composition, or at least at a clearer insight into the nature of art; they endure until the time has passed, and with it all pleasure and natural feeling, which either dies away or becomes corrupted.

at an earlier period than this would be mere empty playing; or, what is much worse, would disturb, in the still unself-supporting scholar, the free and immediate enjoyment of the compositions lying before him; and thrust in the place of lively, soul-inspiring, artistic employment, cold and profitless mechanism of the understanding. This is one of the greatest errors of a system pursued in many shapes, of instruction in the piano and harmony combined, which apparently advances the students through an intricate mechanism with great rapidity, but at the cost of the feeling of music itself, which remains undeveloped, and becomes, indeed, oppressed and stifled by the disturbance of the understanding, and the mechanism which that system brings into action. The true joy of art and artistic accomplishment becomes the more surely destroyed thereby,—the more deceptive to the observer is the joy of the scholar at his mechanical success,—and the more his sudden progress in certain parts of music is in the beginning inexplicable to the uninstructed.

We consider thus much to be necessary upon general education. The choice of other instruments may be left to each individual, under the advice of the better-informed. The science and history of music must in like manner be left to the disposition and leisure of every friend of art. The composer, and particularly the well-educated musician, will scarcely be able to restrain himself from the history of his art, not merely from books, but from the works of art themselves.

Descriptive Music.

[Concluded.]

Far be it from us, therefore, to deny that descriptive music may be made a noble thing; but what we complain of is, that it is running wild, or at least the musical world are running wild after it. We only wish we could persuade some of the gifted modern composers, who waste their time in representing the unrepresentable, just to try the experiment of writing a little music, which should, like Mozart's Symphonies, be innocent of meaning; and, though they might not find the task easy, we would back its success very strongly.

It is an open question, which deserves more investigation than it has yet received, how far music is legitimately capable of expressing ideas lying out of the proper domain of sound; that it is so to a certain extent is undeniable; but this extent is much more limited than is usually supposed, as may be evident by the fact of the exceeding *indefiniteness* of the representations produced. For, if we examine closely into the working, on the mind, of any descriptive piece of instrumental music, we shall find that by far the greater portion of its efficiency is due to our own fancy, and very little to the suggestive power of the music itself. It is easy enough, when we are told beforehand the programme of a composition, to identify, or rather to imagine we can identify, its descriptions; but let any descriptive symphony or overture, even of the highest class, be played to a person ignorant of its name or intention, and see the result of his endeavors to make out its meaning. We once heard a magnate of a provincial festival (where Mendelssohn had just succeeded Neukomm in favor) declare he could distinctly trace, in the Wedding March, the exact point where the ring was put on; but for our own part we failed to discover any hymeneal character in it, except, perhaps, the frequent and prominent discords! The most contradictory guesses are made, even by eminent musical critics, as to the meaning of compositions; and we think this very fact might warrant the inference that the meaning so anxiously pursued might be, after all, an *ignis fatuus*—the composition never having been intended by the composer to bear any meaning at all. And often, when an explanatory programme is given, the case is not much better; for we have remarked the perplexity of hearers listening to a romantic composition of the modern school with a long sheet of explanation in their hands, and trying their utmost, but in vain, to make out what part of the scene is being played! And we have been almost profanely reminded of the reply of the showman, when asked inconvenient questions

by his juvenile spectators as to which parts of his picture he was describing.

It is probable that music may be only really capable of describing facts, through the medium of sensations appertaining to them; which sensations are producible also by musical compositions. Thus, for instance, an impression of liveliness or solemnity conveyed by music, may correspond with feelings of the same nature excited by certain objects or certain scenes; and so may seem to describe such objects or scenes; whereas in reality it only results from certain subjective qualities of them. Hence, if the hearer is told *what* the music refers to, he may probably succeed in tracing the description; but if not, he may altogether fail in divining what is intended to be described.

However this may be, there is no doubt that descriptive music is good and commendable, so far as it is kept in bounds; it may call forth much skill and talent; and where a thorough appreciation of the æsthetic character of music exists, it may tend to results of high merit. But to say that all good music *must* be descriptive, because some good music happens to be so, is illogical in the extreme; for by far the greater part of our most esteemed instrumental compositions are of such a character that it is impossible to imagine any consistent programme for them, except by resorting to the wildest rhapsodies of modern German enthusiasm.

And it needs but little argument to show that non-descriptive music, at least in the instrumental form, is of a purer and nobler order than descriptive. The latter depends for its interest partly on an element foreign to the essential nature of the art; for music, strictly speaking, is intended to give pleasure by combinations of sound only; and when the descriptive element is introduced, the composition becomes no longer pure music, but, to a certain extent, a combination of music and drama. But a work to which no programme is attached, must please by its merit as a pure musical composition, standing independently on its phonetic qualities, and unaided by any foreign associations; and we think it may be taken for granted, that the composer who excels in works of this nature shows more true command of his art than he who owes half his success to the embodiment in his composition of some tangible scene or extraneous idea.

It will now, we trust, be seen that we were in sober earnest when we stated that Mozart's instrumental compositions were enhanced in musical worth by their *having no meaning*. Nobody could write descriptive music better than Mozart, when he pleased, as all the world knows; but he did not think that Symphonies, Quartets, and Quintets were the proper field to display this talent upon; and, consequently, in these he confined himself to pure, unadulterated, essential, abstract, *music*. We are not aware that, throughout the whole range of these strictly instrumental compositions, there is any attempt to introduce or suggest a descriptive feature, extraneous meaning, or non-musical idea of any kind whatever. And this is one reason why they form such admirable examples for study. To those who seek intellectual gratification only, the genius of Beethoven may be more captivating; but for solid benefit and practical improvement in composition, there is no school like Mozart, whose works are truly a 'pure well of music, undefiled.'—*Lon. Mus. World*.

Verdi.

A Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, apropos of the performance of the "Sicilian Vespers" on the occasion of the baptism of the imperial baby, gives the following sketch of this popular composer's life.

Verdi, the author of the "Sicilian Vespers," is more than forty years of age. He was born in the Duchy of Parma, at Brussetto, a place so small that it does not *even* appear on the map. His parents were poor *carri*, who had not even the means to teach his *car* to read. In Italy, and particularly in the coun-*try*, the knowledge of reading

is an acquirement and a luxury which benefits no one. But Verdi was unlike his compatriots. The curate of his village took a sudden friendship for him, and taught him all he knew, to wit: reading, writing and music. In a few years the pupil became more learned than his master. He composed military marches and church music, to the great astonishment, admiration and delight of the good curate. Verdi felt his vocation—he left his village, started for Milan, and there, poor, unknown and without protection, he toiled night and day. He subsisted for some time giving music lessons at twenty cents, when destiny brought him in contact with Merelli, the great *impresario*. Merelli proposed to him the composition of a partition for the *Scala*, the first theatre of Milan, and gave him the poem of *Oberto di San Bonifacio*. In Italy, musicians and operas are in such great requisition that the directors oftentimes give themselves up to luck for new operas and productions. They are obliged, sometimes, to have recourse to some unknown composer. If he succeeds, they pay his services with glory; if he fails, they lay him aside to try another. The only difficulty is that experienced by the artistic corps, who have uselessly wasted their time and talents to study works destined to be reproduced no more. *Oberto di San Bonifacio* succeeded admirably, and, as was to be expected, Verdi did not make one cent out of it. Merelli ordered him a second work, *Un Giorno di Regno*, (the reign of one day,) but the violent grief which, at the time, he had conceived at the loss of his wife, whom he adored to distraction, dried up the wells of his wit and inspiration. It is the only work of Verdi which did not take. He did not, however, allow himself to become discouraged.—He had tasted the sweetness of success and of applause, and he began to prepare himself for greater triumphs. Convinced that a musical composer, beside a study and knowledge of the great masters of music, should be deeply versed in the study and knowledge of the great masters in poetry and literature of all times and countries, he condemned himself to a forced labor. He studied, at the same time, Corneille, Hugo, Lamartine, Schiller, Goethe, Shakspeare, and Dante; and with that perseverance and strength of will characteristic of genius, he felt himself, at length, able to put on the lips of heroes and of nations the musical words which suited each.

Merelli comprehended well the cause of the *fiasco* which had attended the production of *Un Giorno*. He therefore did not hesitate to offer him the poem of *Nabucco*, which he had previously offered without success to several musical composers. Verdi felt the grandeur of the subject.—He treated it in a masterly manner. His success was immense; it gave him more gold than glory—two thousand francs, perhaps. His fortune was secure. From that moment all the directors were at his feet, but Merelli obtained the preference. Verdi composed for the *Scala* the opera of *I Lombardi*, which was more applauded than his previous work; and which yielded him ten thousand francs. Then came *Ernani*, which was represented at the *Fenice*, in Venice; *I Due Foscari*, at Rome, in the Apollo theatre. His genius authorised him to dictate conditions to the directors. In the midst of the *furor* produced by his masterpieces and his glory, he never lost sight of the great object he had in view, viz: to purchase the cottage in which he was born and to establish around it a vast domain. With the proceeds of *Nabucco* he purchased the cot, and by means of his other operas a property which is not less, at present, than nine miles in extent. His great pleasure consists in living upon his lands, in the midst of his peasants, who all know by heart the finest pieces in his operas. At Brussetto the reapers perform their work singing the chorus of *Rigoletto*, *Ernani*, of *La Traviata*, and the *Trovatore*.

Endowed with a scientific but *brusque* disposition, Verdi does not love the contact of the world, and studiously avoids all public honors. After the production of his opera, *La Jerusalem*, which was acted for the first time in Paris, he received the cross of the Legion of Honor, and after that of the *Sicilian Vespers*, the cross of officer—dis-

tinctions awarded to him without his knowledge or solicitation. He might have had the cross of Parma, which had been conferred upon the most insignificant composers, had he only applied for it, but he disdained to do so. Even the situation of Master of the Emperor's Chapel at Vienna, which has been repeatedly tendered to him, he flatly refused. His art supplies all his wants.—Early in the morning he sits at the piano—he commences over again, if necessary, the same passages, until he is perfectly satisfied with the performance. He does not compose with facility, and his works bear more or less the marks of the midnight lamp. It will take him hours to master the difficulties of a simple note, and to elaborate a single air according to his fancy.

SUMMER.

BY REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

I.

Now seems all Nature to conspire,
As to dissolve the world in fire—

II.

Which dies among its odorous sweets,
A Phoenix on its funeral-pyre.

III.

Simoom breathes hotly from the waste,
The green earth quits its green attire:

IV.

Floats o'er the plain the liquid heat,
Cheating the traveller's strong desire—

V.

Illusion fair of lake and stream,
Receding as he draweth nigher.

VI.

Ice is more precious now than gold,
Snow more than silver men desire.

VII.

'Tis far to seek unfailing wells
For tender maid or aged sire:

VIII.

Men know the worth of water now,
And learn to prize God's blessing higher;

IX.

The shallow pools have disappeared,
Caked into iron is the mire.

X.

Through clouds of dust the crimson sun
Glares on the earth in lurid ire:

XI.

The parched earth with thirsty lips
Is gasping, ready to expire.

XII.

Oh, happy, who by liquid streams
In shady gardens can retire—

XIII.

Where murmuring falls and whispering trees
Sweet slumber to invite conspire:

XIV.

Or where he may deceive the time
With volume sage, or pensive lyre.

A BATH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—The *Independent* of last week contained a "Star Paper," from HENRY WARD BEECHER, descriptive of "A time at the White Mountains." The following is as good as iced Champagne in these hot dog-days.

Reaching the hotel in due season, tired and sweaty, a bath must be had. We went toward the Notch, and turning to the right at the first little stream that let itself down from the mountains, we sought the pools in which we knew such streams kept their sweetest thoughts, expressing them by trout. The only difficulty was in the selection. This pool was deep, rock-rimmed, transparent, gravel-bottomed. The next was level-edged and rock-bottomed, but received its water with such a gush that it whirled around the basin in a liquid dance of bubbles. The next one received a divided stream, one part coming over

a shelving rock and sheeting down in white, while the other portion fell into a hollow murmuring crevice, and came gurgling forth from a half-dark channel. Half way down, the rock was smooth and pleasant to the feet. In the deepest part was fine gravel and powdered mountain, commonly called sand. The waters left the pool even more beautifully than they entered it; for the rock had been rounded and grooved, so that it gave a channel like the finest moulded lip of a water vase; and the moss, beginning below, had crept up into the very throat of the passage, and lined it completely, giving to the clear water a green hue as it rushed through, whirling itself into a plexus of cords, or a kind of pulsating braid of water. This was my pool. It waited for me.—How deliciously it opened its flood to my coming. It rushed up to every pore, and sheeted my skin with an aqueous covering, prepared in the mountain waterfalls. Ah, the coldness! Every drop was molten hail. It was the very brother of ice. At a mere hint of winter it would change to ice again! If the crystal nook was such a surprise of delight to me, what must I have been to it, that had, perhaps, never been invaded, unless by the lip of a moose, or by the lithe and spotted form of sylvan trout! The drops and bubbles ran up to me and broke about my neck, and ran laughing away, frolicking over the mossy margin, and I could hear them laughing all the way down below. Such a monster had never, perhaps, taken covert in the pure, pellucid bowl before!

But this was the centre-part. Not less memorable was the fringe. The trees hung in the air on either side, and stretched their green leaves for a roof far above. The birch and alder, with here and there a silver fir, in bush form, edged the rocks on either side. As you looked up the stream, there opened an ascending avenue of cascades, dripping rocks, bearded with moss, crevices filled with grass or dwarfed shrubs, until the whole was swallowed up in the leaves and trees far above. But if you turned down the stream, then through a lane of richest green, stood the open sky, and lifted up against it thousands of feet, Mount Willard, rocky and rent, or with but here and there a remnant of evergreens sharp and ragged. The sun was behind it and poured against its farther side his whole tide of light, which lapped over as a stream dashes over its bounds and spills its waters beyond. So it stood over against this ocean of atmospheric gold, banked huge and rude, against a most resplendent heaven!

As I stood donning my last articles of raiment, and wringing my over-wet hair, I saw a trout move very deliberately out from under a rock by which I had lain, and walk quietly across to the other side. As he entered the crevice, a smaller one left it and came as demurely across to his rock. It was evident that the old people had sent them out to see if the coast was clear, and whether any damage had been done. Probably it was thought that there had been a *slide* in the mountain, and that a huge icicle or lump of snow had plunged into their pool and melted away there. If there are piscatory philosophers below water half as wise as those above, this would be a very fair theory of the disturbance to which their mountain homestead had been subjected. As I had eaten of their salt, of course I respected the laws of hospitality, and no deceptive fly of mine shall ever tempt trout in a brook which begets pools so lovely, and in pools that yield themselves with such delicious embrace to the pleasures of a mountain bath.

And so, as the sun was gone, it was time for me to go. Step by step I climbed the moss carpeted rocks; slipped in due degree, leaped the wide-set stones, got caught on the dead branches of the cedar, climbed astride over the birch, and reached the road.

MUSICAL CONSERVATORIUMS in Germany are now becoming as plentiful as other educational institutions; and even the little kingdom of Saxony, with its two million of inhabitants, has had the courage to found a second institution for cultivating the art of music. The one which Mendelssohn founded at Leipzig has acquired European fame. That lately

established at Dresden has still to attain honor. The institution is, I believe, an exclusively private undertaking, but its views are purely artistic, as it intends only to teach and encourage the study of "classical music." Persons of both sexes are admitted, whether they intend studying the art as a profession or otherwise; nor is it absolutely necessary they should have acquired even the rudiments of a musical education. The pupil can be taught the pianoforte, organ, singing, and any two orchestral instruments he wishes, either string or wind, besides chorus singing, declamation, harmony, counterpoint, and composition. Lectures are given on the history of music; playing at sight, both in single parts and in full score, is practised; orchestral music, duos, trios, quartets for piano, with or without other instruments, is also taught. The active director of the whole scheme is M. Trostler, who has gained some repute in this town as a violin player. The committee of management selected are—MM. Charles Mayer, Franz Schubert, Julius Otto, and Schneider. M. Charles Mayer is at the head of the pianoforte, and M. Schubert, concert master at the Theatre Royal, at the head of the violin instructors. The rest of the teachers are men of talent; and it is to be hoped that the undertaking will meet with encouragement.

MUSIC AT SHIRLEY CHASE.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

"The most valuable collections of 'catches, rounds and canons, for three or four voices,' were cautiously circulated during the Protectorate; and deep in the retirement of many such a house as Woodstock the prayers for the Restoration and the practice of 'profane music' were kept up together."
"The merry monarch loved a tune, and small blame to him."—*Quarterly Review*.

I.
Cavalier music! Shirley Chase,
Hidden deep amid oak-trees royal,
Is the noble home of a knightly race
Old as the oak-trees—proud and loyal.
Snow has fallen on the White King's bier—
Cromwell lords it, late and early,
But as yet his troopers come not here:
At home in his hall sits Sir Everard Shirley.

II.
Moonlight pours through the painted oriels,
Firelight flickers on pictured walls;
Full of solemn and sad memorials
Is the room where that mingled glimmer falls.
There is the banner of Arthur Shirley.
Who died for Charles on a misty wold:
There is his portrait—an infant curly—
Whose corse in an unknown grave lies cold.

III.
Hot and sudden swoop'd Rupert's horse
Down on the villainous Roundhead churls,
But they left young Arthur a mangled corse,
With the red mire clotting his chesnut curls:
Only son of an ancient race
As any that dwells in England's realm—
Ah, a shadow sleeps on Sir Everard's face
When he thinks of his soldier's snow-plumed helm.

IV.
Madrigal music fills the room
With a spring-like beauty and delicate grace:
Vanishes half their weary gloom
As Harry St. Osyth's manly bass
And Maud's soprano and Amy in alt
Mingle like streams on a verdurous shore;
But memory sets them once at fault
As they think of the tenor that's heard no more.

V.
After, a rare old English glee,
Humorous, eloquent, daring, buoyant,
Rings through the chamber, strong and free,
And shakes the mullion'd panes flamboyant:
Merry music of olden time
Gaily defying the Cromwell-manacle,
Stoutly rebelling in hearty rhyme
'Gainst cant and heresy puritanical,

VI.
Then Amy down to the organ sits,
And a pleasant prelude sounds sonorous
As over the keys her white hand flits,
And a Latin canon claims their chorus.
Not in the great cathedrals now
Does saintly song as of yore find place:
But it smooths awhile the furrow'd brow
Of the sad old master of Shirley Chase.

VII.

But the King shall have his own again—

Merry King Charles o'er the stormy water:

Then shall ye hear an easier strain,

A gayer music, Joy's own daughter.

Melody then shall dance right merrily—

Beauty undreamt-of, endless grace,

Shall sound through the air of England, verily,

And flood the chambers of Sir Shirley Chase.

—*Dublin University Magazine*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 9, 1856.

Beethoven Literature.

It speaks well for human nature, that whoever in any department of intellectual exertion far outstrips his contemporaries, making his mark deeply upon the progress of his race in science, art, literature, politics, jurisprudence, or war, thereby renders himself the topic of so many pens—the cause of so much shedding of ink. What an immense field of our literature is that devoted to biography, to the sayings and doings of great men, to the discussion of their works, their opinions, their feelings, their intentions! Look at Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Franklin, Webster, Raphael, Mozart, Michael Angelo, Goethe, Shakspeare, Dr. Johnson, and numberless others.

Beethoven was born eighty-six years ago. For fifty years he has been the mark for critics, the hero of story-tellers, and the subject of biographers. We have at various times called attention in our columns to the absurdities written by admirers of his music in the form of novelettes and tales, in which real circumstances in his history have been twisted to their fanciful purposes, the origin of the peculiar expression of certain of his works been fantastically explained, or in which stories have been told, utterly without foundation, except in the imaginations of the writers. We propose to give our readers at this time a short review of the sources from which the future biographer of the great master can draw his materials.

The first and most natural source to which he will turn is the periodical musical literature of his time and country. The earliest notice of Beethoven in a printed work, unless we except the dedication by "Ludwig van Beethoven, aged eleven years," of his first published work, to his protector, the Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, is to be found in a musical magazine published in Hamburg, by a certain Cramer, in 1782-3. This work, of which we know but two or three copies in existence, contains a letter from Christian Gottlob Neefe upon Music and Musicians in Bonn, in which he speaks of his remarkable pupil, then about thirteen years of age. Soon after this date the annual Electoral Almanacs begin to give the name of the composer as assistant Court organist and member of the orchestra. (He played viola.)

The *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* began to be published in the year 1798, and during the fifty years of its existence there is not a volume which does not contain something which throws light upon the history of the composer and the success of his works. This is perhaps the most valuable musical periodical ever published, and as it covers the space of time from 1798 to 1848, must be made familiar by any one who will

write upon the music of this century. Less important, though hardly so, are the twenty odd volumes of "*Cæcilia*," edited by Godfried Weber, at Mayence, with the exception of the last few volumes, which appeared under the auspices of the indefatigable and accurate Dehn. General letters and many notices of Beethoven adorn the columns of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, begun by Schumann about 1835(?), and by other editors still continued. Marx's *Berliner Musik Zeitung*, 1823-28, gives some valuable facts. By the way, the piano-forte piece called "*Dernière pensée musicale de Beethoven*," was furnished Marx by the composer, and printed in the *Zeitung* more than three years before his death. The *Wiener Musik Zeitung*, edited at one time by Kanne, an acquaintance of Beethoven, covers a space of several years beginning about 1816, and has considerable value, though less than might be expected from a sheet published in the city where the composer lived and died.

The *Leipziger Repertorium*, of which only two volumes appeared, contains much that is very valuable and interesting from Schindler's pen. These are the more valuable periodicals to the biographer of Beethoven. Besides these, of less value, but not to be overlooked by one who desires to be thorough, are the volumes of Reichardt, (Berlin, 1805-6,) the two musical papers now published at Cologne, one at Mainz, two in Berlin, and especially certain musical and theatrical periodicals of more or less recent date, published at Vienna. Others also have come under our notice, from which something is to be gained.

The *Kölnener Zeitung*—the famous Cologne Gazette, a news and political daily paper—contained a long controversy in 1835-6 upon the question whether Beethoven was born in the Rheingasse or the Bonngasse at Bonn; from this controversy many facts and anecdotes of Beethoven's childhood may be drawn, and from it we are enabled to correct a minor statement in our translation of Döring last week in regard to the age at which the little Ludwig was put to the pianoforte for practice by his father. Two old gentlemen, one a mayor of Bonn, the other Beethoven's friend Wegeler, recollected seeing the child at the age of three years standing at the instrument, and practising, with the tears running down his little cheeks.

The second source to which the biographer will naturally look, is musical lexicography. In the case of living musicians, a dictionary of musical science and biography is of value, both for the facts contained, and because of the discussions which doubtful points awaken. In the present case there are two such lexicons which possess value—Gerber's and Schilling's—Fétis's is valueless. Gerber published his first two volumes about 1790-92; his four additional volumes in 1812-14. He appears to have applied directly to Beethoven for information, though of this we are not certain. The article in Schilling, written probably by Marx, was founded apparently upon Gerber, and continued from other sources, and so far as it goes is quite reliable.

The third source is the biography proper of the composer. Setting of course the sketches to be found in periodicals aside, we have the following works of this class.

Immediately after the decease of the great composer, a certain Aloys Schlosser published a little work, which is of about the same value to the

biographer, as a campaign life of Scott to the future historian of the United States—possibly less; we will waste no space upon it. Another small work called out by the death of the composer, was "*Beethoven's Tod*" by his friend Kanne—a work of which we have not yet been able to find a copy. The most valuable work upon the early history of Beethoven, is one published at Coblenz in 1838, in two parts, viz: "*Biographische Notizen ueber Ludwig van Beethoven*," by Dr. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries. Wegeler knew the boy Ludwig, was the intimate friend of the young man Beethoven, and the correspondent of the great master in after years. In his "*Notizen*" he gives particular and precise information in relation to the circumstances of his friend's family and to the first years in Vienna. Several letters of Beethoven to him are among the most valuable which remain from the master's hand.—The second part contains the recollections of Ries, who was Beethoven's pupil, and many letters and notes addressed to him. In 1845 Dr. Wegeler published an appendix to the *Notizen*, containing several valuable and important matters for the future student of Beethoven's history.

In 1840 appeared Schindler's Biography. Few books have been so censured for their shortcomings as this. No reader can arise from its perusal without feelings of strong indignation at the small amount of information given within its pages.* It must be stated to the credit of Schindler that this was not entirely his fault.—The book known in English as "*Moscheles' Life of Beethoven*," is but a translation of Schindler, with an appendix consisting mostly of translations from the work of Wegeler and Ries. We should have mentioned before that in one or two instances Ries' memory failed him, and his anecdotes (in these particular cases) are not quite correct. He died before their publication, and probably never had opportunity of giving them a due version.

Affixed to the work known as *Beethoven's Studien*, also published in English—"Beethoven's Studies"—is a short notice of the composer by Ritter von Seyfried. Seyfried was an old Vienna acquaintance of Beethoven, and Kapellmeister of the "Theatre an der Wien" where '*Fidelio*' was first given. We are sorry to say that his memory of events, which transpired twenty-five and thirty years before he wrote, was not always exact and correct. Still Seyfried gives us some valuable facts, and quite a number of interesting letters by Beethoven. More recently Lenz has given the public two works, one upon Beethoven's writings, in which we find little more than a catalogue, with extracts from Schindler and the *Leipziger allg. Mus. Zeitung*, and also Lenz' opinions, and the other a biographical study, which is little more than a rehash of Schindler, Wegeler and Ries, with a few absurd stories from the periodicals of the day. Our journal has already noticed some of the errors of the first volume of this work. These are the principal works in this department of the Beethoven literature.

We have yet to name one other source of knowledge about Beethoven, which we shall consider in our next.

* Our "Diast" asked Schindler why it was that he gave so little? "Because," said he, "the publisher refused to print more than eighteen sheets!"

Musical Review.

SHEET MUSIC.

(Published by Oliver Ditson.)

Twelve Two-Part Songs, by Kücken, Abt, Mendelssohn, and others. No. 3. "Gondola Duet": O come to me; by KÜCKEN. pp. 9.

A beautiful duet, for two sopranos, or soprano and bass, with a gently flowing movement, in G minor. Words German and English.

Gaily through life wander, (*Libiamo ne' lieti calici*); the Brindisi from *La Traviata*, by VERDI. Words Italian and English.

A gay and easy little melody in waltz time; pretty enough, but tame compared with some of those dashing drinking songs of Verdi, not to speak of Donizetti's, in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Dah prendi un dolce amplesso. (*We part, we part*). Duettino from MOZART's *Clemenza di Tito*. pp. 6.

Another number of Wesley's arrangements of "Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of Mozart." This is a lovely duet, without much pretension, sweet, simple, serious, and brief. It has been ascribed, like several of the minor pieces in that opera, to Mozart's pupil, Süßmayer.

Ti guida a palma nobile, (*The path that lies before thee*): Terzetto from MOZART's "Magic Flute." pp. 5.

This appears as a number of the "Harp of Italy," though it is properly a string taken (or rather a vibration from a string) from the Harp of Germany.—It is a trio of sopranos, a strain of exhortation addressed by the "Three Ladies" to the young hero Tamino, whose tenor voice once intervenes in a bit of solo, easily sung by the third voice. Of course very beautiful.

Wayside Flowers of France and Italy, translated and adapted by THEO. T. BARKER. No. 1. *La Manola*, by PAUL HENRIOT. pp. 5.

This is a charming little French song, to a Spanish subject: *De l'Aragon, de la Castille, &c.*, and with a sparkling, piquant, half sentimental, half coquettish sort of Spanish melody. A Spanish invitation to the dance, reaching a climax in the ecstatic thought of the *Jota Aragonese*.

Music Abroad.

London.

The season is drawing to a close. It has been a more than usually eventful one. Such a gathering of great artists has rarely been witnessed in one year, and never except in "unmusical London." Mr. Ella never tires of admonishing us that (except at the Musical Union) there is no Music in England, and that the eager connoisseur must betake himself to Vienna, Berlin, Paris, or some other great town on the continent, to enjoy the manifestations of his beloved art. Nevertheless we have visited nearly all these boasted marts of harmony, and never heard so much music (or so good) in any of them as in London.

What have we not heard this season? To begin with the concerts of Jenny Lind at Exeter Hall and the Hanover Square Rooms. Where else could this greatly renowned and most charitable of public characters be heard so many times in succession?—and with her husband, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, to boot, who knows all "the Concertos?" Then we have had two Italian Operas. At the one the *ricelle garde*—the still unrivalled troop—with Grisi, Mario, Bosio, and Ronconi at its head; at the other, the new revelations of little Piccolomini and big Joanna Wagner, with the incomparable Albani to bring up the rear. Any one—or at least any two—of these singers would have sufficed to give "the season" *éclat* in a continental town. But we have had them all at once, and many others in the bargain, whom, however talented and respectable, it is not necessary to specify by name.

We have had also two Philharmonic Societies—the "Old" resuscitated, as it were, by Dr. Sterndale Bennett, the "New" manfully and successfully striving under the guidance of Benedict and Dr. Wylde. We have thus had symphonies and concertos, overtures and what-not, to our heart's content. Pianists have swarmed among us—first rate pianists, like Clara (Wick) Schumann, Sterndale Bennett, Charles Hallé, Alexander Billet, Arabella Goddard—to say nothing of a host of minor stars, all struggling for a hearing, and few of them getting it (at the Musical Union). For violinists it is sufficient to name Ernst,

Sivori, Molique—since the "*et cetera*" would take up too long a space. With Piatti as Violoncello, and Bottesini (better late than never) as double-bass, we need scarcely enlarge the list—both being inimitable.

The unknown artists who have paid us visits this year are too many to count them.

And what a legion of concerts have sprung out of this *embarras de richesses*—concerts entirely independent of the "societies," whether Philharmonic or Sacred Harmonic, of St. Martin's Hall and Mr. Hulah, who brought out a new oratorio (Rheinthal's *Jephthah*) and of the stereotyped benefit performances under well-known names. Out of all this novelty, however, it cannot be said that music has gained much. We are still waiting for a composer—since neither Herr Rheinthal nor Senor Yradier will suffice, even with the recommendation of the *Athenæum*. The oratorio of the first is dry and unimaginative; the Spanish romances of the last are trifles, all of a color—when you have heard one of them you have heard the rest.

The single new opera which has been given this season—*La Traviata*—is the weakest of its composer; and though it brought with it a young, fresh, and charming actress, full to overflowing of enthusiasm and promise, it did not present us with what may yet be denominated a singer.

Musically speaking, what, then, have been the facts of the season 1856? Dr. Schumann's "*Paradise and Peri*," at the elder Philharmonic, was less a 'fact' than a falsehood. Dr. Wyld's "*Paradise Lost*" remains unfinished; and though two fine works of Mozart were disinterred, they were too ill performed to be successful. The only offering of the New Philharmonic, therefore, was Dr. Schumann's pianoforte concerto, which, although played *con amore* by his clever and interesting wife, was very properly declined by those critics who attempt with more or less success to direct public opinion. We have thus to thank the Philharmonic Societies for Madame Jenny Lind Guldschmidt—and nothing else? Yes, we are grateful to the directors of the ancient Society for allowing their subscribers an opportunity of hearing and applauding a masterpiece composed by an English musician, and performed by an English pianist. To us, we own, one of the most interesting events of the year was the performance of Dr. Bennett's concerto in C minor, by Miss Arabella Goddard.

To turn to the Sacred Harmonic. That great Society has introduced Mr. Costa's *Eli* to London; but with the committee of the Birmingham rests the credit of having suggested and first produced that very popular work in public. The Sacred Harmonic has otherwise been content to follow in the beaten path it has trod so long.

Beethoven's later compositions are winning their way slowly but surely. We have dwelt upon Miss Goddard's second performance of the grandest and most difficult sonata; and we have rendered justice to the fine execution of his Ninth Symphony by the Orchestral Union under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. Acknowledgment is due, however to Mr. Hallé, for his intellectual "interpretation" (permit the word) of another of the latest and greatest of the pianoforte sonatas, at his last "Recital"—we mean the Op. 111, in C minor, which, while not designed on a scale so vast and infinitely developed as the Op. 106, in B flat, ranks nevertheless as high as any of its companionworks as an effort of imagination. Even the timid and conservative Mr. Ella has [for the third—not "the first" time in 10 years], assailed the ears and perplexed the understandings of his perfumed "sitters," with the posthumous quartet in B flat—another giant inspiration of the Colossus of instrumental harmony.

Of the concerts of Jenny Lind so much has been said lately that we need say nothing now. Suffice it, the year 1856 will be remembered as the year in which one of the grandest and most perfect of singers retired into private life, in the midst of triumphs, and in the zenith of her powers.

At the Italian Operas (besides the apparition of Marietta Piccolomini), we must mark as "facts" the unfading energy and vigor of Giulia Grisi—the unusually splendid singing of Mario, which has made of the season at the Royal Italian Opera a veritable "Mario season"—the temporary secession of the popular Tamberlik at an early part of the season—the wonderful musico-dramatic displays, tragic and comic, of Ronconi—the increasing reputation and continual improvement of Angiolina Bosio—and the inimitable vocalization of Marietta Albani, who looks younger and handsomer than in 1847. These have given sufficient interest and *éclat* to the Italian campaign.

What more? Let us see. Balfe has succeeded from the post he filled so honorably from 1849 to 1853 (inclusive) as musical director at Her Majesty's Theatre; in revenge, however, he has set some songs of the poet Longfellow in so kindred a spirit that they promise to excel in popularity all he wrote before; and he has given a benefit at Drury Lane, which was at the same time a bumper and a triumph—so that Balfe, the ex-conductor, stands in no need of consolation.—Covent Garden was burnt down early in March; and in the middle of April the Royal Italian Opera commenced proceedings at the Lyceum! Her Majesty's Theatre has re-opened its familiar doors to the public after two whole years of torpor, with Mr. Lumley, still zealous, eager, and full of enterprise, at the helm. *Enfin*, while one great edifice devoted to Music per-

ished by fire in March, another has risen, as it were by magic, four months later, in the midst of a garden—we mean, of course, the Surry Music Hall, the inauguration of which took place on Tuesday with such brilliant success, under the direction of M. Jullien.—*Mus. World*, July 19.

To our Subscribers and Advertisers.

We have to remind many of our patrons that our terms are, *payment in advance*; yet very many are still in arrears not only for the present year, (which commenced in April,) but for one and even two years past. Bills have been sent to all since April, and it is hoped that those who have not already done their duty in this matter, will soon do so by remitting the amounts due, by mail, or otherwise.

☞ Money letters by mail should always be registered; in that way only can money be remitted at our risk.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Triennial Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association will open in this city on the 10th of September. We understand that the display of Piano-Fortes will be unusually large and brilliant. . . . All who recollect the admirable playing of Mr. MORGAN, last summer, on the Tremont Temple organ, will rejoice to learn, by the announcement in another column, that he is to visit this city again in a few weeks, when he will give two Organ Concerts, in the same place, in connection with the Musical Convention under the auspices of Messrs. JOHNSON and FROST. Mr. M. is one of the most accomplished of English organists, and he will give us plentiful supplies of Bach and Handel, as well as discourse on the fancy stops.

"La Spia," writing to the *Evening Gazette* about one of those interminable English concerts which he attended lately, says "classical music becomes tedious and monotonous, when listened to for more than three consecutive hours." Is there any kind of music which does not? The concert referred to was one of Mr. HOLMES's Piano-forte concerts, in which Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, and thirteen other well known names were announced to perform on the same instrument. This Yankee "Spy" dissents from the applause of La PICCOLOMINI. He says:

She really does not deserve it. In *La Figlia del Reggimento* her singing was beneath criticism and her acting such as any piquante French grisette would be able to do after six months experience on the boards of the Opera Comique. Everything she did, whether good, bad or indifferent, was applauded and certainly would have been discouraging to any artist of merit, had he or she been present. She is much better in *La Traviata*, though were her name Miss Jenkins instead of Mlle. Piccolomini she would produce no more effect than would any debutante from the Conservatoire of Paris.

WAGNER, says the Spy, is to sing in *Tancredi* and the *Marriage of Figaro*, "which opera is the sequel by Mozart to the immortal 'Barber of Seville.'" Is not that rather putting the cart before the horse?—Of an American singer in London, the same writer says:

Mr. Drayton, who has been absent from his native city, Philadelphia, for sixteen years, and who holds a very high position as a basso, from his fine voice, his manly and robust figure and his general excellence as an artist, may return home this fall and allow the musical world to see what "Young America" can do in the artistic line. He is acknowledged as the best "Devilshoof" on the stage in England. He has sung for six years in English opera, and before that time had a good schooling in the French Opera Comique.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, editor of the *Musical World*, has been invited to deliver a course of lectures on Music before the Board of Education in New York. The school officers and teachers of the public schools are invited to be present. . . . WILLIAM

VINCENT WALLACE is said to have recovered from his illness, and to be on his way back to America.

OLE BULL, we see, has given \$500 towards establishing a campaign (Fremont) paper among the Germans in Iowa. He never was truer to the instincts of the Artist. If Freedom fails, there is an end of Music and all other Art. . . . The *New York Mirror* says:

We announced a few days since, a little prematurely, that Max Maretzek had leased the Academy of Music, and would open the Opera season early in September. We now learn from one of the Directors that Mr. Maretzek has actually taken the house from Mr. Paine until Oct. 1st, (Mr. Paine's lease expiring at that time,) and that a short season of the Opera will commence about the 1st of September. There is also a possibility that Max may become a permanent lessee, backed up by men of capital; and that a plan has been adopted which can hardly fail to make the Academy of Music a self-paying institution. * * Of the Company, we have learned no particulars. Madame La Grange is in Newport, whither Max has gone to treat with her.

WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT, for some time Professor, is now "Doctor of Music" at Cambridge, Eng. He took his degree Monday afternoon, June 30, and was "created" (that is the term) on the morning of July 1st. The exercise-anthem composed for the degree, and performed a few days before at Great St. Mary's, is thus described by a local paper:

"An anthem composed by Professor W. S. Bennett, as an exercise for the degree of Doctor of Music, was performed—Mr. Hopkins, organist of the University and of Trinity College, presiding at the organ. The subject of the anthem is taken from the 15th Psalm, 'Lord! who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle?' The construction of the composition is original and effective, the question—'Lord, who shall dwell?'—preceding each of the verses in recitative, answered by a double choir. In one of the movements is introduced the English choral, 'St. Mary's,' the University Church bearing that name. The placid character of this choral is strongly contrasted with a declamation of the choir to another subject in unison. This is followed by an elegant movement of a pastoral character, which breaks into a manual and original choral, at the conclusion, to the words—'Gloria Patri.' The anthem will be more acceptable to educated musicians than to the general public."

The *London Leader* (July 19) says JOHANNA WAGNER's performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* confirms the opinion it had "very reluctantly" expressed of her Romeo; and adds: "Extraordinary physical power, incessant exaggeration, and a total want of true feeling, are the chief characteristics of this German prima donna. To those who were familiar with the *Lucrezia* of GRISI the contrast was at once ludicrous and painful. Witness the last scene, in which we all remember the passionate abandonment of despair and tenderness of GRISI when she throws herself on the body of *Gennaro*, the son sacrificed to her cruel lust of vengeance. At this terrible moment Mlle. WAGNER is seen gesticulating coldly but fiercely across the footlights, invoking we may suppose, the excited sympathies of the pit and gallery." Madame AMADEI was the Orsini upon that occasion; and Mr. CHARLES BRAHAM showed his inadequacy (in this critic's opinion) for the rôle of *Gennaro*.

The Cathedral of Gran, in Hungary, is to be consecrated on the 31st of August, and LISZT, the pianist, who is a Hungarian, has composed a mass for the occasion. . . . Bosio continues to *fuoreggiare* (as the *Eco di Italia* in New York says) at the Lyceum theatre in London. . . . STEFFANONE is in London on her return from Brazil. . . . Signora VIRGINIA WHITING LORINI is in London too; also our excellent buffo ROVERE, awaiting an engagement, or *disponibile*, as the Italians say. . . . A young soprano of great promise has made her début in Paris. "Her name is RIBAUT. About a year ago the committee of the Grand Opera met to hear a pupil of the Conservatoire, who solicited an engagement at that theatre. She selected the duo of 'Romeo and Juliet,' but there happened to be no one at the Opera to sing with her. A young girl modestly offered to

sing a part in the duet. Her offer was accepted. The first mentioned artist failed; but the young girl was asked if she would not like to enter the Opera, and, upon her affirmative reply, she was at once engaged for three years. This is Mlle. Ribault; the Opera is paying the expenses of her musical education, as it did for Mario and Poulhier."

The report of THALBERG's intention of visiting us is confirmed, with the postscript that he will perhaps bring with him VIVIER, the eccentric hornist. Watchful "Stella" keeps the readers of the Worcester Palladium informed of all the symptoms of a growing taste for music in that "heart of the old Commonwealth"; witness the following:

Chancing the other day to be in the music rooms of GEORGE BURT, the excellent musician and teacher, I had the pleasure of listening to a rare musical entertainment, the only drawback upon which was the thought that more could not share the treat. As a violinist, this gentleman has no equal among us; and his piano playing is characterized by a singular fire and brilliancy, joined to correct and rapid execution. Three of Beethoven's sonatas, including the fine one in A flat, were played upon the violin and piano, by Messrs. Burt and Hodges, with perfect appreciation of their distinct spirit and beauty. Mr. Burt also interprets Mendelssohn and Chopin so finely, that, for the fortieth time, we second the motion often made by our music-loving citizens, viz: that public musical soirées, in which the rich mine of artistic talent now almost hidden in our midst shall expand itself, are "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Will not this proposition receive serious consideration before the close of another season?

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[Translated from the German for this Journal]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÜRING.

(Continued from page 146.)

Beethoven's contentedness with his condition, and the cheerful mood dependent on it, were, as we have already said, darkened by his uncertain state of health, especially by his increased hardness of hearing, which ended finally in total deafness. He wrote about it in the above-mentioned letter: "That envious demon, my poor health, has thrown a bad stone in my way—to wit: my hearing for the past three years has grown continually weaker; and for this infirmity the first cause must have been furnished by my abdominal troubles, which you know are of long standing, but have here become so much worse that I have been constantly afflicted with diarrhœa and a consequent extraordinary weakness. My physician, Dr. Frank, wanted to restore tone to my body by strengthening medicine, and to my hearing by almond oil. But *prosit* (much good may it do!). Nothing came of that. My hearing became worse and worse, and the other trouble still remained. This lasted till last autumn, when I was many times in a state of despair. Then one medical *asinus* prescribed to me the cold bath, and a more cautious one the usual lukewarm Danube bath. That did wonders; my bowels were better; my deafness remained, or grew still worse. This winter again it went wretchedly with me. I had frightful attacks of colic, and I again relapsed into my former condition. And so it remained until about four weeks ago, when I went to Dr. Bering of the medical staff, because I thought that such a case required at once a surgeon; besides, I had always had confidence in him. He succeeded in almost en-

tirely checking the violent diarrhœa. He ordered me the tepid Danube bath, into which I had to pour each time a little flask of strengthening matters, and gave me no medicine except four days ago some pills for the stomach and some tea. ~~stronger can, and I can now say, I find myself~~ and roar all day and night long. I ~~must~~ say, I pass my life miserably. For two years I have avoided nearly all society, because it is not possible for me to say to people: I am deaf. Had I any other profession, I might get on better; but in my profession it is a dreadful situation. And then my enemies, whose number is not small, what will they say to it?

"To give you an idea of this wonderful deafness, let me tell you that I am obliged in the theatre to lean close against the orchestra to understand the players. The high tones of instruments, voices, when I am any ways off, I do not hear. In conversation it is to be wondered that there are people who never have remarked it. As I was often absent-minded, they set it down to that. Frequently too I scarcely hear a person talking in a low voice—the tones, to be sure, but not the words; and yet, as soon as one screams, it is unendurable to me. Heaven knows what will come of it. Bering says, it will certainly become better, if not entirely well. Already often have I cursed my existence. Plutarch has brought me back to resignation. I will, if possible, defy my fate, although there will be moments of my life when I shall be the most unhappy creature on God's earth. I beg you, say nothing to any one of my condition. Only as a secret do I confide it to you. Should my present state continue, I will come next Spring to you; you can hire me a house in some pleasant place in the country, and then I will become a peasant for half a year. Perhaps that will effect a change. Resignation! what a wretched resource! and yet that is all that there is left me."

Of an earlier mentioned friend of his youth in the time of his life in Bonn, Beethoven wrote: "Stephen Breuning is now here in Vienna, and we are together almost daily. It does me so much good to call up the old feelings again. He has really become a good and noble youth, who knows a little, and has his heart, as we all have more or less, in the right spot. I have very beautiful lodgings now, which look out upon the ramparts and are of double value for my health. I think I shall make it possible to have Breuning come to me. Your love of Art rejoices me much. Only write me how it can be done, and I will send you all my works, which now amount to quite a pretty number, which is increasing day by day. In return for the portrait of my grand-

father, which I beg you to send me as soon as possible by the post wagon, I send you here the portrait of his descendant, your ever kind and heartily loving Beethoven, which has been published here by Artaria, who has often asked me for it. I will write immediately to Christoph Breuning and read him a bit of a lecture on account of his peevish humors. I will scream the old friendship right into his ear. Never have I ~~forgoten~~ among you, ye dear and good ones, although I have not let you hear from me. But you know writing never was my forte. Even my best friends have not for years long received any letter from me. I live only in my notes, and one is scarcely down before another is begun. As I now write, I often make three or four things at the same time. Write to me oftener now. I will take care that I find time to write to you sometimes. One word of Ries, to whom my hearty greeting. As regards his son, I will soon write you, although I believe Paris is a better place than Vienna for him to make his fortune in. Vienna is overrun with people, and even the best merit finds it hard to sustain itself. Until the autumn or the winter I will see what I can do for him, for then everybody hurries back to the city again."

Beethoven had found a patron and an active furtherer of his talent in the first period of his Vienna life in the Prince Lichnowsky, mentioned in a foregoing letter, who had received him into his house, where he had remained till near the year 1800, alternating, however, with the country. The prince was a great friend and connoisseur of music. He played the piano, and studied diligently Beethoven's works, which he performed with more or less skill, and sought to prove to the young artist, whose attention was often called to the difficulties of his compositions, that he had no need to change anything in his manner of writing. Every Friday morning the Prince had music at his house. Besides four salaried musicians, Beethoven too was present, who willingly listened to the remarks of these gentlemen, as for instance, once when the celebrated violoncellist, Kraft, suggested to him to mark a passage of the third Trio of a symphony composed by him with *sulla corda G*, and in the second part of this Trio to change the 4-4 time, with which Beethoven had marked the finale, into 2-4 time. Beethoven's new compositions were always performed for the first time, so far as they were suitable for that, in the house of Prince Lichnowsky. Several great musical artists were generally present. There too was where Beethoven played over to the famous Haydn the three Sonatas, which he dedicated to him. It is related that Beethoven was there one day invited by the

Count Appony to compose a Quartet for a stipulated sum. Thus far he had produced nothing in that form. Repeatedly reminded by his friends of this commission, he at length set himself to work. The first attempt, however, resulted in a grand violin Trio; the second in a violin Quintet. In the house of Prince Lichnowsky, too, a Hungarian Count once laid before him a difficult composition by Bach, in manuscript, which he performed with great readiness at sight. A musician by the name of Förster brought him one day a Quartet, which he had only copied out that morning. In the second part of the first movement the violoncellist got out. Beethoven stood up, and while he kept on playing his part, he sang the bass accompaniment. To a friend, who expressed his wonder at his thorough knowledge, he said, smiling: "So the bass part had to be, else the author understood nothing of composition." Whereupon the latter remarked that he had played the *Prélude*, which he never saw before, so fast that it could have been impossible to see the single notes. "That is not necessary," replied Beethoven. "If you read rapidly, a multitude of misprints may occur; you do not see nor heed them if you only know the language."

So far Beethoven had progressed in his musical culture through the fundamental instruction which, as before mentioned, he owed to the contrapuntist, Albrechtsberger, and to Haydn, after the return of that great master from England. His fame as a composer had been established in a few years through a succession of works, which had equal honor to the teachers and the scholar. To Vienna, which had been so far to his mind, he found himself tied forever after the death of the Elector Max Franz in 1801. He could not count with certainty on a support in his native city, Bonn, even if he had longed to go there. He had no need to be anxious about the means of subsistence. He had acquired so considerable fame as a composer, that he could sell his compositions to the music-dealers at high prices.

Beethoven loved best to compose in the open air, in the midst of nature, which had always from his boyhood had great charm for him. There he could give himself up undisturbed to his ideas. He fixed them upon paper at once, and went on working upon them by the way and after his return home. We have before intimated that he was quite as great a pianist as he was composer. His virtuosity in the overcoming of great difficulties was wonderful. His most splendid exhibition of himself was in free fantasias. His musical delivery, if not always equally tender, was yet always brilliant. There he possessed an uncommon facility, not only in varying a given theme with the fingers, but in really working it up. In this respect he came the nearest to Mozart, perhaps, of all the modern musicians.

With his rich earnings at this time, he might (which was not always the case) have lived free from care. Brought up in straitened circumstances, and constantly kept, if only by his friends, under a sort of guardianship, Beethoven never knew the worth of money, and was anything but economical. Of this he gave a proof while he still lived in the house of Prince Lichnowsky. The dinner table was set at four o'clock. Beethoven held it an infringement of his liberty, a burthensome constraint, against

which his nature rebelled, to appear there at that time. "There I must be at home every day at half past three," said he to a friend, "dress myself better, attend to my beard, &c., &c. It's more than I can bear." The result was, that he often went to a restaurant, where, as in all economical matters, he fared badly, since he neither understood the value of the articles nor that of money.

The peculiar sensitiveness of his character was in striking contrast with his ideal liberality, by which he often precipitated himself into all sorts of cares and quandaries. This led him into manifold misunderstandings with his patron, Prince Lichnowsky, so long as he was an inmate of his house, and with other friends; although they were for the most part soon healed over. When the first ebullition of rage was past, he lent a willing ear to rational suggestions, and his heart was speedily inclined again to reconciliation. The consequence was, that in a short time he had begged pardon. One day he wrote as follows to a friend living in the same city with him: "In what a glorious light you have shown me to myself! O, I see it, I do not deserve your friendship! It was no consciously premeditated wickedness in me which made me treat you so; it was my unpardonable thoughtlessness." Beethoven closed the somewhat lengthy letter, full of the bitterest self-reproaches, with the words: "But no more! I will come to you myself, and throw myself into your arms, and beg for the lost friend, and you will give yourself back to me, the repentant, loving thee, never forgetting thee, Beethoven."

This irritability was partly a consequence of the gloomy humor into which he was brought by the weaker and weaker condition of his health. He had been obliged, in obedience to medical advice, to submit to the application of the bark of *Daphne mezereum*. About this and his physical sufferings, as well as about the remedies which had proved so fruitless, he speaks particularly in a letter written at Vienna, on the 16th of November, 1801, to his friend Wegeler.

"You wish to know how I am and what I take. Little as I like to talk about the matter, I must gladly do so with you. Bering for some months past has ordered blisters continually applied to both arms, consisting as you know, of a certain bark. This is an extremely disagreeable cure, since it robs me always of the free use of my arms for a couple of days, until the bark has drawn sufficiently, not to speak of the pain. It is true, I cannot deny it, the humming and roaring is somewhat weaker than formerly, especially in the left ear, with which my difficulty first commenced. But my hearing is not at all improved; I dare not determine whether it has not rather become worse. With my abdomen it goes better; especially when I use the lukewarm bath for some days, I find myself for eight or ten days tolerably well. I seldom take anything strengthening for the stomach. Of plunge baths Bering will not hear. On the whole I am very much dissatisfied with him. He has too little care and consideration for such an infirmity. If I had not first gone to him, and that too with much difficulty, I would never see him. What think you of Prof. Schmidt? I do not like to change, but it seems to me Bering is too much a man of practical routine, to get hold of many new ideas through reading. Schmidt seems to me in this regard a wholly different man, and perhaps

would not be so careless. They relate wonders of galvanism. What do you say to that? A physician told me he had seen a deaf and dumb child restored to hearing in Berlin, and also a man who had been deaf for seven years."

Only for moments did a more tranquil mood return to him, soon snatched from him by a glance into a comfortless future. Weaker and weaker grew the hope in him of ever finding a complete relief, and he saw many of his darling plans thus thwarted. In this mood he wrote in the letter just referred to: "I am living somewhat more pleasantly again. You can scarcely believe how drearily, how sadly I have passed my life these last two years. Everywhere my weak hearing haunts me like a spectre. I fled from men, had to appear a misanthrope, and am in fact so little so. This change has been brought about by a dear, enchanting maiden whom I have again some happy moments, and it is the first time that I could feel marriage could make me happy. That cannot be at present. I must tumble about still farther in the world. Were it not for my hearing, I should long since have travelled over half the world, and that I must do. For me there is no greater satisfaction than to pursue and show my art. Do not believe that I should be happy with you in Bonn. What should make me happier? Even your solicitude would sadden me; every moment I should read the sympathy upon your faces, and should only feel myself the more unhappy. Those beautiful scenes of my fatherland, what was vouchsafed to me in them? Nothing but the hope of a better condition. It would be mine but for this calamity. O, I would embrace the world were I but free from this! My youth, I feel it, but begins from now. Was I not always a dried-up man? My corporeal strength for some time since grows more than ever, and so too my spiritual energies. Every day I attain nearer to the goal, which I feel, but cannot describe. Only in this can thy Beethoven live. Not a word about rest! I know of none but sleep, and it vexes me enough that I must give more to that than formerly. Give me but half delivery from my trouble, and then, as the completed, ripe man, I will come to you and renew the old feeling of friendship. You must see me happy, as it is allotted me to be here below, and not unhappy. No—that I could not endure! I will clutch hold of the wheel of Fate; surely it shall never bow me down entirely. O, it is so beautiful to live one's life a thousand times. I feel I am not made for a still life."

Almost equally as by his own condition was he troubled about the welfare of his early friend, Stephen von Breuning, living in Vienna. "The life here," he wrote, "involves too many fatigues for his health. Besides, he leads such an isolated life, that I really do not see how he could improve. You know how it is here. I will not say that society would impair his relaxation. One cannot persuade him to go anywhere. I had music at my rooms a short time since; but our friend Stephen staid away." In that Beethoven found all the more proof of his friend's melancholy, since Stephen von Breuning was an amateur, who had made himself an excellent violinist, and had sometimes played in the electoral chapel at Bonn. He seldom enjoyed uninterrupted contentment, owing doubtless in a great degree

to his active labors, which he kept up incessantly until his death in June 1827.

[To be continued.]

Vivier.

(Translated for the Lond. Mus. World from "L'Illustration")

Although a great deal has been written about Vivier in every language, in Turkish and Russian, English and French, German and Italian, &c., &c., he is little known except among his friends. By the public he is seen, as it were, surrounded by the glorious halo of an artist at once incomparable and original, which threatens to make him pass for some fantastic and legendary personage.

It is time that the world should know in what light to behold him, and that we should raise the veil which hides the face of the gifted and eccentric being called Vivier.

Vivier is a Corsican by birth; his family is connected with the most illustrious of his country, among others that of the Colonnas of Istria. His grandfather, staff-surgeon to the armies of Louis XVI., was a Norman. He may thus be likened to an apple-tree grafted on a mountain chestnut, growing in a sunny land, beneath a blue sky. His temperament is robust, harmonious, and poetic. His strength is immense, he can break the hardest nuts between his finger and thumb, as well as perform other feats of physical strength; and if ever he were to give way to violent anger, he would, without doubt, be capable of accomplishing extraordinary things.

This singular physical organization is a great advantage. Vivier possesses wonderfully powerful lungs and a Herculean frame. He is a fine swimmer, and in diving often remains so long under the water as to frighten his friends. When he breathes into his horn, every one else is obliged to take his breath three or four times while he holds on a note, *piano* at first, and then swelling into a powerful *fortissimo*.

Vivier passed his childhood at Brioude in the Haute-Loire, where he first began his studies and where his musical genius was at first revealed. His father held an appointment in the *administration des finances*, and was possessed of a fine artistic organization, playing capably both on the horn and the violin. His three sisters were, also, excellent musicians. It is thus seen that Vivier was born in a musical atmosphere. There was at the college of Brioude a professor of music and dancing, who had the honor of teaching Vivier the violin. One day, during the holidays, the young student got hold of his father's horn, and he had no sooner applied it to his lips than he found he had a perfect *embouchure*. He immediately took a great fancy to the instrument.

Vivier was soon after sent to Poitiers, to an appointment under government. He did not forget to take his horn and violin with him, and most likely found more amusement with them than with his pen.

It was during this time, that by constant and indefatigable practice, he discovered how to produce double and treble notes simultaneously on the horn. He at first obtained the notes in octaves, but did not stop in his "career of conquest," for the sounds coming coarsely and loudly, he was not master of them, and could not, for a length of time, soften and then render them expressive. It was not till after continual study and practice that he was enabled to conquer the rebellious sounds and bend them to his sovereign will.

After having finished his term at Poitiers, Vivier was sent to Lyons to continue his government functions. There he pursued his musical studies, both at the theatre, as an amateur violinist, and in private parties, where he played quartets. He was one of the greatest favorites in the *réunions* of Mad. Mongolfier, a celebrity at that time.

The manager of the Lyons theatre offered Vivier splendid terms as solo horn in the orchestra; but, like another Hippocrates, Vivier refused the offer of this modern Artaxerxes. He felt himself impelled by an inward monitor; he instinctively believed he had a mission to fulfil. One day Vivier asked leave of absence, and, with

his eye fixed on his guiding star, started for Paris, where he arrived with 25 francs in his pocket, and descended at the Hôtel de l'Univers, rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, where he was located in a room on the seventh floor above the *entresol*.

With his usual self-confidence, Vivier called upon the heads of the Government department in which he was employed, to solicit the favor of being employed in Paris. For, above all, he would not give pain to his family, who always dreaded to see him abandon himself exclusively to music. By good fortune, the chief of the staff, M. David, was an excellent violinist. He heard, and at once understood Vivier, and obtained for him a prolonged leave of absence, and a promise of the first vacancy in Paris.

Behold him, then, in Paris, more occupied, no doubt, with music than with finance; always calm, gay, conscious of his strength, which never left him, waiting at home for fortune, and disdaining to run after the coquette.

A dramatic author, a man of *esprit*, who already knew Vivier, kindly offered the use of his rooms, that he might be heard by the most distinguished composers and artists of Paris. Vivier there met Auber, Halévy, Adam, etc., and, after playing before them, was acknowledged and saluted as "King of horn-players, while waiting for the place of horn-player to the king." The newspapers of the month of May, 1843, recorded this great event. We cite a curious extract:

"Give yourself the task of solving an insoluble problem, and imagine that you have succeeded. The quadrature of the circle, aerial navigation, universal peace—realize, in short, Utopia, and you will not be more astonished than we were with what we heard a few days since.

"Assemble all the scientific academies, all the physicians of Europe, and tell them you have heard a man, who, by blowing in a single tube, produces two sounds simultaneously; they will tell you the thing is impossible. But if you persist, and add, moreover, that you have heard, in the same way, three simultaneous sounds, you will run a great risk of being taken either for a madman or a fool. And going still further, should you declare that you have heard FOUR sounds at the same time, you may reckon upon obtaining a certificate that you are both. Our readers must therefore arm themselves with indulgence, and repose implicit faith in our words; they must consent to believe that an impossibility is possible. We shall then, with fuller confidence, attempt a description of what we heard.

"Luckily we are not without accomplices in credulity. Auber, Halévy, and the *élite* of literature and art, whom a colleague in the dramatic commission, Ferdinand Langlé, had assembled together at his house, can testify to the astonishment which this marvellous exhibition created.

"We allude to a young artist—M. Vivier—recently arrived in Paris, who plays on the horn (an ordinary horn without any artificial appliances), passages in chords of two, three, and four notes. What means M. Vivier employs to accomplish this strange phenomenon, which reverses all the laws of acoustics, is his own secret—a secret which no one else can fathom. Whether it is an individual gift, or a discovery that can be made available by others, Vivier alone can tell. All we know is, that the incredible feat has been achieved, and in the presence of witnesses whom it would be folly to endeavor to deceive.

"M. Vivier was in a room separated from his hearers when he played his first *morceau*, and we are ready to acknowledge that we were all rather suspicious of some trickery.

"But when M. Vivier came amongst us, and after playing a few single notes on the horn in the style of ordinary mortals, he produced several notes together, without preparation, and without taking the instrument from his lips, it was plain there was no deception in the matter, and that it was simply a thing inexplicable, a quasi miracle which we had witnessed.

"Horn players are generally divided into two classes—*first horns*, who play only the higher, and *second horns*, who play only the lower notes. The instrument, however, is the same in both instances, the difference being made by the

embouchure. M. Vivier is neither a *first* nor a *second* horn—or better, perhaps, is both. He has made a particular study of the 'shut' notes, which he produces with a power that we never observed in any other horn player.

"In the key of F he played a scale of three octaves, sounding at the same time four C's in diatonic succession."

The above article was signed "Adolph Adam." We have given it complete, as much because the writer is an authority in such matters, as because, dating from the period at which it was written, M. Adam was always an enthusiastic admirer and devoted friend of Vivier.

At Adam's house Vivier met the musical celebrities of the day: Spontini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, &c. At the time of the visit of the Queen of England to Eu, Vivier added to the brilliancy of the *fêtes* which were given on the occasion. Her Gracious Majesty complimented him, and expressed a wish to hear him in London. In London, by the way, Vivier made himself known to the public in association with Thalberg.

The career of the artist developed itself day by day. His little room at the Hôtel de l'Univers was besieged by distinguished visitors. Rossini never missed an opportunity of listening to Vivier, who, accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Adam, daily delighted the ears of the great composer. He played at several of the nobility's mansions—at the Duchess of Maille's, MM. Duchâtel, de Vetry, etc. It was not, however, till the year 1846 that Vivier made his *début* at the Théâtre-Italien before the Parisian public. His success on that occasion was immense, and the judgment, long before confirmed by competent critics, was ratified by the bravos of an enthusiastic public. We forgot to state that, when in London, he had sent a letter to the *Ministre des Finances*, tendering the resignation of his appointment, which was accepted with great regret.

And now Vivier could follow the bent of his inclination, and visit the scenes of his future conquests, England, Germany, Holland, Prussia, and even Turkey, certain of being welcomed with enthusiasm. The palaces of kings were open to him, as well as the *châteaux* of the nobility, and the more modest houses of men celebrated for their talents. He could not move a step without a hand being stretched out to grasp his; without eyes that sought his; and friends and admirers who courted his society.

And why? It is because Vivier is not only an accomplished and superior artist, but a composer of genius, and a musician of the first rank. He sings with exquisite taste, and plays the violin admirably, even when he uses it in the form of a guitar. Nature has been so bountiful to him, that he has every mode of expression at his command: the horn, the violin, the pianoforte, the voice, and mimicry. His throat is as flexible as his ear is fine. Above all, he is a man of delightful *esprit*, quick, "*prime-sautier*," with great tact, active and strong, full of life and vivacity. It does not require much more to please, or, at least, to be sought after with eagerness.

(Conclusion next week.)

[From the London Musical World.]

Opinions of Continental Organs.

During a recent tour, I had an opportunity, through the kindness and attention of the builder, Walcker of Ludwigsburg, of examining the magnificent new organ in Ulm Cathedral, which will be the largest he has yet built, if not the largest in the world. It stands at the west entrance under the tower arch, and the surrounding walls serve for three sides of a case. A vast space is thus allotted to the various portions of the organ and the sound boards are particularly wide and free.—Indeed the interior is quite majestic, and affords ample space for inspecting the details of mechanism, pneumatic application, &c.

The blowing apparatus consists of twelve upright cylinders in zinc; the upper end being weighted to force the air into the different trunks and is raised again by means of the ordinary valves underneath. This method of supplying

the lungs of an organ is rather common in Germany, and appears desirable where space is limited, although that cannot be an object in this instance.

* * * The design of the organ is grand and comprehensive in the extreme, and embraces everything that can be imagined. Not being completed at the time of my visit, it was not possible to judge of the aggregate effect, but the quality of the portion I did hear, struck me as very beautiful. Walcker produces charming 8 and 4-foot work, and perhaps in this department he is not surpassed. The metal is of course first-rate, with fine voicing and an excellent temperament; the 8-foot work in his organs is very fascinating. Judging from his organ at Frankfort, neither his reeds, nor mixtures, equal those of some other builders, but there appears to be some special excellence belonging to each of the great foreign builders. Reed work may be the *forte* of the French builders, but mixture work certainly is not; while the Germans (to whom we look for everything that is orthodox, as they certainly have been the originators of the great style of organ building) appear to have obtained by simple means a variety of tone in their flue works, of which in England there is little idea. In this respect, varying the scales, voicing, and formation of the mouth of the pipe, Walcker has displayed his resources and ingenuity.

Most of the reed work is of the free species, including the Vox Humana, the body of which is similar to our stopped diapason, perforated. The registers are ranged in a semicircular form, on either side of the manuals, and are very convenient for use. The Double Pedal board also presents greater facilities to the performer than could be expected; the second or small pedal organ slanting upwards beyond the first pedal. The naturals are 10 inches in length, the harps 4.—The sixteenth principal, in wood, has the upper lip of iron, attached to the body of the pipe, which is moveable, to regulate the intonation.—The sixteenth violin is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches inside measure. The fagura is of a very small scale in metal, with three ears, and most of the metal pipes have an arched upper lip with moderate nicking (as we term it, the excess of which tends to deteriorate the tone.) The cost of the organ is 28,000 florins, (£2,240 sterling.)

A short account of the organ at Weingarten may not be uninteresting; as, though it has been held in universal renown, the place itself has, hitherto, been difficult of access. Weingarten nearly adjoins Ravensburg, which has a station on the Wirtemberg line of Railway, about an hour's ride from Ulm. The situation of the abbey is very commanding, and the surrounding scenery of extent and beauty probably surpasses even that seen from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The abbey is ascended by a long flight of steps, and is a very large and handsome building in the Italian style. It is sumptuously decorated and in good preservation.

Not so the organ, which has not been cleaned since its erection, and, therefore, is in a lamentable condition, and much dilapidated. It was commenced in 1739, and completed in 1752.—The case is as splendid as the abbey itself, and very gorgeous. The wind is supplied from 12 large bellows (which are placed in a distant chamber,) and conveyed through one immense run, but is not adequate to the requirements of the instrument. There are not two pedal organs, nor a mixture of 60 ranks, as recently stated.—The size and extent of the organ is somewhat like that at Haarlem, and were it as well preserved, it would probably yield a similar sweetness and brilliancy: but the resonance of the Abbey is inferior to that of St. Nicholas at Haarlem. The Weingarten organ evidently stands in its original integrity, and, on this account, is unusually interesting. The 32-foot metal speaks with a purity which characterizes the whole instrument, as far as it is possible to judge of the tone through accumulation of dust; but considering the poth at which it was built, the organ, throughout, is a wonderful specimen of skill and ingenuity. The carillons are played from the pedals; they are beautiful in tone, and contain a great

portion of silver. There is also a small organ near the choir, by the same builder, Gäbler, of Ravensburg, who probably built the numerous organs in his native place, besides that at Stuttgart, which is nearly equal to the Weingarten, and has lately been renovated by Walcker. The large organ registers are ranged horizontally (an idea probably suggested to Cavallé at the Madelaine.)

The organ at Freiburg (*en Suisse*) is a fine instrument in the *ensemble*, but on analysis it seems to be over-rated. The tone is good, but of moderate quality. The Vox Humana, I think, is excelled by Cavallé at the Madelaine, although this register has probably gained for the organ half its renown. It stands in a position peculiarly favorable for effect, viz., in a swell (of which there are two) which opens behind the organ in the lowest part, causing the tone to speak under the tower-arch, from whence it travels into the building subdued and modified. The sub-bass, 32 feet, is a 16-foot bourdon. Some of the most striking registers are those recently introduced by Haas of Berne, viz., two free reeds, a clarinet 8 feet, and a physharmonica, a new flute, quint, and quintadine of 16 feet. The effect of this last is very beautiful, and proves great skill in voicing, the double sound of the fundamental tone combined with its harmonics being singular, yet charming. The organist, M. Vogt, makes free use of the clarinet as a solo stop in his storm illustrations, which he certainly manages well. The free reeds, now very general on the Continent, form a pleasing contrast to the beating reeds, and for solo purposes are preferable. The Paris builders produce them in the greatest variety and perfection; and I think they would be an advantage in English organs, but they are difficult to make well.—Another striking feature in the Freiburg organ is the cornet (which certainly ought not to have been discarded in large English organs). The one termed 16-feet contains a bourdon of this pitch from 2-feet C, and with the thick nasal quality peculiar to this register, imparts gravity and weight of tone in the full organ. It binds the mixtures with the 8 and 16-foot work well together, and destroys that piercing tone, which is too often a most unpleasant characteristic of modern organs. Haas of Berne is a builder of great repute, and he has lately reconstructed the cathedral organ of that place, where his free reeds are very prominent. The *jeux de fond* are very good, but the mixtures are bad. Haas is just completing a new organ at Basle of grand proportions, and is about to build a similar instrument at Lucerne.

I remain, your obedient servant,

CHAS. M. KOSKELL.

The Native Lands of Voices.

We begin with the Contralto. It is a curious fact that this voice is found principally in the southern parts of Italy and Spain, and among the poorer classes that work in the open air. I have always remarked in my own country (Italy), that in small provincial theatres, the Contralto chorussingers are in far greater number than the Soprano; I have no doubt that this is owing to the hard labor and frugal fare of these women, (they being mostly peasants, following some laborious out-door occupation), which manner of living gives to the vocal organs greater strength and volume.

The Mezzo Soprano is, if I may so speak, cosmopolite; for everywhere may this voice be found. Mme. Malibran, Spain; Stoltz, France; Sheriff, England, &c., &c.

Northern countries, on the contrary, are the cradle of fine Soprano voices. Mad. Sontag, Germany; Persiani, North of Italy; Demerit (who had one of the most beautiful voices possible), Hungary; Jenny Lind, Sweden; Damoureau Cinti, North of France.

The Tenor voices are principally found in the centre of Italy and South of France. Nourrit, Montpellier; Rubini, Bergamo; Duprez, Toulouse; Mario, Bettini, and Gardoni, centre of Italy.

Bass and Baritone are also cosmopolites. La-

blache and Benedetti, Naples; Barolhet, France; Tamburini, Bergamo; Badiali, Marini, and Ben-eventano, centre of Italy; Herr Formes, Germany. But Russia may boast of having produced the very deepest and most powerful Bass.—N. Y. *Musical World*.

NOTES ON BELLS.—Human eccentricity nowhere records itself more nakedly than on bells, for example—At Albourne, on the first bell, we read, "The gift of Jos. Pizzie and Wm. Gwynn, Music and ringing we like so well And for that reason we give this bell."

On the fourth bell is—

"Humphry Symson gave xx pound to buy this bell, And the parish gave xx more to make this ring go well."

A not uncommon epigraph is—

"Come when I call
To serve God all."

At Chilton Foliot, on the tenor, is—

"Into the church the living I call,
And to the grave I summon all.
Attend the instruction which I give,
That so you may for ever live."

At Devizes, St. Mary, on the first bell, is—

"I am the first, altho' but small,
I will be heard above you all."

And on the second bell is—

"I am the second in this ring,
Therefore next to thee I will sing."

Which, at Broadchalk, is thus varied.

"I in this place am second bell,
I'll surely do my part as well."

On the third bell at Colne is—

"Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell
Of well disposed people, as I do you tell."

At Bath Abbey, on the tenth bell is—

"All you of Bath that hear me sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

On the fifth bell at Amesbury is—

"Be strong in faith, praise God well,
Frances Countess Hertford's bell."

And on the tenor—

"Altho' it be unto my loss,
I hope you will consider my cost."

At Stowe, Northamptonshire, and at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, we find—

"Be it known to all that doth me see
That Newcombe, of Leicester, made me."

At St. Michael's, Coventry, on the fourth bell, is—

"I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their work to go."

On the seventh bell is—

"I ring to sermon with a lusty bome,
That all may come and none can stay at home."

On the eighth bell is—

"I am and have been called the common bell
To ring, when fire breaks out to tell."

At St. Peter's-le-Bailey, Oxford, four bells were sold towards finishing the tower, and in 1792 a large bell was put up, with this inscription—

"With seven more I hope soon to be
For ages joined in harmony."

But this very reasonable wish has not yet been realized; whereas at St. Lawrence's, Reading, when two bells were added to form a peal of ten, on the second we find—

"By adding two our notes we'll raise,
And sound the good subscribers' praise."

[From the Canadian Musical Review.]

Musical Criticism.

In our editorial capacity it becomes our duty to pass judgment on the performances of others, be they artists or amateurs; and invariably will our remarks be found not only to have been generally averse to those expressed by our daily contemporaries, but contrary probably to the opinions of some of our readers. People in this latitude have become so accustomed to read such flattering encomiums on musical performances that they might almost imagine that remarks or criticisms disparaging to the persons interested, were suggested by ill feeling or prejudice, and certainly it is apparently contrary to all past practice for

concert givers to expect anything at all approaching a fair or just criticism of their performances.—What they expect is to read that their performances were in the highest degree successful, and the applause (no matter whether bestowed by an intelligent and appreciating audience or not) was truly well merited. How true to nature this is! Who, embarking all his hopes of worldly success on the favorable opinion and judgment of the popular voice, can be insensible to the encomiums expressed in his behalf: and who is not equally jealous of such remarks as would appear to crush all his rising hopes and exultant feelings? How difficult then must be the position of that critic, who desires to discriminate without prejudice or partiality between genuine and fictitious talent, and yet to advance, as in duty and conscience he is bound, the favorite Art which he has (or ought to have) made his constant study! To do this rightly is, emphatically, no easy task. The human heart is not naturally so humble as to submit to the judgment of others without murmuring; but still as we acknowledge the duty of good citizenship is to yield to laws for the preservation of order and the public weal, so must those who seek or depend on popular favor submit to public criticism of their performances. Nor is this altogether a personal question. The object of criticism is not to advance persons but ART. On this principle we endeavor to base all our judgments; but we fear in these our days, and on this continent in particular, this just view of the subject is completely lost sight of, and we feel the incongruous criticisms which appear in many of our contemporaries to be extremely unfortunate for the true progress of the Musical Art; especially as it is not difficult to trace to its source the cause of this misfortune;—the ignorance of those who undertake to criticize *everything*, and the prevalence of that insatiable thirst for puffing, instances of which are too common and recent to be noticed here. A true minded man must scorn most indignantly these little mean contrivances for gaining “a name;” and we are convinced artists, who are so *innately*, will not fear, nay, they will be much more likely to prize critiques founded on just appreciation and truth.

We have been led to make these observations, because we desire all our remarks hitherto, as well as those we may have occasion to make in future, to prove useful both to those criticised and to our readers generally. We do not, however, claim *infallibility* for our judgments; but as they are given in all sincerity of purpose, we do think that the failings we point out should be cheerfully accepted, with a view of overcoming them by practice and farther good instruction; and our readers by remarking where failings have been detected will be more likely to know when and how to bestow their commendations, than they have done of late. In fact this ought really to be the proper aim and end of criticism, to point out defects with a view of removing, or at least diminishing their force, else what advantage arises therefrom? Unmerited, or if even merited, unduly bestowed praise tends considerably to the depression of all high Art; and there are few, even with the most brilliant talents, in whom we may not detect a retrogradation, more or less apparent, where we have observed the many injudicious compliments heaped upon them. The reason is obvious: why need they farther trouble themselves when their talents are already so highly appreciated? The truth is, the most talented artists that have ever appeared, notwithstanding their justly earned reputation, are not always exempt from just and impartial criticism, but these being judiciously expressed have frequently proved beneficial; indeed it is but the most ignorant, and those least entitled to notice of any sort whatever, on whom such suggestions fail in effect, or produce improper impressions. Every day experience proves unquestionably that the greater progress we make in scientific studies, the more we see and feel what we *still have to learn*, and then it is we understand how truly “a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.” Did our self-confident aspirants for public applause only wisely consider their position, and remember that whatever the various political journals may say of them—(for,

we say it in all due respect, how many of them are capable of speaking critically of musical matters?) it would be utterly absurd to believe for one moment they had actually realized the perfection they would have us believe they had arrived at. To entertain such exaggerated opinions would simply prove us ignorant of the whole nature of musical art. To believe all these journals from time to time put forth, how many Jenny Linds, Albonis, Tambourinis, Formes's, Thalbergs, *ad infinitum*, might we not find reason to boast of possessing! But all these attempts to play on the public credulity are transparent enough; they may deceive us for a time, but their unsubstantial character is soon perceived.

Whilst exercising a judicious and impartial tone of encouragement to deserving *virtuosi*, but still not losing sight of the defects they may exhibit, it is surely the province of the critic to discourage by every means in his power the presumption and over confidence of many who dare to palm themselves on the public as first-rate artists; who, in the case of vocal aspirants, having a voice of fair quality, or as likely no quality at all, but a “great deal of assurance, and a “little” knowledge, would fain delude us poor ignorant beings into the belief that they alone held the palm for the possession of all the natural and acquired talent that goes to produce the artist. They, alas, for art, are too often successful in their deception, but the duty of an uncompromising and conscientious critic is plain, and we trust, as information and intelligence in musical matters become more and more disseminated, to witness a vast improvement in the criticisms of our contemporaries. There is too much enslavement to *interest*—too little regard for that which constitutes the soul of true Art, and correct judgment.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music.

.....The Dorian mood

Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming for battle; and instead of rage,
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate or suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and sorrow and fear and pain
From mortal or immortal minds.

Paradise Lost, i. 550.

The cultivation of the Fine Arts is a principal source of the superiority in positive enjoyment which the civilized man possesses over the savage. The refined pleasure, moreover, which a contemplation of their productions excites, is seldom unattended with generous impulse. The existence of most of them, however, is precarious and evanescent in the extreme. Like exotics, they require a genial atmosphere and fostering care. Their productions are for the most part rare and expensive, and demand for them appreciation, abundant leisure and cultivated taste; but their tendency has been too often to enervate as well as to refine.

But there is one whose genial influence is as common and as gladdening as the sunlight—life's grateful anodyne—a potent sympathy which lends itself to our pleasures, our sorrows, our divinest aspirations—the noblest art of man, the only art on earth which has its counterpart in heaven—and this is Music.

Of all the finer arts, Music can claim the highest antiquity and the most extensive prosecution. Its birth is almost coeval with that of mankind; and we cannot account for the knowledge which the immediate descendants of Adam possessed of it, but by supposing it to be, like language, a gift to humanity direct from the hands of the Deity. Unless, indeed, with the

help of imagination, we suppose that, in the freshness of the infant world, before sin had encrusted the senses of man, Jubal, in the stillness of the eventide, attuned his harp to the dying notes of the far-off flutes of angels, as the loitering zephyrs bore along the “star-born melody.” Nor is this all a dream, for more than once since then the harmony of heaven has broke on mortal ears, as on the enraptured plains of Bethlehem;

“When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Sion Hill.”

And Music would seem, even now, to preserve something of its divine origin. It awakens emotions and conjures up visions which no other power can summon, and it seems at times when the passions are still, to set in motion some hidden chords in the soul—chords which once beat in unison with the choirs of heaven, and which call up what seem like memories—memories of a sinless time, now gone forever. “It brings us near to the Infinite,” says Carlyle; “we look for moments across the cloudy elements into the eternal sea of light, when Music leads and inspires us. Philosophers of every age have borne testimony to its ameliorating influence on mankind. Plato, who excluded it from his ideal republic, elsewhere speaks of it in terms of the loftiest panegyric.

The sisters have often been prostituted to ignoble purposes, and have been largely employed in the services of the Romish Church, with little advantage to true piety. But Music is preëminently the handmaid of devotion. It has ever been in all ages the language of prophecy. With its aid Israel's prophet king poured forth his raptures, Jeremiah his lamentations, and the rescued people of the Lord danced in exultation on the shores of the Red Sea. Since its incorporation with the ceremonies of the Christian Church in the time of Constantine, it has been adopted by every Christian creed. Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Armenian have alike availed themselves of its divine inspirations; and in earlier times the old Gregorian chant bore through the portals of heaven the thanksgiving of the Christian pioneers. Now on the wings of Music was wafted to heaven the psalm of some lonely anchorite from the desert of the Thebaid; now the vespers of some holy sisterhood sequestered from the world; now swelling in organ tones through the dim aisles of some solemn cathedral; and now rising like a cloud of incense from some kneeling host on the slopes of the Grampian hills

“Devotion borrows Music's tone,
And Music takes Devotion's wing,
And like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.”

How prolific of pleasure, how important in its relations to mankind, has been the union of Music and Poetry! How wide and beneficent the influence of the ballad and the song! The former was long the vehicle of tradition, and well it performed its office. For Music once impressed upon the memory is never forgotten. Circumstances, impressions, familiar scenes grow dim in the memory, but who ever forgets a once well known air? It may lie latent in the mind, but strike the chord, and it rises fresh as ever, and as it rises, brings with it a host of forgotten memories that had lain embalmed along with it.

The minstrel was the historian as well as the poet of the dark ages, and his character was

everywhere held sacred. In the semi-barbaric time of chivalry, when little literature and little taste for it existed, the minstrel supplied in a measure its absence. He was welcome in every baronial hall. Every festival was graced by his presence, and its enjoyment enhanced by his art. Great must have been his influence in attempering that ferocity, which war naturally engenders, to the generous gallantry which distinguishes and redeems that melo-dramatic age. The gleeman of the Saxon, the Norman minstrel, the Celtic harper, and the bard of Wales are frequently conspicuous in English history. They exerted a resistless control over the minds of their countrymen. Edward the First knew this well, and he deemed the conquest of Wales incomplete till he had treacherously invited her bards to a banquet and massacred them all.

Little or nothing remains of the northern bards, unless we believe that Fingal lived and Ossian sang; but wandering minstrels of the south of Europe gave birth to modern lyric poetry. The troubadours did much to refine the languages of the South, and how deeply is their character imbued with the romantic hue which pervades the whole chivalric age.

Far superior to the feudal chiefs in intellectual attainments, to them must be ascribed in a great measure the transmission to the West of some of the refinements which still lingered about the Eastern Empire, when, returning from a life of adventure in the holy war, they chanted to the dames of the pleasant Provence, in that mellifluous old Romanesque, the deeds of their knights in Palestine.

Not only is Music coeval in birth with our race, but its diffusion has been co-extensive. Everywhere has it been employed for the same lofty purposes. It links the lowest type of humanity with the cherubim; it is that golden chain old Homer dreamed he saw suspending earth from the stars of heaven.

But how wide the compass, how endless the variety of nature's music! The choristers of the morning, "wedding their notes to the enamored air;" the gilded insects, winding their slender horns in the sultry air of noon; Philomel, with her thick-warbled notes, loading the evening breeze with melody; the pleasant gurgling of the brook, "making sweet music with the enamelled stones;" the sullen bass of the angry ocean forever lashing the resounding shore; the low sigh of the zephyrs dallying with the closing flowers; the plaintive wailing of the gale; the deep murmur of the forest as it fluctuates in the storm; the full diapason of the thunder. But shall we stop here? Does the harmony of nature cease, when the finite faculties of man no longer hear it? No;

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

When this fleshly garment which enshrouds the soul is laid in its parent earth, and the disembodied spirit seeks the empyrean, who can tell its ecstasies as it threads among the spheres? For round the throne on heaven's crystal floor the angelic hosts are singing, singing an immortal song. The listening stars re-echo the refrain. We cannot tell the name this bears in heaven; but long ago a faculty was implanted in the breast of

man, by which he learned to assuage the miseries of his fallen state and hymn the praises of his Maker, and men have called it Music.

August 1, 1856. ***

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 16, 1856.

Beethoven Literature.

(Concluded from last week.)

The last field, and one which has been wrought with diligence by none save Schindler, Prof. Jahn of Bonn, and our "Diarist," is that of the manuscripts relating to the composer—namely, his correspondence, his memorandum and conversation books. Beethoven seems to have been an industrious correspondent. The number of letters already in print, though scattered in all sorts of publications and very difficult to find, is very large. Many are in the hands of collectors; others, which are known to have existed, have thus far escaped the most careful search. As for memorandum books, a few are still in existence, useful for the dates they give, but of no great importance upon the whole. They are generally nothing but calendars, upon the blank spaces of which little matters of domestic occurrence are just noted.

The conversation books are of a different nature. It is well known that Beethoven so completely lost his hearing, that for many years before his death he carried with him a slate or a little blank book, in which those who wished to communicate with him wrote out their share in the conversation. Of these books, some of which are stitched by the bookbinder and contain probably a quire of paper, folded into a size convenient for the coat pocket, while others are nothing but a few sheets of paper doubled together, one hundred and thirty-eight (we think that is the number) are preserved. During the last twelve years of the master, Schindler was much with him, and enjoyed a very large share of his confidence. Carl Beethoven, the brother, died in 1815. Johann was much absent from Vienna, and when present by no means a congenial spirit. The nephew, son of Carl, was but a child when his father died, and thus Schindler became the person to whom the composer turned in all exigencies. After his death Beethoven's manuscripts fell into Schindler's hands and were carefully preserved. Several of his greatest works in their original scores, many sketches for future works, as well as for such as he had completed, and especially the conversation books, were excluded from the sale at auction of Beethoven's effects, and, with the consent of the few parties interested, transferred to Schindler. The conversation books were then many more in number than now. Schindler says, that upon examining them he found that very many of them could be of no possible use—that some ought not to be preserved, out of regard to Beethoven's memory and the feelings of living persons, and that, moved by these reasons, as well as by the inconvenience caused by their great quantity, he carefully went through them all and destroyed a part. In 1845, at the time of the inauguration of the statue at Bonn, the King of Prussia was induced to buy the papers in Schindler's hands, paying him a

large sum down, and an annual pension so long as he lives, and thus they come into the Royal Library at Berlin.

Of the difficulty of the task of going through these books, no one who has not had some similar experience can form a conception. It is not an easy matter always to read old manuscripts in our familiar English. In this case, however, one has to study out the broken sense of common talk upon all sorts of subjects, from questions of philosophy, politics and history, down to the chat of the little nephew of Breuning's son, or the cramped phrases of the old housekeeper upon the important question, what she shall buy for dinner. All this, too, is written in German, in German handwriting, with lead pencil, thirty years ago.

Many of the books are dated by Beethoven's own hand; others can have their dates fixed only by some allusions generally to the pieces performed at the opera or at concerts, which enables one to find the date by consulting the periodicals of the day. In many cases, leaves have been torn out, and not seldom in the midst of conversations, which, after costing days of labor to study out, prove of no value because the last part is wanting. Schindler has annotated the books to some extent, and performed a good service by inserting very extensively the names of the writers. The great value of these books, seldom containing anything from Beethoven's own hand, of course, as he spoke in reply to what was written to him, is the intimate acquaintance one forms with the people who were most with the great master. Here one becomes familiarly acquainted with Moritz Lichnowsky, with the composer's brother and nephew, Schindler, von Breuning, Schuppanzigh, Haslinger, Blahetka, Holz, Dr. Bach, Bernard, the author of the text of the "Oratorium für Boston in Nord Amerika," Grillparzer, author of the text to "Melusina," which Beethoven was under agreement to compose, and so on. Sometimes we find a musical idea noted down. For instance, in a book dated 1819, it appears that Bernard, Peters, (a particular friend of Beethoven,) and the composer dine at an eating house together. They talk about borrowing some money for Beethoven, about how Carl, the nephew, is doing, whose conduct excites much anxiety in the mind of his uncle, and other such common topics. In the midst of the conversation, two pages are taken up, one by the waiter's bill for the dinner, and the other with the first idea of the "Et vitam venturi, Amen," of the great Second Mass.

Several visits of Fraulein Ungher, now Madame Sabbathier, appear; one of Sontag, and of others known to fame. Nothing but the strongest sentiment of duty could ever lead a man to wade through such an immense mass of useless matter in search of the scattered facts, which still to one person in thousands repay the labor. Yet it is simply ridiculous for any one to pretend to have really fitted himself to speak with authority upon the life of Beethoven who has not done this. Whoever has accomplished or shall accomplish the task, will find at last that his love and respect for the master as a man have increased tenfold, and that his opinion of Beethoven's Boswell—Schindler—has been raised. The whole history of the sorrows caused that devoted uncle by the ingratitude and shameless conduct of his nephew, his legally adopted son, is there written. The

shame and mortification caused him by the foul lasciviousness of the widow of his brother Carl, and that of the wife of his brother Johann—a strumpet, whom Johann married and took to his house, with her illegitimate daughter, of whom he was not the father—all this is written in these books; poverty was nothing in comparison with the shame which Beethoven felt at the conduct of persons bearing his name, one which in his person was honored, pure and unsullied.

Many interesting sketches are scattered through recent German literature, depicting the impression made upon visitors by Beethoven. Rellstab, Rochlitz, Tomaschek, are names which occur to us in this connection, and especially Bertina von Arnim, whose letters to Goethe, too highly poetical for Schindler, seem to us worthy of full faith. Zelter also, in his correspondence with Goethe,

In the case of Mozart, we have a most minute history of his childhood and early years preserved in the family correspondence; but the means of tracing his life from day to day in his later years are not furnished us, as is the fact with Beethoven. What in addition to the sources of the biography of the latter already mentioned may be found by our "Diary" in Vienna, cannot be known at present. It is his wish and intention, to make personal examination there before many months elapse, and he hopes not only to find materials in print and manuscript not yet known to him, but also to find some few persons still left, who knew Beethoven and enjoyed his acquaintance.

Hints for Choirs.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

DEAR SIR:—Your paper having been highly recommended to me by a friend, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines. I attend church at —, and have become quite discouraged about musical matters. The choir of which I have had the charge of late, has met with all kinds of discouragements during the past eighteen months. And all the evils incident to such a state of things have followed in their turn. Relating my troubles to a friend, he thought that I might create a little interest by circulating a paper devoted to the science of music, and spoke very favorably of your sheet. If I can get a few specimen numbers for either "love or money," I shall not hesitate; but make a show as quick as possible. I have tried to find an agent, but have been unsuccessful in my attempt.

But as Editors like short letters and right to the point, I will bring this epistle to a close. If you will send me a few specimen numbers, or inform me where or how I can get them, I promise that they shall have fair play here. There is no paper of the kind taken anywhere within seven miles, that I am aware of. Please to send the "glad tidings" as quick as you can make it convenient, and

"I hope you will credit my friendly intent,
And in kindness receive what in kindness was sent,"

By your bewildered, disheartened, and I trust will be most obedient servant,

P. S.—I hope you will pardon me for making you any more trouble, but I wish to ask a little advice. What book would you recommend to a choir of about a dozen members, all four parts being represented. There is no professor in the place; but we are left to grope our way in the dark, as often meeting the frown as the smile of those to whom we should look for encouragement. Most of us being in the prime of life, any advice from older and wiser heads would be very thankfully received. We now use the "Shawm."

REPLY.—It is very rarely the case that we are able to reply to private letters, owing to the numerous calls upon our time. We make an exception in

your case because we are pleased with the spirit in which you write, and because we hope that our own experience and observation may be of some use to you. You ask some advice in relation to the choice of a new book. Before recommending any one, we wish to give you a few hints as to the reasons which influence us in our opinion, and to what is necessary on the part of singer before a really good book can be used to any advantage.

We call a really good book one in which there is *real* music. *Real* music expresses feeling and sentiment; and this feeling and sentiment is found either in melodic or harmonic effects, or in both. Some tunes are mere melodies, and harmony adds nothing but a support to the air. Others are little more than harmonies, and are good for just nothing unless all parts be properly balanced. Now-a-days it is much the fashion to fill up books with tunes all cut out by the same pattern, having a sort of sickly sentimentality, but no real deep feeling—all such books should be avoided.

Now, can your people *read* music? When they see the notes, do they feel at once what the notes mean? What the tones are which they represent? If not, we fear that any good music will be found difficult.

Are your people willing to come together and really study their music? Will they take their books home and sit down and study out tunes, as they studied arithmetic at school? If they will do this, you can have a good choir and soon get up such an interest in singing, that it will become one of the pleasures of the week to come together and practice. Here in Boston people meet together, who have had regular and thorough musical educations, and study their music, choruses and the like, week after week before they undertake really to sing the piece. Now are not your singers willing to study a little for the sake of the pleasure which is to come?

We think the best book for you is "The Ancient Lyre," published in this city. It is full of splendid old tunes and of very fine new ones by Charles Zeuner. But as so much of the effect of this music depends upon the harmony, it is necessary that your bass singers should be able to sing their part full, firmly and correctly;—so of your altos, your tenors, and above all your trebles. Your trebles must learn to open their mouths and throats and pour forth long-drawn, full tones. Can they do this? If a discord is introduced by the composer, the notes must be sung just as fully and distinctly as if all was in sweet concord, because the succeeding notes will be found always to be just so much the sweeter and more delicious as the preceding discord may seem to you harsh.

If you have good music and your choir once is able to sing it in full and firm tones, then music will become a delight and you will need fear no discouragements from others. So long however as you go hesitatingly to work, half singing *easy* tunes, so long you can have no real enjoyment. Oh, that all singers could know the glory of joining in the choruses of Handel's "Messiah," or Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—but this is music which cost weeks of practice even in such societies as the "Handel and Haydn" society of this city or the most famous ones in Europe. Good singing must be preceded by good study. All that join in, must do it with spirit and understanding.

Much of the music in the "Ancient Lyre" requires a free, bold, lively execution. It must go with spirit and energy. We know of no book in which joyous Christian feelings are so nobly expressed.—Here are the names of some of our favorites, "Missionary Chant," "Telemann's Chant," "Zeuner," "Seaman's Song," "Boston." Nor is plaintive, sweet music wanting; in fact, the variety of music is greater than in any other book.

Our paper is not devoted particularly to psalmody,

but aims to make its readers familiar with what is going on in the highest regions of musical art, without however neglecting other departments. You will see in the specimens sent that we forward the paper regularly by mail for \$2 per annum, in advance. Surely there ought to be at least one or two copies taken constantly in every choir and singing school or club throughout the land. If all cannot appreciate discussions of high Art, yet through the minds of the minority, the one or two even, who can, it may exert a wholesome influence. The fear of things too difficult, too high, too good for us, is what saps all the soul and nerve out of our education, especially in music. Something to promote earnest thought and study is much needed.

We forgot to say above, that of all fourpart music for practice, none is equal to the old German chorals, arranged by John Sebastian Bach, to bring a choir into the knowledge of the beauty of harmonic effects, and to teach the singers to pour out their voices in long, full, firmly drawn notes. In sacred music this is utterly indispensable. Those who cannot sing slow music well, can never be really successful in that which goes quick and should be sung with life and energy. *

Musical Chat-Chat.

Signor BADIALLI, the great baritone, after numerous premature announcements, has at length sailed for Europe by the steamer *Persia*, last week, from New York; so *L'Eco di Italia* informs us. He first left Bologna in August, 1849, for Havana, where he remained seventeen months a member of the Marti troupe; after which he came to the United States with that celebrated company, which numbered a Steffanone, a Bettini, Salvi, Marini, Vietti-Vertiprach, &c. Next he entered into a long engagement with Maretzek, since which he has sung with Jenny Lind, with Sontag, Parodi and Alboni and his last appearance was at the benefit night of the orchestra and chorus of the Academy of Music, when his Carlo Quinto in *Ernani* excited quite a frenzy of applause. It is said that he will return to America; and it need not be said he will be sure of the warmest welcome in Boston, as in the other cities, whenever that good time may come.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS gives a concert at Nahant this evening, assisted by that very sweet tenore, Mr. C. R. ADAMS, and by CARL HAUSE, pianist, and JUNGNIKKEL, violoncellist. Miss Phillips will sing *Non più mesta*, which she always does so brilliantly, the scena: *Dio elemento*, by Donizetti, a couple of English ballads, and the duet from *Trovatore* with Mr. Adams, who is set down for Donizetti's *In terra solo*, and a German song, Fecsa's "Wanderer." Mr. Hause will play one of Hummel's concertos, and Mr. Jungnickel a grand violoncello fantasia. It is the first thing in the shape of a concert which we have heard of for a long time.

The New York *Musical Review* asks: "Mr. Perkins has already had his ovation; when is Mr. Crawford to have his?" He *always* has it, and he always will, so long as the work shall stand to praise the master. The *Review* is so fond of barking at this old hole, that it would do well to read H. W. Beecher's "Dog Noble" story.... BORDONI, the great singing teacher in Paris, who taught Sontag, Cinti-Damoreau, and latterly our own Miss Hensler, has retired, after thirty-two years of service. PANOFFKA takes his place.... STRAKOSCH and PARODI are said to have cleared \$100,000 by their concert tour, while LAGRANGE and GOTTSCHALK, OLE BULL, and all the other wandering stars have failed.... A niece of Mrs. SEGUIN, named Signora EUPRASIA PAREPA, is prima donna at the same theatre in Florence at which our Bis-

CACCIANTI is engaged.... A new semi-monthly musical paper has made its appearance at Albany, N. Y., called the "Musical Gazette." It is a neat sheet of eight pages, one of which is devoted to music, and published by John P. Grafton at \$1 00 per annum. This makes the fifth or sixth new musical journal which we have chronicled this summer. Pray do not fancy our success so great that you must all rush into the business!

The members of the Teutonia and Liederkrantz Musical Societies of New York, have made a pleasure-trip to Niagara, which passed off with great satisfaction to all concerned. The party, all Germans, numbered 160 persons, and left the city on Saturday week, reaching the Falls Sunday noon. Arrangements had been made for a concert on the Canada side on the following evening, but as the company stopped on the American side, they were anxious to return after the performance. The Captain of the little steamer *Maid of the Mist*, which runs up to the Horse-Shoe Fall and back daily, declined to cross the river after nightfall, but finally consented, and the Germans built bonfires on both sides of the river as guides and signals. It was probably the first time so large a company has crossed the Niagara River in the night. An afternoon concert was given by the societies, at which there was an immense attendance of German farmers, who came in by an excursion train to hear the music of Fatherland. In the evening, the company gave another musical entertainment at the Clifton House, at which Dodworth's famous band assisted. The concert over, the musicians started for the dock, where the fires were blazing. Those who witnessed the scene say the effect of the flames was very curious and fantastic; one of the number says the rugged rocks, the red glare, and the falling water, made up a view like that of the Wolf's Glen, as it should be seen in *Der Freyschütz*, only infinitely better than any stage scenery can hope to be. The whole party returned home in the best of health and spirits.

N. Y. Musical Review, Aug. 9.

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÜRING.

(Continued from page 155.)

In singular contrast with his suffering condition was the humor which prevailed in some of Beethoven's letters in the first part of his life in Vienna. These letters were addressed to the kapellmeister Hofmeister, in Leipzig, who at that time, (1800) under the firm: "Hofmeister & Kühnel, Bureau de Musique," had commenced a correspondence with Beethoven. This correspondence adds an interesting contribution to the characteristics of Beethoven, who at that time, fired with restless activity, stood in the full bloom of his creative genius.

In a letter to Hofmeister, dated Dec. 15, 1800, Beethoven excused his delay in answering: "I am," wrote he, "extremely lazy as a correspondent; it takes a long time before I can bring myself to writing dry letters instead of notes. But now I have at length compelled myself to give you satisfaction. *Pro primo*, you must know, it pains me very much that you, my dear brother in musical Art, did not inform me earlier, so that I might have offered you my Quartets, as well as many other things, which I have now disposed of; and if my brother is as conscientious as many other honorable engravers (in German, *Stecher*, or *prickers*), who prick us poor composers to death, he would know how to find his account in publishing them. I will briefly state what the Herr Bruder may obtain of me. 1. A Septet *per il Violino, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabasso, Clarinetto, Corno, Fagotto—tutti obbligati*; for I can write nothing that is not *obligato*, inasmuch as I came into the world with an obli-

gato accompaniment. 2. A Grand Symphony for full orchestra. 3. A Concerto for the piano, which to be sure I do not give out as one of my best, since I keep the best for myself until I make a journey. Yet it can do you no discredit to engrave this Concerto. 4. A grand Solo Sonata. This is all that I can produce at present. A little later you can have a Quintet for string instruments, and perhaps some quartets and other things, which I have not by me now. In your answer you can yourself fix the price, and since you are neither Jew nor Italian, nor I either, we shall readily agree."

Four weeks later, Jan. 15, 1801, Beethoven wrote to Hofmeister: "Right heartily I thank you for the good opinion which you have conceived of me and of my works, and I often wish I could deserve it. I rejoice in your undertakings, and I wish, if Art can be the gainer, that this gain might rather accrue to the genuine, true artists, than to mere traders in the art. Your design of publishing Sebastian Bach's works is something that really does my heart good, which beats entirely for the high, great Art of this great father of harmony. I hope, as soon as we shall hear the golden peace announced, to contribute to the undertaking much from here myself, if you take subscribers."

Beethoven's character shows an amiable side in this letter, through its disinterestedness. "As regards our own private business," he writes, "I make you, since you desire it, the following offers: For the Septet 20 ducats; the Symphony the same; the Concerto 10 ducats; grand Solo Sonata, Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Rondo, 20 ducats; this Sonata has washed itself, (*is comme il faut*), my dear brother. You will wonder, perhaps, that I make no difference here between the Sonata, Septet and Symphony. Because I find that a Septet or a Symphony has not so much sale as a Sonata; therefore I do this, although a Symphony should unquestionably be worth more. I set the Concerto down at only 10 ducats, because, as I have already written, I do not consider it as one of my best. I do not think that this will seem exorbitant to you, taking the whole together. At least I have tried to put the prices as moderate as possible to you. The whole sum would be 70 ducats for all my works. I understand no other currency but the Vienna ducat; how many thalers of your money that will make I know not, since I am a wretched *negociant* and accountant. If the sour business were only settled! I call it so, because I wish it might be different in the world. There ought to be a magazine of Art, where the artist would only have to hand in his works of art, to take what he needs. But as it is, one has to be half merchant, and

how ill at home one feels in it! Good God! that is what I call sour."

In a letter to Hofmeister, 22d April, 1801, Beethoven excused his long silence on the ground of his sickness and his excess of business. He writes: "It was scarcely possible even to think what I had to send to you. It is perhaps the only genius-like thing about me, that my things are not always in the best order; yet no one but myself can help the matter. Thus, for instance, in the score of the Concerto, the piano part, according to my custom, was not written, and I have but just now written it out, so that you have it in my own, not indeed very legible handwriting."

In this same letter he wrote: "The arrangement of the Mozart Sonata as a Quartet will do you honor, and will certainly remunerate. I could wish that I were able to contribute more myself on such occasions here, but I am an irregular man, and with the best will I forget everything. But I have here and there spoken of it, and find the best inclination towards it. It would be a nice thing, if the *Herr Bruder*, besides publishing the Septet, would also arrange the same for flute, for example, as Quintet. That would help the flute amateurs, who have already assailed me on the subject, and they would swarm around it and feed on it like insects. F— has presented us with a production, which does not correspond with the ideas the newspapers gave us of him. He seems to have made Casperle* his ideal, but without reaching him. Fine prospects these, under which we poor children of men here have to grow up!"

In a later letter, June, 1801, Beethoven, not without feeling, vindicated himself against a groundless accusation, which had cast an ambiguous light upon his thoroughly upright character. "I am a little astonished," he writes to Hofmeister, "at the message you have sent me through your business agent here. I might almost feel offended that you hold me capable of such a shabby trick. It would be another thing, if I had only sold my works to money-making traders, and had then made secretly another good speculation. But between artist and artist, it is rather severe to impute such a thing to me. The whole thing seems to me either entirely an invention, to try me, or else a mere suspicion. At all events I hereby inform you, that, before you had the Septet of me, I sent it to Herr Salomon in London, to play at his concert, purely out of friendship, cautioning him at the same time not to let it go into other hands, because I intended to have it printed in Germany; you can ask Salomon himself, if you think it necessary. But to give you one more proof of my integrity, I hereby assure

* Jack-Pudding.

you that I have sold the Septet, the Concerto, the Symphony and the Sonata to no one in the world but you, and that you can formally regard them as your own exclusive property, for which I pledge my honor. You can make use of this assurance in any way you will. Moreover, I believe Salomon was as little capable of the shabby trick of getting the Septet printed, as I was of selling it to him. I am so conscientious, that I have refused to several publishers the piano arrangement of the Septet, for which you had asked me. I have also written to Salomon. But since I esteem your charge a mere report, which you caught up a little too credulously, I cannot close this letter otherwise than with some coldness towards so credulous a friend."

A humorous letter was received by the friend, with whom Beethoven was soon reconciled, on the 8th November 1802. "Does the devil ride you altogether?" wrote Beethoven. "To propose to me to make such a Sonata! In the time of the revolutionary fever that might have been something! But now, when everything seeks to shove itself upon the track again, when Buonaparte has concluded the Concordat with the Pope—such a Sonata now! If it were a *Missa pro Sancta Maria, a tre voce*, or a Vesper, &c., why then I would take at once my pencil in hand, and with great pound notes write away at a *Credo in unum*. But, good God, such a Sonata in these newly commencing Christian times! Ho! ho! There, let me off, there can nothing come of it! Now for my answer in the quickest tempo! The lady can have a Sonata of me; also in an æsthetic regard in general I will follow her plan. For the price of five ducats she can keep the same for herself, for her own enjoyment, and neither she nor I shall publish the Sonata. After the expiration of a year it becomes mine again; i. e. I can and shall publish it, and the lady can, if she thinks she can find any honor in it, be asked to let me dedicate the work to her. How gladly would I give many things away! But only consider, friend, everything about me here is established, and knows precisely what it lives upon. But, good God, where will one establish such a *parvum talentum com ego* at the imperial court?"

The humor which prevails in this letter of Beethoven, gave way again not seldom to a high degree of irritability, which had its chief ground in his oft returning physical sufferings. It was about this time (1802), that he had completed, at Heiligenstadt, a village a mile and a half out of Vienna, his third Symphony, known under the title of *Sinfonia Eroica*. He often in his compositions thought of a definite object, although he used to laugh and scold about musical painting, especially the minuter sort. Even acknowledged masterpieces, such as Haydn's "Creation," and his "Seasons," were not spared in his censure; while at the same time he did not deny the great talent of Haydn, and gave him the deserved praise in his choruses. In the third Symphony he had in mind Buonaparte, while he was yet first Consul. He had an excellent idea of him then, and compared him with the greatest Roman Consuls. The Symphony lay written out in score upon his table. At the top of the title page stood the word "Buonaparte," and at the bottom "*Luigi van Beethoven*," but not a word more. Whether the intervening space was to have been filled out, and how, was quite unknown to Beethoven's friends. of them brought him the news that Buona-

parte had allowed himself to be proclaimed Emperor. Then Beethoven became furious and exclaimed: "Is he, too, nothing but an ordinary man? Now he, too, will trample all human rights under his feet, and be the slave of his ambition; he will seek now to place himself higher than all others, and will become a tyrant." With these words Beethoven seized the title leaf of his Symphony, which lay upon the table, tore it asunder, and threw it on the floor. The first page was re-written and received the title: *Sinfonia Eroica*. Some time afterwards the Prince Lichnowsky in Vienna bought this Symphony of the composer, for his own use for some years. It was performed several times in his palace. It was there that Beethoven, who himself directed, once in the second part of the first Allegro, where there occur so many half notes, brought the whole orchestra so out of time, that they were obliged to commence the Symphony anew.

On the same evening Beethoven played a Piano Quintet, composed by him, with accompaniment of wind instruments. The celebrated oboist, Ram, from Munich, took part in it, and accompanied Beethoven's playing. In the last Allegro, at a pause before the theme commenced again, he took it into his head suddenly to improvise. He took the Rondo for a theme, and entertained himself and the listeners for a considerable time. But not so those who accompanied the piano-playing. They were in great perplexity. It was a ludicrous sight, when they, expecting every moment that he would begin again, put their instruments to their mouths, and then quietly took them away again. At length Beethoven was satisfied. He fell into the Rondo again. The whole company were in raptures.

When the Russian imperial kapellmeister Steibelt, who died at St. Petersburg in 1823, came after a somewhat lengthy stay in Paris to Vienna, Beethoven's friends were anxious lest that then highly celebrated composer might damage the reputation he had acquired. Steibelt did not visit him. They met for the first time one evening at the house of Count Fries, where Beethoven produced a new Trio in B flat major for piano, clarinet and violoncello. Steibelt listened to it with a sort of condescension, and paid the composer a few compliments. Thereupon he played a Quintet of his own composition, improvised, and produced particularly a great effect by his *tremulandos*, which at that time were something quite new. Beethoven could no longer be induced to play. With equal success Steibelt a week later performed a Quintet in a concert at Count Fries's. He had studied out a brilliant Fantasia, and had chosen for a theme Beethoven's Trio. That excited his admirers and himself. He had now to go to the piano, and to improvise. As he passed along he took with him the violoncello part of Steibelt's Quartet, placed it bottom upwards on the desk, and with one finger drummed out a theme for himself from the first bars. Wounded and excited, he improvised so, that Steibelt, before he had ended, left the hall, and would never meet him afterwards; indeed, he made it a condition, before going anywhere, that Beethoven should not be invited.

Nothing crossed Beethoven more, than to have something go wrong in the performance of his works. Then he gave himself up to an irritability that knew no bounds. In a grand concert in the theatre at Vienna, where, besides his "Pas-

toral Symphony," a Fantasia of his for piano, orchestra and chorus was performed, the clarinetist in the variations of the concluding theme made by mistake a repetition of eight bars. Beethoven sprang up in a rage, and covered the members of the orchestra with loud invectives. Finally he cried out: "From the beginning!" The theme began again. They all fell in rightly, and the result was brilliant. But when the concert was over, the artists remembered the honorable titles which Beethoven had given them, and swore that they would never play again, if he was in the orchestra. But this lasted only until he again came forward with a new composition, when the curiosity of the musicians got the better of their anger.

How easily offended Beethoven was, was shown by his relations to a man to whom he owed a great part of his musical education. Mozart, Handel and Bach were his favorites. If anything lay upon his desk, it was sure to be compositions of one of these masters. On the contrary, he had always something to object to Haydn's music. It was for the most part a private grudge against that artist, dating from an earlier period. Beethoven's first attempt in composition was the three Trios before mentioned. They were to have been produced in a soirée at Prince Lichnowsky's, and several artists and dilettanti had been invited, among them Haydn, on whose judgment all depended. The trios were played, and produced a remarkable sensation. Haydn said some flattering things to the composer, but advised him not to publish the third Trio, in C minor. Beethoven had regarded this Trio as his best. Haydn's words, therefore, made a very unpleasant impression on him. He thought that Haydn was envious, and jealous of his reputation, and that he was not candid with him. In this he was mistaken. Haydn had dissuaded him from the publication of this Trio merely because he thought it was not so easy, and would not be so quickly understood as the others.

In spite of all the representations of his friends, Beethoven was so unalterable in his dislike to Haydn, that he one day said he had learned nothing from him. From Albrechtsberger, as we have before said, he had received instruction in Counterpoint, and from Salieri in dramatic composition. Both agreed that he was often wilful and ill-humored. They maintained that he had had to learn many things through his own bitter experience, which he had formerly held of small account as matters of instruction. The introduction to dramatic composition, which Salieri gave him, after the taste of the Italian school, could not of course satisfy him.

[To be continued.]

Vivier.

[Concluded from p. 155.]

But let us endeavor to make Vivier better understood by a slight description of his personal appearance and character.

He is of the middle size, with a high and expansive forehead, and marked features. The regularity of the latter would entitle him to pass for a "*joli garçon*," were not his physiognomy manly and energetic. His complexion denotes strength, while the peculiar texture of his skin announces unusual susceptibility. But to balance this nervous organization he has great muscular power. He can, therefore, feel deeply without being enervated; hence his extraordinary *sang-froid*.

His vision is weak, although he is quick at perceiving details. He takes no interest in painting, but the fine susceptibility of his ear is remarkable. He knows every sound and its slightest variation. He protests, indeed, that the gradations of sounds represent to his mind colors and their various tints. He can hear from a long distance, and frequently astonishes by repeating every word of a conversation maintained a long way off. His musical memory, in so far as it regards his own works, is prodigious, but in respect to those of others mediocre. His vocal organ is wonderfully supple, and, as he has the faculty of imitation to an extraordinary degree, nothing is easier for him than to make you believe that he speaks and sings in German, Italian, English, modern Greek, Arabic, etc., etc.

Intellectually, Vivier's perceptive (artistic) faculties carry him on to the reflective (philosophical). Thus he loves to view life as it presents itself at the moment. He feels the desire to extract from every stone on the roadside the electric spark. Rarely does his imagination bury itself in the past or wander into the future.

Like many rich in their own resources and gifted with great spontaneity, Vivier reads but little. He is not learned, but he has an instinct for most things. With his delicate, susceptible and peculiar organization, he feels most deeply. He is unapproachable as an improvisator. Melodies, dramatic scenes, caricatures, flow from him as water from a spring.

Thus, when he is among those who can appreciate him, he becomes brilliant as a diamond, and shines pre-eminently. He attracts as if by enchantment, with melodies serious and melancholy, elegant and dramatic, ideal and real, at the same time fresh and tender, comic and terrible, which, sung with perfect expression, make happy hours pass quickly away, although the recollection of them is retained for ever.

It is only in such moments of inspiration that we can obtain anything like a complete idea of his rich and powerful artistic mind.

Vivier has composed a great deal, but much of what he has written is not only unpublished and unknown to the public, but even unwritten. It bubbles in his head by the side of a thousand precious seeds that favorable circumstances alone can germinate (!) But where is the Shakspeare, to write a poem for such a strange musician? Vivier would require a plot as eccentric and complex as himself—the fanciful and the dramatic, the real and the ideal, mingled together at random, so as to give free vent to all his imagination. If Vivier would, he could write both the music and the libretto of an opera. It is, indeed, a pity that the light of such a genius should remain for ever hidden. In vain Rossini, who loves him for his gaiety, *esprit*, and talent, which the grand *maestro* appreciates better than any one—in vain Rossini says to him, "Take your place, it is waiting for you—*en avant!*" Perhaps the fruit is not yet ripe. We must believe so, for Vivier has in him a store of melodies, original, fine, expressive, and tender, and a mine of harmony hitherto unknown. If it was not necessary to spoil so much paper in the composition of an opera—if it could only be improvised!

Vivier, we have said, is gifted with the faculty of perception. Nevertheless, his reflective faculty tempers his energetic activity, so that the excessive delicacy of his nature is equalized by his physical power. (*Literal translation!*) He would otherwise be less strong, less profound, and comprehend less accurately so many various subjects.

In his double capacity of artist and philosopher, Vivier has a horror of the ordinary cares of life, of those miserable pettinesses that take away from the poetry of existence. This feeling is so strong in him, that he often passes whole days in bed with nothing to trouble him, in order that he may pursue his reflections at his ease. Thus he has twenty portmanteaus which he never opens, but makes use of as chairs or tables in the absence of such necessary articles. The ordinary pursuits of life have no value in his eyes, since he sees too clearly their emptiness. To be provident, to have a motive, to dull his spirits, enslave his intellect, and gain nothing but meagre and uncertain

rewards, is not for Vivier, but for fools (*sic*). Men, and the incidents of their lives, affect him much in the same way as the atoms that dance in the rays of the sun. He knows them all—from the highest to the lowest, from the cottage to the palace; with every link in the social system he is familiar: great and small, handsome and ugly, strong and weak; kings and porters, high-born ladies and lowly maidens—what are they but dust!

Against reflections of this gloomy kind, he has but one refuge—*melody*! Vivier composes music for his own pleasure, listens to it, studies, invents, sings to himself all night in the solitude of his garret.

But no—he has, at least, one live companion—a pigeon, a game cock, or some bird that he has tamed wonderfully, and taught to be strange, amusing, and sentimental. Being little contemplative, he absolutely requires something living to be always about him. Thus, his nervous system becomes soothed, and he can resign himself to thought.

One day he took it into his head that it would be more agreeable, and at the same time instructive, to have a rattlesnake for a companion. Death on a journey from the bite of a serpent appeared to this singular nature a climax sufficiently eccentric; but I am bound to add that he gave up both the idea and the rattlesnake, which is now the property of the *Jardin des Plantes*.

Although Vivier does not think much of the value of life, of which he knows the hollowness, although he does not hold poor humanity in much esteem, he is nevertheless no misanthrope. On the contrary, he loves his family, is always thinking of its welfare, and has often rendered great services to those who have solicited his aid. He writes letters and transacts business to oblige others, although on his own account he dislikes attending to such uninteresting matters. For those who know him, this is a strong proof of the excellence of his heart. He is very susceptible to kindness, and this feeling has more power over him than he is inclined to confess.

To sum up, Vivier is morally of a nature quite Shakspearian. He possesses at the same time, in a high degree, the sentiment of the real and the ideal. That is the secret of the peculiarity of his compositions, where melancholy, elegance, and tenderness are united to thoughts both serious and profound; and also of his marvellous eccentricities, in which nature seems suddenly seized at its most salient and showy point (*sic*). There is in Vivier something both of Beethoven and Rabelais. He is a composer of the highest rank, and yet on the other hand he must be called *l'Empereur des Farces*, as was quaintly said of him by a domestic, whom he was continually making die with laughter or with fear.

Every body knows the spirit, the *verve*, the extraordinary imagination of Vivier; but few are aware that if he would only take the trouble, he might soon gain the reputation of a charming, *spirituel*, humorous, and philosophical writer. In a corner of one of his numerous portmanteaus (to Vivier, life is really a journey; he is always ready to set out) are to be found pages of manuscripts written while travelling in England, pages that recall Sterne, and would very strongly, we think, throw in shade even the *Sentimental Journey* of the English humorist. Will Vivier ever publish this little volume? "What would be the use of it?" he says. A retort which appears to us an example of indifference on his part, of which we did not think him capable. Let us, however, not despair.

We were about to forget an essential feature in Vivier's character—his perfect independence. Neither glory, fortune, nor woman, can make a slave of him. It is not that he is insensible to the charms of women, to the delights of hearing delicate and merited praise, even to the pleasure of having money in his pocket; nor, above all, to shine in social life, and exhibit his wonderful gifts to advantage. On the contrary; but Vivier is so full of life that he passes through it like a stream that flows beneath the canopy of heaven (*sic*), and feels so intense a luxury in liberty, that the slightest restraint becomes odious in his eyes.

Another characteristic feature in Vivier is that

he possesses the "gift" of familiarity—not of that silly and impertinent familiarity which is always disagreeable, but of a familiarity which is delightful because it is attractive. He makes himself at home immediately, and with equal grace with a child and a king, M. Prudhomme, Rossini, or Lamartine—a high-born lady or a peasant girl—a cat or a bird—these, so different in character from each other, feel themselves directly at ease with him. It is because he understands and sympathizes with them all—thanks to his universal and brilliant nature; it is because he is always master of himself—thanks to the happy balance of his faculties.

To conclude, Vivier is so gifted by nature, that he should be called a magician. He pleases, he amuses, he raises you from the earth and transports you to the regions of imagination; he makes you happy; his witchcraft is so perfect that he influences in the same degree the man of genius and the child,—the weak and the strong. It is sufficient to have eyes and ears, and Vivier is sure to have you at some point.

We expect that some of our readers will say, "This is all enthusiasm and blind prejudice." To such we answer—"You must see to believe." We shall be greatly deceived if any who have ever been in company with Vivier, say we have exaggerated or passed the bounds of a just appreciation.

I own that I admire Vivier—that I like him immensely; but I like truth still more, and would not willingly wrong one or the other.

EDWARD DE POMPERY.

Mozart's Autograph Manuscripts.

(Extract from a letter addressed to "La France Musicale.")

The autograph manuscripts of Mozart are in possession of the brothers André, one of whom is an editor of music at Offenbach, another a manufacturer of pianos at Frankfort, and the third professor and composer at Berlin.* The collection of manuscripts formerly at Offenbach is at present at Frankfort, in the possession of the manufacturer. A descriptive and thematic catalogue has been printed, and I have now before me a copy given me by the brothers André, with particulars of 280 manuscripts. This, however, does not contain all that Mozart wrote. Neither the score of the *Nozze di Figaro*, nor that of the *Entführung aus dem Serail*, nor that of the *Requiem*, is included. The last is preserved in the imperial library of Vienna. Nor do we find the symphony in E flat, the finest of the quartets, nor any of the quintets for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, except the one in C, in which the violoncello begins the *motivo*. The six quartets, dedicated to Haydn, besides some others, were at the beginning of this century in possession of Mr. Stumpf, harp manufacturer, of London. After his death, they were sold by auction, and the quartets, inscribed to the Father of the Symphony, were knocked down for the moderate sum of £6 sterling.

Beneath is the list of the operas, the scores of which are comprised in M. André's collection. I give both the titles and the notes, which are in the hand-writing of Mozart's father:

No. 29 of the Catalogue. *Apollo and Hyacinthus*—a Comedy in Latin (with music), for the University of Salzburg. On the title page of the score, in Mozart's handwriting, is "*Di Wolfgang Mozart, producta 13 May, 1767.*" He was then eleven years old.

No. 30.—*Bastien et Bastienne*—a German opera in one act. On the manuscript, in the handwriting of Mozart's father—"Di Wolfgang Mozart, 1768, nel suo 12° anno."

No. 31.—*La Finta Semplice*—an Italian opera in three acts. On the manuscript Mozart has written—"Di Wolfgang Mozart, 1768."

No. 32.—*Mitridate*—an opera in three acts, composed for the Milan Theatre. The Manuscript of this opera is incomplete, and just as it was found after the death of Mozart.

No. 33.—*Ascanio in Alba*—action théâtrale. On the first page of the manuscript Mozart has written, "*Del Signor Cavaliere Amadeo Wlfg. Mozart.*"

No. 34.—*Il Sogno di Scipione*—action théâtrale de

* Mr. Gustav André, of the music-publishing firm of G. André & Co., Philadelphia, is also one of the brothers.—ED.

Métastase. Written in March, 1772, at Salzburg, for the nomination of the Archbishop Jérôme.

No. 35.—*Lucio Silla*—an opera in three acts, composed at Milan for the Carnival of 1773. Mozart has written on the title—"Lucio Silla, dramma per musica del Signor Cavaliere Amadeo Wolfgang Mozart. *Academico di Bologna e di Verona, nel carnovale, 1773 (Milano)*."

No. 36.—*La Finta Giardiniera*—an opera in three acts. The first act is wanting. The author has written on the title page of the second act, "*La Finta Giardiniera, atto 2, del Signor Amadeo Wolsf. Mozart.*" It is noticed that under the Italian words of all the airs, Mozart has added a German translation.

No. 37.—*Il Re Pastore*—a dramatic cantata in two acts. On the title page, in Mozart's writing, "*Del Signor Cavaliere Amadeo Wolfgang Mozart, a Salisburgo, 1775.*"

No. 38.—*Zaide*—a melodramatic opera in two acts.

No. 39.—*Idomeneo*—an opera in three acts.

No. 40.—*Airs de Ballets pour Idomeneo*. These airs have remained unpublished to this day. M. André intends to publish them immediately, arranged as duets for the pianoforte.

No. 41.—*Lo Sposo Deluso, ossia la Rivalita di tre Donne per un solo amante*—an opera in two acts, left unfinished by Mozart.

No. 42.—*L'Oca del Cairo*—a comic opera, of which only the first act remains. The opera has eight characters (four sopranis, two tenors, and two basses), and was, as well as the one preceding, written by Mozart, at Salzburg, in 1783.

No. 43.—*Der Schauspieler Director*—a comedy with music for the palace of Schönbrunn. Mozart has written on the title page—"Di Wolfgang Amadeo Mozart."

No. 44.—*Don Giovanni*—an opera in two acts.

No. 45.—*Così fan tutte*—an opera in two acts.

No. 46.—*Zauberflöte*—an opera in two acts.

No. 47.—*La Clemenza di Tito*—an opera in two acts. Several pieces of this score were wanting, when M. André obtained the manuscripts of Mozart.

About the year 1800, the father of the Messrs. André, a music publisher and composer, bought this important collection of Mozart's widow. Since that period they remained intact in the family; but a short time ago M. Streicher, of Vienna, who had married a daughter of Antoine André, by whom he had children, asserted his right to a part of the manuscripts, and chose for his share the score of *Don Giovanni*, and some other works of less importance. M. Pauer, a relation of the Streichers, about a year since, brought the score of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* to London; and successively offered it to the Queen of England, and the British Museum, but without success. An eminent artiste (Mme. Viardot Garcia) showed a better appreciation of its value, and purchased it for £200.

The catalogue of autograph manuscripts possessed by M. André contains 28 masses, litanies, etc. Nearly all these compositions are dated. The oldest is dated 1776. Mozart was then ten years of age. Several are dated 1776. One, and that is the latest, 1783, viz., the Mass of which Mozart afterwards took several pieces for his cantata of *Davidde Penitente*. I did not find the well-known *Ave Verum*; but we can see by a thematic catalogue in Mozart's handwriting, which includes all his compositions from the year 1784 to his death, that this was one of his latest productions. Independent of the operas of which I have given the names, the catalogue comprises about forty scenes, arias, duos, trios, quatuors, and choruses—the greater part of which were intended by Mozart to be interpolated in his own operas, or in those of other composers. For example, the quatuor and the trio, composed at Vienna, in 1785, for the *Villanella Rapita*, an opera in which the famous Céleste Coltellini sang—the *prima donna* for whom Paisiello wrote the part of Nina. Several of these *morceaux* bear the names of the singers for whom they were composed in the handwriting of Mozart. Among them are Fortini, Palmiini; the tenors, Raff and Adamberger; Signora Storace; the basso, Fischer; and on two arias (Nos. 74 and 76 of the catalogue), Signora Weber, Mozart's wife's sister. The first of these is dated Mannheim, the 24th February, 1778; the second, Munich, the 8th January, 1779. Another aria (No. 58 of the catalogue) contains the following, in Mozart's writing—"Il Curioso indiscreto, atto primo; per la Signora Lange. Vienna,

il 20 di Giugno, 1783." Thus we find Mlle. Weber, sister of Constance Weber, the wife of Mozart, became Madame Lange—under which name she gained great celebrity as a singer. No. 87 in the catalogue, is another soprano aria, written at Vienna, in 1788, for the same Signora Lange.

Numbers 102 to 130 of the catalogue of Mozart's autograph manuscripts, consist of twenty-eight symphonies and one overture. The greatest number were written in the early youth of the composer. No. 102 is dated London, without naming the year, but it is known that Mozart was about eight when, after first visiting Paris with his father and sister, he repaired to the capital of England. No. 103 is dated La Haye, in the month of December 1765. I have already stated that the symphony in E flat was not in the catalogue; but the symphonies in G minor and in C with the fugue (*Jupiter*) are both there, as well as the symphony in D, which Mozart wrote at Paris in 1778 for the *Concerts Spirituels*. I shall not go into details about all the pieces in this interesting catalogue, but confine myself to those upon which the great musician has himself commented.

The first is 205, a concerto for the piano in G. The manuscript tells us that Mozart completed this at Vienna on the 12th April 1784, and that it was composed for the Signora Barbara Hoyer, no doubt an artist, or, at least, an amateur, of distinction. No. 226 is a sonata in C, for piano and violin, which is well known. This, Mozart informs us, was composed at Mannheim, and finished March 11th, 1778, for Mademoiselle Thérèse Pierron. No. 253 is an *andante* in C, for flute, with an accompaniment for two violins, alto, basso, two hautbois, and two horns, a copy of which I procured from Germany some years ago for M. Dorus, who introduced it at the Société des Concerts of the Conservatoire. I recollect that at the time a few wisacres in the orchestra denied that this *morceau* was composed by the author of *Don Juan*, or that it was written for the flute at all.

Nor 265 is a concerto for the horn, with orchestral accompaniments. The *virtuoso* who first attempted to play this composition must have been anything but a good player, since he seems to have excited the anger of Mozart, who has written a number of significant remarks on the manuscript. For example, at the beginning of the solo "*A lei signor asino*," "*Animo*," "*Presto, su via*," "*da bravo*," "*Coraggio*," and at the end "*Grazia al Ciel! basti*."

No. 257 is another concerto for the horn. On the manuscript is written "*Wolfgang Amadé*." Mozart has taken compassion on Leitgab, as, ox (*ochs*) and madman, at Vienna, 27th May, 1783. No. 259 is a concerto for harp and flute, with an accompaniment for two violins, two altos, two hautbois, and two horns, composed by Mozart during his sojourn in Paris (1778), for the Duc de Guines and his daughter.

The valuable collection of MM. André is shut up in a press divided into two compartments, and the manuscripts are in two species of portfolios. I examined with religious attention that of the opera of *Idomeneo*. It is on paper in the Italian fashion, of a rather large size, and consists of three volumes, stitched in boards, covered with variegated red paper. The whole work is in a fine hand, and there are but few notes erased or interlineated. The whole had been to all appearances thoroughly elaborated in Mozart's head, and afterwards put down on paper without the slightest hesitation. It is well known that anciently, on the Italian stage, the simple recitative was accompanied by a harpsichord, a violoncello, and a double bass, the performers upon which lead off from the score; it was to render this accompaniment the more easy that Mozart has throughout the whole opera written the bass part in larger notes.

Among the manuscripts which, at my request, M. André was good enough to show me, I will again refer to that of the famous symphony in G minor. It is on Italian paper, and the writing presents the signs of great rapidity of execution. The bars which run up and down the page are

made without the slightest regard to the perpendicular. Mozart does not seem to have taken the trouble to mend his pen, for the notes are much less elegant in form than in other manuscripts, and the strokes of the tails are somewhat thick. One might suppose that this *chef-d'œuvre* had been extemporized. The learned professor Schnyder von Wartensee, whose reception of me was most amiable, was kind enough to communicate two important observations to me on the manuscript of this admirable symphony, and I was able to convince myself of their exactitude by examining, with my own eyes, the autograph of Mozart.

Here is a long affair about a catalogue, you will perhaps observe, and with reason; but you will agree that one has not always a Mozart to do with, and all that relates to so great a man is fraught with interest. One loves to follow him in the smallest details of his artist's life, and even in the details of his private life, which may sometimes assist in comprehending so rare an organization.

The Organ.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

The organ seems able—like the pianoforte, and even still better—to present itself in the instrumental hierarchy, under two aspects—as an instrument belonging to the orchestra, or as being in itself a complete and independent orchestra. It is doubtless possible to blend the organ with the divers constituent elements of the orchestra; and it has even been many times done; but it is strangely derogatory to this majestic instrument, to reduce it to this secondary condition. Moreover, it should be felt that its smooth, equal, and uniform sonorousness never entirely melts into the variously characterized sounds of the orchestra, and that there seems to exist between these two musical powers a secret antipathy. The organ and the orchestra are both kings; or rather one is emperor, the other pope; their mission is not the same, their interests are too vast, and too diverse, to be confounded together. Therefore, on almost all these occasions, where this singular connection is attempted, either the organ much predominates over the orchestra, or the orchestra, having been raised to an immoderate degree of influence, almost eclipses its adversary. The soft stops of the organ seem alone suitable for accompanying the voice. In general, the organ is formed for absolute dominion; it is a jealous and intolerant instrument. In one case only, it seems to me, the organ can, without derogation, mingle with the choir and orchestra; and even then, it would be on condition of itself remaining in its solemn isolation. For example, if a mass of voices placed in the choir of a church, at a great distance from the organ, interrupted its chants from time to time, that they might be repeated on the organ, in part, or entirely; if the same choir, in a rite of some sad character, were accompanied by a lament from the orchestra and from the organ, issuing thus from the two extreme points of the temple, the organ succeeding to the orchestra, like the mysterious echo of its lamentation—this would be a mode of instrumentation susceptible of grand and sublime effects. But, even in this case, the organ would not really mingle with the other instruments; it would answer them, it would interrogate them; and the alliance between the two rival powers would only be the more sincere, that neither the one nor the other would lose anything of their respective dignity. Whenever I have heard the organ playing at the same time with the orchestra, it has seemed to me to produce a detestable effect, and to impair that of the orchestra instead of augmenting it.

DEATH OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.—Recent foreign papers report the death of Robert Schumann, by many considered the greatest of living German composers, as he was undoubtedly one of the most original, at Bonn, at the comparatively early age of forty-six. From a notice of the deceased in the New York *Evening Post*, we learn that he was born in Zwickau, Saxony, and at the commencement of his career was distinguished as a musical critic, the

Neue Zeitschrift für Musik, established by him in Leipzig, being one of the most able and successful musical journals of the day.

His musical tastes being of a very decided character, he soon forsook the editorial profession for the study of composition, which he prosecuted with extraordinary zeal. He modelled his style successively upon that of Haydn, Mozart, Moscheles and Ries, but soon struck into a path of his own, in which he exhibited great individuality, and a boldness and eccentricity which startled the critics, and brought down upon him denunciations and ridicule without stint. He had, however, a circle of enthusiastic admirers, who as warmly upheld him, and whose numbers constantly increased.

In 1840 he married the celebrated Clara Wieck, now, as then, a charming pianist, and most estimable woman. His married life was very happy, and with a fecundity of genius quite remarkable, he composed during this period a vast number of pianoforte pieces, many of them novel and fantastic in form, and almost all of exceeding beauty, besides quintets for string instruments, some remarkable symphonies, various large vocal works, cantatas, &c., and a multitude of charming little songs.

Some of his symphonies and many of his songs are familiar to our audiences, and have created genuine admiration of Schumann's great merit as a composer. About two years ago he began to exhibit symptoms of insanity; the disease rapidly gathered strength, and for the last two years he has been a confirmed lunatic. Under such melancholy circumstances, has this distinguished man left the world.

Music Abroad.

London.

Both Italian Operas brought their season to a close on the 2d inst., and both rejoiced in crowded houses during the last month. We extract from the *Times's* summing up:

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The tenth season of the Royal Italian Opera came to a termination on Saturday night with a very fine performance of Donizetti's *Favorita*, the principal characters being sustained, as before, by Madame Grisi, Signors Mario, Graziani, Soldi and Zelger. The opera was followed by "God save the Queen," in which the solo verses were delivered with great warmth and earnestness of manner by Madame Grisi.

This season has been the briefest on record (owing chiefly to the burning of Covent Garden Theatre in March). . . . The programme was inevitably a modest one, including chiefly the names of familiar works, dispensing altogether with the grand and costly operas by Meyerbeer and the French school of lyric melodrama, and only holding out the promise of a single novelty. But, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that everything had to be done afresh, and that the production of each successive opera entailed the united and unremitting labor of scene-painter, *costumier*, decorator, machinist, and music-copyist. It was then a wonder that so many of the works announced were actually presented; and on this head we think subscribers have no very strong cause for complaint. Out of a list of 17, 10 were forthcoming—viz., *Il Conte Ory*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, *Don Giovanni*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Favorita*—all of which were placed upon the stage in a style of elegance and completeness the more praiseworthy when the peculiar difficulties of the situation are considered. The other seven advertised in the prospectus, though not performed, were *La Gazza Ladra*, *Otello*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Fidelio*, *Don Pasquale*, and *La Traviata*.

If seven out of 17 operas were postponed until a more favorable occasion, one only was missing from the promised list of artists. That one, nevertheless, was almost equal to seven of ordinary weight; we mean LABLACHE. "Dov'è Lablache?" might form the appropriate burden of a *cavatina*, so often has the question been asked during the last three months within the precincts of the Royal Italian Opera. Lablache, however, like the rest of us, must submit to his share of the ills that flesh is heir to; and if we have been rightly informed, the great *basso* has been suffering from a malady which deprived him for a time of the use of his legs, and rendered a season of repose absolutely indispensable.

While we have no new fact upon which to dwell, no new opera, successful or unsuccessful, to refer to, it is at least pleasant to be able to bestow a few words of well-merited compliment upon artists who, having long enjoyed public favor to the fullest extent, never perhaps before proved themselves so entirely worthy of it. Without being invidious, we may at once name Signor MARIO as an honorable instance. Mario's singing this year has surprised and delighted subscribers almost in an equal measure. His first appearance—when his voice failed him after the prologue of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and dispelled the expectations raised

by his exquisite delivery of "Di pescatore ignobile"—was ominous of future disasters. But the omen proved delusive; from that night to the end of the season Mario was never once found wanting. As the *Barbieri*, *Rigoletto*, and the *Favorita* were alternately produced, he sang better and better, maintaining besides his reputation as one of the most consummate actors that Italy has sent to England. He further did good service in assuming the part of Manrico, when, after the departure for Rio Janeiro of the popular Signor Tamberlik, at an early part of the season, *Il Trovatore*, but for Mario, must have been withdrawn from the bills—to the detriment of the treasury. Manrico has been universally pronounced one of his most admirable performances. We must not separate from Mario the ever eager and indomitable GRISI, who came out as Norma with renewed energy and vigor, appeared frequently as Leonora (*La Favorita*) and Lucrezia Borgia, in both of which she is still incomparable, and resumed her famous part of Elvira (*I Puritani*) with eminent success. It was a pity that to these could not have been added Semiramide, Desdemona and Anna Bolena—since, as was hinted last year, to confine her eternally to "the sickle, the cloister, and the cup of poison," is as unkind to Grisi as it is unfair to her admirers.

It is scarcely polite, and, indeed, not exactly just, to allude to the continued "improvement" of Madame BOSIO, who at the present time is neither more nor less than one of the most accomplished vocalists living, second alone in the execution of florid music of the Italian school to ALBONI, and enjoying at the same time the evident advantage of a *soprano* voice—which is queen to the regal tenor. Nevertheless, Madame Bosio has improved since last season, and the mere fact that she is always progressing leads to the conviction that she is always studying—a practice from which no honest counsellor would endeavor to dissuade her. Madame Bosio has sung this season with unvarying success in six operas: *Rigoletto* (Gilda), the *Barbieri* (Rosina), *Don Giovanni* (Zerlina), the *Conte Ory* (Countess), the *Elisir* (Adina), and *Il Trovatore*. The part of Leonora in the last—Verdi's best—was allotted to her after the expiration of Madame JENNY NEY's engagement. That Madame Bosio would execute the music brilliantly no one doubted for a moment; but few anticipated that in the dramatic realization she was not merely to equal but to eclipse her Teutonic predecessor. The passing allusion to *Don Giovanni* brings Signor RONCONI to mind, and while we find no reason to change our opinion of his unfitness for the representation of Mozart's profligate hero, we have only to record his legitimate triumph in every other character he attempted. A bare catalogue of his assumptions will suffice to conjure up their surpassing merit to the minds of those among our readers who are in the habit of attending the Italian Opera:—*Rigoletto*, *Figaro*, *Duke Alphonso*, *Dulcamara*. Extremes meet here, and no mistake; but Ronconi's aptitude to represent high tragedy and low comedy, or farce, with equal felicity, is notorious, and a proof of the versatility of his genius.

Signor GARDONI, an excellent artist, and a favorite in the bargain, has proved himself this year extremely useful, since, in addition to his admired performance in the *Conte Ory*, he lightened the responsibilities of Signor Mario by assuming with great talent that gentleman's favorite part of Arturo in the *Puritani*, and atoned for the loss of Signor Tamberlik by undertaking that of Don Ottavio, in which he acquitted himself scarcely less to the satisfaction of subscribers.

Signor GRAZIANI, the barytone, confirmed the good impression produced last season, and his beautiful voice always conferred pleasure in the air, "Il balen," of the *Trovatore*, and the romance of the King of Castille, "A tanto amor," in *La Favorita*. Madame NANTIER DIDIÉ, by the united force of ability and perseverance, has rendered herself invaluable to this establishment, and so won upon the good graces of the public that it would be dangerous to think of replacing her by any other *contralto*. Her performances as Ragonda in the *Conte Ory*, Magdalen in *Rigoletto*, &c., need only to be mentioned; but her highly successful portraiture of the Gipsy Azucena brought her at once in contact with the Viardots and Albonis, and materially enhanced her reputation as an artist of higher pretensions. Madame Didié, although she has acquired great professional experience, has, moreover, the eminent advantage of being young; a flattering prospect therefore lies before her. Mademoiselle MARAI, a *comprimaria* "hors ligne," admirable in Adalgisa and characters still more difficult from a musical point of view—like Isoliero, the page in the *Conte Ory*—is also quite equal to undertake "first business" on an emergency, with credit to herself and satisfaction to the audience. This was placed beyond a doubt on the first night of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, when, Madame Bosio being ill, Mademoiselle Marai played Adina with remarkable talent and success. Such a *seconda donna* is precious. The appearances of Herr FORMES, owing to the operas of Meyerbeer being unavoidably laid aside for a period, have been rare. His parts of Orvoso and Baldassare (in *Norma* and *La Favorita*) were transferred—why we are unable to explain—to M. ZELGER. The *Puritani*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Il Barbiere*, if we are not mistaken, are the only operas in which the German *basso* has sung this year. His Basilio can never fail to strike as a characteristic piece of dry humor, while his Leporello for histrionic conception has yet to be surpassed. Of Signors TAG-

LIAPICO and POLONINI we have only to record what has been recorded season after season in the annual *resumé*. Whatever these gentlemen have to do, be it small or great, they take the utmost pains with, and this, added to their thorough competence, makes their value to the theatre inestimable. Two new comers—Mademoiselle ROSA DEVRIES and Signor NERI BR-ALDI—were both favorably received, but we must hear more than the Donna Anna of the *soprano* and the Nemorino of the tenor to enable us to judge of their respective merits as dramatic singers. The band and chorus, though reduced to meet the proportions of the Lyceum, have been in no way less effective than what we have been accustomed to at the Royal Italian Opera; but this was pretty sure to be the case with Mr. COSTA as musical director, and therefore astonished nobody.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Saturday night, the last of the subscription, perfectly reflected the enthusiasm with which the season commenced. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the weather, every part of the house was closely packed, and Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, at the end of *La Traviata*, was thrice called to be pelted with bouquets. It was really a marvellous sight, that quantity of floral gifts flung from all directions—some safely reaching the place of their destination, others bursting into a thousand fragments, and defying the young idol to collect together the whole of her treasure. She never sang better than on Saturday; her execution was faultless, and into the last scene she infused that peculiar intensity of expression in which she is without a rival, and which especially stamps her as the vocalist of emotion, as distinguished from the vocalist in the abstract. There could not have been a greater triumph of histrionic singing.

The ceremony of smothering Mlle. Piccolomini with flowers having been duly performed, with shouts of delight on one side and the most gracious smiles on the other, the National Anthem was executed. MM. REICHARDT, BELLETTI and BRAHAM sang the first verse, Mlle. Piccolomini showed her powers of articulation in the second (a solo), and the third was sung by Mlle. Piccolomini, Mlle. FINOLI, M. CALZOLARI and M. BENEVENTANO. When first the theatre opened in May, everybody hurried to revive his memory of the "old institution." Hence, when the long-locked portals were thrown open it was a natural consequence that the public rushed into boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery, just as air rushes into a vacuum. The delightful singing of Madame ALBONI in *Cenerentola*, and the successful *début* of four new *danseuses*, caused an audience that had come to be pleased, to depart in high satisfaction. The season had started well. Next came the brilliant *début* of Mlle. PICCOLOMINI in *La Traviata*. *La Figlia del Reggimento* followed *La Traviata*, and was succeeded in its turn by *Don Pasquale*, and still the Piccolomini sentiment went on augmenting. Those who had seen her laugh for a very little while in Verdi's lugubrious production, loved to see her smile more permanently as the playful Maria or the arch Norina; and all the terms of praise that were invented for her special account had in them something of affection. She was called the "pet of the public," the "spoilt child," and the "*cara bambina*;" and, like a little despot, she ruled the entire season.

The *début* of Mlle. WAGNER as Romeo in *I Montecchi ed i Capuletti* was another grand event. The lady had caused such a deal of talk that everybody was anxious to see her, and when she first came forward, with her nodding plume and glittering armor, great was the effect produced by the largeness of her acting and the power and compass of her voice. But still we must consider that Mlle. Wagner rather gave evidence of her genius than thoroughly exhibited it in the course of the present season, and certainly she never became so prominent a figure in the minds of the *habitués* as the younger *débütante*.

The re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre would not have been complete without the revival of ballet on that large scale which used to delight the patrons of former times. Not only, therefore, did Mademoiselle Marie Taglioni, coming as an addition to the four younger *danseuses*, raise the *divertissements* to a high degree of brilliancy, but *Le Corsaire*, the great Terpsichorean novelty of Paris, was brought out with the same *première* and the same scenic effects that had caused such a lasting impression in Paris. The graces of Rosati and the grandeur of the concluding *tableau* must still be fresh in the minds of all who witnessed them.

To note the lustre of the season in terms composed of its brightest elements, we should set down in chronological order the names of Alboni, Piccolomini, Wagner, and Rosati; but it would be wrong to pass over such excellent and well established artists as MM. Belletti, Reichardt, and Calzolari, the favorable impression left by Madame Albertini, the respectable performance of M. Beneventano, the highly creditable *début* of M. Rossi, and the universal esteem gained by the conductor, M. Bonetti. In fact, the whole season has been a "lucky" season, in the fullest sense of the word.—*Times*, Aug. 4.

JOHANNA WAGNER's performances came to a close with *Tancredi*, and she left England for Berlin, "without having had the opportunity of really displaying her unquestionably great powers in a German Opera."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 23, 1856.

Organ Concerts—Mr. Morgan.

The first of the two Grand Organ Concerts at Tremont Temple, given, in connection with the Musical Convention now in session, by Mr. G. W. MORGAN, organist of Grace Church in New York, took place on Wednesday afternoon. In spite of the menacing easterly storm, it was gratifying to see what a large and eagerly attentive audience it drew; of course there was a pretty large nucleus of an audience already in attendance on the daily exercises of the Convention—teachers and country singing school teachers, who had come to spend a week in town, in brushing up their notions of the art of teaching, by putting themselves in the position of pupils under such experienced teachers as Messrs. JOHNSON and FROST. These, of course, were all ears, and whether it was Fugue of Bach, or a pretty variation on "The Last Rose," whether the noble instrument spake out in full, in language of its own, (as seized and written down by Bachs and Handels), and so stood upon its dignity, or whether it stooped down to play with little children and to imitate a hand-organ,—all was rapturously applauded. Naturally enough, the oddest, most grotesque, uncharacteristic, questionable things—those in which the organ spoke not for itself, but stooped to imitate, and, as the boys say, "cut up monkey shins," excited the most rapture. But on the other hand two long fugues, and two movements of a symphony, failed not to make a genuine impression. It was perhaps well that they should hear both kinds; many came to be amused as well as to learn, and possibly, on Jullien's principle, it was, that by tickling their more childish senses, they were charmed into listening to what touched their souls. Then again, it is not every day that one hears a great organ; the instrument (the *chef d'œuvre* of the Messrs. Hook, the largest in America, with its 77 stops, four banks of finger keys, and pedal,) was one of the lions, which they came for, and they wished to see and hear it put through all its paces. Deep thundering sub-bass contrasted with highest slender whistle, (a combination of extremes, by the way, of which the player in his improvisations appeared rather fond); they wanted to discriminate its various registers or qualities of tone, and hear it "do" the orchestra, from double bass to piccolo; and therefore ingenious variations and combinations of stops, however trivial the music, served them for a lesson on the many-sided capabilities of the great tone-structure.

All this was well enough once, and more than once—only let it not stop here. For, after all, the organ is a poor thing, and quite superfluous, if it only seek to imitate an orchestra, and do the smaller work of other instruments. There is music which belongs to it, which needs it, and which is of the most sublime and soul-satisfying of music. The programme contained some of this too—perhaps as much, or nearly as much as it would have been prudent to venture upon such occasions, considering their infrequency. We only wish that public opportunities of hearing organ music could be made more common, so that curiosity about the instrument, the stops, and so

forth, might soon give way to interest in the real organ music, and these quasi-orchestral and fire-work exhibitions become exceptional, (as child's play after sermon and brain-work), the solid, glorious fugues and choruses and chorales being the staple of each entertainment.

The programme included two solid pieces in the strictly organ style of composition; and these plainly did not suffer under the masterly hands (and feet) of Mr. Morgan; for he is a thoroughbred organist of the English school, familiar with the grand old music, and master of his art, more so (mechanically at least) than any we have heard. Whether he is quite as greatly master of his Art, as he is master of his instrument, however, is what it becomes us, before hearing more of the best European, and particularly German organists, to be cautious about deciding. We can only say, we do enjoy it greatly when he plays a good fugue.

He commenced with a "Grand Prelude and Fugue in D," by HESSE, of which we regretted to lose all but the last workings of the subject. Next came the Slow Movement, Minuet and Trio from a Symphony in C, by MOZART. This was the least objectionable kind of orchestral music for the organ: for in a symphony (at all events by Mozart) subjects are developed after the deeper laws of musical form, which, whether strictly fugue or not, has always the fugue principle latent in it, and thus it is congenial with the organ. It was exquisitely played, the alternation of stops being highly suggestive. Next came Bach's celebrated Fugue in G minor; full of life and grandeur and of infinite suggestion as the ocean. The soul feels glad and strong while it keeps on; and you saw every face was animated; there was no need of clap-trap to enlist attention. The "Wedding-March" (MENDELSSOHN) closed the first part. This was an example of the fullest, loudest strength of the organ; crowded harmonies, rushing together through all the pipes, diapasons, trumpets, mixtures, solos, astounding the new listeners. It was made remarkably distinct, crisp and orchestra-like; but for such a great roaring mass of sound, one felt the need of a larger place in which to hear it; the sub-bass of the organ, down to the 32-feet C, appears round and substantial, but it seems to need more space to speak in, a longer beach to roll its waves upon. Then again, do not the necessary dissonances involved in the use of the full organ, with the mixtures drawn, on the principle of increasing the éclat and lustre of the mass of tone, require a vaster space in which to let the cross vibrations work themselves out clear?

The second part was all outside of organ music proper. The overture to "William Tell" was very skilfully played, and more effective than one would suppose it could be on the organ. The "Theme with Variations (extempore)" was "The Last Rose of Summer," much of it more ingenious than edifying, yet not without some beautiful effects. The "Turkish March," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," was a pretty trifle, Turkish enough, and short. Mr. Morgan closed with "God save the King," wrought up a *la Fantasia*, with variations, after his own fancy. There was some astonishing pedal work in it. What a *furor*! hand-clappings and hurrahs mingle themselves with the deafening roar of the big pipes long ere their "hurly-burly's done."

Mlle. Piccolomini in "La Traviata."

The more serious portion of the London press is greatly stirred up about the morality of the stage representations, which have recently created such a *furor* in Her Majesty's Theatre—not,

however, countenanced, it would seem, by Her Majesty. The taste of the Verdi music, as well as of the modern French plays and novels, is that it resorts to cheap, coarse, sensual stimulus for inspiration. All its dishes must be terribly seasoned with mustard and red pepper. All its plots are harrowing and bloody—a mingling of voluptuousness and terror. The unnatural and monstrous attitudes and complications of human life and passion are sought out for exciting subjects, as if what is simple, natural and harmonious were tame. They have lost faith, these eager strivers for effect, in daylight and clear, common air, in natural skies and green fields. It is refreshing to see any signs of a wholesome reaction against it. Not the most effective always is the most true; every false school in literature and art has had its turn in running away with the crowd, and for the time being finds it easy to put out the stars with its own noisy blaze of rockets and blue lights.

The following extracts show the state of feeling among sober London critics. The *Spectator* discourses thus:

THEATRICAL MORALITIES.—It has never been thought unfair to apply to the taste and morals of a people the touchstone of their public amusements. These form the sphere in which a nation is least controlled by circumstances independent of its choice, and in which its real sympathies and tendencies may be expected most freely to show themselves. How happens it, if this is true, that the class of amusements which ought most vividly to reflect national character, and which at other periods of our social development has done so, should be gradually assuming among us here in London a more exotic and certainly more immoral tone? The favorite opera of the season has been *La Traviata*, the favorite play has been *Retribution*. The highest society in England has thronged the opera-house night after night, to see a very young and innocent-looking lady personate the heroine of an infamous modern French novel, who varies her prostitution by a frantic passion suddenly conceived for one of her numerous lovers, and is brought up to the modern standard of intense interest by dying of consumption on the stage. If the music had been instinct with genius, something might have been said on the score of artistic beauty, though morality would have barred the appeal. But Verdi's music, which generally descends below his subjects, can in this case claim the ambiguous merit of being quite worthy of the subject. If the attraction was—as no doubt it mainly was—in Piccolomini's grace and pathos, surely grace and pathos are to be found anywhere rather than in Parisian lorettes; and we are finally reduced to seek for some at least of the charm in the contrast between the actress and the part she was called on to sustain,—just the sort of attraction which the fine gentlemen of the Caroline era felt in hearing the broadest indecencies put into the mouths of young and pretty women in the prologues and epilogues of the comedies of that reprobate age. We should have thought the production of *La Traviata* an outrage on the ladies of the aristocracy who support the theatre, if they had not by crowding their boxes every night shown that they did not notice the underlying vice of the opera. But these ladies are not exempt from the weakness of slavery to fashion. No one of them likes to be the first to pronounce authoritatively that a thing is improper, no one chooses to be more particular or prudish than her neighbor; and so familiarity with evil gradually grows, and the very instinct which would in most cases warn women against such exhibitions as these becomes dulled, and ceases soon to retain any vitality. The fashionable world acts like all corporate bodies, and tolerates collectively what the majority individually disapproves. The corrective would be that morality should become corporate, and that exhibitions under the patronage of the female aristocracy should be submitted beforehand to a committee of patronesses. If the ladies objected to act by themselves in so difficult and delicate a matter, let a "dowager bishop" or two—of whom there will in future be an ample supply—be added to the committee. When Vice becomes brazen, it is time for Virtue to call mundane influences to her aid. Then why should that charming little Olympic—so well managed, too, in many important respects—be given up for a whole season to the representation of a story which has

nothing but its wickedness to recommend it? It is not true that murder and adultery are the most interesting subjects of dramatic art, for it is not true that the persons guilty of these crimes present the most interesting contrasts of character or the most powerful conflicts of passion. Nothing can be a more vulgar prejudice than that vicious persons are less tiresome, less monotonous, than virtuous persons. The very violence of the sensations in which they indulge takes from them all elasticity and freshness of mind and character. They are moral drunkards, stupid when they are not mad, and disgusting when their fury-fits are on them. Surely Mr. Wigan's subtle sense of shades of feeling would easily find better scope among the innocent and noble diversities of human nature than in portraying the frenzy of revenge and the fiend-like deliberation of hatred; and an English audience at a theatre must be very unlike the same English audience at their own firesides, or the same English audience in their choice of books and pictures, if they need this demoniacal stimulus to jaded sensibilities. Let us borrow from the Italians their mellifluous voices, and from the French their neatness of plot and smartness of dialogue, but let us leave alone that hankering after prurient sentiment and melo-dramatic situation which must be the bane of art, as it certainly is damaging to the moral purity and strength which we value more than art, but which lie at the root of all good art.

Our second extract is from a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*:

The production of Verdi's "Traviata" is represented as the cause of the royal displeasure with Mr. Lumley. When an attempt was made to bring out a translation of the "Dame aux Camelias" at Drury Lane, the Lord Chamberlain interposed and refused his license. That a woman of abandoned life should be capable of entertaining a great passion, and of sacrificing her own happiness for that of the man she loves, may be conceded as possible; but that such a woman, fresh from the purifying and refining influences of a real attachment, should again throw herself into the haunts of vice, from which her love had withdrawn her, is a story so mischievous, so unnatural, and so impure, that it cannot be doubted the Lord Chamberlain exercised a laudable discretion in preventing the performance in the English language, of a drama, which surrounds an abandoned woman with a halo of false sympathy and misplaced admiration. Her majesty refused to enter the theatre at which this plot formed the subject of an opera. Once, and once only, has the Queen visited Her Majesty's Theatre during the season just ended; and, as her majesty and her prince were then accompanied by her royal Belgian visitors, it may safely be assumed that they only went on that occasion in deference to the wish expressed by their relatives, to see Wagner, in the opera of "Romeo and Juliet." I regret to say, that the aristocratic frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre have not imitated the example of their sovereign. They have indeed found a hideous piquancy in the spectacle of a young lady of stainless life and noble family personating the rôle of a shameless and abandoned woman. Mlle. Piccolomini's fresh girlish voice, her arch looks and pretty, wilful, spoiled ways might excite sympathy for a youthful lady who resembles the fair Sabrina surrounded by Comus and his "rabble rout." But her youth and beauty and seeming innocence are but the *sauce piquante* of the dish devoured with such gluttonous appetite by the frequenters of the orchestra stalls and omnibus boxes; and a hundred powerful glasses were turned upon Maria Piccolomini's features as she sang the bacchanalian *Libiamo, libiamo*, in the attempt to discover the reflex action of that which she pretends to be upon that which she is.

That young and nobly-born English maidens should lend the sanction of their presence to such an exhibition does not say much for the tone of morality in high life. The music of the "Traviata" is, with one or two exceptions, poor and common-place; yet the opera has filled the house, and has put into Mr. Lumley's pocket whatever surplus he may find there, after paying high salaries to Alboni, Wagner and Piccolomini.

The *Times* says:

The composition in which she made her *debut* was little worth, and the libretto with which it was connected was almost repulsive from the physical and phthisical nature of the woes which it illustrated. This did not matter a jot. The appearance of a young, fresh talent, adorned with innate grace, and free from everything like convention, at once vanquished every heart without an effort on the part of the fair *victrix*. No vocal actress ever succeeded more perfectly in making her song go to the hearts

of her hearers than Mademoiselle Piccolomini. The song belonged not only to the voice, but to the face, the manner, to the gesticulation. The little artist dashed off her reckless champagne-lyric, and occupants of the stalls wagged their heads in accordance with the time; she gave a heartbroken shriek when parting from her lover, and, lo! the hearts of forty old *habitués* were rent in twain; she coughed herself to death before their eyes, and nothing was so fascinating as the last agony. "Come in and die, Ralph!" says the old citizen's wife in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, when she wants to see the apprentice act the closing scene of a tragedy. "Come in and die, Piccolomini" was the mental ejaculation of many a staunch *habitué*; but it was that he might revive her with potent lungs and a ponderous bouquet. Never was so complete a sympathy established between artist and audience.

We could speak very strongly on the subject of this same *Traviata*, but in some cases figures of speech must succumb to figures of arithmetic; and it can, we believe, be proved by statistical returns that this particular opera, thanks to Mademoiselle Piccolomini, has been played for a greater number of nights than any other modern work within the same period.

THE LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.—Certainly all our readers will be interested in the following communication, from one whose frequent and well-appreciated favors in our columns have earned him the right to address them familiarly:

CAMBRIDGE, AUG. 18, 1856.

MY DEAR DWIGHT:—I have been so long known to the readers of your Journal as rather an industrious contributor to your columns, that possibly it may not appear to exhibit a want of proper modesty if I answer in this manner a few questions, which are put to me continually, both by friends and strangers, in relation to the work so long since announced by you as in preparation. I refer to a Life of Beethoven, by an American, for the American public.

During the years I have spent abroad, I have heard of but one person beside myself, who has made any extensive researches for such a work. That gentleman is Professor Otto Jahn, of Bonn. Prof. Jahn is a well known philologist, who devotes his leisure to music and musical literature, and has undertaken the great task of writing the biographies of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. The first volume of his life of Mozart you have already made known to your readers, in extracts from its pages. The object of the professor is to give not only the history of these men, but also a critical discussion of their works, with the position they occupy, and the influence they exert and are exerting upon the history of their art. These works will be very extensive and hardly of a popular character. It may not be out of place to notice here a work upon Handel, of a similar character, now in preparation by a Dr. Crysanther, and which, I have every reason to believe from what I know of that gentleman's indefatigable industry and profound knowledge of music, will prove a veritable masterpiece.

My object, on the other hand, is to give a full, exact and reliable history of Beethoven the man, with such remarks upon his works and mission as will naturally arise from a somewhat extensive study of the subject during the last ten years, avoiding, however, those endless scientific discussions of which no man, save some profound and learned contrapantist, like Dehn, for instance, is capable. Had it been in my power to devote myself exclusively to this work, it would long since have been in the reader's hands. The first draft of the first half of the work has already been completed, and a few months of uninterrupted devotion to the subject in Vienna, the scene of all the important years of Beethoven's life, will enable me to make the final researches now necessary, and to fill up, revise and complete the sketch already drawn. The materials already collected are large in quantity, but there are still many gaps to be filled, omissions to be supplied, points to be elucidated, and facts to be verified. My undertaking has proved no holiday task. I can say with great satisfaction, however, that at length its extent is visible, and that the hope of soon giving my countrymen the means of judging for themselves of the character of that great man, whose music stirs them as that of no other composer does, lends me new courage and zeal in the work. Yours Truly, A. W. T.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Our accomplished singer, Mrs. J. H. LONG, gives a vocal concert at Nahant this evening, with the assistance of Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, basso, and Mr. T. Hinton, as accompanist. Her programme is light, short and choice—just the thing for a summer evening of the gay crowd at the sea-side. She is to sing herself the beautiful Romanza from "William Tell," the Cavatina, *Non fu Sogno*, of Verdi, and two English songs: "The Normandy Maid" and "Cherry Ripe." Mr. Wetherbee will sing the comic bass song of the Harem Keeper, from Mozart's *Seraglio*, which we have heard him do with great *gusto*. The duets are: *La ci darem* ("Don Juan") and *Dunque io sono*, from "The Barber." . . . Miss Phillips's concert at the same place last week was, we are told, quite successful. . . . At Newport they have Mme. LAGRANGE, GOTTSCHALK, BRIGNOLI, &c., and have enjoyed various concerts, besides the bewitching promenade and dance music of a goodly number of the old "Germanians," re-assembled for an orchestra.

If Psalm Tunes by their multitude can save the country, we are safe. Five new collections are now on the eve of publication. These are: The "Sabbath Bell," edited by Lowell Mason and Geo. F. Root; the "Keystone Collection," by A. N. Johnson and E. H. Frost; the "Hosanna," by Leonard Marshall, the "Selah," by T. Hastings; and the "Dulcimer," by I. B. Woodbury.

L' Eco di Italia announces the arrival in New York of a new tenor, Sig. TIBERINI, who has just had a brilliant career at the Tacon theatre in Havana, where he sung in *Norma*, *Favorita*, *Lucia*, *I due Foscari*, *Trovatore*, *L'Elisir*, *Rigoletto*, *I Martiri*, and other difficult pieces, always "con felicissimo successo," as he had before done in the theatres of Naples, Rome and Palermo. . . . VESTALI has engaged for her Mexican Opera a prima donna assoluta (name not mentioned), the baritone OTTAVIANI and the tenor STEFANI. . . . Sig. ARDITI, the well-known conductor, and composer of *La Spia*, has arrived in London, where we have now two *Spie*. . . . Mmes. BOSIO, MARAT; Signors LABLACHE, RONCONI, CALZOLARI, and TAGLIAFICO, together with CERITO, the beautiful danseuse, are engaged to appear during the coronation fêtes at Moscow. . . . Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, Signors GARDONI, GRAZIANI, BENEVENTANO and NERI BERALDI are engaged for the winter at Paris.

The *London Musical World* contains the following letter addressed by the poet, LONGFELLOW, to the composer, BALFE, whose musical settings of certain beautiful lyrics of the former have obtained wide popularity in England:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel very much flattered by your friendly note, and the precious volume of music which came with it; and I should not be so tardy in my thanks, had I not been laid up on my sofa with a lame knee for the last month. Finally, I have crept from Cambridge to this sea-side place, and am well enough to sit at a table and write.

One of my first letters is to acknowledge your beautiful gift, and to say how successful this musical translation of my poems seems to me. You have sung them better than I did; for, after all, music reproduces the mood of mind in which a piece is written better than words can.

For all these various and beautiful melodies, these interpretations of my thoughts, I very sincerely thank you; and beg to assure you that I truly appreciate this token of your regard for what I have written, and all the friendly expressions of your letter. Believe me, my dear sir, yours very faithfully.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Nahant, near Boston, July 12, 1856.

"A more graceful tribute," adds the *World*, "was never paid by poet to musician—by one man of genius to another." The songs referred to are, "Good night, beloved!" Serenade; "The reaper and the flowers;" "This is the place, stand still, my steed;" "The green trees whispered wild and low;" "Annie of Tharaw;" "The day is done," and "Trust her not." Duet. They are published by Messrs. Boosey & Sons, 28 Holles street, London. . . . The same journal informs us that there is no truth in the report that WILLIAM V. WALLACE had become blind.

Advertisements.

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THE undersigned would call the attention of all who desire to possess the works for piano-forte solo by the greatest masters, to a new, correct, and elegant stereotype edition now issuing from the press in Germany. Depending upon a very extensive sale of this edition, the publisher has put his prices so low that no one who really desires to carry the practice of the instrument beyond the performance of a few songs, polkas, quicksteps, and the like, need be deprived of complete sets of the grandest and most beautiful works yet composed for the Piano-Forte.

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The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 162.)

The fame which Beethoven had already acquired did not betray him into vanity or an exaggerated self-esteem. The experience of many years had taught him that with the multitude the mere name is sufficient for them to find everything in a work beautiful and excellent, or mediocre and poor. It chanced one evening, at Count Browne's, in Baden, near Vienna, that Beethoven's pupil, Ferdinand Ries, who had been recommended to the Count as a pianist, and who usually performed his master's compositions to him in the evening, played a march that just then occurred to him. The circle at the Count's consisted of outright enthusiastic admirers of Beethoven. An old Countess, whose devout adherence had become annoying to the composer, went into raptures at that march. She supposed it something new by Beethoven, and Ries waggishly confessed it. Unfortunately, the next day Beethoven himself came to Baden. He had scarcely stepped into the Count's saloon, when the old lady began to speak of the exceedingly ingenious and splendid march. Ries was in no little of a quandary. He knew that Beethoven could not endure the old Countess. So he drew him rapidly aside, and whispered to him that he had merely amused himself with her silliness. Beethoven took it well; but the embarrassment of the pupil increased when he was obliged to repeat the march, which this time turned out much worse, since Beethoven stood beside him. The latter was overwhelmed with praises, to which he listened in confusion and with inward

rage. "You see, dear Ries," said he to his young friend afterwards, "these are the great connoisseurs, who judge every sort of music so correctly and so sharply. Only give them the name of their favorite; that's all they need."

It was not always that Beethoven's excitable nature had such self-control. Soon afterwards he played with Ries a Sonata for four hands, composed by him. During the performance the young Count P. talked so loud with a young lady in the door-way of the ante-room, that Beethoven, after several fruitless efforts to obtain silence, suddenly, in the midst of their playing, pulled away his pupil's hands from the piano, sprang up quickly, and in a loud voice said: "I do not play for such swine!" All attempts to bring him back to the piano were in vain. He would not even permit Ries to go on with the Sonata. The consequence was that the music was resolved into a general chagrin.

In the opposite mood Beethoven took a slight reproof of his own musical performance for just what it was, a harmless joke, conscious, as teacher, of having committed a like fault with his scholar. "One evening," Ries related, "I had to play at Count Browne's a Sonata of Beethoven. It was the Sonata in A minor. As Beethoven was present, and I had never practised that Sonata with him, I begged that I might play any other, but not that one. They turned to Beethoven, who finally said: 'Come, you surely will not play it so badly that I cannot listen to it.' So I had to submit. Beethoven, as usual, turned the leaves. At a leap with the left hand, where one note should be made quite prominent, I came full on the neighbor note. Beethoven tapped me with one finger on the head, which the Princess Lichnowsky, who sat opposite me leaning upon the piano, remarked and smiled. After the playing was over Beethoven said: 'Right bravely done! You have no need first to learn the Sonata with me. The finger was merely to show you my attention.' Afterwards Beethoven had to play. He chose his D minor Sonata, which had then just appeared. The Princess may have expected that Beethoven might make some mistake. She placed herself behind his stool, and I turned the leaves. At the 53d and 54th bars Beethoven missed the beginning, and instead of going down with two and two notes, he struck every quarter with the full hand, three or four notes at once, descending. It sounded as if the key-board were being dusted. The Princess Lichnowsky gave him some not very soft blows on the head, with the remark that: 'If the pupil gets a finger for one false note, then the master, who commits greater blunders, must be punished with full hands.' They all laughed, especially Beet-

hoven. He began anew, and played with wonderful beauty. The Adagio, especially, he rendered in an inimitable manner.

Ries ascribed the carefulness and patience which Beethoven showed in his instruction, to his love for his father, with whom Beethoven had stood in the friendliest relations formerly at Bonn. He had to repeat many things ten times over, and oftener. If it happened that he missed aught in a passage, or that he struck certain notes wrong, which Beethoven wanted to have made quite prominent, he seldom said a word. But he was stirred up if his pupil missed the expression in a Crescendo, for instance, and thereby perverted the character of the whole piece. The first, he would say, was mere accident, but the other betrayed want of knowledge, of feeling or attention.

His hardness of hearing, before mentioned, gave him a high degree of sensitiveness. This affliction, although suspended for some time, always returned again. Those about him had to be very careful not to make him sensible of this infirmity by talking loud to him. If he did not understand anything, he commonly put it off upon absent-mindedness, from which he was not free. How much his hearing had diminished, was shown in 1802, during a walk in the country. His companion, Ries, called his attention to a shepherd, who played quite prettily in the woods upon a flute carved out of elder wood. For half an hour Beethoven could hear nothing. But notwithstanding Ries assured him that he too heard nothing more, (which was not the case,) Beethoven sank into a melancholy mood. He grew monosyllabic, and stared straight before him with a gloomy look. On the way home he kept on muttering to himself, emitting inarticulate sounds, without singing any definite notes. There had occurred to him, he said, a theme for the last Allegro of one of his Sonatas. When he had entered his chamber with his companion, he ran with his hat on his head to the piano, and busied himself for almost an hour with the finale of his Sonata in F minor. When he rose from the piano, he was surprised to see his young friend still there, who had seated himself the meanwhile in a corner of the room. Beethoven said to him shortly: "I can give you no lesson to-day; I must still work."

The comfortless condition in which Beethoven found himself placed by his deafness, is described by one of his earliest friends, Stephen von Breuning, in a letter dated 18th Nov. 1806, to Dr. Wegeler, in Coblenz. "You cannot believe," he writes, "what an indescribable, I might say terrible impression, the decay of his hearing has produced on Beethoven. Imagine what the feel-

ing of unhappiness must be, with his earnest character; to which add reserve, mistrust, frequently towards his best friends, in many things irresolution. For the most part, with but few exceptions, where his original feeling expresses itself quite freely, intercourse with him is an actual exertion, since one never can abandon himself. From May to the beginning of this month we have lived in the same house, and during the first days I took him into my room. He was scarcely with me, when he fell into a severe illness, almost dangerous, which passed at length into an obstinate intermittent fever. Care and nursing have debilitated me considerably. He is now well again. He lives upon the ramparts, I in a house newly built by Prince Esterhazy before the Alster-Caserne, and as I manage my own house-keeping, Beethoven eats every day with me."

Some years before, in July 1804, Beethoven had had a falling out with this friend of his youth, which threatened a complete rupture of their relations. The immediate occasion of this violent altercation between them was, that Stephen von Breuning had delayed or omitted the usual notice to quit from Beethoven's former lodgings in the theatre building upon the Wieden. Breuning, a hot-head like Beethoven, was the more provoked at his conduct, since it had not been all among themselves. Beethoven wrote to his pupil, Ries, in the beginning of July 1804: "Since Breuning has not scrupled to represent my character to you, by his behavior, in such a light that I appear a wretched, pitiable, small man, I must select you to bear my answer to him orally, but only to the first point of his letter, which I answer simply to vindicate my character with you. Tell him, then, that I never thought of reproaching him for the delay of the notice, and that, had it really been Breuning's fault, every harmonious relation in the world was far too dear to me, to suffer me for a few hundreds, or even more, to inflict mortifications upon one of my friends. You know yourself, that I have charged you jokingly with the fault of the quit-notice having arrived too late through you. I am sure you will remember this; on my part the whole matter was forgotten. And then my brother began at the table, and said that he believed that it was Breuning's fault. I denied it on the spot and said: 'It was *your* fault.' That, I think, was clear enough, that I did not impute the fault to Breuning. But he sprang up like a mad man and said he would call up the master of the house. This to me unusual conduct before all the men with whom I associate, quite discomposed me. I too sprang up, upset my chair, went off and did not return. This behavior moved Breuning to place me in such a beautiful light with you and the keeper of the house, and to send me a letter, which I answered only by silence. To Breuning I have no more to say. His mode of thinking and of action in regard to mine, shows that a friendly relation never should have been formed between us, and certainly cannot continue."

A similar mood prevails in a later letter of Beethoven's to Ries, written July 24th, 1804, at Baden, near Vienna. This letter contributes essentially to an understanding of his friend's and of his own character. Here Beethoven frankly confesses his own weaknesses, but does not acquit his friend entirely of all faults. In relation to the affair just mentioned he wrote to Ries: "Believe me, my flying into a passion was only an

outbreak of many past unpleasant occurrences. I have the faculty of concealing and repressing my sensibility in a great many matters; but if I happen to get excited at a time when I am more susceptible to anger, I explode more vehemently than anybody else. Breuning has certainly very excellent peculiarities; but he thinks himself free from all faults, and for the most part has those in the strongest degree which he believes he finds in other men. He has a spirit of littleness, which I have despised from childhood. My judgment almost prophesied the turn things have taken with Breuning, since our ways of thinking, acting and feeling were too different. But I had believed that even these difficulties might be overcome. Experience has convinced me of the contrary. And now no friendship more! I have had but two friends in the world, with whom I never had a misunderstanding; but what men! One is dead, the other lives yet. Although for six long years we neither of us have known anything of the other, yet I know that I hold in his heart the first place, as he does in mine. The ground of friendship is the greatest similarity in the souls and hearts of men. I wish nothing but that you read my letter, and his to me. No, no longer will he maintain the place he did have in my heart. He who can attribute to his friend such a low way of thinking, and who can allow himself so low a way of acting towards him, is not worthy of my friendship."

Scarcely a few months had passed after this letter, when Beethoven accidentally met Breuning. A full reconciliation took place instantly. Every hostile intention, however strongly he had expressed himself about it in the above letter, was entirely forgotten. Beethoven dedicated to him one of his Sonatas, and dined with him daily in his before-mentioned lodgings in front of the Alster-Caserne.

Beethoven's irritability was frequently increased by an easily-excited suspiciousness, which had its foundation in his hardness of hearing. His most tried friends might be calumniated before him through any unknown person, for he was extremely credulous. To the suspected party he made no accusation. He asked no explanation of him, but he showed the deepest contempt for him upon the spot. Frequently one knew not how he stood with him, until the affair, for the most part accidental, cleared itself up. But then he sought to make good the wrong he had done as quickly as possible.

To his friends, so long as he had no suspicions against them, he was unalterably true. They could reckon in all trials upon his sympathy and aid. This amiable side of his character showed itself towards his friend and pupil, Ries, through a magnanimous intercession.

Soon after the march of the French army into Vienna, in the year 1805, Ries, who was born on the left bank of the Rhine, was summoned back by the French laws as a conscript. Whereupon Beethoven wrote a petition to the Princess von Lichtenstein, which, however, to his great indignation, was not delivered. This petition read: "Pardon me, most gracious Princess, should you be disagreeably surprised, perchance, through the bearer of this. Poor Ries, my pupil, must in this unhappy war take the musket on his shoulder, and must as a foreigner in a few days go far from here. He has nothing, actually nothing, and must make a long journey. Under these

circumstances the opportunity of giving a concert is entirely cut off for him. He must take refuge in the beneficence of others. I commend him to you. I know you will pardon me this step. Only in the extremest need can a noble man resort to such means. In this confidence I send the poor fellow to you, hoping that you may in some way ease his circumstances."

Even from this friend, for whom Beethoven interfered so actively, he was some years after separated by a misunderstanding fortunately soon healed. It was in the year 1809, that Beethoven received from Napoleon's brother Jerome, then King of Westphalia, a call as kapellmeister at Cassel. His situation had become so unfavorable through the pressure of the war, that a place, which would yield a definite income, must have been desirable to him. In the contract there was offered him a salary of 600 ducats, beside free equipage. Nothing but his signature was wanting. By this call the arch-duke Rudolph and the Princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky were led to secure to the renowned composer a life annuity, on the sole condition that he remained in the imperial states.

Unexpectedly Ries received a visit from the kapellmeister Reichardt, who told him that Beethoven had definitely declined the place of kapellmeister in Cassel; the question was, therefore, whether he, as Beethoven's pupil, would not perhaps go to Cassel for a smaller salary. Ries went straight to Beethoven to get more exact information about the matter, and to ask his advice. For three weeks long he was repulsed; even his letters were not answered. At length he met Beethoven upon a redoubt. He went up to him and made him acquainted with his business. "Do you think," said Beethoven, in a cutting tone, "that you can fill a place which has been offered to me?" He remained cold and repulsive. The next morning Ries went to Beethoven's dwelling, hoping to come to an understanding with him. His servant said he was not at home. But Ries heard him singing and playing in an adjoining room. He resolved, as the servant would not announce him, to go right in, but was pushed back before the door. Exceedingly provoked, Ries knocked the servant down. There Beethoven found him, as, disturbed by the noise, he rushed out of the room. Overwhelmed with reproaches by Ries, he could not find words for amazement. He stood motionless and staring. When the matter was explained Beethoven said quietly: "I did not know that; I had been told that you sought to get the place behind my back." Ries assured him that he had not yet given any answer. And now Beethoven sought to repair the wrong. He took every pains to procure the place in question for his pupil, but without success, because it was too late.

It would have been advantageous for Ries, if the plan proposed by Beethoven of a common journey had been executed. Ries on that journey was to perform Beethoven's pianoforte Concertos, as well as other compositions. Beethoven himself would direct and only improvise. In that way his performance was the most extraordinary that could be heard, particularly when he was in a good humor, or found himself in an excited mood. Few artists have reached the height at which he stood in this branch of the art. The wealth of his ideas, his variety of treatment, his mastery of difficulties which presented them-

selves or which he introduced, were inexhaustible. It was remarkable how his inspiration made him utterly insensible to outward impressions. "One day," related Ries in his later years, "after the lesson was finished, we were talking about themes for fugues; I was at the piano, and Beethoven sat near me; while I played the first fugue theme out of Graun's *Tod Jesu*, Beethoven began with the left hand to play it over after me, then he brought in the right also, and now he worked it up, without the slightest interruption, for about half an hour. It was incomprehensible to me, how he was able to hold out so long in that extremely inconvenient position." With an expression all his own he played the Rondo of his first Concerto in C major, in which he brought in several doubled notes, to make it more brilliant. In general he played his own compositions with a good deal of moodiness, but yet adhered for the most part to strict time, and took only occasionally, but seldom, a more rapid tempo. Sometimes in his *crescendo* he held back with a *ritardando*, and thus produced a very beautiful and striking effect. In playing he gave now with the right, and now with the left hand, some beautiful and quite inimitable expression. But very rarely did he add notes or ornaments.

[To be continued.]

The Science of Sound applied to Public Buildings.

A paper on this subject was read last week, by Prof. JOSEPH HENRY, of the Smithsonian Institution, before the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," in session at Albany, N. Y. The substance of the paper is thus reported in the N. Y. *Tribune*:

At the meeting of the American Association in 1854 I gave a verbal account of a plan for a lecture-room in the Smithsonian Institution. Since then the room has been employed two Winters, for courses of lectures to large audiences, and I believe it is the universal opinion of those who have been present, that the arrangement for seeing and hearing, considering the size of the apartment, is entirely unexceptionable. The origin of this plan was as follows: The President of the United States directed Capt. Meigs to confer with Prof. Bache and myself in regard to the acoustics of the new rooms in the extension of the Capitol. We had first studied the peculiarities of the present hall of the House of Representatives, allowed by experience to be one of the worst possible apartments for public speaking. To discover the cause of the confusion of sounds which exists there during debate, is of considerable importance in suggesting improvements in new rooms. We afterward examined the principal halls and churches in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, to investigate their peculiarities. It is an easy matter in a small room for a speaker to be heard distinctly at every point; but in a large room, unless provision has been made from the first for a suitable form on acoustic principles, it is usually impossible to produce the desired effect. The same remark may be applied to lighting, heating and ventilation, and to all the special purposes to which a particular building is to be applied.

In the erection of a building, the uses to which it is to be applied should be clearly understood, and provision definitely made in the original plan for every desired object. Modern architecture is not a fine art; modern buildings are made for other purposes than artistic effect, and in them the æsthetic must be subordinate to the useful, though the two may coexist. The buildings of a country and an age should be an ethnological expression of the wants, habits, arts, and sentiments of the time in which they were erected.

Architecture was with the Greek architect a fine art. He was trammelled by no necessity for doors and windows, heating and ventilation. His buildings, though objects of great beauty, and fully realizing the architect's intention, cannot be copied in our day without violating the principles which should govern in architectural adaptation. It is only when a building expresses the dominant sentiment of the age in which it is built, and is adapted to its use, that it is entitled to our admiration. Architecture should also adapt itself to the material employed; the tenacity and strength of iron points to different forms from those of buildings reared from the quarries or the brick-yard.

But, to return to acoustics as applied to halls for public speaking, while sound has been investigated within the last fifty years with a rich harvest of results, few attempts have been successfully made to apply these results to practical purposes. The science of acoustics as applied to buildings requires, perhaps more than any other subject, the union of scientific principles with experimental deductions. The human voice in speaking gives us a series of irregular sounds of short duration; each syllable being a separate sound, having a pitch, and therefore somewhat of a musical tone; and it is wonderful that the ear can so accurately recognize and distinguish such a very great variety of sounds coming in so short a time as in the case of rapidly articulated speech. No sound is ever perfectly instantaneous, and the impression on the ear lasts a small fraction of a second—which increases the wonder. The impulse from an explosion of a bubble of gases in open air is propagated equally in all directions, but the noise of a cannon, though heard in every direction, is much louder in the direction before and behind the cannon. Many experiments at Washington have been made to test how far the voice of a reader in the open air is heard in different directions around him. Other experiments were made to determine the distance at which an echo blends with the original sound. Sound requires time for its transmission, and it is reflected according to the laws of the reflection of light, or approximately so. When the sound of a speaker's voice strikes the opposite wall it is reflected back. If the wall is distant, it comes to the neighborhood of the speaker so long after he has spoken, as to make a distinct echo. By clapping the hands in front of a wall, at the distance of a hundred feet you get an echo, but approaching nearer you lose the echo when you approach within 35 feet. The difference in time between the sound and the echo is then but the sixteenth of a second, and the ear hears them but as the one louder sound. This explains the distinctness of the echo from the edge of a forest. All points within 35 feet of the edge would return an echo at practically the same instant, and the echo from points farther in the forest would be too faint to affect the character of the sound. The echo from the wall behind the speaker should be loud, because it will but strengthen the sound of the voice. Draperies behind the pulpit are a waste of the preacher's voice—hard walls in front of him, at a greater distance than forty feet, an interference with it.

A more serious evil is reverberation—that is, repeated echoes bandied back and forth between parallel walls. If the voice chances to be on the same pitch as the reverberation, a resonance of great force will be produced, to the annoyance of the hearer. The reverberation will depend chiefly on the size of the room, the loudness of the sound, the position of the walls, and the nature of their materials. The larger the room, the less number of times per second will the sound strike the walls, and therefore the less rapidly be lost. The louder the sound, the more there is to be destroyed by transference of motion to the walls, and therefore the longer will the reverberation continue. And if the reflecting surfaces are not parallel, and the sound is not sent entirely across the room, the more frequently will it strike the walls, and the sooner be absorbed. Here also is the value of paneling and other variation of surface, not to destroy direct echo, but to check reverberation. The material of the wall will also affect the duration of a resonance. A wall of nitrogen would scarcely reflect any sound; a wall of steel would

send back the echo nearly as loud as the original impulse. To test the nature of substances in this respect, a series of experiments was tried with a tuning fork, first to show that the motions excited by setting the fork on the back of a solid body are similar to those excited by the impulses of sound coming through the air against that body; and next to discover what those motions are. A fork suspended by a cambric thread vibrated for 252 seconds, as was determined by holding under it a cavity, which would resound in unison with the fork, and listening to it with an ear trumpet. Placed on a thin pine board, the fork gave a loud sound, which continued less than 10 seconds, the motive power of the fork being communicated to so large a mass of wood, and through that rapidly to the air. Placed on a slab of marble, the sound was feeble, but lasted 115 seconds. The fork was now placed upon a cube of India rubber lying on the marble slab. The sound was very feeble, but continued less than 40 seconds. The question what became of the motive power in this case, as it produced so little sound, was answered by a set of experiments, proving that the sound was (so to speak) converted into heat. The amount of heat evolved in the rubber, was so small as to be detected only by a delicate galvanometer. Jule has, however, shown that the mechanical energy generated by a pound weight, falling through 750 feet, would, when converted into heat, elevate the temperature of a pound of water only one degree. On a brick wall the duration of the vibration was 88 seconds; on lath and plaster there was a louder sound of only 18 seconds.

A series of different experiments was devised upon the reflection of sound. Parabolic mirrors were tested by lights placed in the focus, and a watch being substituted for the light, the reflected sound and the position of its focus examined by means of an ear trumpet. Tissue paper, flannel, and felt were introduced between the watch and the mirror, to try the effect of curtains upon sound. The experiments on these mirrors showed the confusion in the House of Representatives to arise from the interior of the dome. There is another principle of acoustics which guided experiments upon the effect of heated currents—the refrangibility of sound. But the experiments confirmed the deductions of science, and showed that these heated currents produce no confusion in the hearing of a speaker's voice. The ear is a very poor judge of the direction in which a sound comes, and the difference in the lengths of a direct and a refracted path can never reach the length of 70 feet, which it must do before it produces any doubling of the sound. These researches open a field of investigation, equally interesting to the lover of abstract science, and to the practical builder, and I hope to pursue them further, and give you further facts at another meeting.

The new lecture room at the Smithsonian Institution is in the second story, 100 feet in length; and by occupying part of the towers a width has been secured of 75 feet. The ceiling is 25 feet high, smooth and unbroken. With the exception of an oval opening to admit light on the platform. It thus powerfully reflects the sound of the speaker's voice to the hearers, and being so low, the reflection blends with the original sound and simply reinforces it. The general form of the room is fan-shaped, the speaker being near the handle of the fan, on one side of the room. The walls behind and near him are smooth lath and plaster, giving a powerful but short resonance, which simply strengthens his voice. Not being parallel, they produce no reverberation, but send the sound out from the speaker to increase the volume of his voice until it reaches the farthest part of the gallery. The multitude of surfaces directly in front of the speaker—gallery, pillars, stair screens, and the seats, or the audience—utterly prevent reverberation there. The seats are curved, so that each spectator faces the platform; and the floor is also curved, so that the back seats rise above the front—not quite so much as we wished, and as is required by the *panoptic* curve of Prof. Bache, but as much as the size of the room would allow. The gallery, it will be seen, is in the form of a horse-shoe. The architecture of this room is due to Capt. Alexander, of the corps of Topo-

graphical Engineers. He fully appreciated all the principles of sound which I have given, and varied his plans until the required conditions were as nearly as possible fulfilled. This is the true work of an architect, for he who works by rules instead of by principles is not worthy of that name.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.—"It was," said Lamartine, "the fire-water of the Revolution, which instilled into the senses and the soul of the people the intoxication of battle." "The Marseillaise Hymn" is the French Revolution set to music, and although there may be some sacrifice of sense to sound in the sentence, it is in the main true.

Its author, Rouget de Lisle, was an officer in a corps of French Engineers, stationed at Strasbourg in 1792. He was born amid the mountains that hem in Sons le Salnier in the Paza, and amused himself and his soldier companions by composing and singing love ditties during the leisure of garrison life. He is said to have composed quite a number of songs, but the fame of the Marseillaise has entirely obscured his other productions.

It is quite clear that no musical composition of any age has had so much influence over the minds of men as this hymn of De Lisle. In a week it had spread throughout France, kindling the most intense enthusiasm in every heart. The political clubs of Marseillaise, by resolution adopted it to be sung at the opening and close of their sessions, and named it after their city. Its author became obnoxious to the government, and was obliged to escape in disguise from the land of his birth. France was jubilant with the soul-stirring anthem. It is like criticising sunlight to criticise this famous hymn. Musically, its proportions are faultless as its words are glowing and spirited. It has fullness, rotundity, rhythm, accent, progress, culmination, all in perfection.

NEW WORK BY RUBINSTEIN.—This young pianist and composer, who has attracted so much attention both abroad and here of late, and who seems to try his hand at every kind of composition, has attempted some of the old forms of Bach and Handel in an "Album," which is reviewed by CHORLEY of the London *Athenæum* after this fashion:

Album, 1856.—*Suite pour le Piano*. Composée par A. Rubinstein. Op. 81. (Schott & Co.)—This *suite*, caricaturing the fashion of similar collections by Bach and Handel, contains a *Prélude*, *Menuet*, *Gigue*, *Sarabande*, *Gavotte*, *Pas-sacaille*, *Allemande*, *Courante*, *Passepied*, and *Bourrée*.—Such enumeration will of itself acquaint the reader that M. Rubinstein has aspired, in his 'Album for 1856,' to write music of the past,—belonging to a period when much of the melody which instrumental music possessed was still associated with dancing measures, the recurring rhythms of which precluded the possibility of an unbroken recourse to the *fugato* style. Yet, seeing that all real musical idea, if it deserve the name, may be defined, with rare exceptions, as melodious, it is fair to guard the ancients against the accusation of dryness of thought, which many have associated with their stiffness of form. In nothing are they more distinct from the moderns than in the vivacity and variety of their first ideas. Being themselves pilferers of tunes and phrases to an extent which, were it fully exposed, would make the hair of the purists stand on end, their works offer a positive mine of fancies, humors and phrases to the pilferers,—real jewels, which need only some change in the setting to amaze the world as so many novelties. Let us return from this digression to M. Rubinstein, who has, in some degree, caught the forms of the Past, but who is less imbued with its spirit than might be wished. The suavity of Handel, serene, or fresh, or pompous, but never sickly—the pertinence of Bach, quaint, clear, or nervous, but never ugly—are wanted to his dancing themes. As movements, the separate items of his *suite* are

all of them conducted with such ease and decorum as bespeak the well-educated writer. Among the ten movements, the *Prélude* seems to be the best; the *Menuet* is a *polonoise* rather than a *menuet*; the rusticity of the *Gigue* is spoiled by too many devices of counterpoint; the *Allemande* wants simplicity; the *Courante* is flowing, and, as a study, in 9-8 tempo, of that *legato* style of playing which the taste for modern *thumb-melody* has gone far to destroy, is commendable. But the want throughout is want of idea; and to want of idea, however regular (or irregular) be the structure, no talk of old worlds or new worlds—of the style scientific or the style transcendental—of technical learning or poetical expression—will ever reconcile us. M. Rubinstein is, obviously, well skilled in the grammar of his art; but art implies fancy, as well as orthography, syntax, and prosody; and there is too much chance of this threadbare truth being forgotten.

THE SURREY GARDENS FESTIVAL.—The new Concert Hall in these Gardens, which was inaugurated this week with a series of grand musical performances, conducted by M. Jullien, sets propriety at defiance, more pleasantly than most buildings that have been built. Every rule is broken by the architecture. The hall is a tall and narrow oblong structure, having a steeply-curved roof, built in pale brick, with four corner pavilions of rich red brick, profusely flounced and festooned with stone-work,—these last connected by verandahs, balconies, &c., so contrived as to link the world of hearers inside and outside the building into one audience. Though there be proportions and decorations which, we doubt not, will throw lecturers into fits, there is a fantastic, festive, summer-garden air about the building, entirely distinct from *lath-and-plaster* flimsiness which, to our eyes, harmonizes all that is opposed to just principles. Within, the ear was no less astonished on Tuesday. The hall has two tiers of galleries all round it,—even above the orchestra,—and the orchestra, the space excepted which is devoted to the principal singers, is, without metaphor, almost thrust back into a cavity. In consequence of a larger number of executants being assembled than the building provides space for, a part of the chorus on Tuesday was placed in the gallery above the orchestra.—other sections being distributed in the lateral galleries planned for the spectators. Choral power might be lost, but the general sonority was excellent:—it was evident that all the *solo* singers were singing at their utmost ease. That the most delicate sound or the smallest word penetrated to every corner of the building, "up-stairs," "down-stairs," within, and without, we can assert from personal experience. No one, we repeat, could have predicated that a building without as floridly decorated as if it had been only intended for Mr. Dodgson to draw in water-colors, and within so unpractically arranged, should turn out so capital as a music-room:—but the fact is as stated, and we leave it to be examined and explained by those who have discoursed on "waves of sound," acoustic curves, and other scientific postulates and *data* connected with the subject.

As regards the Inauguration Festival, conceiving such a room in such a site likely to prove a boon to Southern London, and knowing M. Jullien's ways by heart, we would not be too exigent. A little "essence of Barnum" might be allowed to mingle with the ink of the *programme*; but we were treated to it, not in drops, but in quart-measures. There was a large chorus, collected from all parts of England, and a good orchestra, and the *solis* were the best obtainable,—but the assistants were set out in an array too solemn to be overlooked:—e.g., the following list of Conductors for the Festival week:—"Mr. Balfe, Mr. Benedict, Dr. Wesley, Dr. Wylde, Mr. Amott (organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Festival, Gloucester), Mr. Done (organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Festival, Worcester), Mr. T. Smith (organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Triennial Music Festival, Hereford), Mr. Stimpson (conductor of the Birmingham Festival Society), Mr. Mellon, (leader and con-

ductor of the Ballet, Italian Opera, London), and M. Jullien." Now, every musical child must know that so far as music is concerned such a concourse of *bâtons* must make a Babel, and not an Eden, of this enchanted garden. This was to be felt in the very outset of the first morning performance, when a version of the Hundreth Psalm ("agonized," not "harmonized," to quote a listener in our neighborhood) opened the building, with the outcries of pedantry, not the "one consent" of praise. Let the new Concert Hall be accepted as a theatre for popular music, and the doings there should not be searched and sifted too narrowly;—but if "commemorations" and "festivals," and other classical doings, are to be promised as about to take the lead in a city where great oratorio performances are "the rule," not the exception, the puff must be less extensive, or the execution superior to that of 'The Messiah,' on Monday. If the Philharmonic Concert, and Her Majesty's Theatre, and Drury Lane must be tried each by its own pretensions,—so must, also, the Surrey Gardens—and the highest possible claims are advanced on their behalf.

Refinement presides there—elegance is to be enforced. Where curassows formerly cackled, where cassowaries stepped out, where elephants did vulgar tricks in the sociable hopes of buns, where hungry lions roared—a simple bear or two, just to please juvenile visitors, are, we believe, all the beasts that now remain,

Like brotherless hermits the last of *their* race,
To mark where "the Garden" has been.

The Surrey bears, we apprehend, like Goldsmith's immortal quadruped, will only dance to the genteelst of tunes,—'Water parted from the Sea,' and the minuet from 'Ariadne.' But we forget; dancing is to have no place in the Surrey Gardens. The smokers, further, are to be exclusively confined to one of the *Kiosques* hard by Mr. Danson's capitol-painted Bosphorus, by way of giving "the weed" an air à la *chibouque*. Base beer is banned in favor of more dainty drinks, since what saith the official *programme*!—

"Encouraged by the improving taste of the masses for more refined, in place of stronger, beverages, the Directors despatched an agent to Epernay, in Champagne, who has concluded an arrangement with the highly-reputed firm of —, Propriétaires Vignerons et Marchands de Vin, at Epernay, to supply Champagne from their own vineyards at 6d. a glass, or 5s. 6d. a bottle. The Directors are, therefore, able to guarantee the patrons of the Royal Surrey Gardens a genuine Champagne, of the best growth and the highest quality, at a moderate price."

We have small fear of being numbered among those who ridicule any attempts to raise the tone of public amusements, and who disbelieve in the increased and increasing intelligence and courtesy of "the many." But wishing sincerely well, as we do, to the success of every enterprise undertaken in this spirit, let us point out, that exaggerated gentility and stupendous promises will be felt in no class sooner, or more widely, than in that very portion of the public which alone they can be designed to assemble and seduce.

London *Athenæum*, July 19.

CHEAP EDITION OF BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.—Our friend, Mr. A. W. THAYER, the able "Diarist" of Dwight's *Journal of Music*, has laid upon our table a copy of a new and very cheap German edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, for which he proposes to receive subscriptions at the very low rate of six dollars per copy. The musical student cannot make a better investment. We have been much pleased with the edition; the print is good, correct, and very legible, on white and firm paper; and the Biography which precedes, although perhaps containing nothing new, is well worth reading. Mr. Thayer deserves the thanks of every lover of music for arranging to supply the work so cheaply, and we trust it will be bought and studied by many of our amateurs. It will be worth cart-loads of Waltzes, Polkas, Fantasias, etc. Beethoven's Sonatas are an inexhaustible source of delight and instruction to all advanced pianoforte players, who have not as yet by the practice of trash, lost the power of thought and reflection. These Sonatas are the life of the

master; his youth and his manhood. Whoever desires to read and study him in the *original language*, so to speak, should buy these Sonatas. They will give him a better insight into the merits and grandeur of the master, as well as into the history of the development of modern music, than the perusal of any number of literary works upon the subject can ever impart.

An improvement in the labors of the editorial department of these Sonatas we cannot refrain from suggesting. We refer to a more rational and philosophic arrangement of the Sonatas, which would prove of great assistance to the student. Would it not have been better to have commenced the series with the easier and more intelligible of the Sonatas, progressing to the end, and closing with those of the greatest difficulty of execution and comprehension, prefixing to each a few words in regard to the date and circumstances under which it was composed, referring also to the new and original steps taken by the author as he grew old in years and genius? But this refers to the question already discussed—Whether our whole pianoforte literature should not be revised for the purpose of assisting in imparting a spiritual as well as mechanical education on the pianoforte. We know of no existing method for advanced students, which does not aim too exclusively to the education of the fingers merely, without reference to the history and spirit of the music played.

Editions of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and others, edited carefully, with reference to such a spirit, would advance musical art to the same extent, as the early appeal to the heart and reason of a child will be found the best guide in the difficult circumstances of after life. For this reason we shall always come back to this grand question.—*Musical Review and Gazette*.

Music Abroad.

London.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.—The *Athenæum* also has its summary—curt and characteristic—of the season closed last month. It says:

Never was season, in our recollection, so full of stir, so void of creditable novelty. Mr. Lumley has produced only three artists—Madame Alboni, Signor Belletti, and Calzolari—worth hearing. The exhibition of these, the production of 'La Traviata,' the triumphs of Mdlles. Piccolomini and Wagner, and the unaccounted-for disappearance of Madame Albertini, after a *début* apparently as triumphant as theirs, make up the tale of the *Haymarket*—a tale of musical dearth and imperfection, let the appearance of popularity be what it may.

Had the dearth and imperfection been owned as such—had the engagements been apologized for as the best which could be presented under difficulties, the curtain might have been allowed to fall over *Her Majesty's Theatre*. But the song of triumph was never louder in misrepresentation of its misdeeds, even in the days that are gone. Never was the abuse of fine language, in mystification of the public, more unscrupulously accompanied with private abuse of those who have been unable to dispense with music in a musical theatre, and who have declined to join the chorus of praise that has been vented in honor of artists (so called) who have never mastered the alphabet of their art. In defence of what is good and true, then, and in instruction of distant readers, it is necessary to restate the case.

When 'style' and 'vocalization' are talked of as so many antiquities belonging to a past time, the talkers forget their logic. What is vocalization but command of the voice?—the same command that gives the violinist his power to play, or him of the trombone to shake on *double D*, if M. Meyerbeer exacts it. Let composers write plainly or ornately, the singer who cannot sing what good vocal composers have written, is no more a singer than the violinist would be a violinist who simplified the winding-up of Cherubini's 'Anacreon' Overture, and who, on being requested to shake, declined it, as a concession to obsolete prejudice. Tried by this law, neither Mdlle. Piccolomini, as Italian, nor Mdlle. Wagner, as German, deserves the name of singer. These ladies have given the public something else, we know; but that has been something apart from music, not in addition to it. Mdlle. Piccolomini has true instincts as an actress; and, as we have said, if not "hampered by music," might go far, especially in comedy. She might, too, it is possible, by study, improve the management and accomplishment of her voice, late though it be for one already enthroned as a goddess. Of amendment in

Mdlle. Wagner we have less hope, since she has become famous in Germany during a period of contempt for the singer's art; and though theoretically she may not share the scorn, since she dashes at all the difficulties and brilliancies which other *prime donne* have mastered, her want of practical study, just knowledge, or due public appreciation, permit her to present the flashing for the deed; and this with a courage which will be proof to reproof so long as hands are clapped and *bouquets* rain from the Opera Olympus. We have already spoken of 'La Traviata' as an opera.

The *Lyceum Theatre* has been, perforce, on provisional allowance—small novelty having been possible there. Under circumstances, it is much to say that the excellence of the *Royal Italian Opera* performances has not deteriorated owing to the diminution of scale on which they have been given. It is pleasant to record, in honor of our connoisseurs, that this completeness has been well recognized. That Mesdames Bosio and Nautier Didie have advanced in favor—that Madame Grisi and Signor Mario have had fewer "bad nights" than they must have had in a larger theatre, and in M. Meyerbeer's operas—that Madame Devries has appeared—and that Signor Neri-Beraldi has been tried—are the facts which complete the record. On the whole, Mr. Gye, well supported by his artists, has so far weathered his difficulties sensibly and courageously, without make-shift or complaint, or appeal in *formid pauperis*; and we think this will not be forgotten by the public.

M. JULLIEN'S MONSTER CONCERTS.—The Surrey Garden Music has subsided to the habitual flow of M. Jullien's Concerts, which, as having a form and color of their own, matching well with their locality, please us far better than attempts at 'The Messiah,' 'Elijah,' and such grave works, demanding a public graver than a monstrous assemblage curious to taste the new champagne, and looking restlessly forward to the rockets, Catherine wheels, and *bouquets* of golden fire, which shall be discharged after the "Amen" has been hurried to its close. It is pleasant to see how heartily the music is enjoyed—the classical overtures and fragments by many; the *pot-pourris* and *polkas* by all. The orchestra is good, and sounds well in its new abode. Madame Gassier, too, is the nightingale of nightingales for a Surrey cage. A little more finish would make her a really brilliant singer—as it is, (to illustrate by a metaphor) her *electro-plated* ornaments are so gay and profuse in taste, and shine so little less brightly than the real metal, that they attract a vast and restless audience almost as well as brocade and festoon-work, finer in taste, sharper in finish, and more delicately precious in material might do. When it is lit up and peopled at night, the Concert Hall looks very gay. The somewhat disproportionate effect of height, narrowness, and tight enclosure which the interior presents may at any time be corrected, by the judicious introduction of color, let this only take the form of a tint richer than white in the coved ceiling and on the walls.—*Athenæum*.

Paris.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The prospects of the Italian Opera are very gloomy. Calzolari, the manager, knows little or nothing about the business, and he has been advised by M. Fould to resign after the season. He has engaged several stars, but there is no *ensemble*. The following is a list of his company:

Prime Donne—Alboni, Frezzolini, Piccolomini, Fiorentini, and Pozzi.

Tenors—Gardoni, Carrion, Balestra, Solari, and Lucchesi.

Baritons and Bassi—Graziani, Corsi, Cuturi, Nerini, Angiolini, and Zucchini.

Conductors—Bottesini and Alary.

The expenses of last year were,	754,322 <i>fr</i>
Receipts,	523,060
Subvention,	100,000
	623,060

Loss,	131,262 <i>fr</i>
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In the list of expenses of last year are the following items:

Salaries of artists, six months,	345,000 <i>fr</i>
Chorus and orchestra, six months,	60,000 <i>fr</i>
Rent, six months,	84,000 <i>fr</i>
Ten per cent. hospital duty,	52,360 <i>fr</i>

The expenses of this year are much higher, although the company is inferior:

Alboni gets, for five months,	60,000 <i>fr</i>
Frezzolini gets	40,000 <i>fr</i>
Piccolomini gets	36,000 <i>fr</i>
Gardoni gets	50,000 <i>fr</i>
Carrion gets	25,000 <i>fr</i>
Corsi gets	24,000 <i>fr</i>
Graziani gets	20,000 <i>fr</i>

BERLIN.—At the Royal Opera House, Mme. Köster has taken leave of the public, for a time, in anticipation of her *congé* as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. She was enthusiastically applauded, and recalled several times. Mlle. LERMAN, from the German theatre at Amsterdam, made her *début* recently as Donna Anna, but was not very successful.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 30, 1856.

Robert Schumann.

A great musician, a man of real genius, and in earnest with his art, has left the world. His works will now be re-examined and more justly appreciated than they have been. He has been over-admired by a few, no doubt, but underestimated by the many. As a creator in the field of musical ideas, who has there been in Germany since MENDELSSOHN, who in all Europe, that could be called his equal? With all his faults, in spite of all the prejudices which his faults or his virtues, which the bugbear of "innovation," "New School," "Music of the Future," &c., have raised against him, it is vain to deny that Robert Schumann has given to the world some of the most remarkable and valuable compositions of the last twenty years, many of which bid fair to live and become classical. Such moderate opportunities as we here have had, to make acquaintance with his music, have abundantly sufficed to make us smile as we have read the wholesale abuse of all he ever wrote, upon the part of his most virulent opponents, the critics of the English press. Those exquisite songs which have found some circulation here; those genial, piquant, sometimes grotesque, sometimes lovely compositions and sketches for the piano, which the best pianists have let us hear; that Symphony in B flat, which has made such impression upon audiences accustomed to and staunch believers in Beethoven; and those quartets and quintets for piano and string-instruments, which have been admired in the same series of concerts in which the chamber music of Mozart, Mendelssohn and Beethoven have set the tone, are proof to us that there is something more and finer in the works of Schumann than could be apprehended by the London critic, who could only speak of it as "ugly" music;—or more properly, than he was willing to perceive.

We copied a brief notice of the life and character of Schumann last week. A German correspondent of the *New York Musical Review* adds the following facts:

Schumann's father was a bookseller and publisher at Zittau in Saxony. Robert studied the law, but his whole heart was with art. At the death of his father he inherited considerable property, removed to Leipzig and founded the well known *Neue Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung*, (now Brendel's.) He was a first-rate pianist, in the fullest sense of the word, and the most conscientious musician, aiming only at that which to him seemed great and noble in the art. He was of so reserved and taciturn a temperament that it baffles description. A friend visiting him might be for hours there and get only a few monosyllables for an answer; almost entirely absent in thought, he would still not let his friends depart. At the wine or beer houses, where in Germany all classes meet for general intercourse and conversation, he would sit the whole of the night through, thinking and plodding, but almost looking lifeless, except for the frequent involuntary raising of the goblet. When he spoke, however, there was great intensity of thought and clear judgment always to be expected. Totally unacquainted with business, nor caring for it, he had spent all his fortune when a brother died and left him his share. There was even a considerable thread made on this second portion, when he met with Clara Wieck, who became his wife, his bookkeeper, the manager of his affairs, who arranged his scores for the piano-forte, gave lessons, played at concerts, yet with exemplary maternal anxiety educated at the same time a numerous young family. A more united and loving couple never existed. They were revered at Leipzig, where

they lived in close friendship with Mendelssohn. The veneration for this eminent "Trio" drove the good Leipzigers to the affectation of never speaking of them but as Felix, Robert and Clara.

When called to Düsseldorf as "Musik-director," poor Robert was out of his element; he could not conduct—he was *too absent*, and strange as it may seem, he went so far as to forget where the instruments were placed, and soon was quite incapacitated by the illness which preceded his death. He had been attacked on former occasions by *delirium tremens*, and became quite insane, and although there had been hopes held out of his ultimate recovery at the beginning, it soon proved incurable. Clara Schumann was the most devoted and affectionate wife and nurse to him. Both had become spoiled children by the almost idolizing adulation of the Leipzig public. Mendelssohn had his share of it, and showed it too when not meeting with similar incense elsewhere. We cannot but bewail the unfortunate end of so great a musician and critic, who meant honestly with the art, and who, more than any one else, rejoiced at finding anything worthy of praise.

A full and true account of Schumann, of his genius and his services to Art, is yet to be written. Perhaps we shall soon have it from one of the able writers of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. It is for a man like LISZT to render him that justice which he has done to CHOPIN and ROBERT FRANZ. His warmest admirers have not been blind to the faults, particularly of his earlier efforts. For the present we translate some passages from a critique upon his Piano compositions which appeared in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, in January, 1844. It gives a good idea of the influences and circumstances under which Schumann first took his peculiar direction, and characterizes truly both his excellences and faults as a composer.

"In music, as in every art, the superficial, the external, gains a general recognition, long before what is sterling and original. * * * Recall, for instance, the inconclusive, utterly unfavorable reception at first of the *Iphigenia* or the *Zauberflöte*, of *Don Juan*, *Figaro*, or the doubtful and by no means general success of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the Symphonies, Von Weber's *Euryanthe*, &c.

"But by degrees this uncertainty is dissipated in the public. To all that is truly excellent, however hidden and unknown, its day will surely come. * * * This may be prophesied, without any special seer's gift, of the piano-forte compositions of Schumann. They, too, in spite of their distinguished and important musical worth, have been known and recognized in only a small and select circle of those who have a feeling for Art; the great public, properly so called, remains but slightly moved by them; they have not yet succeeded in penetrating to the people, to the masses; while at the same time so many an empty, outwardly propped mediocrity has been trumpeted in good Jericho fashion as a paragon of excellence, and has thus acquired a certain transient celebrity. * * *

"Casting our eyes back, for a right critical and historical standpoint, over the state of music for the last ten or fifteen years, we find the following result. On the one hand, an excessive regard paid to mechanical facility, a partiality for executive, for practical ability, an over-cultivated virtuosity, a *bravura* that defies all limits and flies far above all hitherto known difficulties; in a word, a disposition to work wonders in a mere technical point of view.

"On the other hand: A more or less significant ebb of real intellectual, spiritual production;

a gradual retreating and sinking away of the stream of thought that once rolled in so full and strong; of the peculiarly creative element; in short, the want of genial, original natures, the disappearance of self-relying, original minds."

The writer of course recognizes the manifold advantages of an enlarged and perfected technique. It is the excess of which he complains. The modern virtuosity seeks to reverse the true relation; hence the multitude of compositions, full of dazzling difficulties, which contain "an infinite deal of nothing." Of course there have been noble exceptions to this tendency; but these have not had pregnant individuality enough to turn the tide.

"Under such circumstances it is a great thing, not only to have kept oneself up, but to have floated steadfastly in one's own current.

"This merit must be thoroughly and in an unusual degree acknowledged in the piano compositions of Robert Schumann. Although for the most part contemporary with the over-practical and external tendency just mentioned—which threatens more and more to degenerate into the superficial, the humdrum and *blasé*—they have yet been unaffected by the influences of that luxurious, soul-and-thought-killing virtuosity; you would rather charge them with the opposite fault, although this is only half a fault, seeing that it springs from an excellence. * * * Certain it is that subaltern heads can never fall into such faults.

* * *
"In all the piano compositions of Schumann one remarks a constant striving after peculiarity, after originality in form and matter; although the former seems not to have been attended uniformly with success, and the latter often can be called in no wise edifying. It is impossible, too, to mistake in Schumann the strong and lasting impressions of the study of classical models, such as Bach and Beethoven; even more modern influences are sometimes clearly heard in his music; for instance, Franz Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c.

"We do not speak, of course, of special reminiscences, of pains-taking, slavish imitation, so much as of something created in a like tone and a kindred spirit—a distinction too often overlooked by partial, narrow and one-sided critics.

"This striving for originality in Schumann sometimes disturbs us greatly; the wish to be always new and striking, and always produce something extraordinary, is too clearly prominent. Still more does it put us out of tune when this striving degenerates at times into a mere search for strange, unheard of turns and effects, into utterly unenjoyable *bizzarrerie*. In the first place the god-given spiritual spontaneity, the happy unconsciousness, in short that inexpressible *naïveté*, in which the highest charm of every genuine work of Art resides, is wholly lost by such a prepared and calculated style; and in the second place, pure, quiet, artistic beauty is continually violated.

"This is especially the case with the pieces belonging to an earlier period, which almost all suffer from confusion and overloading; and if, as Novalis says, these latter peculiarities almost always indicate with certainty a fulness of ideas, a considerable, if for the time being unarranged spiritual wealth, yet the same poet elsewhere says that the artificial is commonly better understood

than the natural, and that the simple requires more genius than the complicated, although less talent.

"Now we may presume, that Schumann perhaps, for the very sake of a more decisive reaction against the every-day *Philisterei*, and in the spirit of opposition and of triumph or of hatred against dry, frivolous virtuosity in general, frequently gave too much of a good thing, crowded his works too full of solid, compact matter, so that one had difficulty in toiling through them, as through a thick and tangled forest. * * * But there is another explanation, which we would here indicate in passing.

"After Beethoven's mighty and Titanic apparition; after the soul-ful and characteristic strains of Weber, which soon followed; and after the noble, super-earthly, magically gleaming images of the sublimely gifted Schubert, and the truly poetic and intellectual overtures of Mendelssohn, had risen like meteors on the musical horizon, it became the fashion among Art-critics and writers upon musical æsthetics, to speak of a 'Romantic Music *par excellence*,' as of a field first won and to be cultivated in modern times. Musical Romanticism! People wondered what strange fish had been caught there out of the pool of musical terminology, while it was nothing but a strange and high-sounding name for something which we possessed long ago, substantially, although predominating less in some composers than in others. Or do not Sebastian Bach's two 'Passions,' his Mass in B minor, Piano compositions, &c., or Handel's Oratorios—not to speak of *Don Juan* and the *Zauberflöte*—breathe for us that wonderful and super-earthly charm, that musical-romantic spirit, which we have since felt in the mighty symphonies, in the *Freyschütz* and *Euryanthe*, as well as in the songs, so full of thought and feeling, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Fingal's Cave" of the above-named masters?

"Be that as it may: in consequence of that one-sided, exclusive and therefore erroneous view, by which the idea of 'Musical Romanticism' seems to have been at once screwed up to the extremest point of what is wilful, formless and eccentric, the most important and most promising young talents bound themselves together in a formal league, in which they pledged themselves faithfully and as exuberantly as possible to further all that had been kept back in the 'romantic' tendency to wilful lawlessness and extravagance. They took a mutual vow that they would always be as *bizarre*, as strange, as mystically deep and as redolent of genius, as it was possible to be.

"Accordingly, at all hours when they pleased they overflowed with the strangest perceptions, with the noblest and most precious feelings; they had *in petto* at every moment the deepest things, the most far-fetched maxims and artistic verities, and were always interchanging the most fine and subtle transcendentalisms, for which they scooped about them as with money-rakes. Care too, of course, was taken that all these splendors should have due publicity.

"This they called the New Romanticism, and themselves the discoverers, prophets and diffusers of the new light, the romantically privileged Neo-Romanticists by the grace of God!

"Our author also must be charged with a strong, although but passing inclination towards this so-called 'New Romantic School,' and we return to the pieces of the early period, before

mentioned, for support of the assertion. As compositions which especially betray that influence, we name the following:

Allegro in B. Op. 8. Leipzig: Friese.
Etudes Symphoniques. Op. 13. Vienna: Haslinger.
Concert sans Orchestre. Op. 14. Ditto.
Piano-Forte Sonata. Op. 15. Leipzig: Friese.
Fantasia. Op. 17. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel."

We must reserve the remainder of these extracts till next week.

A Portrait of Rossini.

A capital photographic likeness of ROSSINI was placed in our hands a few days since by the publishers, Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, daguerrotypists, of this city. It is a copy of one taken from life, and represents the genial old man as he now appears. It is a fine, speaking countenance; just the face one would expect to see, who knows his music and has read much of his life and character. To enjoy it with a relish, one should, besides knowing the music of "The Barber" and of "William Tell," look back to those numbers of our Journal (Vol. viii. pp. 57-138), which contain Ferdinand Hiller's narrative of conversations with the old man last summer at a watering place near Havre. Every lover of those sparkling, exhaustless melodies, will like to trace them to their sunny source, and ought to have a copy of this picture. It gives one cheerful views of life to look upon it.

We have all seen portraits of Rossini a much younger man. Making allowance for the effects of age, the identity is easily perceived between the best of them and this. And yet the ravages of time appear far less than the accounts of his shattered condition had prepared us to expect. The jovial composer seems in an admirable state of preservation. Something may be owing to the wig of glossy black hair, contrasting with the grey whiskers; but there was no counterfeiting the vivacity and youthfulness of spirit that beams out through all.

Organ Concerts.

In consequence of the storm on Wednesday of last week, Mr. MORGAN repeated the same programme on Friday evening before a much larger audience. The Bach Fugue in G minor was again rapturously applauded, and encored. Was it not a mistake, seeing that the people wanted to hear that again, to throw away so good an opportunity of expounding Bach to eager listeners, and play a lighter piece, the *Pastorale* by Kullak, in its place?

For the third concert (Saturday afternoon) the programme was much better than before. It included:

PART I.
1—Fantasia, Organ, from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, Dr. Steggall.
2—Andante and Variations in A, for the Organ.Hesse.
3—Organ Fugue (B minor).Bach.
4—Movement from the *Lessons*.Handel.
5—Introduction and Fugue.Mendelssohn.

PART II.
1—Overture (*Oberon*).Weber.
2—Fantasia, extempore, (introducing an imitation of a Thunder Storm).Morgan.
3—March, from the *Prophète*, (by desire).Meyerbeer.
4—Grand Fugue and Chorus, from *Israel in Egypt*.Handel.

The Fantasia upon *Athalie* was very rich, impressive music, with a well-connected progress of ideas. Hesse's Andante, a sweet and gentle melody, with variations in good organ style, was greatly admired. The fugues by BACH and MENDELSSOHN were noble specimens of their respective authors, and grandly played. The piece by HANDEL was that well-known movement from one of the *Suites de Pièces*, which has somehow got the name of the "Harmonious

Blacksmith,"—always charming when so well played. The overture to *Oberon* appeared to more advantage on the organ than most overtures; indeed, many of the effects were exquisite; there were fine contrasts of coloring, and fine harmony and progress in the whole. It had to be repeated. The old stereotyped exploit of organists, the imitation of a thunder storm, was achieved to a marvel, with such an organ and with such a—Morgan. The "rolling billows" chorus from "Israel in Egypt" was sublime, as the March from the *Prophète* was stunning.

On Thursday evening a Complimentary Concert was given to Mr. Morgan by the members of the "Musical Convention," to whose meetings he had added so much éclat. The programme was as follows:

PART I.
1—Sonata in F.Mendelssohn.
2—Kullak's *Pastorale*.Bach.
3—Fugue in D Minor.Bach.

PART II.
Selections from *Stabat Mater* and *Moses in Egypt*, sung by Miss Whitehouse and Mr. Frost.
Songs, "Come unto me," from the *Messiah*, and "Tell me, my heart," by Bishop, sung by Mrs. C. A. Drew.

PART III.
1—Overture to *Oberon*.Weber.
2—Extempore.Morgan.

The "Sonata in F" means the one in F minor, the first of the set of six, recently noticed in this Journal, as published by Novello. It was indeed a treat to hear. The solemn, full, complaining chords of the opening movement (*Allegro moderato e serioso*), with those answering "angel voices," and the tide of harmony swelling fuller and stronger, with that bold and rapid pedal passage, to the close, were deeply interesting. The Adagio is lovely and full of consolation, and was exquisitely played. Then the recitative fragments, answered by grand chords of the full organ, is excitingly dramatic. The Finale, in the major of the key, is full of life and spirit; but those constant running and *arpeggio* figures seemed too rapid for distinct hearing on the organ; they are more like piano music. Kullak's *Pastorale* is a graceful, pretty thing in its way, and never fails of an encore. Still a third fugue by Bach! Mr. Morgan surely is entitled to the gratitude of all who love great organ music. Of the singing, so much as we heard (by the two ladies), we cannot say much. Its style was painfully mechanical.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Preparations for the new German Opera in New York appear to be going forward hopefully. Mr. VAN BERKEL is the impresario, whose agent in Germany has engaged several artists. "They are," says the *Musical Review*, "a baritone, a prima donna for tragic rôles, and a lyric tenor. The first performance of this new troupe will be on the sixteenth of next month at Niblo's. Arrangements have been made with the popular Ravel troupe to fill the ballet portions of the operas. We hear with much satisfaction, that many wealthy German merchants have already evinced their sympathy for this undertaking by liberal subscriptions for reserved seats; the number of these set apart for subscribers, we are informed, are nearly all taken. The rehearsals under CARL BERGMANN commenced some two weeks since, and have proved very satisfactory with regard to all engaged in them. The chorus especially is said to be better than any which has preceded it in America. Success to the new German Opera Company!" MARETZEK's announcements are out for a short season of Italian opera at the Academy, commencing next week with the everlasting *Trovalore*. . . . The "Thayer Female Sax-Horn Band" is the name of a concert-giving company in Illinois. They should make Calliope (who sings by steam) their patron muse.

The *N. Y. Tribune* notices a company of musicians, who, if their merits be not overstated, ought

not to be neglected. They might form just the desirable nucleus for an orchestra in some music-loving city, which lacks the means of bringing out the symphonies and overtures of the great masters. The notice is as follows:

A company of young musicians of Belgium, forming a small but very superior orchestra, was recently induced by the promises of profitable employment in this country offered them by an irresponsible speculator, to come over here to give concerts at the watering places. But on arrival they found they had been deceived, and were left by the speculator at Saratoga in very straightened circumstances. Mr. Gottschalk bore testimony to their great ability as artists, and gave a concert there for their benefit. Mr. Gottschalk having highly recommended them to Mr. Maillard, that gentleman has given them temporary employment until they can obtain situations in the opera or theatre worthy of their merits. They will give performances for the present every evening from 9 till 11 1-2 o'clock, at Maillard's saloon, where managers or leaders desiring to engage superior performers would do well to go and hear them."

The *New Yorker* says: "We can fully endorse the account of the talent displayed by these young men. The obœ especially is an admirable performer. They form the nucleus of an excellent orchestra."

The great piano-forte manufactory of the Messrs. BROADWOOD, in London, an establishment of thirty years standing, was consumed by fire on the night of the 12th inst. It covered two acres of ground, and consisted of five distinct ranges of building, of three stories each, employing 420 workmen. About one thousand pianos in various stages of progress were destroyed. Also the workmen's tools, valued at from £50 to £70 per man. The total loss is estimated at from £100,000 to £150,000.

It is impossible to decide what JOHANNA WAGNER is, from the criticisms of the London Press. We have quoted some, decidedly unfavorable, in our abstract of "Music Abroad." Others on the contrary say of her Tancredi, that it was the only satisfactory interpretation since Pasta and Malibran:—"her beautiful person, expressive features, noble and graceful aspect, presenting a fine picture of the ideal hero of romantic fiction," whilst, the music being entirely suited to the compass and quality of her voice, "she entered completely into its heroic and chivalrous character, and executed its softest and most delicate passages with Italian grace, smoothness and finish."

A good joke is made of JULIEN's speech at the private festivity that preceded the public opening of the Surrey Gardens, London. He said that he intended to make the shilling concerts equal in every respect to the best Ancient Concerts—or Philharmonic class of concerts to be had in Europe—and continued:—"I would say—no—de programme shall be arl good—de classique—de fin moosike. No. Ari-ways, from de time I give de farst concert in Paris—it vas ven I vas seventeen—I put in de programme de fin—classique—moosike. But also, de frivole—de populaire moosike. Some tings I have write good. But I write for de many—de frivole. De frivole make dem comb. Ven dey comb I give dem better. I offer shinsheerbread, and ven dey comb I give dem r-r-r-oast-beef!"

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 171.)

Without over-valuing himself, Beethoven was so little free from artist pride, that he easily lent a willing ear to a friend's suggestion, that the celebrated CLEMENTI, who had been but a short time in Vienna, ought to pay him the first visit. So they only learned to know each other by sight, without coming into closer contact. It frequently happened that Clementi, with his pupil, KLENGEL, and Beethoven with Ries, sat at one and the same table at dinner at the Swan. They all knew one another, but neither spoke with the other or so much as greeted him. The two pupils had to imitate their masters, since each was probably threatened with the loss of lessons. Ries at all events would have suffered that loss, since Beethoven never knew a middle course.

A deeper and more painful impression than this constraint, to which he had been obliged to submit himself, was left in Ries's memory by an incident in which the often-mentioned sensitiveness in Beethoven's character was manifested in a high degree. One day when he played to his scholar his Sonata in C major, the latter was so delighted with the great Andante in F major, then included in it, but which Beethoven afterwards separated from that Sonata and published as an independent piece, that he urged his teacher until he repeated it. On his way home, which led him past the house of Prince Lichnowsky, Ries went in to tell him of the new and splendid composition of Beethoven. He was earnestly entreated to play over all he recollected

of the piece. As more and more of it recurred to him, the Prince compelled him to repeat it once more, and the result was, that he also learned a part of it. In order to surprise Beethoven, the Prince went to him the next morning, and said he had composed something, which he thought was not so bad. In spite of Beethoven's distinct avowal that he did not wish to hear it, the Prince sat down at the piano and played, to Beethoven's astonishment, a large part of the Andante. Whereupon the composer was so angry that he declared he would never play again if his pupil Ries were present. Many times he desired him to leave the room. One day, when a little company, to which Beethoven and Ries belonged, breakfasted with Prince Lichnowsky at eight o'clock in the morning, after a concert in the Angarten, it was proposed to go over to Beethoven's house, to hear his as yet unperformed opera, *Leonora*. Arrived there, Beethoven in the most decided way demanded that his scholar, Ries, should withdraw; Ries, with tears in his eyes, since the most pressing entreaties of all present were of no avail, complied. Prince Lichnowsky went after him, and begged him to wait in the ante-room, which the young man's wounded sense of honor would not permit. As he afterwards learned, the Prince had been provoked at Beethoven's conduct, had reproached him most severely, and reminded him that nothing but enthusiasm for his works had given occasion to the whole affair, and consequently to his wrath. But the representation had no effect, but to prevent Beethoven playing any more in company at all.

He was seized with a very melancholy mood at the thought of the cold reception of one of his master works, the opera *Fidelio*. He charged it to the cabals of the not small number of his enemies. But the time chosen for its production was exceedingly unfavorable, since the French troops had just then occupied (1805) the imperial city. All the friends of music and the more wealthy portion of the population had fled from Vienna. The theatre was filled mainly with French officers. What Beethoven's friend, Stephen von Breuning, said of the opera itself and its production, in a letter from Vienna, June 2, 1806, to his brother-in-law Dr. Wegeler in Coblenz, deserves a place here.

"I promised you," he writes, "so far as I remember, to tell you something of Beethoven's opera, and I will keep my promise. The music is the most beautiful and perfect one can hear. The subject is interesting. It represents the deliverance of a prisoner through the fidelity and courage of his wife. But in spite of all that, nothing has caused Beethoven so much vexation

as this work, whose worth the future only will appreciate. In the first place, the opera was given seven days after the entrance of the French troops, a most unfavorable moment. Naturally the theatres were empty, and Beethoven, who at once remarked some imperfections in the handling of the text, withdrew the pieces after the third performance. When things had got back to their old order, he and I took it up again. I recast the entire libretto for him, so that the action became more lively and more rapid. Beethoven shortened many pieces, and it was then brought out three times with the greatest applause. But now his enemies were active in the theatre, and since he had offended several persons, particularly in the second representation, they prevailed so far that the opera has not since been given. Already they had placed many difficulties in his way, and this one circumstance may serve as a proof of the rest: that at the second representation he did not succeed in getting the opera announced with the title changed to *Fidelio*, as it is called in the French original, and as it has been printed since the alterations were made. Contrary to every promise, the first title, "*Leonora*," stood upon the show bills. The cabal is the more unpleasant for Beethoven, since through the non-performance of the opera, out of whose receipts he was to be paid a percentage, he will recover himself the more slowly; the treatment he has suffered has destroyed a great part of his taste and love for the work. I perhaps have given him more joy than anybody, since, without his knowing it, both in November and in the performance at the end of March, I had a little poem printed and distributed through the theatre."

Beethoven's friends thought his opera would gain by curtailments. The progress of the action was too slow and dragging. Before the renewed performance in the year 1807, a meeting was held to take counsel on that matter. The circle was composed, besides the Prince and Princess Lichnowsky, who was a distinguished pianist, of the poet von Collin and Stephen von Breuning, both of whom had already spoken about shortening the opera, the tenor Röck, the basso Meyer, and lastly Beethoven himself, who at the outset defended every bar. With his excitable nature his rage knew no bounds, when a general opinion was expressed that whole pieces must come out. The aria of Pizarro had its peculiar difficulties for the singer, which Beethoven felt himself finally, and promised to compose a new aria. Prince Lichnowsky at length carried him so far that he consented to have several single pieces left out, but only by way of experiment, in the next performance, since they had failed

once to produce effect; they could afterwards be re-inserted or used elsewhere. Beethoven yielded after long persuasion; but the crossed out pieces, among which were a duet in 9-8 time for two sopranos, and a terzet in 3-4 time, were never sung again upon the stage.

Greatly occupied and in often changing humor, Beethoven had for a long time discontinued his correspondence with his early friend, Dr. Wegeler, in Coblenz. It was the 2d of May, 1810, when he again gave him some account of his situation. In the opening of his letter, written in no cheerful mood, he excused himself for his long silence. "My good old friend," wrote Beethoven, "I can almost think my lines will cause you some astonishment. And yet, although you have had no proofs in writing, I still hold you always in the liveliest remembrance. For a couple of years past all still and quiet life has ceased with me. And yet I have formed no conclusion therefor, perhaps rather the contrary. Who can escape the influence of the outward storms? Yet I were happy, perhaps one of the happiest of men, had not the demon taken up his abode in my ears. Had I not read somewhere that a man ought not voluntarily to depart from this life so long as he can yet do one good deed, I long since should have been no more, and that through myself. O how beautiful is life! For me, however, it is forever poisoned!"

The motive of the request contained in this letter, to send him his certificate of baptism, is obscure. "Whatever expenses there may be," he wrote, "as Stephen von Breuning has an account with you, you can be made good at once, since I will pay him all here immediately. Should you yourself think it worth the pains to investigate the matter, and should you be pleased to make the journey to Bonn, charge all to me. One thing is to be considered, namely, that there was still a brother of earlier birth before me, who likewise was called Ludwig, but with the addition of Maria, but who is dead. To determine my precise age, this also must be found, since I know well enough that an error in regard to it has arisen through others, they making me out older than I was. Alas! I have lived a good while without knowing how old I am. I had a strangers' register, but it is lost. Do not be offended if I commend this matter to you very warmly, namely, to find out the Ludwig Maria and the present Ludwig, who came after him. The sooner you send me the baptismal certificate, the greater my obligation."

In striking contrast with this letter, in which Beethoven's discontent and weariness of life had risen to a purpose of self-murder, from which only his moral sentiment restrained him, was one written about three months later (Aug. 11, 1810.) With enthusiasm Beethoven described in this letter the impression of a visit, with which BETTINA, the sister of the poet, Clemens Brentano, and afterwards wife of the writer Achim von Arnim, had not long before surprised him.

"No Spring was ever fairer than this year's," wrote Beethoven. "That say I, dearest Bettina, and I feel it too, since I have made your acquaintance. You must have seen that in company I am like a frog on the sand; he waltzes round and cannot get away, until some benevolent Galatea tosses him again into the great sea. Yes, I was really high and dry, dearest Bettina. I was surprised by you in a moment when despon-

dency was wholly master of me. But verily, it vanished at the sight of you. I would have it, that you were of another world, and not of this absurd one, to which one cannot, with the best will, open his ears. I am a wretched man, and mourn over others! This you will pardon me with your good heart, which looks out of your eyes, and your understanding, which lies in your ears. At least, your ears know how to flatter when they listen. My ears, alas! are a partition wall, through which I cannot easily have any friendly communication with men. Otherwise perhaps I should have confided more to you. As it was, I could only understand the great wise look of your eyes, and that has assured me I shall never more forget it. Dear Bettina! Dearest girl! Art! Who understands it? with whom can one speak about this great goddess? How dear to me are the few days when we chatted together, or rather corresponded! I have kept all the little cards on which your clever, your dear, dearest answers stand. And so I have to thank my bad eyes, that the best part of those flying conversations were written down. Since you have been away, I have had painful hours, shadow hours, in which one can do nothing. I ran round indeed at three o'clock in the alley at Schönbrunn, and on the ramparts, after you were gone. But no angel met me there, who would have exorcised me like thee, angel. Pardon, dearest Bettina, this departure from the key. Such intervals I must have, to air my heart. And you have written to GOETHE about me—is it not true? O that I might stick my head into a bag, where I could hear and see nothing of all that is going on in the world, because, dearest angel, I shall not meet thee in it. But then I shall receive a letter from you? Hope nourishes me—she nourishes half the world, and I have had her for a neighbor all my life. Else what would have become of me! I send here, written with my own hand: *Kennst du das Land*, &c., as a memorial of the hour when I first learned to know you. I send also the other song, which I have composed since I took leave of thee, dear, dearest heart:

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben,
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes, neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.

"Yes, dear Bettina, you must answer me that. Write me what the matter is (*was es geben soll*) with me, since my heart has become such a rebel."

The impression which the talented Bettina had made upon Beethoven, and especially upon his heart, lasted a long time. On the 11th of February, 1811, he wrote: "I have now two letters from you, dear Bettina. Your first letter I have carried about with me the whole summer, and it has often made me happy. If I do not write to you so often, and you see nothing of me, yet I write you a thousand times a thousand letters in my thoughts. How you are situated there amongst the world's rabble in Berlin, I could not conceive if I had not read it from you. A great deal of twaddle about Art, without deeds! The best description of that is found in Schiller's epigram: 'The Rivers,' where the Spree speaks."

In congratulating his friend on her approaching marriage, Beethoven adds a reflection on his own condition. "You marry, dear Bettina, or it is already done. I have not seen you once before.

Then to you and to your husband flow all the happiness with which wedlock blesses the wedded! What shall I tell you of myself? 'Lament my fate!' I exclaim with Schiller's Joan. If I can only rescue a few more years of life, I will thank the Highest, the All-in-Himself-including, therefore, as for all weal or woe. If you write of me to Goethe, seek out all the words which can express to him my inmost reverence and admiration. I am just thinking of writing to him myself, on account of the *Egmont*, to which I have set music, and indeed purely out of love for his poems, which make me happy. Who can thank enough a great poet, the precious jewel of his nation? But no more now, dear, good Bettina. I came home this morning about four o'clock from a bacchanalian party, where I was forced to laugh a great deal, only to weep as much almost to-day. Intoxicating joy often drives me violently back upon myself. I kiss thee on thy forehead, dear Bettina, and impress therewith, as with a seal, all my thoughts for thee."

In a later letter to Bettina Beethoven placed artistic worth higher than rank, titles and other outward distinctions. He had been led to these reflections by his meeting with Goethe in Tep-litz. He wrote from there to Bettina in August 1812: "Kings and Princes can indeed make Professors and Privy Councillors, and hang about them titles and orders; but they cannot make great men, minds which stand out above the common rabble. That they must let alone, and they must hold us in respect when two such come together as I and Goethe. Then even Majesty must mark what can pass for great with one of us. Yesterday on the way home we met the whole imperial family. We saw them coming from a distance, and Goethe made himself free from my side, to place himself on the side of the walk. Say what I would, I could not bring him a step further! I pressed my hat upon my head, buttoned my overcoat, and went with arms down through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and courtiers opened to right and left. Duke Rudolph took off his hat; the lady Empress greeted me first. The dignitaries knew me. I saw, to my true amusement, the procession de-file past Goethe. He stood, hat in hand, profoundly bowing, at the side. Then I took him to task. I gave him no pardon, and I reproached him with all his sins, especially those against you, dearest Bettina! We had just been speaking of you. God! could I have had as much time with you as he, believe me, I would have produced more, much more, that is great. A musician is also a poet; he can feel himself suddenly transported by a pair of eyes into a fairer world, where grander spirits play with him, and moved to noble plans. What thoughts came into my head when I first learned to know thee, on the observatory here during the splendid May shower! It was a right fruitful one for me too; the most beautiful themes slipped from your looks into my heart, which were one day to ravish the world, when Beethoven should no more direct! God grant me yet a couple of years, for I must see thee again, dear, Bettina! So demands the voice which always carries the point in me. Spirits, too, can love one another; I shall always woo yours. Your approbation is the dearest thing in the world to me. I have told Goethe my opinion, how applause operates on one of us, and that one wants to be heard with the understanding by

one's equals. Emotion is only fit for ladies—pardon me. With a man music must strike fire out of his soul. Ah, dearest child, how long it is already that we have been of one opinion about everything! Nothing is good but to have a beautiful, good soul, whom one recognizes in all things, and before whom one need not hide oneself. One must be something if one would appear something; the world must recognize a person; it is not always unjust. That to be sure is of no concern to me, since I have a higher aim. The Duke of Weimar and Goethe wished that I would perform some of my music. I refused both. I do not play to their perverse whims. I do not make absurd stuff at the common expense, with princely ones, who never discharge that sort of debts. Thy last letter, dear Bettina, lay a whole night on my heart, and there quickened me. Musicians take all liberties."

[To be continued.]

Clementi's Sonatas.

MUZIO CLEMENTI (born in 1752, died in 1832) composed over one hundred Sonatas for the piano-forte. They enjoyed great favor in their day, and have always been esteemed classical models in that form of composition. It was only the deeper and grander poetry, the inspiration of a Beethoven, that cast them in the shade. The London *Athenæum*, takes occasion, from the republication of some of them in London, to recall attention to their worth. As our own enterprising publisher in Boston, Mr. Nathan Richardson, also has a dozen of these sonatas now in course of publication, we have thought that it may help to awaken an interest in them to copy here the *Athenæum's* article:

Clementi's Sonatas. Nos. I. XXX. André's New Edition. Scheurmann & Co.

In one respect time takes as good care of musician as poet—giving him a better chance than he awards to painter or architect. "Wind and weather" cannot corrode the forms and features of a score once on paper. "*Littera scripta manet*" is a truth that applies to a Palestrina as well as to a Pindar; and we are disposed to cherish the comfortable fancy that in music there is little fear of that perishing which intrinsically deserved to live. The rude trials and venturings accomplished in the days before civilization and culture—the junction of science and imagination—had made the art an art; the manuscripts circulated ere printing was resorted to, are not comprehended, of course, in the above argument. Traditions, it must be owned, perish; but in all the relics of music which exist, the form, color and proportion are there, unaltered by time, and thus within the power of taste (if taste be catholic) to appreciate, however remote the ancient form be from the modern fashion. The disposition to revisit and bring to light the monuments of music is on the increase. We have lived to see the discoveries in which Mdlle. de Montpensier's *marmiton*, the Italian Lulli, conciliated his Southern instincts for melody with the French taste for dramatic pertinence, and thus laid the foundation of a noble school of opera, resuming their place in the admiration of collectors and connoisseurs, not as curiosities, but as pleasures by no means to be despised, even in our days of meretricious exaggeration and exhaustion. Less extreme is the example now to be noticed. Still it is significant, as appearing at the very time when the counters of foreign music-shops groan beneath violent and chaotic productions, professing to be new, but in reality, oldest of the old. A new edition of '*Clementi's Sonatas*' is a real boon to the race of pianists.

Clementi was one of the dry pianists we have elsewhere pointed out—a composer to be ranged

with Domenico Scarlatti, Cherubini, and Spontini. Such "dryness" as theirs, however, does not exclude beauty, but makes beauty auxiliary to thought. At the other extremity of the scale stand such composers as Correlli, Pergolesi, and (in our own day) Signor Rossini; men with whom the fascinations of symmetry, color, brilliancy without harshness, sweetness which should not cloy, stood first, and intellectual pertinence came second. Be our classification admitted or protested against, it is certain that any one having competent knowledge, who examines this series of Clementi's *Sonatas*, will be surprised, not merely by the science they display, but by a variety in form and invention, only paragoned by Beethoven's varieties. Let us illustrate this by specification. In No. 3 attention may be called to the capital animation of the opening *Allegro*. The second movement, *un poco andante*, is as fresh as if Haydn had sung and said it (for there is saying as well as singing in Haydn's *andantes*), the *Finale* is built on a theme alike graceful and important; and Clementi's were days when bustle, rather than such real consequence as belongs to grace, was sought for in *finales* (as, again, the works of Haydn exhibit.) In No. 5, page 69, we find the progression used by Beethoven in his B flat Symphony (referred to in the *Athenæum* some weeks since,) and, with it, an example of licence, which in Clementi's days must have seemed heterodox. The passage in question—bold and new enough to have made its inventor enamored of it—is not repeated at the second part of the *Allegro*, as canon law ordained. In its place we have a *cadenza*, far freer than most of the improvisations (so called) with which modern *concerto* players work up their *concertos*. No. 6 is the *Zauberflöte* Sonata. No. 7 (* originally the third of three dedicated to Miss Blake, the second of which in D minor, is remarkable for its force and passion) may be especially commended for the sake of its *Adagio* and *Rondo*. The former is not long drawn, but expressive, new, and bold (as the burden passage of its last five bars will suffice to prove); the latter is capital as a mixture of sparkling and strict composition. No. 9, a *Sonata*, in G minor, is of a higher order still—a composition superb alike in its poetry and in its science. There is nothing in being for the piano-forte finer than its opening *Allegro con fuoco*, with its intonations and its meltings of figures, rhythms, *tempi*, one into the other (see especially pp. 137, 138.) These are as felicitous and as free as the "breaking out" of the *Allegro* in Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture, and the general tone of impassioned melancholy sustained throughout. The slow movement, too, is *suave* and noble. In No. 11, F sharp minor,—excellent throughout as an example of wild music—the *Presto* strikes us as having furnished possible aliment to Mendelssohn (compare it with the *Scherzo* in his Pianoforte Quartet in B minor). No. 12, in F major, might have been characterized as *alla Fantasia* by its composer. In his notes on Schindler's 'Life of Beethoven,' Prof. Moscheles calls attention to the recurrence of a three-bar phrase in common *tempo* in the 'Choral Fantasia' as one of Beethoven's inventions; but, if Clementi's *Sonata* was an earlier work, here we find the peculiarity anticipated with an effect of symmetry and strangeness combined, alike felicitous and quaint. The grandeur of outline in the opening *Allegro* in No. 14—the grace of the final *Rondo Vivace* in No. 15—the contrasts in the *Allegro con spirito* (No. 17)—the grace of the *Maestoso e Cantabile* (No. 18) all claim notice.—No. 21, in E flat, is throughout full of interest; and as a study of brilliancy and expression combined ranks high. The *Adagio* is one of Clementi's most largely-developed slow movements. In No. 24 the

* We intrude the above parenthesis because we imagine that the numbers on the title-pages of this re-issue do not represent the original numbers in the list of Clementi's compositions. It would be well if, in all such cases, the modern publisher would be more explicit in notification; since the matter becomes of historical consequence in a case like this, which involves the disinterment of a writer who may be suspected to have furnished suggestion to his contemporaries so largely as Clementi.

Cadenza (pp. 135, 6, 7) may be pointed out as one of those flights of fancy spontaneous enough to silence those who have been used to complain of the ancient masters of science as hide-bound, pedantic, and *rococo*. So far from this, they could be free in proportion as they were learned. The 'Chromatic Fantasia' of Sebastian Bach is fuller of notions and varieties than any ten caprices of modern times that we could name,—and who is more charming in melody than he could be in *Sarabanda*, *Gavotte*, or *Bourrée*?

These selected *Sonatas* of Clementi—to return to our immediate subject—will astonish many by the versatility, and contrast, and experiment they disclose, if examined as a body of works. And the edition does not yet include the author's Cherubini *Sonatas*, the third of which—his '*Didone abbandonata*'—will never be forgotten among pianists of the highest class,—while the second, a fiery and free composition in D minor, deserves to be restored to our chamber concerts. Whether these *Sonatas* be admitted to indicate that Clementi had the mine and quarry whence others have drawn ore, or the furnace in which he cast and refined the product of mine and quarry with mixtures and amalgams of his own, we repeat that, as a series of pianoforte poems, they stand next to Beethoven's. They are more various than Mozart's, more muscular, less mechanical than Dussek's, compositions of the same form. They cannot be played or relished without the student's ideas of style being enriched—his knowledge of the capacities of form extended—and his mechanical command over his instrument strengthened.

The Right Object and the Right Means.

By DR. A. B. MARX.

What is really the proper object of all musical education and employment?

Joy in the art—we declare as the first object. A joyless occupation is it—and how frequently do we meet it! how common is the observation, unfortunately, that in the learning and practising of music, the original delight is quickly extinguished, never to be felt again in its pristine vigor and productiveness!—is fatal to the artistic sense, and is, indeed, more injurious than total disoccupation, since it not only misapplies the time which might have been otherwise profitably employed, but also destroys our capacity of receiving satisfaction from art.

But the joy must be really *artistic*—not foreign; and still less must it be opposed to art. We would hereby deprecate the tickling *vanity* which loves to make a display of extraordinary technical facility, and plumes itself on difficulties overcome. Nothing is more foreign nor further than this littleness from true art, whose high calling it is to raise us from the narrow limits of personal feelings, into the region in common, of universal joy, love, and inspiration; nothing is more inimical and destructive to the true sense and enjoyment of art, than this poisonous mildew, which overlays artistic activity and its productions. Nothing more surely draws the mind from the purifying atmosphere of art, into the petty, narrow strivings and contentions of self-seeking vanity, than this eager ostentation of personal skill; and, in fine, nothing manifests more clearly to an intelligent mind, the wide gulf which separates vain from true art, than this exchange of its outward means, for its inward soul and object. How general, however, is this striving in our parties and concerts! How rarely is the joy of the listeners the object of our concert players and amateurs! How much nearer have they not at heart to astonish the less proficient, and to startle the unartistic crowd with newly-invented contrivances, with a technical composition of a Chopin, or a study of a Thalberg, or whatever the latest finger-artist may be called.* And how often is it not the teachers who urge their pupils to this pernicious composition, simply in order to obtain more scholars! The lowest, most unreflecting, merely corporeal pleasure of music, the most superficial enjoyment of a skipping dance, is more artistic, more pro-

* Chopin a finger-artist!—Ed.

ductive and nobler, than this monstrosity, which is so widely diffused amongst us. The feeling performance of the most trivial song or the most simple waltz, is a stronger proof of the ability of the scholar and of the teacher, than those precocious and forced, though in reality cheap productions of vanity.

The corporeal pleasure caused by art, awakens by itself a spiritual participation; and this *spiritual participation in art* we regard as the highest object to which our employment therein is to be directed. If we do not close our heart and sensibilities, by caprice and ill-directed exertion,—if we do not ourselves destroy our feelings, and the natural operation of our minds, emotion will spring of itself from the corporeal apprehension of the artistic work; a more elevated life will flow through our nerves, and joy through our mind, such as the pure enjoyment of art alone can produce; the assurance of community, of well-being, will loosen the hard crust of egotism from our hearts, and bind us the more closely in sympathy and affection with the friends who participate in our pleasures. The heart opens itself willingly to new sensations and an altered state of mind occasioned by works of art, and receives them devotedly, pure, and free from all the dross and sharp asperities of real personality; it is a communion of one soul with others, full of the internal feelings of humanity, and yet exempt from all oppressive materiality, or other disturbing objects. And thus this shadowy being, invoked by the musician's art, waves its life of high significance before us; we live in it, in pleasure or in pain, as the spirit of the artist wills; with him, faultless and untouched, our personality becomes involved in a manifold spiritual existence, and we experience in ourselves the countless riches of this spiritual life, together with our narrowly-limited corporeal reality. Herein we behold long departed beings and circumstances—those pure forms which Gluck evoked from Greece and the enchanted East: the patriarchal simplicity and dignity of that people, out of whose darkness the light of the world was to come, in Handel's songs: the mad confusion of the Pharisees and their party, before the holiness of the new covenant, in Bach's immortal works. All these pass before us; ages long in oblivion, seem sensibly present.

Whatever can move the human heart in innocence, joy, delicacy, and childish humor, the most lovely play of the imagination, and the most mysterious sensations of our spiritual essence,—all that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven could feel or imagine, is laid open to us, and becomes our own.

The real indwelling in art, and sincere devotion to it, are essential conditions in artistic education; without them we cannot participate in its inestimable gifts; they are absolutely indispensable.

It is not the possession of great artists, nor of great works of art, which insures to a nation or to its gifted individuals, a genuine artistic education, and thereby the full enjoyment, the highest pleasures of art. If such were the case, no nation could be more assured than ours* of the highest musical education; since, during the last century, at least, our musicians have produced the most lofty and most pregnant ideas that have ever been embodied in sound. We have, on the other hand, experienced within a single century, after three noble exaltations, in the days of Bach and Handel, of Gluck,—Haydn, and Mozart,—and of Beethoven, also three several depressions from our upward flight; nay, if we will believe the loudest and most numerous voices of the day, it would seem that in many minds *even the remembrance* were lost of what in former days were universally acknowledged to be our brightest landmarks to excellence.

Playing and hearing only, cannot be relied on as a sufficient means of education, although they must be the foundation and companions of all musical cultivation; for we hear bad music as well as good; and we know that the weak and spurious produces its effect (often quicker and to a greater extent) as well as the elevated and genuine. We must herein the more readily acknowledge the power of sound, that even in its perverted

* The German.

employment it still exerts a vast influence over the mind and senses,—apart, moreover, from the effect of secondary objects, of prejudice, and of fashion. Indeed, it is not to be denied, that the corporeal effect of sound acting in large masses, in conjunction with considerable talent, magnified, perhaps, by partiality into great superiority, in the performers, is capable of producing from very moderate or indifferent works an effect which may surprise artists of judgment; but the cause of that effect is not in the composition—it is the attribute of the large body or volume of sound, and of the influential partiality for the performers. Hence we may perceive how small the claims may be of many a vaunted work of art, whose pretensions have been estimated by its immediate consequences. Those persons, however, are acting very injudiciously, who, desirous of no further struggle, seem contented and satisfied with the good that exists. It will indeed endure without further exertion. It will be conveyed from artist to artist, and the magnificent structure of art will be completed, so far as may be permitted to humanity. But the communication, the participation of artistic, and *therewith civilized elevation to our contemporaries*, cannot be allowed to remain stationary. The history of the world is reckoned by centuries, and at wide intervals. The moments of improvement progress like stars in the heavens, and with them as they roll; but the limited space of human life cannot dispense with its portion of their beneficent illumination.

In fine, the mere external, technical, mechanical, formal education, does not reach to the deep spring, where the life-stream of art is generated and preserved. It is but too often observable, unfortunately, how empty and unproductive this false external cultivation leaves the mind; how, in its pursuit, year after year, full of the noblest germs of life, and capable of the highest joys of art, are allowed to fade and wither away. It has been remarked but too frequently, that these disciples of technicality, these virtuosi, these amateur dilettanti, these thorough bass cognoscenti, and æsthetical critics, have the most unsatisfactory conception of art, that they have little sympathy with it, are utter strangers to its nature and operation.

True artistic education, like true art, is not concerned merely with the technicalities, which make only a handicraftsman, nor with mere outward considerations, which, instead of living art, produce nothing but dead abstractions. It is governed by the essential nature of its duties, and assumes for its object the bringing into life and action the highest and fullest conception of art in each individual, and in the greatest number of individuals in the whole nation. In the pupil, it searches for the germ of artistic susceptibility and capacity. This spark it cherishes and frees from obstructions, and nourishes and strengthens into the power of life. It then contemplates the region of art, and examines what has hitherto been produced. Of all this, and of that which is most worthy, it endeavors to convey as much as possible to the scholar, according to the power of each individual. This education does not move the hand and fill the ear alone, but penetrates by the senses into the soul; through the deeply moved sensibilities it awakens the inward consciousness. And now the waves of sound may surge and roll—what the inward consciousness has apprehended, that which has become a sentiment and property of the mind, can be safely preserved and extended.

This, in brief, is the *object of true artistic education,—to elevate the capabilities, mental and corporeal, to the highest point.* This is the indispensable process, without which, high attainment in art is not possible. This is more or less the enlightened struggle of all who either wholly or in part devote their life and powers to artistic employment; this, whether it be acknowledged or not, it is the absolutely undeniable and indispensable obligation of all teachers to produce.

Shall it be considered an empty dream to desire for our country, so deeply gifted in the art of sound, a general *popular education* in music, in that high and only true sense? Does not this want and right proclaim itself from the deep inborn feelings of the people, from the overflowing

abundance of their conceptions, from our countless artists, from our display of the richest productions of art in advance of nations? Shall our festivals be never more joyous with our *national songs*, which are more abundant, more varied, more melodious, and more deeply touching than those of any people on earth? Shall the evangelical church be perpetually deprived of her own appropriate music, which centuries ago was created for her? Shall the catholic church, in whose sacred service music assumes so important a function, suffer in our country so deep a degradation as it has endured in Italy, where movements from Rossini's and Bellini's operas, and Auber's overtures, disgrace the most holy moments of the service? Or in Spain; where in recent times, church music is dumb, even to the psalmody of the priesthood? We fear it not, and those who with us have a higher trust, will labor incessantly with all their strength, and on all occasions, to attain the highest object. We, a laborious people, strong in body and mind, must strive for a higher elevation than tender nature has conferred on her southern children, to amuse their happy hours.

Musical Practice Among Birds.

Many people imagine that birds sing by instinct, and their songs come to them without any labor or practice. But ornithologists, who have made the habits of the feathered tribes a life-study, hold a different theory, and tell of long and laborious practice in species and individuals to acquire facility and compass of song. The following information from a practised observer will be new to many of our readers:

Birds all have their peculiar ways of singing. Some have a monotonous song, as the bay-winged sparrow. The yellow-bird has a continuous chatter without any particular form of song. The cat-bird is a mocker. The golden-robin has a song of its own; but each one may have a song of his own, though those of the same locality are apt to sing the same tune. The hermit-thrush has a round of variations, perhaps the sweetest singer of the feathered choir. But the song sparrow has the most remarkable characteristics of song of any bird that sings.

Every male song-sparrow has seven independent songs of its own, no two having the same notes throughout, though sometimes, as if by accident, they may hit upon one or more of the same.

Six years ago this spring I first made the discovery. A singer that had taken up his residence in my garden, attracted my attention by the sweet variations of its songs, so I commenced taking observations on the subject. I succeeded at last in remembering all his songs, which are to this day as fresh in my memory as any of our common airs that I am so fond of whistling. On one occasion I took note of the number of times he sang each song, and the order of singing. I copy from my journal, six years back:

No. 1, sung 27 times; No. 2, 36 times; No. 3, 23 times; No. 4, 19 times; No. 5, 21 times; No. 6, 32 times; No. 7, 18 times. Perhaps next he would sing No. 2; then, perhaps, No. 4, or 5, and so on.

Some males will sing each tune about fifty times, though seldom; some will only sing them from five to ten times. But, as far as I have observed, each male has his seven songs. I have applied the rule to as many as a dozen different birds, and the result has been the same. I would say that it requires a great degree of patience, and a good ear to come at the truth of the matter; but any one may watch a male bird while singing, and will find he will change his tune in a few minutes more.

The bird that I first mentioned came to the same vicinity five springs in succession, singing the same seven songs, always singing within a circle of about twenty rods. On the fifth spring he came a month later than usual; another sparrow had taken possession of his hunting-grounds, so he established himself a little one side. I

noticed that he sang less frequently than of old, and in a few days his song was hushed forever. No doubt old age claimed him as a victim. In other cases I have known a singer to return to the same place two, three, and four years; but frequently not more than one. I think there is not a more interesting or remarkable fact in natural history than the one I have related, and it is a fact you may confidently believe.—*New England Farmer*.

HANDEL OUT OF TUNE—CONCORDIA DISCORDS.—This celebrated composer, though of a very robust and uncouth appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritability of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into an orchestra on a night when the late Prince of Wales (the first royal personage who ever succeeded in "composing" Handel,) was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *Con Spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double-bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bearheaded to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, till the prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.

Political Magazine, 1786.

TENORS, BY A TENORE.—"La Spia" writes from Paris to the *Transcript*, among other things the following:

A new tenor ("*Poiseau rare*" as the journals say) is said to have been found in the person of M. RENARD. He has a fine organ but does not know how to use it yet. The days of DUPREZ, RUBINI, etc., are passed, and there is in the list of modern singers none to fill their vacant places. It may not be known that Rossini's "Wm. Tell" shared the fate at first of most operas—that is, it was performed but a very few times and then thrown by as a failure. The critics found as usual, some rather effective choruses and a fine trio only. It was written for NOURRIT, who sang with a sort of mixed falsetto voice. Duprez had then just arrived from Italy and was engaged at the Grand Opera. It was thought great presumption on his part to attempt to sing against the favorite Nourrit, who was so much admired by the public, that upon taking his farewell, he brought his children on the stage with him and took a sort of family adieu of his friends. Duprez said he did not wish to take away any rôle from Nourrit, but would accept any one for his début Nourrit might choose to give him. "William Tell" had then failed so decidedly that Nourrit said he might take the rôle of Arnold. Duprez accepted it, and the house was crowded with the friends of Nourrit, who felt sure of Duprez's *fiasco*. The articulation of Duprez was so perfect that for the first time on record every syllable and every letter even, was distinctly understood in the opening recitative. The audience stared at one another and waited, not knowing what to think of the tenor whose manner of declamation was always at full voice; and after the first act there were but little enthusiasm, every one saying it would be impossible for a singer to continue five acts with such a method.

Duprez himself, between the first and second acts, entered the private box where his wife was seated, and told her "that without doubt they would be obliged to return to Italy." In the trio

of the second act, however, he created such enthusiasm, even among his enemies, as was never before or afterward known; and in the *aria finale* he stamped himself the greatest artist the world ever produced. He gives lessons now to his classes at the Conservatoire, and has written two or three operettas, which have been done with some success. He is not as rich as he ought to be, as, artist-like, he lived very fast, and artists were not paid in those days as liberally as they are now. He said a short time since to his class, "*Allez! Allez!! Etudiez!! peut-être pourrez vous gagner vingt mille francs par mois! il est vrai que je ne les ai jamais gagné moi; mais cependant il y en a, qui gagnent autant que cela!*" (referring to Tamberlik.)

M. GUEYMARD, the present *tenor de force*, has been indisposed for some time past, and on his account the performance of Wm. Tell has been delayed. It is announced, however, as soon as he is recovered, which from all accounts will not be at present. A week ago, his voice was despaired of entirely, he having broken it in endeavoring to reach not the famous "do," but the "re," *de poitrine*. ROGER, his rival, is doubtless one of the happiest of mortals at present, and will continue to warble in falsetto for many years to come. Last week, Mademoiselle Duprez, the daughter of the ex-tenor, who sings at the *Opera Comique*, was married, I hear, to a young professor of the piano, and has had allowed her a month's vacation in consequence. She is said to sing well with a *tres-petite voix*, and doubtless her husband will make himself useful in playing her accompaniments. * * * It is well known that Nourrit while at Naples, hearing of the continued success of Duprez in Paris, committed suicide by throwing himself from his chamber window into the street.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 6, 1856.

Music among the Blind.

The blind have certain advantages over the rest of us in the study of music. The very inconvenience of not seeing notes drives them into more immediate and direct dealings with the sounds themselves. They commune with music at first hand. They cannot see how high a note is, what the width of an interval, what the contents of a chord; they learn it by the ear, they hear it. Such aid as they may receive from the raised characters, employed in our modern system of education for the blind, cannot alter the case materially. The fingers can feel over but a few notes at a time, where the eye takes in the general course of a musical passage or a whole movement. Hence where the blind study music at all, they learn to deal with sounds and intervals as fixed and positive facts, with the thing signified, and not the mere sign. Notes for the eye are a great convenience: but they also tempt to laziness in the exercise of the power of conceiving of sounds as sounds.

The pupils in Blind Institutions therefore often make good organists. Their attention is so fastened upon the true relation of sounds and voices in polyphonic composition, the development of themes by innate laws, that they readily acquire a taste for the strict style of composition. Then there is something in their very abstraction from the outward world which favors that deeper absorption in music as a world by itself, which is a condition of all genuine musicianship, especially in the sphere of organ music.

Music is made an important branch in institutions for the education of the blind. The Royal

Institution at Paris has supplied many of the churches with organists from its graduate pupils. All the older institutions of our own country have sent forth qualified musicians, who have become teachers of music, organists, &c. Some of these have evinced skill in composition.

We are led to these remarks from perusing some organ compositions sent us in MS. from Philadelphia. They are the production of a recent pupil and assistant teacher of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, Mr. DAVID WOOD, a young man scarcely of age, who has been totally blind from birth. He performed with great credit in the recent organ concerts in that city, for the exhibition of the great organ built by Mr. KNAUFF. He has been for several years under the musical instruction of Mr. E. PFIEFFER, teacher in the institution, and also of Mr. GETZE, a distinguished organist in Philadelphia.

They consist of three short Preludes, and a Fugue with Choral: the last three with a third staff for the pedal. The preludes are slow movements in strict organ style; all is clear as it is complex, all well connected and symmetrical, the themes naturally developed, each of the four voices being always *obligato*, &c. The technical demands of musicianship are fully satisfied. They may not show creative genius, but they do show a decided turn for this sort of writing, and amount to something more than mere phrase work; they are not without sentiment and beauty. The fourth is a regular fugue, which is made a foundation for the introduction of a *canto firmo*, the old tune of "Nuremberg," line by line, with intervals between, while the fugue goes on. This too is clear, ingenious, effective. On the whole, these are compositions such as do not often make their appearance in our American schools of music, and they would do credit to the Conservatoires abroad. By the annual report of the Pennsylvania Institution, we learn that the musical department continues to give very satisfactory results under the skilful direction of Mr. Pfeiffer. Twelve of the pupils receive instruction on the organ, and forty-six on the piano. Several of them are already qualified as organists in the Episcopal or other service, and others to teach the piano or sing in church choirs. They have an Orchestra among themselves, composed of thirty-four members:

The orchestra is composed of the following instruments:—violins, 12; violas, 2; violoncellos, 2; contra basses, 2; flutes, 3; clarinets, 2; horns, 2; trumpets, 3; bass trombone, 1; ophicleide, 1; great drum, 1; military drum, 1; cymbals, 1; triangle, 1; total 34.

Among the celebrated and difficult pieces performed by the orchestra, are the following:—The overtures of "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn; "William Tell," by Rossini; and "Le Serment," by Auber; C minor Symphony, by Beethoven; Weber's Concerto, for piano and orchestra; and other remarkable compositions by these and other great masters.

Robert Schumann.

We conclude our extracts, commenced in our last, from a German critique on Schumann's earlier compositions for the piano-forte. As instances of his more extravagant manner when first infected by the fever of what was called the "New Romanticism" in Art, the following works were named: *Allegro* in B, Op. 8; *Etudes Symphoniques*, Op. 13; *Concert sans Orchestre*, Op. 14; *Piano-forte Sonata*, Op. 15; *Fantasie*, Op. 17. The writer proceeds:

"These youthful creations contain much that

is individual, sterling, and deeply conceived; many beauties that betray uncommon gifts, and single passages that are excellent. Especially from the last two productions (Op. 15 and 17) there flashes many a noble gem; still it is not wrought out, not purified from the surrounding dross, and too much disfigured by baser earths and metals.

"Besides this heterogeneous overloading, we find on all sides difficulties of the most appalling calibre, heaped up unnecessarily, enough to frighten away the most skilful, practiced player, if he rank not with the *virtuosos* by profession, with the Liszt, Thalberg, &c.

"Unquestionably the *Fantasie*, inscribed to Liszt, affords the richest and yet most unquickening luxuriance of this neo-romantic *hyper-geniality*. The eccentric, the arbitrary, the vague and undetermined, could scarcely be pushed farther. The transcendentalism, so loved before all things, degenerates at times here into madness and utter unintelligibility, while the striving after originality loses itself in the unnatural and overstrained. The composer reminds us of a rich nobleman, who, to make himself inaccessible to all approach in his aristocratic superiority, selfishly fences himself in from the world, surrounds his grounds with deep pits, high, thorny hedges, spring-guns, and foot-snares, and so fortifies and palisades himself that people are discouraged from seeking nearer acquaintance with him. The *Davidsbündlerdänze* and the *Carnival-scenen* are refreshing exceptions." [Dances of the members of the "David's league" against the "Philistines," or Young Germany against old fogies. For an account of this and of the little musical fancies, called the "Carnival scenes," see vol. vii., page 5, and vol. viii. p. 17 of this Journal.] "The first, thrown off as sketches, rather than finished character-pieces, are nevertheless distinguished by variety and individuality in tone and keeping. So too are the latter, 'musical genre pictures,' so spirited and interesting in their treatment, from which gleams a certain *je ne sais quoi* of genuine French *esprit*, full of epigrammatic points and barbed witticisms. It goes on in grotesque medley; a downright fantastical masquerade, full of humors and intrigues. But out of the wild, chaotic whirl, amidst the sounds of mirth and exhilaration, rising like fleeting Champagne bubbles, there meets the ear at times, with unexpected pathos, a single, as it were stray tone of sweet, sincere tenderness, and humoristic contentedness and constancy.

"If we go through Schumann's piano compositions consecutively, it is interesting to remark how the composer gradually gains in simplicity and works himself out more and more to self-dependence. The peculiar *naturel* of the composer himself, his musical subjectivity comes out purer, sharper, more decided, while there is more facility and conscious certainty in the handling of the motives. That awkward and disturbing heaviness disappears, because the composer seeks to rid himself of all superfluous baggage, all chance accessories, and limits himself to the essential and the indispensable. Whereas at first he always wrote so hard that, to use Boerne's expression, 'the axle threatened to break under him'; but here already you can entrust yourself to him with less danger.

"We must here mention the '*Kinderscenen*,' (Scenes of Childhood) Op. 15, which belong un-

questionably to Schumann's best achievements in this kind. Here, by a half prophetic, half poetic intuition, and by that plastic quality of mind which is peculiar to the objective way of viewing things, the composer has succeeded in so merging himself in single moods, states, and salient moments of childhood's world, and in so mastering them musically, that a susceptible mind must feel itself most deeply penetrated and most vividly addressed by them. How is this remarkable effect produced? How is the hearer transported into so complete an illusion? By the truth of the delineation, by the fidelity to nature of the coloring; by the fact that the tone-poet is entirely absorbed in his subject, has lived and felt his way into it, or rather back to it; in a word, that he has most happily hit the charmingly naive, the sweetly, carelessly gushing, real childlike tone.

"These '*Kinderscenen*' prove most clearly, that what is significant and characteristic admits of being compressed into a narrow space, into the limits of a determinate form; that it is not always necessary to give loose rein to wild and planless fancy, and throw oneself into the arms of chance. The greatest artists often feel a noble and a finer pride in the achievement of what is great and individual within and in spite of formal limits.

"The '*Arabeske*,' Op. 18, and the '*Blumenstück*,' (Flower piece) Op. 19, must also be commended, as works more distinguished by their melodious flow, their clearness and song-like keeping, than by any special originality. The latter bears an occasional family resemblance to Mendelssohn's '*Songs without Words*,' and to John Field's *Notturmos* and *Romanzas*. The soft, dreamy, tender, lyrical, almost feminine character of Field's *cantelina*, sounds unmistakably in both pieces. But the resemblance does not affect you unpleasantly; quite the contrary, because Schumann knew how to join with it an excellence which is foreign to the Englishman, and which lifts him far above Field; to-wit, an altogether richer, fuller, and more various harmonic setting, a more artistic perfection of figures and forms of accompaniment, than is ever the case with Field, where so much is loose and dilettantish.

"More independent and significant are the '*Humoreske*' and the G minor Sonata, which we venture to pronounce the gems of the whole collection, full as it is of sterling things. In the '*Humoreske*' the interest is kept awake and increased from beginning to end by the great variety in matter and in form, by the constant, rapid, and yet always natural and easy alternation of the most diverse images, ideas and feelings, floating in and out fantastically and dreamily. * * *

"Novalis says: 'A work of Art is so much the more interesting and genuine an outflow of one's personality, the more sides it presents, the more the ways in which it can be understood and loved.' This seems to us to be the case with the composition in question. If then we confess that we felt a breath from it as of pure mountain air, an altogether peculiar, keen, but invigorating freshness; and then again fancied ourselves in the midst of the young, fresh, impetuous torrent of the forest brooks; if we add, that a strangely sweet, shuddering feeling of power, of intellectual health and fulness seems to dwell in this '*Humoreske*,' which imparts itself by little and little to the hearer, and gradually fills him with that

perfect, blissful satisfaction, which one only feels in strains that flow out from the deepest and most secret fountains of the soul, we think we shall come tolerably near to the truth.

"Still richer matter for discussion and for all sorts of adventurous interpretations is afforded by the G minor Sonata; of which we will merely say that the composer has here adhered strictly and consistently to the existing Sonata form. In these last two works the forms and dimensions are larger and more developed; everything in them is more thoroughly wrought out and finished than in the '*Kinderscenen*,' which are fugitive and sketchy, although kept within certain limits.

"The '*Nackstücke*,' (Night pieces) are to be mentioned as containing in their rhapsodical and arbitrary grouping something that is like improvisation, something taken from the chance humors of the moment.

"Then there is the '*Faschingschwank aus Wien*,' (Carnival pranks in Vienna) a companion piece to the Carnival Scenes; at least you find in it the same shifting medley, the same over-foaming, sparkling humor. Humoristic heat-lightings on all sides; everywhere the rockets of wit and jubilant spirits shoot up the imps of roguish mockery and most unbridled whim hiss around us, for example, on page 7, 8 and 9, where among other things, the old-fashioned, right Philistinish and 'foggy' motive: *Als der Grossvater die Grossmutter nahm*, (which appears also in the Carnival) produces a grotesque contrast and a most comical *rococo* effect. The most musically rich of these fancy pictures doubtless is the Intermezzo, No. 4. How such a dark fellow, such a marplot and genuine Old Grumbler, looking out so threatening and repulsive from under his E flat minor visor, could happen into this jovial company, it is not easy to see. The harsh, serious and stern tone, before which all joy and cheerfulness must freeze to death, is hardly suited to such pranks. Once happily passed this Intermezzo, and we breathe freely again, as if we felt delivered from an evil charm, and could call after him, like Shakspeare's Orlando to Master Jacques: 'I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy!'

The writer closes his review of these earlier works with the belief "that they are to be counted among the most significant productions of Art at the present day (1844), distinguished throughout by a high and noble striving, and containing in themselves many germs of a new era."

A Grave Professor.

Another of those incredible programmes has been placed before us, of the miraculous concerts by which the musical ideas of people in our country villages are continually lifted to the top-wave of sublimity and ecstasy. This was a concert at Sharon Springs. The hero thereof was a blind man, yeelp'd Prof. W. A. CARRS, "the lion bass of the world." The show-bill further states that Prof. C. is a young man of 21 years of age. "He pronounces distinctly words of two or more syllables on GG in the Bass, and up to BB in alt, making a compass of about four octaves and a half! He excels in instrumental music, performing upon the Melodeon and Piano with exquisite taste. He plays some of the most difficult opera music upon the Cornet, in connection with either of these instruments, at the same time. He also plays tunes upon a common wire, about three feet long, and imitates on these instruments a locomotive in

full operation. He is also able to play the most difficult music upon *two different instruments at the same time*, and imitates a full brass band! Produces three different tones on one instrument, and gives a most perfect imitation of a locomotive, in motion, in times of danger, arriving and leaving stations, and imitates the steam, whistle, and bell, with wonderful precision." We have our own suspicions about this blind professor. There is a smell of sulphur about it. He surely cannot be of this world; or he is in league with powers below. Nor is our terror dissipated by the lugubrious, phantasmal, church-yard character of his "suitable selections for the evening's entertainment," which include the following "sentimental" pieces:—

Greeting: Introductory.
The Maniac: A Scene in a Lunatic Asylum.
The Old Sexton: A piece in which is represented a Sexton burying the dead, the falling of the dirt on the coffin, &c.
The Spell: A song of Love.
The Green Bay Tree: Disappointed Love.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep: Representing the waves of the ocean dashing and foaming.
The Phantom Chorus.
Death of Napoleon: Bass Solo.
Boyhood Days: Bass Solo.
Giant Song: Bass Solo.
I looked around.
My Mother and my Home.—These lines were suggested on the occasion of a mother watching by the death-bed of her son.
Would we'd never met.
Man the Life-Boat: A Song of Shipwreck.
I'm afloat: Pirate Song.
A Life on the Ocean Wave.
Grave of Bonaparte.
Wrongs and Woes: Bass Solo.
My Name in the Sand: Bass Solo.
N. B.—The Sleigh Ride: Pumpkin Pie: We're all dodging, &c.

Those cheerful pumpkins and sleigh-rides at the end, however, indicate a funny ghost. But the ceremonies conclude with three "overtures," entitled, "The Locomotive," "The Storm," and—"DEATH!"—after which this professor of the black art, *redivivus*, treats his appalled audience to feats of ventriloquism, "mysterious disappearances," &c.

"Father HEINRICH" is again meditating in his old age a return flight over the ocean to his German home; and the thought suggesting certain analogies with scenes in his hermit life in the Western forests, he has added another (the Opus 77) to that list of stupendous tone-works of his, which have always proved impracticable to our orchestras. He sends us the fantastic programme:

Programme of the 77th Work of A. P. H.

COLUMBÆ:

THE WILD OR PASSENGER PIGEONS.

- Grande Capriccio Volante.* A Characteristic American Tone-Picture, for full Orchestra.
- No. 1. The sitting of birds, and thunder-like flappings of a passing phalanx of American Wild Pigeons.
 2. The aerial armies alight on the primeval forest trees, which bend and crash beneath their weight.
 3. *A twilight scene.* The cooing of the doves, previous to their nightly repose.
 4. With Aurora comes the conflict for the beech-nuts.
 5. The vast conclave in grand council resolve to migrate elsewhere.
 6. Sudden rise and flight of the myriad winged emigrants.
 7. The presence of hunters startles the multitudinous array.
 8. The wounded and dying sink tumultuously earthward.
 9. In brooding agitation the Columbines continue their flight, darkening the welkin, as they utter their aerial requiem, but passing onward, ever onward to the goal of their nomadic wandering—

The green Savannas of the New World.

A recollection of a Hermit in his Log-house in Kentucky. ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH.

MOTTO.

In dark'ning clouds the westward pigeons fly,
And winged thunders shake the brooding sky;
The forest rocks—the waters surfeited rise,
With answering quake the echoing earth replies.

DUGANNE.

Musical Chat-Chat.

It is stated, on the authority of a private letter from London, that GRISI and MARIO have resolved to visit America again, and may be expected during the next winter. . . . The *New York Musical World*, (RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, editor,) in commencing a new volume this day, with "a weekly issue of 15,000 copies," announces an important accession to its editorial corps in "that Nestor of the musical profession," Dr. EDWARD HODGES, the learned organist of Trinity Church. We may expect some spicy criticisms. We congratulate friends WILLIS and MORAND on the remarkable success of their journal; we should be glad of half as much. The *Musical Review* (Messrs. MASON & BROTHERS) informs its readers regularly upon its title-page that its circulation is *more than three times that of any other musical periodical*:—45,000, then! Forty-five thousand people in our country, who love and think of Music as an Art enough to subscribe to a musical Art journal! Verily we are a musical people. The best musical journals in Germany, even, count their subscribers by hundreds, and not by thousands.

MAREZKE opened most brilliantly at the New York Academy on Monday night—at least so far as audience goes—for there was a rush of many more than could obtain entrance. The piece was *Il Trovatore*; the principal singers Mme. LAGRANGE, Mlle. VENTALDI (as the Gipsy), AMODIO and BRIGNOLI. On Wednesday evening TIBERINI, the new tenor, lately from Havana, of whom great things were said beforehand, appeared in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The *N. Y. Times* says he is about equal to BRIGNOLI. . . . The *New York Musical World* informs us that "a German Opera troupe commences at Boston in September"; "said to be a large and most efficient company, and will give German, Italian and French operas." This is too good news to have reached us here, where Boston is, and we are all eager to learn particulars. . . . Still another new psalm book!—making *six* this season. This last goes right up to the stars, calling itself "The Celestina"; it is the production of a tuneful swain rejoicing in the name of VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.

HENRY B. SQUIRES, the American vocalist (tenor) will shortly return from Naples. . . . VESTVALI is at Hoboken, getting up her wardrobe for her opera in Mexico, and her brother is in Europe, forwarding singers for the troupe. . . . Our young townsman, Mr. NATHAN B. CLAPP, the pianist, who has been studying for two years at the Musical Conservatorium in Leipzig, is now on his way home to his native city, (if he has not already arrived,) bringing very high testimonials from his professors, Moscheles, Plaidy, Richter, and others. We believe he intends to establish himself in Boston, and trust that he will find patronage, and strengthen the cause of true Art in our community. At least we are encouraged to hope this by the kind of interest he has shown in music while abroad, (see notices of private concerts, &c. in Leipzig in our columns during the last winter.)

A concert for the benefit of the French sufferers by the late inundations was given on the 14th ult. at Baden-Baden; with grand orchestra and chorus, conducted by BERLIOZ, and with Mlle. DUPREZ and Mme. VIARDOT, from Paris, and Herr GRIMMER, from Karlsruhe, as solo singers. . . . Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was recently given at Geneva by more than seven hundred performers. . . . BORDOGNI, the famous singing-master, died recently in Paris.

German journals mention that Prof. Cornelius, the painter, has lately been appearing as an amateur composer of music, in the shape of sacred works and *Lieder*,—and announce that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg is engaged on a fifth opera, entitled 'Diana,' . . . The

Gazette Musicale of Paris states that five MS. Quartets for stringed instruments, by Donizetti, have been for some time in the hands of Signor Piatti; and that on being tried by him and three Italian partners they proved to be of "a magnificent beauty." . . . Mr. White, a young artist of color, the other day carried off the first prize for violin playing, in an arena no less ambitious than that of the Paris Conservatoire.

The London *Athenæum* has some pertinent remarks upon a point to which we have before called attention, and which we hope will some day be practically considered by our music-publishers. It says:

A musical friend throws out a suggestion, the importance of which needs no word of ours to commend it.—"Why," says he, "is published music never dated?" The complete works of a writer like Dr. Spohr (to give an instance) may stretch over half a century. It is true they are numbered, for the most part—but their number represents the order of composition, not of publication. A time comes when original editions are exhausted—and when from the dispersed mass of the master's works, unequal in value, some professor or publisher shall select and re-issue that which is of permanent value. In this re-issue of course the numerical sequence may be broken, and the guidance of a date would be most welcome. The suggestion of our friend was called out in reference to the republication of the best among Clementi's *hundred and six Sonatas, making four-and-thirty works* (*vide Fétis*). Few who examine the new series, and who remark the numerous examples of imitation or of resemblance to the works of other writers which Clementi's Sonatas contain, will not wish to ascertain how far certain ideas have been anticipations, coincidences, or recollections. As matters stand, however, precise information on the subject is hardly attainable.

Advertisements.

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A Sight Singing School will be opened by D. U. MARTIN, at the Christian Baptist Church, corner of Kneeland and Tyler Streets, on Monday Evening, Sept. 23, when Prof. H. W. DAY, A. M., the well-known inventor of the method, will deliver a free opening Lecture.

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For the benefit of those members of the class of last year, who may wish to continue their practice, the lessons will be resumed in the course of October.

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An Additional Volume of BEETHOVEN'S PIANO-FORTE WORKS for two hands, is also in preparation, which is to contain his Variations, and smaller works generally, not included among the thirty-two Sonatas.

The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c. within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÜRING.

(Continued from page 179.)

Such blissful moments were his compensation for many a bitter experience. Nothing so stirred up his sense of justice as to find himself deceived in the character of a man with whom he had long stood in friendly relations. The lawsuit, in which he became involved with a brother artist, the court mechanic, MAELZEL, in Vienna, ended in a sort of compromise, whereby Beethoven let the case drop, but was obliged to pay half the costs. Beethoven's masterwork, the "Battle of Vittoria," which was to be performed during the Vienna Congress in the year 1814, was the occasion of this controversy, about which Beethoven expressed himself at length in a deposition prepared for his counsel, Dr. von Adlersburg.

"I had written for Maelzel," he says, "at my own suggestion and without reward, a battle symphony for his Panharmonica. After he had had this awhile, he brought me the score, from which he had already begun to engrave, and wished it arranged for full orchestra. I had before then conceived the idea of a battle music, which, however, was not applicable to his Panharmonica. We agreed to give this and other works of mine in a concert for the benefit of the soldiers. In the meantime I was in the most terrible pecuniary embarrassment. Forsaken by the whole world here in Vienna, in expectation of a change, &c., Maelzel offered me 50 ducats. I took them, and told him that I would return them to him here, or give him the work to take to London, in case I did not make the journey with him, in

which latter case I would introduce him to an English publisher, who would pay him the 50 ducats. The concerts were approaching; and now for the first time Herr Maelzel's plan and character developed themselves. Without my consent, he had printed on the handbills that it was *his* property. Provoked at this, I made him tear down the bills again. Then he put on: 'Out of friendship, on occasion of his journey to London.' This I permitted, since I reserved to myself the liberty of choosing under what conditions I would give him the work. I remember there was a vehement contest during the printing of the bills. But I had not much time, and was still writing on my work. In the fire of inspiration, wholly absorbed in it, I scarcely thought of Maelzel more. Meanwhile, just after the first performance in the hall of the University, I was told on all sides, and by reliable men, that Maelzel had everywhere reported that he had lent me 400 ducats in gold. Immediately after the first concert, I gave back to Maelzel his 50 ducats, told him that, since I had found out his character, I would not travel with him, being justly indignant that he, without asking me, had stated in the bills that all the arrangements for the concert had been thwarted; and even that his bad patriotic character had manifested itself in several public expressions. I declared that I would not give him the work to take with him to London, except on conditions which I would make known to him. He now maintained that it was a *gift of friendship*, and had this expression put into the newspaper after the second concert, without asking me at all. As Maelzel is a coarse man, wholly without education, without culture, one can imagine how he behaved towards me during this time, and how he more and more provoked me. Who would make such a man a friendly present on compulsion? An opportunity occurred for me to send the work to the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV., of England. So it was not possible for me to give him this work unconditionally. Maelzel now made proposals. He was told on what day he should appear, to receive an answer; but he came not; he travelled abroad, and had the work performed in Munich. How came he by it? Stealing was not possible. Herr Maelzel had some of the separate parts for some days at his house, and from these he got some low musical hack to put together a whole, which he is now peddling about the world. Herr Maelzel had promised me machines to help my hearing. To stimulate him, I arranged the Battle Symphony for his Panharmonica. His machines finally came to hand, but were not of sufficient use to me. For this little trouble Herr Maelzel thought, after I had com-

posed the Triumphal Symphony for grand orchestra, that I should compose the battle in addition, and make him the exclusive owner of the work. Admitting that I felt under some obligations to him for the hearing machines, yet this is cancelled by the fact that he earned at least 500 florins in convention coin with the battle stolen from me or put together in a mutilated form. So he has made himself good. He even had the effrontery here to say that he had the Battle; nay, he showed it to several men in writing. But I did not believe it, and was so far right, since the whole was not by me, but put together by another. Besides, the honor, which he ascribed to himself alone, might in itself pass for compensation. The Councillor of War did not mention me; and yet all the music of which the two concerts consisted was by me."

Beethoven's uneasiness about such a dishonest proceeding, led him in a letter composed about the same time, July 25th, 1814, to acquaint the musicians in London with the matter, and to warn the English public of a fraud in the highest degree injurious to him and his artistic reputation. He wrote: "Herr Maelzel, who is at present in London, has on his journey thither brought out in Munich my triumphal symphonies and Wellington's 'Battle at Vittoria,' and will, in all probability, give musical concerts with the same, as he had a mind to do in Frankfort. This leads me publicly to declare that I have never and in no way ceded or made over the said works to Herr Maelzel, that no one possesses a copy of them, and that I have sent the only one with which I ever parted to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of England. The performance of these works, therefore, by Herr Maelzel is either a fraud upon the public, since, by the above explanation, he does not possess these works, or, if he does possess them, an injury to me, since he has got hold of them in an unlawful way. But even in the latter case the public will be deceived; for what Herr Maelzel brings out under the title: 'Wellington's Battle at Vittoria and Triumphal Symphony,' must plainly be a spurious or a mutilated work, since of these two works of mine he never received anything from me except a single part for a couple of days. This suspicion becomes certainty when I add the assurance of the musicians here, whose names I am authorized if need be to make public, that Herr Maelzel, on his departure from Vienna, informed them that he possessed these works, and that he had shown them parts (voices) of them, which, as I have already shown, could only be mutilated and not genuine. Whether Herr Maelzel is capable of such a wrong to me, is answered by the fact, that he announced himself alone in the

public prints, without the mention of my name, as the undertaker of my concerts which took place here in Vienna, for the benefit of those wounded in the war, when only my works were performed. Therefore I exhort the musicians of London not to suffer such a wrong to me, their brother artist, as the performance there by Herr Maelzel of the 'Battle of Vittoria' and the 'Triumphal Symphony,' and to prevent the London public from being deceived by him in the way now charged."

In September, 1814, at the time of the Vienna Congress, these works, which had caused the composer so much vexation, were performed with great acceptance. Beethoven saw himself honored by many a distinction. The Empress of Russia made him a present of 200 ducats. A musical society in England sent him a costly piano-forte, made by one of the first artists there. The magistrate at Vienna conferred on him the honorary right of citizenship, and the Society of Friends of Music in the Austrian Empire made him an honorary member. Similar honors were extended to him by the Philharmonic Society at Laibach, as well as by the musical academies in Amsterdam and Stockholm.

So much the more was he surprised by the apparently indifferent reception of the "Battle of Vittoria" on the part of the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV., of England. As we have already mentioned, Beethoven had sent the score of his work, with an inscription, to this Prince, through the Austrian ambassador. For a long time he heard nothing of it, except that the "Battle of Vittoria" had been performed with great acceptance several evenings in succession in the Drury Lane Theatre. Then he sent enclosed to his friend and pupil Ries, a letter in his own hand to King George IV., with directions to deliver it in person. But this method had its great difficulties, inasmuch as only persons of the highest rank, and only the select of these, were presented to the King. The very look of the letter was enough to frighten one, although Beethoven, whose hand-writing was for the most part illegible, may have tried to write more fairly and distinctly. Ries turned to the secretary of the Austrian legation, Herr von Bauer. But he replied, he could not possibly in his position hand the letter to the king; but he would try to have it reach the monarch's hands through some private person. This attempt, however, remained fruitless. Through a page, who was very fond of Beethoven's compositions, the letter was indeed handed to the king; but no gift nor word of thanks resulted. Of this Beethoven often bitterly complained, and this led him one day, in a letter to Ries, to make use of the humorous expression: "The king might at least have honored me with a butcher's knife or a turtle." Probably Beethoven had heard that the king was a gourmand; hence this allusion.

In striking contrast with this cold reception of one of his most eminent works, stands the memorable distinction shown him at an earlier period (179-) by a German prince. He never could forget his reception at the court of the King of Prussia, Frederick William II. In Berlin Beethoven composed and played two Sonatas with violoncello *obligato*, one of them for the first violinist of the king, DUPONT. On taking leave he received a golden snuff-box filled with Louis-d'ors. With satisfaction, he declared that it was

no common box, but such an one as was given to ambassadors. Of the kapellmeister HIMMEL, with whom he had much intercourse during his stay in Berlin, Beethoven said: "He possesses a very clever talent, and his piano playing is elegant and pleasing; but he stands far below Prince Louis Ferdinand in this respect." To the latter Beethoven thought to pay a great compliment when he told him that he played not in a kingly or princely manner, but like a clever pianist. The friendly relation between Beethoven and Himmel, however, was of short duration. Himmel was weak enough to enter into a competition with Beethoven in improvising upon the piano. Beethoven, after listening to him for some time, offended him by saying: "You prelude a great while; when are you going to begin?" Himmel's vanity could never quite get over this wound, and there was ever after a coldness between him and Beethoven, in spite of an apparent reconciliation.

Regard for outward conventions, even where their demands seemed unconditional, was a thing impossible for Beethoven. Whatever belonged to etiquette, he had never known and would not know. His conduct often caused no little embarrassment in the immediate circle of the Archduke Rudolph. When he was instructed about the formalities which he had to observe, he promised to do better, but it always ended with a promise. One day, when they tutored him again, as he called it, he rushed in a state of extreme indignation to the Archduke, and declared unequivocally, that he cherished the deepest reverence for him and his person, but that strict observance of the prescriptions which they gave him daily was, once for all, no business of his. The Archduke smiled good-naturedly, and gave orders that thenceforth they should let him go his own way undisturbed; there was no help for it.

One of Beethoven's manifold peculiarities was his frequent change of lodgings. In the beginning of spring he went regularly into the country, and did not return to the city until late in autumn. When he composed his opera *Leonora*, he had for a whole year free lodgings in the theatre upon the Wieden. But this habitation did not content him long. He hired rooms at the same time in the red house, so called, on the Alster-Caserne, where his friend Stephen von Breuning also lived. When Summer came, he engaged a country residence in Döbling. After his return to the city, a quarrel with Breuning, before mentioned, led him to hire lodgings in the fourth story of the house of Baron Pasquillati, on the Mülker ramparts, commanding a very beautiful prospect. Thus he had four dwelling places at a time. From the last he moved out several times, but always came back again, so that the Baron Pasquillati used good-humoredly to say, when Beethoven moved out: "The rooms shall not be let; Beethoven is coming back."

The natural consequence of this frequent change of residence was, that not a little time was consumed in the transportation of his chattels back and forth, before any order was restored among them, especially among his papers. To his own manuscript works Beethoven attached little value. They lay for the most part, after they were once engraved, in an adjoining room, or on the floor in the middle of the room with other music. Scarcely put in order, his papers, if he looked for any-

thing, flew into confusion again. Beethoven's dwelling betrayed no especial expensiveness; he had no fondness for it even in his dress, although it was always neat and he wore particularly fine linen. Of luxury and splendor of any sort he was no friend, and in his demeanor from youth up he was awkward and ungainly. As his friend Ries said, Beethoven seldom took anything into his hand, that did not fall or break. Many a time did he upset his inkstand into his piano, which stood near the writing desk. Ries adds: "How Beethoven contrived to shave himself, it is hard to conceive, unless one considered the frequent cuts upon his cheeks." He was utterly unsuited for the care of economical matters. In an already mentioned letter of an earlier period, 1801, to the kapellmeister Hofmeister in Leipzig, Beethoven himself confessed that he was anything but an accountant. For that reason his life and his own housekeeping were more expensive for him than for anybody else, notwithstanding that he denied himself almost every convenience. But he seldom complained of it, and did not willingly accept aid from friends who knew his situation.

He was particularly straitened through the depreciation of paper money. This he confessed in a letter to his friend Ries, which at the same time affords valid proof of how Beethoven's kind-heartedness, in spite of his embarrassments, was quite unable to withhold a helping hand from others. In that letter (Nov. 22, 1815) he confessed: "I have lost 600 florins yearly on my salary. At the time of the bank notes it was nothing. Then came the redemption bonds, and by them I lost these 600 florins. We are now at the point where the bonds are worse than ever the bank notes were. I pay 1,000 florins house rent. Imagine the distress which this paper money occasions. My poor, unhappy brother Carl has just died. He had a bad wife. I can say he had for some years consumption of the lungs, and I can safely reckon what I gave him, to make life easier to him, at 10,000 florins, Vienna currency. That now for an Englishman indeed is not much, but for a poor German, much more an Austrian, it is a great deal. The poor fellow had altered a good deal in his last years. From my heart I lament him, and I rejoice to be able to say to myself, that I have in nothing fallen short of my duty in regard to his support."

While the death of his brother, as Beethoven confessed in a letter to Ries, Feb. 18, 1816, "worked deeply on his mind and on his works," he experienced a new and not less sensible loss. His countryman, the before-mentioned famous violinist Salomon, born like himself in Bonn, died in London, where he had lived many years, on the 25th of November, 1815. As a member of the Philharmonic Society he had been of great service in diffusing there a taste for Haydn's music, and also in regard to Beethoven, whose compositions, especially his symphonies, he had brought out in several public concerts. In a letter of the 28th of February, 1816, to Ries, who was then in London, Beethoven said: "Salomon's death pains me much, since he was a noble man, whom I remember from my childhood. You have become his executor, and I at the same time guardian of the child of my poor dead brother. You will hardly have had as much annoyance as I have from this death. But there

remains to me the sweet consolation of having rescued a poor innocent child from the hands of an unworthy mother."

The straitened condition in which he then was, and which he has described in a forgoing letter, was ill calculated to put Beethoven in a cheerful humor, to say nothing of the oft-returning attacks of sickness which robbed him of it. He often found himself in pecuniary trouble. "Of the ten ducats," he wrote on the 8th of March, 1816, to Ries in London, "not a farthing has arrived as yet, and I begin already to believe that the English too are only generous abroad. So I found it with the Prince Regent, from whom I have never even received the cost of copying for my 'Battle of Vittoria,' nay, not even a word of written or of oral thanks. My income amounts to 3400 in paper; I pay 1100 for house rent; my servant with his wife costs me 900 florins; you can reckon what remains. Besides, I have my little nephew wholly to provide for; until now he is at the Institute; that costs me as much as 1100 florins, and a bad arrangement at that, so that I shall have to commence regular house-keeping, and take him home with me. How much one has to earn, merely to be able to live here! And yet there is no end of it—for—for—for—you know already. Then, too, my dear pupil Ries must set himself to work and dedicate something clever to me, to which the master must respond, and offset like with like." Beethoven closed his letter with the words: "All that is beautiful to your wife; alas! I have none. I have found but one, and her I never shall possess; but I am no woman-hater for all that."

That Beethoven never was without a tender passion, and for the most part deeply smitten by it, appears from the unanimous testimony of his friends. The first object of his youthful inclination was a young lady of Cologne, JEANNETTE D'HONRATH, who often passed some weeks in the von Breuning family in Bonn. She was a handsome, lively blonde, of agreeable culture, who took a lively interest in music, and sang quite gracefully. Her favored lover and afterwards husband was an Austrian officer in Cologne, by the name of CARL GRATH, who died as field-marshal lieutenant and commandant of Temeswar on the 15th of October, 1827. After this, by a sort of Werther's love, Beethoven was for some time enchained to a Fräulein von W—, also distinguished by her beauty and her culture. In Vienna also he had formed several love relations, and sometimes made conquests which would have been difficult, if not impossible, to many an Adonis. Even in his later years, he liked very well to look upon beautiful young faces. When he met a charming maiden in the street, he turned round, surveyed her sharply through his glass, and smiled when he saw that any one observed it. But his loves were only of short duration. He openly confessed once to his friend Ries, who joked him on the conquest of a beautiful lady, that she had enchained him the most deeply and the longest, seven full months.

"One evening," says Ries at a later period, "I went to Beethoven at Baden near Vienna, where he often stopped, in order to continue my lessons. There I found a handsome young lady sitting by him on the sofa. As it seemed to me that I came malapropos, I was on the point of instantly retiring, but Beethoven held me back

and said: "Play a little while." He and the lady remained sitting behind me. I had already played a long while, when Beethoven suddenly exclaimed: 'Ries! play something that has love in it!' Then again soon: 'Something melancholy!' Then: 'Something passionate!' and so on. From what I heard, I could conclude that he had perhaps offended the lady in some way, and now wanted to make it right by humors. Finally he sprang up and cried: 'Those are mere things of mine!' I had, to be sure, always played movements out of his own works, strung together merely by some short transitions, which, however, seemed to have caused him satisfaction. The lady went away, and Beethoven, to my great astonishment, did not know who she was. I then heard that she had come in just before me, in order to make Beethoven's acquaintance. We soon followed after her, to ascertain her residence, and thereby afterwards her rank. We saw her still in the distance, since it was bright moonlight; but suddenly she vanished. We kept on walking and conversing upon various matters for about an hour and a half in the beautiful vale adjoining. As we went away, Beethoven said: 'I must contrive to find out who she is, and you must help me.' Long afterwards I met her in Vienna, and I now discovered that she was the loved one of a foreign Prince. I imparted my information to Beethoven, but have never, either from him or from any one else, heard anything more about her."

With these rapid changes of his feelings and outward impressions, Beethoven's absent-mindedness and forgetfulness were naturally connected. For some variations in A major on a Russian air, he had received from Count Browne in Vienna a present of a fine saddle horse. He rode it a few times, but soon forgot all about his fodder. Beethoven's servant, soon observing this, used his master's forgetfulness for his own profit. He let out the horse, but for a long time handed in no accounts for fodder, so as not to awaken his master's attention. At last Beethoven received all at once a large bill, which suddenly recalled to memory his horse and his own negligence. In many other cases Beethoven's distraction showed itself. When the charms of nature, which he loved from his youth up, enticed him into the open air, he forgot, to the great distress of his hired housekeeper, to return at meal time. He ate in any chance eating house, while many a friend, whom he had invited to dine with him, vainly awaited his return. It often happened, when he sat down upon the grass, that he got up suddenly and hastened on, without remarking that he had left his hat lying on the ground. Not seldom did it occur, that after staying out a long time in the most frightful weather, he came home shivering and bare-headed, with the rain dripping from his gray hair.

[To be continued.]

Farewell to Robert Schumann.

[Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung* for Lond. Mus. World.]

Yesterday evening we conducted Robert Schumann to his last home!

The young minstrel brothers of the *Concordia* bore the simple coffin, which was decorated with a wreath of laurels. Joachim, Brahms, and Dietrich, so intimately connected with Schumann during his lifetime, went first, then came the clergyman, and near him, the burgomaster of Bonn, accompanied by a considerable number of

worthy men. Solemnly echoed the tones of brass instruments, and brazen melodies, those chorals, which for centuries have glorified so much joy and so much suffering. Solemnly did the procession wind through the streets of Bonn, while the inhabitants seemed to follow it with sympathizing looks. When it reached the cemetery, a circle was formed around the open grave. The coffin was lowered into it—from the dense crowd the gentle form of a woman glided forward, here and there, and let a nosegay, or a chaplet, fall from her hands upon the bier beneath—it did not last longer than the time to shed a tear. The pastor Wiseman took a spadeful of earth, and, throwing it on the coffin, pronounced the old, time-honored words: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," followed by a prayer. He then spoke a few and fervent words concerning the fate and fortunes of the deceased, and the singers of the *Concordia* sang a mournful song. Again did a solemn choral resound—and each of us took a handful of earth and scattered it on the coffin—a last, poor, cold offering of love! Meanwhile the sun had set, and everything was dissolved into undefined masses and shadows—and the crowd, which had hitherto been held together by a common object of interest, dispersed, just as everything else quickly breaks up when the connecting power ceases to work, when the fashioning germ has fallen a victim to annihilation. Poor Schumann!

And yet there was a time when kings might have envied thee! With a golden sceptre didst thou sway a magnificent world of tones, creating and working in it with strength and freedom. Many of the best men joined thee, surrendered themselves up to thee, inspired thee with their own inspiration, and rewarded thee by the most profound partiality. And what love decked out thy life! A wife, crowned with the beaming crown of genius, stood by thy side, and thou wast for her as a father for a daughter, as a bridegroom for a bride, as a master for a pupil, as a saint for a believer. And when she could no longer remain at thy side, and clear every little stone from out thy path, then didst thou feel in the midst of thy dreams and thy sufferings, her protecting hand from afar off, and when the Angel of Death had compassion on thee, and approached thy anguish-tortured soul, in order to raise it once more to light and liberty, in thy last hours thy glance met hers, and, illuminated by love, thy weary spirit winged hence its course!

Thy wearied spirit! Yes; for thou hadst required of it too much. Thou asked'st from it, every moment as a right, that which falls to the lot of him who thankfully receives only in the hour of inspiration. As in the orange-groves of Italy, blossoms and fruit are displayed in constantly successive luxuriousness upon the same branch, thou would'st have had thy genius lay its golden apples in one uninterrupted course of budding, blooming and ripening at thy feet. Long did it willingly obey—and who can ever say how disunion between thee and it was brought about? Ah, perhaps it was but a short quarrel, such as occurs between the best of friends, appearing only to our weak eyes as strife, while you are, perhaps, on the best terms again, and smile at all we are now saying of you—while you smile gently and forgive us!

But I fear no smile from bad or good spirits, dear Schumann, when I speak of the elevation of thy efforts, and of their veracity and truth. Thou wast a real artist, and but few know how much sturdy, incorruptible will, devoted activity, and persevering courage is expressed by this. And thou wast gentle and good, and just towards others, as much as it is given to a mortal to be. Out of thy melodies gleams the grace of a sweet soul—out of thy melodies gushes the warmth of a loving heart. Silently didst thou sit and listen to the singing and heaving sounds within thee, and all the wonderful harmonies which lived there like the flowers at the bottom of the sea, but thou wouldst not listen to the whisperings of petty vanity, which only too often are mixed up with the melodies and chords in a musician's soul—perhaps they did not even strive to tempt thee, for they knew it would be in vain!

But thy works have become a so much greater

ornament, and will deck thy name better than marks of distinction *granted by others* could ever have done. Around the resting-place which the city of Bonn has selected for thee in her beautiful cemetery, so rich in great recollections, five young plane trees are planted. May the luxurious shade which they will cast in after years around the mound over thy grave, be a picture of the results of thy creations; and mayst thou, O admirable master, now repose, if repose is the lot of immortal spirits, and rejoice at the great amount of what is good and beautiful that thou hast produced in word and tone, rejoice at all the love and respect which blooms for thee in so many hearts in the great German Fatherland.

FERDINAND HILLER.

Cologne, 1 August, 1856.

Marriage of Caroline Duprez.

(Translated from L'Artiste.)

The most interesting romance of the week is the marriage of a young, rich, and popular vocalist—Mlle. Caroline Duprez—with a young, poor, and almost unknown musician—M. Van den Heuven. Opportunities of decrying the artist-world are so eagerly caught, that when a chance is presented of showing it in an admirable light, we are too glad to lay hold of it. Besides, the heroine of our story, both as a woman and an artist, enjoys everybody's good wishes. Why, then, should not the story of her noble action be related to the public—if only to prove that romance can be allied to common sense, that apparent impossibilities may sometimes happen, and that honesty is not always of necessity deprived of the charm of adventure?

The *prestige* of Parisian actresses, it is well known, implies all sorts of extravagance. But if some who are twenty times lost, faded, in debt, without talent, and ugly, find magnificent alliances, what pretensions must those have who are irreproachable, young, opulent, talented, beautiful! By the double illustration of her name, by her brilliant position, Mlle. Caroline Duprez could not be supposed to deny herself any satisfaction arising from vanity. Her every ambition was gratified, and yet she has given a rare example of spirit in marrying according to her choice; she might have espoused a Russian highness, a French marquis, a veritable millionaire; she has chosen a simple accompanist at the opera. Moreover, what attracted Mlle. Duprez towards her future husband is worth recounting. M. Van den Heuven is one of those rare young men who sacrifice their youth to their family, as if in obedience to a vow of filial love; we never see them expend upon themselves any part of their modest income, nor devote to their own pleasures a single hour of their time. They have the strength to resist temptation, and spend their lives in this kind of devotion. This it was which won the heart of Mlle. Duprez; who wished at once to recompense self-denial and add one to the list of the happy. She herself was fortune, and she had but one word to say to realize the metamorphosis. Her name is now Madame Van den Heuven. M. and Madame Duprez entertained, it is said, the same generous sentiments as their daughter. They were only desirous of testing her affection by a single ordeal—that of time. A term was fixed; the term expired, and Mlle. Duprez found herself in the same mind, calm and decided. There was a party at the house of M. Duprez; M. Van den Heuven was a guest. Mlle. Duprez, in the most graceful manner, took the young musician by the hand, and presented to the guests her future husband.

The other evening, listening to Mlle. Duprez, in an opera as exquisite as herself—*Les Diamants de la Couronne*—it seemed to us as if she was acting her own history. A queen marries a poor gentleman: Mlle. Duprez herself might have been taken by M. Scribe for his charming plot.

XAVIER AUBRIER.

Letters from Cologne mention that Herr Hiller is preparing a new oratorio, "Saul," against Whitsuntide, 1857, by which time the restorations of the

Gürzenich Hall will be completed, and when a grand solemnization of the Lower Rhenish Musical Festival will take place.

Madame Vestris.

By this well-known name—and not by that which for eighteen years she has legally borne as wife to Mr. Charles Mathews—must we announce the death of one of London's favorites, which took place at the close of last week. Her decease has been, for the Lady's self, a release, for her illness was a long one, accompanied with increasing physical agony.

The *Morning Post* gives fifty-nine as the age of Lucia Elizabeth Mathews, born (as the French would say) Bartolozzi. She came on the stage early—some forty years ago or more—and after singing awhile at the Italian Opera, was tempted to leave it for illegitimate drama and *vaudeville* on the English stage. Her character-hit (we are reminded by our contemporaries) was made in 'Giovanni in London.' Her song *par excellence* was 'Cherry Ripe.' After filling the print-shop windows and making a fortune for ballad composers for some halfscore years, Madame Vestris established herself as a manager at the Olympic Theatre five-and-twenty years since. There she remained for some seasons of brilliant success, during which she may be said to have worked out a new style of entertainment,—in conjunction with such skilled writers as Messrs. Planché, C. Dance and Oxenford. There, too, she married Mr. Charles Mathews. Her subsequent career, as engaged in the managements of Covent Garden and the Lyceum Theatres, ended by a fatal malady, needs not be followed.

In theatrical annals Madame Vestris will be remembered for sumptuousness of fancy and taste in detail, rather than for any intellectual subtlety or high artistic finish as an actress. She may possibly have owed to her foreign origin those instincts which marked her career. As a girl, she was rarely bewitching if not faultlessly beautiful—endowed with one of the most musical, easy, rich *contralto* voices ever bestowed on singer, which retained its charm to the last;—full of taste and fancy for all that is luxurious, decorative and gorgeous; but, perhaps not willing, perhaps not able, to learn beyond a certain depth. Thus, with every requisite for setting the opera "town" on fire, Madame Vestris never gained a very high place as singer in a musical theatre. Thus, with a public eager to praise whatever she said, smiled, or sang, Madame Vestris must be said to have sat at Comedy's "second table"—to have been inapprehensive in dialogue, flat in repartee, slow in conceiving character, as apart from *costume*,—and hence not to be remembered by any comic creation or impersonation. Thus, despite her remarkable personal fascinations, she cannot rank among the great mimes—with Pallarini, or Elssler, or even Leroux,—women who, without speaking, have presented beings of the mind which will live in the annals of Drama. It was a certain instinct, we repeat, that saved Madame Vestris, and kept her for so many years in the full blaze of public favor. She managed to bring every incomplete gift into such play, that few cared to ask what, and *how*, was the spell that kept its owner "swimming" when more sterling folk were swamped. Without having mastered the singer's art, she charmed by her singing—the parts that she could not act she dressed superbly. She was unequal to the utterance of Shakspeare's poetical fancies—not elegant enough for Congreve—not sufficiently piquant for Sheridan,—but in *extravaganzas*, burlesques, musical farces, she was so accomplished, sprightly and graceful, that the charm by which she held her public was hardly felt to be third-rate while she was in presence. Her taste in decoration of every kind was lavish, fantastic, but always harmonious. She was imperious, extravagant, exigent, in no common degree,—like one who from her girlhood had been used to suit and service,—the gratification of whose every idea of luxury had been encouraged, not balanced by prudential considerations. That she was considerate and kindly in her managerial rule and governance many an obscure person

could now testify. She was tended in her long and weary illness by affectionate relatives and steady friends; and though she leaves behind her no great name in Drama, she leaves one which, by reason of its peculiarity, will not be forgotten.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sharps, Flats and Accidentals.

FLORENCE, Mass., Sept. 6, 1856.

MR. EDITOR—Every paper, now-a-days, has its watering-place correspondence; why should not you? So, if you admit gossip into your staid and sober Journal, I have no objection to transmitting to you and your readers sundry musical odds and ends which I have lately picked up. For although you may, by glancing at the date, have rashly flattered yourself that you were about to read a letter from the original "beautiful Florence," the point from which I write is no more nor less than one of the most genuine of watering places, viz.: a water-cure establishment. Do any of you know what it is to belong to the "Cold Water Folks" or to take the "treatment"? Have any of you been initiated into the mysteries of the "pack, sitz bath, douche, plunge," etc.? But whether you have or not, these do not belong to our present subject. To get back upon the right road to that, we must glance at the amusements provided for the patients and at the patients themselves. Thus by degrees we shall arrive at the source of enjoyment which at present concerns us most closely—Music.

We find ourselves in a neighborhood which is musical by memory and association, but much less so in reality. We are within a few miles of Northampton, around which JENNY LIND once shed a musical halo, but upon which, alas! her mantle has not fallen. It is so seldom that a concert takes place in this good village, that the people require a special rousing and stirring up before taking the trouble to go to one. Last Tuesday night, however, thanks to the efforts of a few Art-lovers, a very fair audience (for Northampton) was assembled to listen to the sweet strains of one of your songsters, Miss LUCY A. DOANE, assisted by her friend and teacher, Mr. KREISSMANN, also your townsman, and a young pianist, fresh from the Conservatory at Leipzig, Mr. LEONHARDT. I will not enter into detail, except to say that everything went off well. The programme exhibited, to be sure, a strange mixture of names—Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Caraffa, Franz and Chopin alternating with Donizetti, Abt, Dempster, etc. It will seem almost inconsistent with my former remarks about the Northamptonians when I tell you that almost the only pieces encored were Handel's beautiful "Angels ever bright and fair," a duet by Caraffa, and Franz's "*Willkommen mein Wald*," to which Mr. Kreissmann did full justice. I cannot explain it.

Miss Doane has for some weeks been "one of us," and has become a general favorite, through her amiable manners, and her constant readiness to oblige us by letting us hear her beautiful voice. Her singing, too, proves her to have had a really good teacher, while her taste in music is the best. We were thus well prepared to like Mr. Kreissmann when he came among us for a few days, with his joyous, earnest temperament, his long experience in music, and his exquisite voice. We gave him in return, what we could—the green fields, the dark woods, the purling brooks, and all the music which Nature makes with her thousand voices, and the delicious quiet of one of the loveliest rural spots. I am not sure but that he also took a taste of the water-cure; but that was his own choice and the doctor's doing.

Previous to this last "solemn opportunity," (to use a Quaker phrase,) our halls were filled with music nearly every night. Besides Miss Doane, there were among our number several amateur per-

formers, both vocal and instrumental, who relieved and accompanied her, and from one of these, a young lady who was quite a proficient in both branches, and one of the "appreciative" ones, I heard a ludicrous story of her experience. She had been requested to play, and had responded by some light, pleasing pieces which she had at her finger's ends, when a lady from Texas inquired: "Don't you play any of Beethoven's (pronounced according to the strictest English rules) music? I like him better than any one else," &c. Our fair friend, surprised that anything so good could come out of Texas, was finally beguiled into a belief that she had stumbled upon a kindred spirit, and, having before promised a friend to play one of the Sonatas when there should be a good chance, took this opportunity to do so. The exclamations: "Elegant! lovely!" etc., from the Texan lady, somewhat damped the ardor of the enthusiasm to which the glorious composition was raising her; but when, all excitement and inspiration, she let the last chord die away, no "douche" could have given her a greater shock than the words of her neighbor: "That is very pretty. Do you play any of Verdi's music?" Speechless at first, our friend finally gasped out: "No!" "But I have an air from *Trovatore*; if I get it, won't you try it?" "No—I can't play Verdi after Beethoven;" soon after which the appreciative young lady, vainly endeavoring to recover from the thunderbolt which had thus fallen upon her. In the evening a cold shudder came over her as she saw the Texan lady approaching her, and heard her say: "Can't you play another of Beethoven's Sonatas?" She excused herself on the plea of the parlor being too full, and then was treated to an account of the state of music in Houston, Texas, which was certainly amusing? Among other things, she was informed that, among the many Germans residing there, there was a daughter of "Professor von Hofenbach, the great composer, who composed the *Midnight Waltz*." I am not very well posted up in musical biography and history; perhaps you can enlighten me with regard to this distinguished gentleman.

One more item, and then I will close this letter, which, as coming from a stranger, I fear you will already consider too long. I saw an excellent joke in a German comic paper the other day, which must not be lost to your Journal. It ran thus: "No one could deny that if Mozart were to hear most of the modern instrumental music, he would surely turn in his grave. Now, as it had hitherto been impossible to ascertain the exact spot in which the great composer was buried, it was proposed that a grand orchestra should be placed in the churchyard where he is known to rest, and made to play some of the above-mentioned music, by Verdi, or other writers of the same school, while a man should be stationed as listener at every grave. The noise made by the turning of the body would leave no more room for doubt as to Mozart's last resting-place." The cut which accompanied this proposal, with the grand orchestra playing away for dear life, the leader making the most fearful contortions, and the expectant, anxious and awed faces of the men at the graves, was exceedingly ludicrous.

HYDROPATHOS.

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—(From the *Musical World*, Aug. 9.)—The twelfth concert yesterday se'night brought the series to a close with brilliant éclat. The attendance was again immense, and the music room was filled with a dazzling array of rank and fashion. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Overture (*Leonora*),.....Beethoven
Aria—"Ah, per sempre," Sig. Graziani,.....Bellini

Aria e Coro—"Possenti numi," Herr Formes and Chorus,.....Mozart
Swiss Echo Song—Mlle. Rosa Devries,....Carl Eckert
Madrigal—"Down in a flow'ry vale,".....Fesca
Romanza—"Una virgine," Sig. Gardoni,....Donizetti
Quartetto, "Ecco quel fiero istante," Mesdames Grisi and Didiée, Signors Mario and Ronconi,.....Costa
Valse—"Ah! che assorta," Mad. Bosio,....Venzano
Finale—"Qual cor tradisti," (*Norma*),.....Bellini

PART II.

Overture (*Guillaume Tell*),.....Rossini
Cavatina—"Qui la voce," Mad. Grisi,.....Bellini
Duet—"Una dama," Mlle. and Sig. Gardoni, Rossini
Cantata—"Adelaida," Sig. Mario,.....Beethoven
Duetto—"Quanto amore," Mad. Bosio and Sig. Ronconi,.....Donizetti
Romanza—"Una furtiva lagrima," Sig. Neri Beraldi,.....Donizetti
Aria—"Il segreto per esser felice," Mad. Nantier Didiée,.....Donizetti
Finale—(*Fidelio*),.....Beethoven

The overture to *Leonora* was wonderfully played under the direction of Mr. Costa. Sig. Graziani sang the slow movement of the air from *I Puritani* extremely well. Herr Formes was ably supported by the chorus in "Possenti Numi," which was a solemn and impressive performance. Mlle. Rosa Devries was encored in the Swiss Echo Song, originally written for Madame Sontag. Another encore was awarded to Fesca's Madrigal, which immediately followed. Sig. Gardoni sang the romance from the *Favorita* with genuine feeling; and Mr. Costa's flowing and melodious quartet was given to perfection by the singers. A tumultuous "bis" was bestowed on Mad. Bosio in Venzano's valse, which was repeated amid reiterated applause. The *Finale* to the last act of *Norma* was powerfully rendered by Madame Grisi, Sig. Gardoni, Herr Formes and chorus.

The overture to *Guillaume Tell* was loudly re-demanded, as indeed its performance by the band fully warranted. Grisi's peculiar charm of voice and her irresistible *mezza voce* were displayed to great advantage in the cavatina from *I Puritani*. The lovely duet from *Conte Ory* was perfectly given by Mlle. Marai and Sig. Gardoni. Sig. Mario was encored in "Adelaida," a compliment which his exquisite singing richly deserved. Mr. Costa's orchestral arrangement of the piano-forte accompaniment in this scene was much admired. The three succeeding pieces were re-demanded and repeated. The duet from the *Elisir d'Amore* delighted and amused the audience vastly, so much animation and spirit was thrown into their singing by Mme. Bosio and Sig. Ronconi; Sig. Neri Beraldi displayed a very pleasing voice and nice taste in the *romanza* from the same opera; and Mad. Nantier Didiée, who seems to sing better every time she sings, dashed off the famous *brindisi* with irresistible *entrain*. A more brilliant termination to a brilliant series of concerts could hardly have been desired, than the finale to the last act of *Fidelio*, in which the solos were sung by Mme. Bosio, Mlle. Marai, Sigs. Gardoni, Beraldi, Polouini, and Herr Formes.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.—(From the same.)—Among the novelties lately produced in the musical department must be named the Zouave trumpeters, who appeared for the first time on Tuesday night with extraordinary success. Strictly speaking, the Zouave trumpeters play no tunes. They have the "revil," the "retraite," the "alarme," the "roll-call," the "bivouac," and other calls, such as to march, to fire, to cease firing, exactly as our regimental buglers have; only instead of the bugle, the Zouaves use a brass trumpet—a *clarion*—and are wonderfully expert. M. Jullien has made precisely the same use of them as previously he had done of the National Guard drummers. The appearance of the Zouaves wrought no little in favor of their success; and directly the well-known costume was perceived in the orchestra, the audience welcomed them with a shout that might have been heard at Sebastopol.

To introduce them to the public, and to display their talent to the best advantage, M. Jullien composed a new quadrille, entitled "The Zouaves," in which all the various calls of the trumpeters are introduced with remarkable effect. The success of the trumpeters of the Second Regiment of Zouaves was indisputable, and the new quadrille was admired for its ingenuity and its brilliant orchestration.

On the same evening the programme, among other things, contained the overture to *Egmont*, allegro from Mendelssohn's A minor Symphony, *largo* from Beethoven's Symphony in D, and grand operatic selection from *Il Trovatore*, with which the mob has become violently enamored, owing to the fine performance of MM. König, Lavigne, Reichart, and Hughes on their respective instruments. A solo on the violoncello, by M. Ernest Demunck, a very young performer, and son of the celebrated Belgian violoncellist, was greatly admired and applauded with enthusiasm. Mad. Rüdersdorff was encored in "Robert, toi que j'aime," which she sang with unusual fervor; and Miss Kate Ranoë produced a marked sensation by her simple and unpretending manner, in the graceful "Evening Prayer," from Mr. Costa's *Edi*. Signor Ferrari was put down for Mercadante's "Ella piangea," and Fräulein Jessy Rolls for the

grand scena from *Der Freyschütz*. The attendance was enormous, both in the gardens and the music-room.

Aug. 16.—On Saturday there was an excellent selection of madrigals and part-songs, which was so successful, that a night in every week is for the future to be set apart for the same kind of music.

On Wednesday the first Mendelssohn concert was given. The programme was full of interest. The concert began with the "Military Overture" in C major, composed for wind instruments. The stringed basses, on this occasion, were additions to the score—but scarcely, we think, improvements. The symphony in A major was played entire, and in a style which conferred infinite credit upon M. Jullien and his orchestra. There was also the first movement (without the "repeat") of the early quintet in the same key, for two violins, two tenors and violoncello, Op. 18, executed by MM. Kettenus, Sighicelli, Schreurs (brothers), and Vieuxtemps. It is curious that a tranquil piece of chamber music should be heard so well in so vast a building. Two of the part-songs—"Oh hills, oh vales," and the "Vale of Rest"—and the *finale* to the unfinished opera of *Loreley*, in which Mme. Rüdersdorff was the principal *soprano*, afforded an agreeable contrast to the instrumental music. "Oh hills, oh vales," was encored. The whole performance was thoroughly appreciated by the most crowded assembly we have seen in the Surrey Gardens since the inauguration of the new music hall. We should have stated that the band was enlarged for the occasion, and that Mr. Willey led. Mr. Land directed the chorus.

The Zouaves pursue their prosperous career, and the "Zouave Quadrille" is certainly one of M. Jullien's greatest hits.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Monday evening last, this society gave the second concert for the summer season in the lower room of Exeter Hall. The music consisted of Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Beethoven's *Engedi*—an adaptation of the *Mount of Olives*. The vocalists in the *Last Judgment* were Miss S. Gilbert, Miss M. Wells, Mr. Donald King, and Mrs. Lawler. Miss S. Gilbert and Mr. Donald King were encored in the duet "Forsake me not." The principals in *Engedi* were Miss E. Hughes, a pupil of Sir George Smart, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Lawler. The band, led by Mr. H. Blagrove, although not numerous, was efficient. The trebles, tenors, and basses were pretty well up to the mark, but the altos were weak. Mr. Surman was at his post as conductor. The audience was select, and consisted of the subscribers to the concerts for the summer season, which are to include works not now performed in the large hall.

BRUNSWICK.—The 25th anniversary festival of the North German Sängerbund was celebrated here, in the most solemn and worthy manner, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st July, by 1,000 singers, representing 63 unions. The reception of the members of the various societies at the railway station, and the procession to the magnificent Rathhaus, as well as the hearty welcome pronounced by the upper burgomaster, Herr Caspari, and the father of the Männergesangverein, Herr Grassau, formed an elevating introduction to the festival. The general rehearsal, under the direction of the Court *Capellmeister*, and musical directors, Herren Spohr, Abt, Fischer, Otto, Tschirsch, and Zabel, in the Ägidien-Kirche, so admirable for its acoustic qualities, went off so excellently that it appeared almost impossible to attain a better *ensemble*. Tenors and basses, the latter down to E flat, outvalled each other, both in strength and decision, as well as in softness and distinctness of pronunciation, and were supported by the admirable Hoboist corps of the Ducal regiment of infantry. On the 20th, three festive songs, under the direction of the musical director, Herr Daub, resounded from the Altstadt-markt, and then three others, under the direction of Herr Julius Schneider, in Holland's-garden. After breakfast, the procession set out from the Altstadt-markt. Three bands and forty flags preceded the joyous singers through the streets, which were richly adorned with floral festoons, while the windows were densely thronged with lovely women and young girls, scattering wreaths and flowers. The performance in the church was even more successful than the rehearsal the day previously; this was the case with the overtures to *Jessonda* and *Oberon*; of the vocal pieces, a solo quartet by Otto, a "Prayer" by Abt, "An das Vaterland" by Kreutzer, and "Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt" by Fischer, were the best executed. The separate performances of the various societies took place, during the grand dinner, under the marquee in Holland's-garden; the Liedertafel of Brunswick, and then the Liedertafeln of Hamburg, Minden, Dortmund, Bielefeld, Magdeburg, and Berlin especially distinguished themselves. To the Berlin Liederverein, under the direction of Herr Julius Schneider, was awarded, by the committee, the praise "of being the gem of the Brunswick Festival," and on this account the usual rules were suspended, and it was immediately admitted into the North German Sängerbund. Herren Spohr, Abt, Fischer, Otto, Tschirsch, Mühlhng, Jul. Schneider, were elected honorary members of the society. While the musical portion of the Festival was thus brilliantly carried out, the extraneous arrangements, which materially tended to the success of the whole, were

not less so. Among these must be mentioned the festive hall in Hollandt's garden, the splendid pyrotechnic display, and illumination with Bengal fires, the charming ball, the most agreeable trip to the Harzburg on the 21st, the many comical scenes there, the indefatigable attentions of the committee, the excellent cheer, in the shape of eatables and drinkables, &c. The North German Sängerbund will meet next year in Pyrmont.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 13, 1856.

Bach's Chorals.

It has long been a matter of wonder with us, considering the flood of wishy-washy, commonplace, mechanical and un-religious psalmody in which we have been weltering, that some one has not felt moved to give us, in convenient form, the incomparable old German Chorals (*Choral-Gesänge*) as harmonized by JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. Could these be studied in our more advanced choirs, our choral societies, our musical classes and "Conventions," their influence in developing a love and taste for what is true, and pure, and high, and really devotional in sacred music, would be incalculable. It is not possible that any one can once become familiar with Bach's Chorals and not love them—not feel that the highest ends of music are wonderfully realized in their most soul-ful and unworldly harmony. Bach never wrote for money or for cheap effect; he was a religious artist; his artistic efforts were his aspiration to the beautiful and good and true—to the Most High. All that he did was genuine. Hence his works never grow old. To those who study them now, a century since his death, they are the newest of the new. "In all his works he stands out great and bold and new."

Bach did not write these little masterpieces for use in public worship; nor did he even allow them to be printed. He wrote them *occasionally*, partly as examples for his scholars in composition; partly for the choir of the *Thomas-Schule*, over which he presided in Leipzig, to be used in their various private occasions, New Year's festivals, &c., and partly as interludes in his larger pieces, his Motets, Cantatas, Passions, &c. For these purposes he took the old German choral tunes, which the people loved during the religious excitement of the Reformation, and harmonized them for four voices, in his own incomparable way; taking for words a verse or two of some of those quaint and homely, but really religious hymns, of which the Germany of that period was so prolific. These old tunes have always been named from the first lines of the hymns with which they were originally associated. But Bach has in most instances used other hymns. The first collection of them was published at Berlin and Leipzig by his son, Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, in 1765-69, in two parts, containing one hundred Chorals each. Afterwards (in 1784-89) Kirnberger published a larger collection in four parts. The later and now commonly received collections are that made by Becker in 1831, which contains 371 Chorals, *without words*, and that by Erk, in 184-, of which the first part only is now out, containing 200 Chorals, with the words used by Bach, and with conscientious restoration of the harmony, wherever it had been altered, to the original form as Bach wrote it.

Congregational singing in unison is the practice all over Germany, and hence the Bach Chorals are not used there in the churches. We, on the contrary, have our small trained choirs, who sing in parts. Why, then, should we not, instead of common-place and trashy psalmody, make some use of these purest, noblest models of four-part sacred music that exist? The reasons why we have not done it are obvious. In the first place, as works of Art, they imply a more refined and cultivated taste than has prevailed or ever can prevail in our churches, so long as we have only the cheap and easy psalmody of everybody's manufacture for the musical religious sense to feed upon. And then it might spoil the enormous trade in psalmody, to allow the love for the true thing to be nurtured; for just so surely as any company of singers, who have music in their souls, shall get familiar with these chorals, will they find the common psalmody become "flat, stale and unprofitable." (We do not mean, of course, "Old Hundred" and the few grand old tunes.) In the next place the rhythm and metre of these old German hymns is so peculiar in most cases, abounding in double endings, or what is called female rhymes, that the tunes cannot be used much in connection with our hymn books. The Bach Chorals cannot supplant the psalm-tunes in our common forms of worship until the forms themselves are changed. But not the less is it desirable to have them made accessible. They may be put to many excellent uses, of which we name the following:

1. They may be sung as voluntary pieces for opening or closing of service, &c., by choirs; and they suit equally well the largest or the smallest (simple quartet) choir; provided they be executed with the utmost precision and true feeling by good, well-trained voices.

2. They may be used with admirable effect in alternation with congregational singing; a verse of the latter, with organ accompaniment, in strong, homely unison, followed by a verse of the former, by trained voices, without accompaniment, the same hymn responding as it were from a more spiritual height, glorified in the fine harmonies and modulations of Bach; for as he has treated them, you have the religious essence of the music expressed, and purified from all that is low and common.

3. For great Choral or Oratorio Societies, to be sung in their more miscellaneous sacred concerts, or at the beginning and ending of a performance. Nothing has made a finer impression in such concerts here than two of these same Chorals, similarly treated by Mendelssohn in his "St. Paul." When perfectly sung by a great mass of voices, as our Mendelssohn Choral Society gave them, the effect is sublime.

4. In little private musical clubs and circles they will afford the very best sort of practice.

5. For organists and pianists, to be used simply as instrumental pieces, their purity and marvelous beauty and significance of harmony must commend them. There is more religious satisfaction in just playing them on the piano, than in listening to most of the music to be heard in any of our churches. The way in which each of the four parts, and each note in each, so perfectly serves the end of the great whole, is in itself a type of pure devotion.

6. But their most important service will be to musical schools and classes. As models in the

art of four-part composition, within the short form of a choral or psalm tune—an art at which so many try their hands in our day—they will be invaluable. The harmonizing of chorals, with Bach for a model, is made the foundation of all exercises in composition by Marx and the other masters in the German schools. Many of these Chorals Bach has harmonized in several different ways.

We have not room to say all we would upon this subject now. But we are happy to inform our readers that a beginning is soon to be made in introducing to the American public some of the Chorals of Bach, precisely as he wrote them, and with English words. Mr. Oliver Ditson, our enterprising publisher, has the matter in hand. When the first number appears we shall resume the subject.

Old Hundred.

MY DEAR DWIGHT—You may perhaps remember that in reply to the kind and friendly letter of Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, which appeared in your paper in June 1854, I promised him to look a little farther into the question of the origin of our popular "Old Hundred."

I am not yet ready to go extensively into the matter, and send you the few following notes, to show that I have not forgotten my promise.

In Mr. H.'s "History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune," page 12, you may read: "The earliest copy of the tune, so far as it is known, stands in a Geneva edition of a portion of the English Psalter. * * * The date of the Psalter is 1561." Herr Becker, of Leipsic, has in his collection "Marot & Beza's Pseaumes," of the date, 1560. In this collection the 135th Pseaume has the tune just as given by Mr. H. in his English book of the year subsequent. At Wolfenbüttel a "Bible et Pseaumes," printed by Antoine Rebul—no place, but date 1560—gives us the same tune to the same Pseaume. The same is true also of an edition of Marot & Beza in the same fine library, of the date of 1559, which is two years earlier than Mr. Havergal's earliest known copy.

On page 24 of Mr. H.'s history, he speaks of the Hymn-book of the Bohemian Brethren, printed at Ulm, 1538, and in a note says: "The only known copy of this most beautifully printed work is now in the author's possession." If Mr. Havergal will visit the library at Berlin or that at Zwickau, he will not only find other copies of that "most beautifully printed" edition, but also of various editions of earlier dates.

If Mr. H. will turn to Calvin's prefatory letter, published in editions of Marot & Beza, he will see that that great and severe reformer speaks of the tunes as having been *moderée* to the present version of the psalms. I follow Winterfield and other great German authorities in supposing that this term is employed to denote that, in taking secular and popular melodies for the psalms, they were stripped to some extent of their florid character, and rendered more grave and suitable to religious words. Two years ago I believed Mr. H.'s theory, that "Old Hundred" is made up of Gregorian phrases. I believe now that it is one of those secular melodies which Calvin says were *moderée*; and moreover I believe I have a copy of the original melody from which it was thus *moderée*.

As to Guillaume Franc, I was asking Ludwig Erk one day if he could give me any information about him. "I do not think," said he, "that there ever was any such man. I think Franc a misprint for"—I am not ready to say what name yet, as I have not yet finished my investigations. I asked Mr. Erk on several occasions his reason for his strange idea.

He had entirely forgotten what had led him to think so. I turned to Fetis, to Hawkins and Burney, and to the Dictionary, and find that all, without exception, only quote Bayle; so I went and bought Bayle—four huge folio volumes in French. I examined him, and found all that he gives in relation to Franc was from a *manuscript* letter of a Lausanne professor. I am fully satisfied that Mr. Ludwig Erk may prove right in his conjecture—*may*, not *will*.

In conclusion, I renew my promise to Rev. Mr. Havergal, not to give up the search until some satisfactory results are attained. If those results are such as to substantiate "the only claim to originality" which Mr. H. "ventures to advance," (see p. 51) it will be a source of gratification to me. I fear, however, that "Old Hundred" will prove to have been picked from the kennel, washed, combed and made decent for the church. Yours truly,

A. W. T.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Exhibition of the Mechanic Association, in Faneuil and Quincy Halls, commenced on Wednesday, and will continue a fortnight longer. The display of products of artistic and mechanical ingenuity is uncommonly brilliant. The entire upper story (the armory rooms) of Faneuil Hall is occupied with the piano-fortes, melodeons, &c. The farther end of the hall is shared between the Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co. who have put up extensive decorations. The former makers have on exhibition some six or eight of their most splendid grands, semi-grands and parlor-grands, and as many more square pianos. Grand pianos are also exhibited by Hallet & Davis, A. W. Ladd & Co. and T. Gilbert, (the latter for the first time.) There are also square pianos by Brown & Allen, Jacob Chickering, W. P. Emerson, J. W. Vose, and others. Melodeons and other reed instruments are exhibited by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, Nichols & Gerrish and S. D. Smith & Co. All that we noticed were from Boston manufactures, and the collection contains many admirable instruments. In the centre of all Mr. Nathan Richardson has erected a tasteful pagoda surmounted with busts of Beethoven, Mozart, &c., around which are displayed his various musical publications. The Judges in the Musical department, we understand, are Messrs. Otto Dresel, J. C. D. Parker, George Minot, Dr. Wm. Read, Gen. H. K. Oliver, of Lawrence, and George W. Warren, of Albany: gentlemen who have knowledge and conscientiousness enough among them, we should think, to ensure impartial justice.—We must be pardoned one suggestion. Some of the loudest exhibitors employ a person to keep one of their instruments resounding all day long, without cessation, with the loudest and most dashing sort of modern piano music. Sometimes two or three are going at once in this way, so that one is absolutely stunned on entering, and it is quite impossible to test the quality of any other instrument; the majority are literally cried down by these two or three, and get no chance to speak a modest word for themselves. Would not a spirit of mutual accommodation and forbearance in this matter be for the good of all? Or is it the only ambition of A, B, or C, to have *his* instrument pronounced a "stunner"?

At the New York Academy of Music *Ernani* was presented on Monday night. Mme. LAGRANGE was admired, as she is always. Sig. TAFANELLI had fair success as the King; and Sig. CERESA, the tenor, who so agreeably surprised a Boston audience in the early summer, more than met the public expectation. The *Tribune* says of him:—

Since he appeared here he has devoted himself to earnest study of his art, and the improvements is manifest. His voice is fresh and sympathetic in the

middle register, and the higher notes have that ringing metallic quality which is so effective in concerted pieces. Over the combined effects of the chorus and orchestra in the noisy finale of the third act it was distinctly heard. He would be classed probably as a *tenore robusto*, but this term scarcely describes the quality of his voice. It more resembles Bolcioni's than Brignoli's, and, to our apprehension, would be more permanently effective than either in rôles which require power rather than sweetness. Unlike some artists, he exhibited no inclination to husband his voice during the first act, and was apparently entirely unfatigued at the close. As an actor, he is far below his position as a vocalist.

On Wednesday evening they had *Il Tronatore* again, which drew \$2,700 on Monday of last week—said to be the largest amount ever received at the Academy. This time again the house overflowed, the freshest attraction being ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, who appeared as the gypsy Azucena. It is telegraphed in all the papers, that "she sang and acted with spirit, and was heartily greeted by the immense audience." The other principal characters were sustained, as formerly, by LAGRANGE, BRIGNOLI, and AMODIO..... The new German Opera, with CARL BERGMAN as conductor, is to open on the 16th with *Robert der Teufel*, not exactly a German opera, although Meyerbeer is a German. The German merchants have subscribed very liberally for the season.... GOTTSCHALK announces his readiness to give lessons on the piano—terms only *five dollars per hour*!

Mlle. PARODI gave a successful concert in Philadelphia this week, assisted by STRAKOSCH, PAUL JULIEN, BERNARDI, the baritone, and TIBERINI, the new tenor, of whom the *Bulletin* says:

He made quite a hit, and gave the most satisfactory contradiction to the depreciating criticisms of New York. Since Salvi and Mario we have had no such finished artist among the tenor singers who have visited us. His voice is of excellent quality, extensive compass and completely under control. His method and delivery are admirable, and the only fault we have to find with him is a disposition to overload his pieces with ornaments. In the cadenza to "*Spirito gentil*," there were many inappropriate embellishments, which marred the effect of a romance otherwise exquisite sung.

MARIO and GRISI are recruiting at the Isle of Wight.... Duke ERNEST, of Saxe-Coburg, is composing his fifth opera. It is entitled *Diana*... MEYERBEER was expected in Paris on the 25th ult. He has a new comic opera ready, in which there are only three characters and no choruses. M. Royer, the new manager of the Grand Opera, has been promised Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, or another opera, which is also nearly ready.... The musical composer, PETER CORNELIUS, mentioned in our last, is not (it seems) the celebrated painter, Prof. Peter von Cornelius, but a nephew and godson of his. He lives at Weimar, is a musician by profession, and belongs to the artistic circle assembled around LISZT. He is considered a young man of much promise.... VERDI is in Paris, "which looks like *business*," (says the *Athenæum*).... THEODORE PIXIS, a violin virtuoso of the first rank, died suddenly at an early age on the first of August. He was a professor in the Rhenish Music School.... Mr. JOHN P. GROVES, the young Bostonian, who went abroad a couple of years since for musical improvement, is said to be the first violinist in the Brussels Conservatoire.... BOSIO, BETTINI and MARINI are engaged for the opera at Moscow during the Coronation festival....

Papers from Lima, Peru, mention the death in that city of Mme. BARILI THORNE, a favorite prima donna of the Italian Opera in New York, (in the days of Palmo's Theatre, when BENEDETTI first appeared,) who married the son of Col. Thorne.... Mr. HENRY C. TIMM, the modest and excellent musician, who has so long been looked up to by the musical profession and public in New York, has composed, it is said, a new *Mass*, which has already created a sensation among the knowing ones who have had a peep at it.

A NOBLE MAN AND ARTIST GONE!—It is with a sincere grief, which not a few of our readers will know how to share, that we read this morning in the *Evening Post* the following obituary:—

SETH CHENEY the artist, died yesterday, at Manchester, in Connecticut, about ten miles from Hartford. His age, we suppose, might be about fifty-five. In him a fine genius has been withdrawn from the age and the country.

Mr. Cheney's drawings in crayon are among the most remarkable things of their kind. The greater number of them are portraits of the size of life, but though portraits, they are informed with a noble idealism. It is almost impossible to look upon any work that came from his hand without acknowledging the presence of a certain purity, and spirituality, which the friends of the artist maintained was the proper expression of his own character. His strictly ideal pieces are of so high a degree of beauty and dignity that his friends scarcely scruple to speak of them as worthy of a place beside the drawings of Raphael. It was remarkable that he would never draw the likeness of any one for whom he had not a personal respect. His circumstances did not compel him to depend solely on his art for a livelihood, and when importuned to allow any distinguished man of defective morals, whom other artists might be proud to paint, to sit to him for a likeness, he steadily refused. He would not consent to copy traits of sensuality and dissimulation in the countenance of any man, whatever his station or influence.

Mr. Cheney had retired to Manchester, where with his brother, Mr. John Cheney, the eminent engraver, he had built a studio, and where he purposed to devote himself to painting—adding color, for which he is said to be possessed of a fine eye and delicate feeling to outline and shadow, by the management and disposition of which he has gained his reputation. Here he became a prey to the wasting disease by which he died, spoken of by some as consumption, but said by his physician to have been an exhaustion of the nervous organization, which in him was peculiarly sensitive. His personal character was of remarkable and blameless excellence, and he was greatly beloved by his friends.

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The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÜRING.

(Continued from page 187.)

The realm of tones snatched Beethoven in his last years almost entirely from the actual world, from which his nearly total loss of hearing separated him. He shrank back into solitude, declining almost every invitation, lest he should be, through his deafness, burdensome to others. With this tender sparing of others there was united in Beethoven a citizen of the world sense of freedom which would brook no restraint. Without regard to consequences, when he appeared in public places he expressed his opinion freely and plainly, not seldom very sarcastically, about the government, about the police, about the manners of the great, &c. Everybody understood this in Vienna, and indulged him, whether on the score of eccentricity or out of reverence for his genius. Hence Beethoven frequently maintained that: "Nowhere can one speak more freely than in Vienna." His ideal of a constitution was the English. By that he tried every political manifestation. But he knew very well how much he and his works were prized in England.

He had an unmistakable proof of that in 1817, when the Philharmonic Society in London invited him to come there and to compose some grand symphonies. Beethoven was compelled by his sickness and by other circumstances to give up this journey. But the lively interest he took in the idea for a long time appears in the correspondence which he had about it with his friend and pupil, Ries, who had for some years lived in London. From the fact, too, that it sheds some light upon Beethoven's otherwise not

very favorable situation, this correspondence is not without interest.

Beethoven wrote to Ries from Vienna on the 9th of July, 1817: "The commissions sent me in your last letter are very flattering. From this you will see how highly I esteem them. Were it not for my unlucky infirmity, which makes me require much more nursing and expense, especially upon a journey and in a foreign land, I should accept *unconditionally* the proposal of the Philharmonic Society. But place yourself in my position; consider how many more hindrances I have to contend with than any other artist, and then judge whether my requirements are unreasonable. Here they are, and I beg you to communicate them personally to the gentlemen directors of the Philharmonic Society: 1. I will be in London in the first half of the month of January, 1818, by the latest. 2. The two grand symphonies, entirely new, shall then be ready, and shall remain the property of the Society alone. 3. The Society gives me 300 guineas for them, and 100 guineas for travelling expenses, which, however, will come much higher in my case, since it will be indispensable that I take a companion with me. 4. Since I begin immediately to work upon the composition of these grand symphonies, the Society (on the receipt of my draft) will send me here the sum of 150 guineas, so that I may provide a carriage and other preparations for the journey without delay. 5. The conditions with regard to not appearing in any other orchestra, to not directing, and to giving the preference to the Society, other things being equal, are accepted by me, and would, by my love of honor, have been understood as a matter of course. I must hope for the countenance of the society in initiating and furthering one or more (according to circumstances) benefit concerts for me. The especial friendship of some of the directors of your estimable Réunion, as well as the kind interest of all artists in my works is to me a pledge of that, and spurs me on so much the more to realize their expectations. 7. Moreover, I wish to have the acceptance or ratification of the above drawn up in the English language, signed by three directors in the name of the Society." In a postscript to this letter he adds: "I have purposely used another's hand in this letter, in order that you may be better able to read it all and lay it before the Society. Of your friendly sentiment towards me I am convinced, and hope that the Philharmonic Society will accept my proposal. You may be assured that I will use all my power to execute the honorable commission of so select a Society in the most worthy manner." In the same postscript Beethoven inquired how strong the orchestra

would be? how many violins, &c.? with or one with two proportions of brass? Is the hall large or resonant? &c.

Beethoven unfortunately was obliged to postpone the intended journey. "In spite of my wishes," he wrote to Ries on the 5th of March, 1818, "it was not possible for me to come this year to London. I beg you to say to the Philharmonic Society, that my feeble health prevented me. I hope, however, to be this spring perhaps entirely cured, and then to avail myself early in the autumn of the commission from the Society, and fulfil all the conditions of the same."

The following passage in this letter affords a deep insight into Beethoven's situation, which, according to his own statements, must have been very oppressive. "I wish," he says to Ries, "that your fortunes may improve daily. Alas! I cannot say that of myself. I cannot see another starve; I must give. So you can imagine what and how I suffer. Write to me very soon, I beg you. If it is in any way possible, I will get away from here early, to escape my utter ruin, and so reach London at the latest in the winter. I know that you will stand by an unfortunate friend. Had I been in the possession of my strength, and had I not been here, as always, bound by circumstances, I surely should have done far more for you."

Over a year had passed, when Beethoven, in a letter to Ries (April 3, 1819) saw himself obliged once more to announce, that for the present he could not possibly come to London, since he was entangled in so many circumstances. "But God will certainly," he added, "aid me to come to London next winter, when I will bring with me the new symphonies. I expect very soon the text for a new Oratorio, which I write here for the Musical Society, and which perhaps will also serve us in London. Do what you can for me, for I need it. Orders from the Philharmonic Society would have been very welcome. The accounts which Neate has sent me from London about the almost total failure of the three overtures, distressed me. Here each of them in its way not only pleased, but those in E flat and C major made a really great impression. The fate of these compositions with the Philharmonic Society is incomprehensible to me. You will already have received the arranged Quintet and the Sonata. Have both these works, especially the Quintet, engraved at once. With the Sonata there is less need of haste; yet I should like to have it appear within at least two, or at the most, three months. Your earlier letter, of which you speak, I did not receive; hence I did not hesitate to sell these two works here also—that is to say, merely for Germany. Meanwhile it will take

three months before the Sonata appears here. But do make haste with the Quintet. As soon as you remit me the money here, I will send you, for the publisher, a certificate as proprietor of these works for England, Scotland, Ireland, France, &c."

About a fortnight later, on the 18th of April, 1819, Ries received from his old friend and teacher a very discontented letter: "It is incomprehensible to me," wrote Beethoven, "how so many errors could occur in the copy of the Sonata. The incorrect copying may have arisen from the fact that I no longer have a copyist of my own. Circumstances have brought all this about, and God must better it, until there comes a different state of things. This has lasted now a whole year. It is frightful how this thing has gone on, and what has become of my material; and yet no man can say what will come of it, until the promised year is passed. Should the Sonata not suit London, I could send another, or you could leave out the Largo, and begin at once with the Fugue in the last piece. I leave it to your discretion. The Sonata has been written in depressing circumstances; for it is hard to write almost for bread's sake. To this then have I come! To go to London were certainly the sole salvation for me, to free me from this wretched, irksome situation, in which I never can be well, and never do the work I could in better circumstances." In a later letter (25th May, 1819) Beethoven confessed: "I was confined by cares, as never before in my life, and that by excessive kindness towards other men."

Beethoven excused his long silence in a letter of the 6th of April, 1822, with the confession that he had been sick again for more than a whole year. "Still," he wrote, "I cherish the thought of coming yet to London, if only my health permit, perhaps next Spring. You would find in me, dear Ries, the true appreciator of my dear scholar, now great master; and who knows what new good thing for Art may yet spring up in union with you. I am, as always, given up entirely to my Muse, and find in that alone the happiness of my life."

In this same letter Beethoven mentioned a grand Mass, (*Missa solennis*) which he had not long before written. To his inquiry to Ries, whether something might not be made of it in London, he had received no answer. Accordingly he turned (in a letter of the 26th of July, 1822) to the music-dealer, Peters, in Leipzig, the head of the Bureau de Musique there. "I hereby inform you," he wrote, "that I will give you the Mass, together with the piano-forte arrangement, for the sum of 1000 florins in Convention coin. By the end of July you will receive this work well written off in score; perhaps a few days earlier or later, since I am always very busy and have been sick now for five months. But since one has to go through a work very attentively when it is going to a distance, it becomes a slow operation with me. The competition for my works is at present very strong, for which I thank the Almighty, for I have also lost much. Besides, I am foster-father to my brother's helpless child. As this boy of fifteen shows so much talent for the sciences, it not only costs a great deal for the instruction and support of my nephew, but his future must be thought of, since we are neither Indians nor Iroquois, who leave all to the dear God, and it is a

sad life, that of a *pauper*. In relation to one expression in your letter, I assure you on my honor that it has always been my principle never to offer myself to any publisher; not out of pride, but because I like to see how far the domain of my little talent reaches."

On the 3d of August, 1822, Beethoven wrote to Peters in Leipzig: "I have already told you of my not yet being wholly restored to health. I require baths, as also mineral water, and medicine besides. Hence things are somewhat deranged with me, the more so, that I must still write. Corrections, too, consume time. In regard to the songs and the other marches and little things, I am not yet decided on the selection; but all may be ready to send by the 15th of this month. I wait for your directions, and will make no use of your remittance. So soon as I know that the price for the Mass and for the other works is here, all can be delivered by the 15th of this month. But after the 15th I must go to a mineral bath which is in this neighborhood. Hence it is important for me to avoid all business for a while.

About his physical condition Beethoven wrote some three months later, on the 22d of November, 1822: "My health is not indeed fully restored by my baths; but on the whole I have gained. I had one special evil here, which was hard to overcome; another person had sought me out a dwelling-place which did not suit me; and this put back my business not a little, since one never can get on well so."

A letter of Beethoven to Peters in Leipzig (20th Dec., 1822) contains the confession: "It is impossible for me in all cases to make a percentage arrangement. I find it very hard to reckon in that way, oftener than is absolutely necessary. Besides, my situation is not so brilliant as you suppose. I am not in a condition to give an immediate hearing to all orders. There are too many of them; and there are many things which cannot be refused. Not always does the thing required accord with the author's wish. Were not my income wholly *without* income, I would write nothing but grand symphonies, church music, at the least quintets." With the expressions in this letter, another of the same date, to his friend Ries in London, harmonizes. "With satisfaction," he writes, "I accept the commission to write a new Symphony for the Philharmonic Society. If the compensation from the English cannot be compared with other nations, I would write even gratis for the first artists of Europe, if I were not always the poor Beethoven. If I were only in London, what great things would I not write for the Philharmonic Society! For Beethoven, thank God! can write nothing else in the world. If God only gives me back my health again, which has improved, to say the least, then I can execute orders from all parts of Europe, nay, even from North America, and I may yet come to a green branch."

In a letter of the 20th of March, 1823, Beethoven pleaded his situation in excuse for his delay in sending some military marches to Peters, the *chef* of the Bureau de Musique in Leipzig. "You would not think it strange," he wrote, "that you receive the three marches only to-day, if you were here and knew my situation. A description of it would be too prolix both for you and me. But I find here something to remark on what I have sent. In the grand march there

might be several regimental bands united, in order to man all the parts; and where a regimental band is not strong enough, a band master can easily manage it by leaving out some parts. In Leipzig even, you may find some one who can show you how this march may be set with fewer parts; although it will pain me if it should not appear in print entirely as it is. You must pardon the many corrections in the copy. My old copyist's sight is failing, and the younger one must first be broken in. But all is at least free from errors. It is impossible for me to serve you at once with a violin and a piano quartet. In case you write me betimes, however, whether you wish both works, I will do all I can. Only I must add, that I cannot take for a violin quartet less than 50 ducats, and for a piano quartet 70 ducats, as otherwise I should suffer loss. Indeed, 50 ducats have been offered me more than once for violin quartets. But I do not like to be exorbitant, and hence with you I adhere to these 50 ducats, which is actually now the common price. You know how quartets have risen now to the highest point, so that one is even shamed with a great work. Meanwhile my situation demands that I should have every advantage more or less for an inducement. It is quite another matter with the work itself. There I never think, thank God! of the advantage, but only *how* I write."

Beethoven often complained that he was obliged, for the sake of gain, to have recourse to giving lessons. On the 25th of April, 1823, he wrote to Ries in London: "The visit of the Archduke Rudolph here in Vienna lasted nearly four weeks. Then I had every day to give two and a half or three hours lessons, and lost much time by it. After such lessons, on the next day one is hardly in a state to think, much less to write. But my continually sad condition requires that I shall write for the moment that which brings me so much money, which is needed for the moment. What a gloomy revelation you have here! Even now I am not well of many troubles I have suffered; indeed I have bad eyes. But do not be concerned; you shall have the symphonies very soon. Nothing but this miserable condition causes the delay."

Beethoven had dedicated some piano-forte variations to the wife of his friend Ries, and had sent them to London. "They have perhaps already arrived," he wrote on the 16th of July 1823. "The dedication to your wife I could not make myself, since I did not know her name. Do you then make it in the name of your own and your wife's friend. Surprise her with it. The fair sex loves that. Between ourselves, what is surprising as well as beautiful is the best. As to the *Allegri di bravura*, I must first see yours. Candidly, I am no friend of such things, since they demand too much mechanism, at least those which I know. I will send you some choruses if I succeed in composing any new ones. It is just my darling passion. Whatever you can get for the Variations, take. I am content in any case; only I must stipulate, that for the dedication to your wife there shall be absolutely no other pay taken but a kiss, which I have to receive in London. You frequently write *guineas*, and I receive only *sterling*; but I hear there is a distinction. Be not angry about it with a *pauvre musicien Autrichien*; really my condition is still oppressive. I am writing now a new violin quar-

tet. Might one perhaps offer this to the London musical or unmusical Jews—*en vrai Juif?*"

Beethoven's melancholy condition troubled him the more, since it everywhere set limits to the disinterestedness and liberality, which were fundamental traits in his character. In a letter to Ries, Sept. 5, 1823, he confessed: "Were I not so poor that I have to live by my pen, I would take nothing from the Philharmonic Society. I must really wait until the price for the symphony has been remitted. But to give a proof of my love and confidence for this Society, I have already sent them off a new overture. I leave it to the Society to do as it pleases with the overture. My brother Johann, who supports an equipage, has also wished to draw from me, and so, without asking me, he has offered the said overture to a publisher, Boosey, in London. Just say that my brother was mistaken about the overture. He bought it of me to speculate upon, as I perceive. *O frater!* Of your Symphony, dedicated to me, I have received nothing. If I did not consider the dedication as a sort of challenge, upon which I should have had to give you satisfaction, I should already have dedicated some work to you. But I thought all the time that I must first see your work, and how gladly I would testify my thanks to you by something of the sort. I am deeply your debtor for so much devotion and obligingness which you have shown to me. If my health should be improved by the mineral bath, then I will kiss your wife in 1824 in London."

The portrait which is sketched of Beethoven by an Englishman, who visited him about this time, is interesting in many ways. "The 28th of September, 1823," wrote that traveller, "will always be remembered by me as a *Dien faustus*. In fact I do not know that I ever lived a happier day. Early in the morning we went to Baden, a village near Vienna, where Beethoven was residing. As Herr H., one of his most intimate friends, accompanied me, I could not feel embarrassed at appearing before Beethoven. At first he looked steadily at me, and then he shook my hand as heartily as if I were an old acquaintance; for he remembered clearly my first visit in the year 1816, although that had been a very brief one—a proof of his excellent memory. I found to my deep regret a great change in his exterior, and it occurred to me at the moment that he seemed to be very unhappy. His complaints to H. afterwards confirmed my apprehension. I feared that he would not understand a word of what I said. But I was mistaken, for he comprehended all that I said to him aloud and slowly. From his answers it appeared that nothing of what H. said was lost, although neither he nor I used the hearing trumpet. Yet I must mention that when he played the piano, he as a general rule began so that twenty or thirty strings had to pay the penalty. Nothing can be more full of life and genius, and, to use an expression which characterizes his symphonies so well, more energetic, than his conversation, when one has once put him in a good humor. But an untimely question, a bad piece of advice, for instance, in relation to the cure of his deafness, is enough to alienate him forever. He wished, for a composition upon which he was just then engaged, to know the utmost possible compass of the trombone, and asked Herr H. about it, whose reply, however, did not satisfy him. Thereupon he told me that he had made it a rule to inform himself through the

different artists themselves about the construction, character and compass of the leading instruments. He presented to me his nephew, a handsome young man of about eighteen years, the only relative with whom he lived upon a friendly footing. He added: 'You can, if you will, give him a puzzle in Greek,' by which he meant to inform me of the young man's intimate acquaintance with that language. The history of this relation places Beethoven's goodness of heart in the clearest light. The most affectionate father could not have made greater sacrifices for him than he did.

After we had been more than an hour with him, we took our leave, to meet again at one o'clock at table in the romantic Helenenthal. We visited the baths and other notabilities, went about noon again to Beethoven's house, where he was already awaiting us, and then set out on our way to the valley. Beethoven is a good walker, and takes delight in walks of several miles, especially through a wild and romantic country; indeed they told me that he passed whole nights on such excursions, and often staid away from home for several days. On our way to the valley he frequently stopped suddenly and showed me the beautiful points, or remarked the want of new buildings. Another time he seemed entirely buried in himself, and merely hummed to himself in an unintelligible manner. I heard, however, that this was his way of composing, and that he never wrote down a note until he had made himself a definite plan of the whole piece. As the day was singularly beautiful, we ate in the open air, and what seemed particularly to please Beethoven was, that we were the only guests in the hotel and had the whole day alone to ourselves. The meal prepared for us was so luxurious that Beethoven could not help making remarks about it. 'Wherefore so many different dishes?' he exclaimed. 'Man stands but little above other animals if his chief enjoyments are limited to the table.' Such reflections he made several times more during the repast. Of meats he is only fond of fishes, and among them the trout is his favorite. He hates all constraint, and I do not believe there is a person in Vienna who speaks of everything, even of political subjects, with so little reserve as Beethoven. He hears poorly, but he speaks extraordinarily well, and his remarks are as characteristic and original as his compositions. During the whole course of our table talk nothing was more interesting than what he said of Handel. I sat next to him, and I heard him most distinctly say in German: 'Handel is the greatest composer who has ever lived.' I cannot describe with what expression, I might say, with what inspiration he spoke of the 'Messiah' of that immortal genius. Every one of us felt deeply moved when he said: 'I would uncover my head and kneel upon his grave.' Repeatedly I sought to turn the conversation upon Mozart, but in vain. I only heard him say: 'In a monarchy we know who is first,' which might or might not refer to this subject. I heard afterwards that Beethoven is sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of Mozart. It is remarkable that he cannot hear his own earlier works praised, and I learned that it was the surest way to vex him, if one complimented him upon his Septuor and the Trios. He is most fond of his last creations, among the rest his second Mass, which he considers his best work. He is now engaged in writing a new opera, called 'Melusina,' of which the text is by

the poet Grillparzer. Beethoven is a great admirer of the ancients. Homer, especially the Odyssey, and Plutarch, he prefers to all others. Of his own country's poets he has studied particularly Schiller and Goethe. He has the most favorable opinion of the British nation. 'I like,' said he, 'the noble simplicity of the English manners,' and added other praise besides. It seemed to me as if he still cherished a hope of visiting England with his nephew. I must not forget, that I have heard a Trio by him, for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, while it was still in manuscript. It impressed me as very beautiful, and I hear it will soon appear in London. I could tell much more of this extraordinary man, who, after what I have seen and experienced, has filled me with the deepest reverence. The friendly way in which he treated me and bade me farewell has made an impression on me, which will last for life."

[Conclusion next week.]

Meyerbeer.

(From the Paris Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.)

Meyer Liebmann Beer was born rich. His father was a wealthy Jewish banker of Berlin, and by the death of his brothers, our hero is now the master of some eight or ten millions of dollars. This fortune has never been used except to advance his knowledge of Art—and for this he is always ready to sacrifice not only money but time, ease and pleasure. He paid the author of the "book" of "Romilda," bought all the costumes necessary, paid the performers' salaries, and gave the score as a present to the manager of the Italian theatre, where it was first brought out.

Meyer Liebmann Beer was born at Berlin, the 5th September, 1794, and he is consequently in his sixty-third year. It was at an early period of his life that he refined the harshness of his paternal name into the more pleasing appellation which he has since made famous. It appears he was induced to make this change by reflecting that as his name was about to become public property, and the prey of enemies who would be sure to lose no means of irritating him, it would be wise not to leave in their hands a topic for so much sport as the name Liebmann Beer, which means "bear philanthropist" when translated into English, would be certain to afford wittlings. He dropped Liebmann, united Meyer and Beer together, and after translating his father's Christian name into Italian, he signed himself Giacomo (James) Meyerbeer.

Like most eminent geniuses, his "turn" early exhibited itself. Although he had not then attained his fourth year, he never heard a hand-organ grind in the street that he did not hasten to the piano and repeat in an accompaniment, which overflowed with grace and delicacy, the popular air roughly interpreted by the anbulating musician. His father judiciously fostered these talents with all the appliances wealth so easily commands, and as he encouraged his eldest son William in the study of mathematics until he became an eminent astronomer, and Michael in the cultivation of the belles-lettres until he achieved reputation as a poet, (he is the author of two tragedies of merit: "The Pariah" and "Struensee,") so Giacomo was incited in the study of music. A celebrated player, named Lauska, directed his first musical studies; in his seventh year he was master of all the secrets of the piano key-board, and was eminent in all the private concerts of Berlin. When he was nine years old the Abbé Vogler, then the master of a highly esteemed musical school at Darmstadt, met him in Berlin, and after hearing him play said: "Courage! my lad, courage! If you persevere you will become the most famous piano player in Europe." He engaged him to choose for his master of musical composition one Bernard Anselme Weber, one of his old pupils, and then leader of the orchestra of the first theatre of Berlin.

This master appears to have been deeply acquainted with the science of instrumentation and dramatic style, but ignorant of the rules of harmony. One day Giacomo wrote a fugue, which he showed to his master, who proclaimed it admirable, and forthwith he would send it by a special messenger to the Abbé Vogler at Darmstadt. The special messenger returned, but he brought with him no reply; a month, two months, three months passed away, but not a line came from Darmstadt, and Weber began to boast that Vogler was silent from mere spite to see his whole school outdone. The boast was premature. Early in the fourth month a huge package came from Darmstadt; it contained a complete treatise on fugue in MSS., written entirely by Vogler, a critical analysis of Giacomo's fugue, wherein all its details were examined and proved wrong, and a fugue written by Vogler on the same *thema* and explained note by note, measure by measure, with the most exact logic. Weber went to bed sick. Giacomo studied the treatise by day and night, and in six months afterwards sent a fugue in eight parts to the Abbé Vogler. "Come," replied the Abbé, "come to my house; I will treat you as my own son, and together, we will delve in deepest mines of science."

Although the Abbé Vogler was the organist of the Darmstadt church, and he made his pupils study sacred music especially, Giacomo's family nevertheless sent him to the Abbé's house. Here Giacomo found Charles Marie von Weber (the composer of "Der Freyschütz," and who was Meyerbeer's fast friend until his untimely death,) Godfrey von Weber, and Gambascher (since chapel master at Vienna.) Their day commenced with a mass celebrated by the Abbé Vogler, Charles von Weber being at the organ—mass ended, they set to work, the master giving to each pupil the *thema* he was to study, and which was generally a piece of religious music, a "Kyrie Sancte," or "Gloria in Excelsis," Vogler himself working as hard as any of them. Sundays the whole school would go to the cathedral, where Vogler would take one organ and his pupils the other, and reply to him either by repeating his own strains, or by throwing the reins over the neck of their winged steed and plunging into the highest of the ideal.

Before he was seventeen M. Meyerbeer had written some scores of religious music, which are said to be very remarkable; but he has never allowed any of them to be published; because, so it is said, he knows very well they exhibit too frequent use of the scholastic formulas and contain too little harmony. Be this as it may, one of these pieces, "God and Nature," commanded the unanimous applause of the Court of Hesse Darmstadt, and the Grand Duke appointed him his composer in ordinary. In 1811, Vogler closed his school and made with his pupils a tour in the German towns. Meyerbeer had then in his pocket his first opera, "Jephtha's Vow," which his master and companions thought an admirable production: it was performed during his tour at Munich, but fell, with the silence of this lukewarm age, *un succès d'estime*. M. Meyerbeer is of too sensitive a nature to bear a check; and he hastened to Vienna to console himself by the triumphs of the piano-players for the defeat of the composer.

At that period of time Hummel and Clementi were the great piano-players of Europe. The latter had given Meyerbeer lessons at Berlin, but he had never heard the former. He made no appearance in public after Hummel's arrival at Vienna; for he felt instantly that though he possessed the fire and brilliancy of Clementi's school, he lacked the grace, charm and purity which distinguished Hummel's playing. M. Meyerbeer acted in a very characteristic manner. He shut himself up for six months, worked for eighteen hours a day, and then made his appearance in the Vienna concert rooms. Hummel acknowledged him his superior! Isn't genius the child of patience? M. Meyerbeer has constantly refused to publish his compositions for the piano.

But M. Meyerbeer's secret aspirations were not for the fame of Hummel's, Listz's, and Thalberg's. His defeat at Munich fired, rather than extinguished his ambition, and he wrote "Abimelech,

or the Two Caliphs." It was "brought out" at the Imperial theatre of Vienna; Vogler; Vogler and Charles von Weber vowed it a masterpiece, but it fell stillborn. A few days afterwards Salieri, the imperial chapel-master, the author of an opera called "Les Danaïdes," and the composer for whom Beaumarchais wrote "Tartar," called upon him, and after telling him that he was not sufficiently master of his art, engaged him to go to Italy. M. Meyerbeer went to Venice, where for eight months he heard Rossini's music, and, as it is said, "Tancredi" wrought a wonderful change in him. Three years afterwards (1818) he gave his first Italian opera "Romilda e Constanza," Mme. Pisaroni singing the principal part. In 1819 he wrote at Turin, for Mme. Caroline Bassai, the part of "Semiramide Riconosciuta," and early the following year the San Benedetto theatre of Venice played "Emma di Risburgo," which had a great deal of success.

M. Meyerbeer returned to Germany, preceded by the fame of his Italian successes. They prejudicated, rather than advanced him. The most violent attacks against him rang through every newspaper in Germany; he was called a renegade, a traitor, an unfilial child, because he deserted, so they said, the German for the Italian school. He wrote a score, "Brandenburg Gate," for a Berlin festival, but the theatre refused to allow it to be played. Dresden, however, was more generous, and "Emma di Risburgo" was warmly applauded by the court and the people. This cold reception was, perhaps, of use to M. Meyerbeer, since they attracted him again to the German school—to that style in which his most lasting works are written. Milan invited M. Meyerbeer to La Scala, where "Margherita d'Angiù" and "Usule di Granata" were given. He wrote next an opera in two acts, "Almanzor," for Rome, but the illness of Mme. Caroline Bassai prevented the opera from being performed. It is said that M. Meyerbeer has introduced into his French operas the best music of "Brandenburg Gate" and "Almanzor." "Il Crociato" was next composed, and it was first played at Venice in 1824.

M. Meyerbeer heard, while he was at Milan, that the Italian Opera at Paris was about to produce "Il Crociato," with Mlle. Schiassetti (a contralto of the second rank) as the principal personage; Mme. Pasta as the "high" soprano, (so that she would have been obliged to transpose her part from one end to the other,) and the tenor's part by M. Curioni, (a worn-out barytone.) M. Meyerbeer flew to Paris, in a state of mind which has been described as bordering on distraction. He insisted that Mme. Pasta should take Mlle. Schiassetti's part; Mme. Mombelli, Mme. Pasta's; and Donzelli, Curioni's part. For eleven months poor M. Meyerbeer was annoyed by rehearsals which were constantly interrupted, then pressed forward rapidly: at last "Il Crociato" was played, but it met with no sort of success for this reason. See on what a slender thread success sometimes hangs!

In the admirable *quartetto* of the second act, a child is made to appear, a "walking" character, who is supposed to be the son of *Palmide*, and is presented to the Sultan to bring him to more merciful ideas. The child appears late in the course of the evening. It no sooner appeared on the stage than it began to gape; the public smiled; *Palmide* sang with inexpressible tenderness: "*Frena le lagrime*, (gape the second,) *consolarte*, (gape,) *sapra*, (gape,) *il ciel*," (gape.) The audience could withstand it no longer, and laughed in those immoderate peals which ruin a serious work. But three years afterwards "Il Crociato" was played here with some success.

M. Meyerbeer married in 1827 and for a long time remained silent, and his silence was prolonged by the loss of two children, the first and second issue of his marriage. For two years he composed nothing but religious music; among these compositions are the twelve Psalms with a double choir, the "Stabat," "Miserere," "Te Deum," Klopstock's eight canticles for four voices without accompaniment, which are now in every lady's hands.

He returned to Paris early in 1830. Before

his marriage Pixérécourt, then manager of the Opera Comique, was anxious for him to write an opera for the Opera Comique, and proposed Alex. Duval and Dupaty as the best "book" writers he could find; but M. Meyerbeer declined them both, although Alex. Duval actually wrote a "book" for him. His brother, Michael Beer was on intimate terms with Casimir and Germain Delavigne, and Michael engaged the latter to promise that he would with M. Scribe write a "book" for an opera comique for Giacomo Meyerbeer. The book was written; it was a three act opera comique—its name was "Robert le Diable." M. Meyerbeer took the "book" with him to Berlin, but he became discouraged after the death of his children and threw up the "book." M. de La Rochefoucauld was then General Director of the Fine Arts, and he engaged M. Meyerbeer to write an opera for the Grand Opera; the latter asked two things—first, to read M. de La Rochefoucauld a *scenario* he had composed, secondly to procure M. Scribe to translate it into French. M. Meyerbeer read his *scenario* to M. de La Rochefoucauld, who was then anxious to find a ballet for Mlle. Taglioni, and who found it in the *scenario*, which M. Meyerbeer thereupon abandoned to him, and the latter agreed to decide MM. Scribe and Delavigne to change their opera comique into a grand opera; they, however, long refused to do any such thing. "Robert le Diable" was not performed until the 22d November, 1832, I need not say with an unparalleled success. The first fifty performances were of \$2,000 each, and even now it never fails to bring in \$1,600. The first performance came near causing the death of Mlle. Taglioni and of Nourrit. Strange to say, before the first performance and at the general rehearsal, M. Meyerbeer was annoyed by the beauty of the famous scene of the nuns leaving their tombs: "That's all very fine, but you have evidently no confidence in the success of my music, you are anxious to obtain a success of scenery."

This splendid success irritated Rossini to the last degree, and by that infirmity which so frequently attends genius, M. Meyerbeer detests Rossini even more than the latter hates him. Dr. Veron (who was then the manager of the Grand Opera) seeing Rossini's ill humor, sought to engage him to write an opera on M. Scribe's "Gustave," which he represented as containing all the great human passions. "Depend upon it, my dear Rossini, action, contrasts, splendid costumes and scenery aid a musical work immensely." "You forget, my good Veron," replied Rossini, while a sardonic smile flitted across the face, "to add to those attractions, eighty additional musicians in the orchestra." "True, true," said Veron, caught in the snare Rossini laid for him; "and they give force and volume to the music; the orchestra of the Italian Opera is too small." "Your principles are excellent," my dear Veron, "carry them into practice with your new work, 'La Juive': M. Halévy is also a Jew; some wit has said 'he is Meyerbeer's crime and punishment'; [you know M. Halévy is an imitator of M. Meyerbeer.] You will obtain as much success with it as with 'Robert le Diable.' I cannot write you 'Gustave,' for I am going to Italy. I'll return when your Jews have ended their *Sabbat*."

M. Meyerbeer does not express his aversion for Rossini so frankly, but he is accused by the malevolent of engaging his friends to go to sleep in conspicuous places when Rossini's music is executed. Last October, at the second performance of "Semiramide," M. Meyerbeer took a stage-box at the Italian Opera here. When Mme. Bosio sang her great air, he turned around to the stage and listened in such a way that it was evident to every body that he was paying a compliment to the prima donna rather than the opera. At the *finale* of the first act, he leaned back in his chair, and went, or seemed to go, fast asleep!

One curious remark about M. Meyerbeer's operas in France has been made: the cholera has visited Paris with each of them; when "Robert le Diable" was first played, 1832, this city was decimated by that hideous scourge, and when "Le Prophète" was produced in 1849, and when "Le Etoile du Nord" appeared in 1854! Somebody has said, "Oh! this is not at all astonishing."

When Meyerbeer's music is heard, plagues and pestilences must be near at hand; for he is not a musician, he is the Devil!"

Let me tell you a very good story of how M. Meyerbeer silenced some critics without opening his purse. He is morbidly sensitive to the least harsh criticism, and when he is attacked he exerts every means in his power to prevent the attack from being renewed. On the eve of every important performance of his works, he invites the leading *feuilletonistes* to a splendid dinner at the Hotel des Princes or Trois Frères Provençaux, to propitiate their critical acumen. He calls this *chauffer la reclame*. But to my story.

One day a gentleman entered M. Mires's office (he too is a Jew, and the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* and *Pays*), and after discussing railways and the funds, he carelessly asked, "Do you know the author of 'Les Huguenots'?" "No, I have never seen him." "That's odd. It was only yesterday he was praising you up to the skies. If I were in your place I would go to see him." "Really? Then I'll go to-day." In due time M. Mires called at the Hotel du Danube, Rue Richemont, where M. Meyerbeer usually stays when in Paris. I need scarcely say M. Meyerbeer expected the visit of the opulent banker; and received him with the greatest cordiality. After they been talking an hour, M. Meyerbeer said very calmly: "Do you know I am constantly attacked in *Le Pays*?" "No! What, attacked in *Le Pays*, in my newspaper?" "I was sure you knew nothing about it." "Not a word, I pledge you my honor. And now I know it, rest assured you shan't be attacked again." That very evening the musical critic was summoned: "You must not attack my friend Meyerbeer." *Mais*—"There are no *mais* about it. You must exalt his wonderful genius." "Really...." "Well, if you do not choose to do so, resign your place, and I'll appoint another." "No; in *Le Pays* we will do as you please. But in *La France Musicale* we will express our own opinions." "Not at all! Unless you praise Meyerbeer, my friend, you shall not write in *Le Pays*." From that day to this, Meyerbeer is the Jupiter Tonans of *Le Pays* and *La France Musicale*!

The extreme care M. Meyerbeer takes with all his compositions has given rise to the accredited opinion that all his operas are the children of labor, and science, and skill, but not of inspiration. "Tu l'as dit, oui, tu m'aimes," (the famous duet which ends the fourth act of "Les Huguenots") may be instanced to disprove this belief. The whole of the duet was written the 20th November, 1835, between 11 o'clock at night and 2 o'clock in the morning. After the first general rehearsal, M. Meyerbeer ran home—he was then staying with his friend M. Gouin, his great Paris *factotum*—and fell into a chair. All's lost, Gouin! said he, "all goes to ruin. Nourrit swears he can never sing the last piece in the fourth act, and everybody sides with him." "Bah! why not write something else?" "Impossible. Scribe vows he will not touch the 'book' again." "The devil! Do you want many words?" "Mon Dieu! no; all I want is something for an *andante*." "I'll get Emile Deschamps; he'll do what we want." Off M. Gouin ran to the Divan Lepelletier, the favorite haunt of Deschamps, and brought him to M. Meyerbeer. The words were soon written, the *maestro* sat down to the piano, and in three hours the famous duet you applaud every winter was turned to shape, and the airy nothing had a local habitation and a name.

M. Meyerbeer scarcely slept that night. At day break he went to see Nourrit, duet in hand. Nourrit took the score, hummed the air, gave an enthusiastic huzzza, and fell into the composer's arms. The second day afterwards it was written for the orchestra; it was rehearsed; the orchestra laid down their instruments and cheered; Habeneck climbed over the foot-lights, followed by all his musicians, and M. Meyerbeer was carried around the stage in triumph, amid the cheers of the company; Raol applauded and Valentine wept.

At the rehearsal of his operas, M. Meyerbeer is the most timid of men. He consults everybody:

machinist, prompter, fireman, chorister, supernumerary, and especially the leader of the *claque*. He sits by the latter's side during rehearsal and listens to him as to an oracle. "There's a dangerous piece," the leader of the *claque* has but to say; "if you have many friends in the house who will undertake it, we will continue it, but I can't guarantee it." "But," replies M. Meyerbeer, "you know more about it than I do." But when once the opera has been played, and is successful, he consults nobody, and every body must yield to him. When his operas are at stake, M. Meyerbeer is as insensible as Sir Giles Overreach. Last spring a year, "L'Etoile du Nord" was in all its glory. Mlle. Decroix, who sang the duet of the Vivandières with Mlle. Lemercier, lost her mother very suddenly. The manager gave her a leave of absence, and supplied her place by Mlle. Belia, who knew the part. Meyerbeer heard of the change, and asked what it meant. He was told. "You were right to give Mlle. Decroix a leave of absence, but I cannot accept Mlle. Belia. Our contract interdicts you from doubling before the fiftieth performance." "Very true, but".... "Suspend the piece until Mlle. Decroix returns." "That I can't do; I can't afford to lose the money." "Then make Mlle. Decroix sing," was the heartless reply of the celebrated composer; and the poor, weeping girl was forced to give the public that gay song, the evening her mother was buried! He detests cats, and faints if he is thrown with a man who has a nervous twitch of the eyes, or other feature. He is very absent minded.

GAMMA.

TO A BOUQUET.

Tints the fairest,
Scents the rarest,
Make of thee a prize!
Let me place thee
Where I'll face thee
When I raise my eyes.

On the table—
'Tis no fable—
Thou mak'st radiant all;
Shedding sweetness
And completeness
O'er my room so small.

When thou'lt perish
Shall I cherish
Sadd'ning thoughts of thee?
Mem'ry painting—
No hue fainting—
Thus thou'lt live with me.

STELLA.

Worcester Palladium.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

HALLE.—This city was the birth-place of HANDEL. It is by no means one of the most genial homes of German Art at present, although it is the residence of one of Germany's truest artists, ROBERT FRANZ. It is proposed there to celebrate the centenary of Handel's death, and a committee has put forth the following announcement:

On the 13th April, 1759, George Frederick Handel, one of the greatest men of the German nation, and one of the most eminent men of his art, departed this life. The approaching centenary of his death calls upon all Germans to discharge the debt of gratitude yet due to their countryman. To our great satisfaction we learn that preparations have been made to honor the memory of Handel by a complete edition of his works. At the same time it is desirable that this mark of respect should be followed by another. Halle, the city where Handel was born, and received the first all-important impressions of youth, desires that a monument to him should be raised within her walls; and to carry out this object a committee has been formed. The original design is to found here an institution especially devoted to the cultivation of Handel's music. We are forced, however, to concede that a plan of this sort would favor local interests to the detriment of the main object, and hence propose that the memory of Handel should be honored by the erection of his statue in the place of his birth. This project will, doubtless, receive the support of all who are indebted to Handel for intellectual excitement and elevation—that is, of the majority of cultivated persons in every

nation. With musicians, the accomplishment of the plan will be a point of honor. If our success is proportionate to the greatness of the master, we shall, perhaps, be enabled to carry out the original notion as well as the present one; but the proximity of the Centenary Festival compels us to request that all friends to our musical project may use all possible speed in enabling us to carry it out, by public performances, subscriptions, and other suitable means. We shall not fail to report publicly on the progress of the work, and the expenditure of the money contributed (to be addressed to Herr Geheimerath Wucherer, Halle). We request that this announcement may be circulated as widely as possible, and trust that the editors of the German papers will support us by inserting the same, and also by receiving subscriptions. Halle, June, 1856.

SALZBURG, the place of MOZART's birth, has prepared a great festival in his honor this month. The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* furnishes the following programme of it, (as translated in the *London Musical World*):

Saturday, 6th Sept.—When the visitors, passing through the gates, which will be adorned with appropriate inscriptions, garlands, &c., enter the venerable Juvavia, (the ancient name of Salzburg,) so renowned in the history of the world and of Art, the city will show them its joyous countenance by a torchlight procession, which directing its movements towards the statue of Mozart, will terminate with a cantata composed by Lachner, to words by Professor Beck, and a magical illumination of the mountains.

Sunday, 7th.—About 9 o'clock, A. M., Mozart's grand mass in C, in which distinguished "stars" will assist. In the evening the first festival-concert in the hall (decorated for the occasion,) of the Studiengänge. The music will be exclusively that of Mozart, and will comprise the symphony (Jupiter) in C major; an aria from *Titus*, with bassoon obligato; quartet from *Idomeneo* (two sopranos, alto and tenor); piano-concerto in D minor; concerto for violin and tenor; the Count's aria from *Figaro*; trio from *Lo Sposo*; scene from *Idomeneo*; overture to *Zauberflöte*.

Monday, 8th.—In the Cathedral, Mozart's grand mass in F major, as on the preceding day. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the great festival procession, consisting of all the *Liedertafeln*, with their banners and emblems, will march to the decorated tribune on the Mönchsberg, where the "Abendlied," "Bundeslied," Mozart's "O Isis," Lachner's "Kriegers Gebet," Storch's "Grün," the chorus from Mendelssohn's "Edipus," the "Frau Musica" of Rochlitz, the hunting chorus from Robert Schumann's "Pilgerfahrt," and amid the firing of salutes, "Prince Eugene" will be sung by the various societies in union, besides sundry intervening pieces by the different societies separately.

Tuesday, 9th, the second festival concert will take place, when the music will comprise: Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, an aria from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Spohr's "Concerto in forma di scena cantante," march from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy-Bias*, the second act from Glück's *Orfeo*, aria (tenor) from Weber's *Euryanthe*, "Wunderbare Harmonie"—a vocal quartet by Haydn, duet from Spontini's *Vestal* (?), Handel's "Hallelujah." The festival concerts will be under the direction of Herr Lachner, the performance of the "Liedertafeln" under Herr Storch, and the masses in the church under Herr Taux. The assistant artists for solos will comprise—Frau Behrend-Brand, Frau Mangstl-Stretzenegger, Frau Dietz, Herr Grill (?), Herr Härtinger, Herr Young, and Herr Kindermann. Several professors from Munich, and artists from far and near will also take part in the orchestra. Among the first violins will be many violinists and orchestra directors of repute, including men from the northern German states—even Schleswig-Holstein. During the festival, the relics of Mozart—the harpsichord, spinet, letters, portraits, etc., now in the possession of the "Mozarteum" will be exhibited in the room where the great composer was born.

DARMSTADT.—On the 31st August and 1st September, the Middle Rhine Musical Festival will take place at Darmstadt. The cities that join in the celebration are Darmstadt, Mayence, Wiesbaden, Mannheim, Giessen, &c. The orchestra will comprise the Grand Ducal band of Darmstadt, the band of the Court theatre at Mannheim, and several distinguished talents from Mayence, Wiesbaden, Carlsruhe, and Frankfurt. The programme is as follows: First day, Handel's "Messiah." Second day—Overture to *Zauberflöte*; Finale to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; Concerto on the violin with harp obligato by Vieuxtemps; "Bachus-Chor," from the *Hermannschlacht* of Mangold; Chorus from Haydn's "Creation"; Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*.

PARIS.—A new *bouffonnerie musicale* in one act, called *Deux Vieilles Gardes*, words by MM. de Ville-neuve and Lemonnier, music by M. Delibes, has been produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The piece is bad, but the music is pretty. M. Delibes is a pupil of the late Adolph Adam, and his present composition augurs well for his future.

At the Grand Opéra, the revival of *Guillaume Tell*,

with all the music, was announced. The *Prophète*, with Mme. Borghi-Mamo as Fides, will follow soon after; and later in the season it is expected that Mme. Medori will appear in *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 20, 1856.

The Franklin Day—Inauguration of the Statue.

The 17th of September, already memorable in the annals of our country, has acquired a fresh significance in Boston. The festival of that day was in many respects the most successful of all the public celebrations which we can remember. It was in admirable contrast with our noisy, rowdy, senseless, semi-savage way of celebrating the Fourth of July. No firing of guns and crackers; none of that insane joy which seems to know not why it is rejoicing. Then we act like prisoners or slaves set free, with no thought of the ends of freedom and a great destiny to be fulfilled. But the rejoicings of this day were significant, pervaded by a true, a high American idea; the keynote given by the memory of a great man, "the great Bostonian," perhaps the first mind in our Revolution. We all went forth, amid the splendors of a perfect autumn day, to set up his statue, which should be a perpetual reminder to us of the true meaning of our freedom, the true mission of our country. A nobler type of the true American could not be erected. Here were the scenes of his early life. Here in poverty and honest labor had he laid the foundations of that character, that did so much to shape the destinies of a great people. Incidents from his life, maxims of practical wisdom and stirring words of true, of moral independence, taken from his pen and lips, illustrations in his person of the dignity of labor, of the union of the highest with the homeliest; lessons of true, free American manhood, borrowed from his whole life; these gave the hint for all the decorations of the streets, for the richest features of the immense procession, and inspired a sort of artistic unity in all the multifarious doings of the day.

From morning till night, with all that immense crowd poured out, there was no rude disorder, no intoxication, vulgarity, or stupid wandering about (as is the wont of American multitudes on feast days,) in solemn, unsuccessful search of pleasure; no sign of anything but joy and genuine entertainment, with renewed consciousness that after all we have a glorious mission in our hands, to work out the sublime moral of the struggle which has left us free. There was *community* of feeling on that day, and hence its pomp and pageantry became artistic.

The newspapers record the order of the great procession, the seeing or forming part of which was the *chief* occupation of the greatest number. The turn-out of the mechanic trades, with their implements and banners, was more imposing than any of the kind before. There were some small displays of Yankee peddling vanity and self-advertising, to be sure, mixed up with the rest. But by far the most of the representations were of those solid, noble arts of life, which make them elemental types of the true dignity of labor, and carry poetry and meaning with them. The workers in iron and in brass, those

stalwart bands of men, with the products of their hands, uniting strength and beauty, for their emblems; the makers of bread; the printers (with Franklin's own press, and printing office in full operation; the miniature school-rooms, with beautiful and happy children at their desks—best fruits of the tree which Franklin with wise forethought planted; the innumerable wagons of the expressmen, loaded with bales and boxes lettered for all corners of the continent, showing at a glance the vast spread of our business relations;—all was full of deep suggestion. The Fine Arts too were there. Noble bodies of laborers bore their insignia. The 200 workmen from the Chicopee foundry, who cast the statue, and who bore above their heads small models of the same and other statues, as well as cutlery and silver ware made a goodly show. So, too, the workers in ornamental iron, the silversmiths, the makers of gas fixtures, hundreds of them, each man carrying a brass rod (they might call themselves the Fraternity of the Golden Rule).

And music was there. We must say a word of that. The 300 men from the piano-forte manufactory of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and the 200 from the manufactory of Messrs. Hallett & Davis, were among the finest looking bodies of men. The former were preceded by an elegant and tasteful pavilion, on which stood the first grand piano made by Jonas Chickering in 1824, and followed by another containing the *last* grand piano by the brothers Chickering. A beautiful feature of their parade was the respect paid to those who had grown old in the service, who were drawn in elegant barouches. At the head of Hallett & Davis's column moved a pavilion, containing one of those very old ancestors of the piano, a veritable spinet, which has been for years in Worcester, and was labelled, "made 150 years before Franklin's birth," and by its side one of their last splendid grand pianos.

Other musical instrument makers we saw none; but there were bands innumerable in full blast, representing and trumpeting the makers of wind instruments, unfortunately all brass.

Of the ceremonies in Court Square, the unveiling of the statue, the eloquent and fit words spoken, we cannot report, for it was only a comparatively small and representative crowd that could find room there. Of the modern Olympic games and competitions of our brave firemen, too, upon the Common, and the happy outpouring of the children of the schools upon the Public Garden, green as an emerald, and flashing with masses of bright-colored flowers, as it was that day, we can but make mention.

The statue itself is a noble work of Art, and does the greatest honor to the sculptor, RICHARD GREENOUGH, as well as to the founders, who have cast it in light golden-colored bronze, and to all who have had part in the design and execution of the whole project. The figure is eight feet in height, and stands upon a beautiful die-stone of the Vermont verde antique marble, which surmounts a chaste granite pedestal. The old Franklin stands there in his plain, quiet, natural posture, the big, wise head inclining forward; nothing theatrical or for effect about it; no particular action; his hat held up under the left arm, the other arm dropped quietly; looking as you might have met him any day in Washington street, or in the streets of Paris, going thoughtfully along. The expression of the face is serene, thoughtful,

benevolent, wise, happy: and with the drooping fulness of the head, the whole man seems as if full of a great future, as if serene and happy in the feeling that the ground has been faithfully cleared and the true seeds planted, and in the anticipation of a glorious harvest for posterity.

In the evening the square was illuminated by ornamental gas-lights covering the front of City Hall, and there were crowds and music; and at midnight the German Glee Club (Orpheus) and Serenade Band, with true German artist feeling, brought the tribute of their music, in the form of a serenade, to the image of this patriarch of their free adopted country.

A WORD FROM THE ANTI-SCHUMANN-ITES.

—The *London Musical World* has the following notice of our recent strictures upon the English criticisms of Schumann, Wagner, and others.

We have inserted in another page an article from *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*, written in a gentlemanly tone, although somewhat dogmatic in spirit. The writer is, we think, mistaken in two ways—mistaken in his admiration of the late Robert Schumann (as a composer), and mistaken in his interpretation of certain views which have from time to time been advanced in these columns, and which have as often been attacked in those of our transatlantic contemporary.

Among other things we are rated with inconsistency for simultaneously objecting to the music of Wagner, Schumann, Brahms and Franz, the styles of those composers bearing (according to Dwight) no resemblance whatever to each other. Now our contemporary must excuse us when we tell him that he has assumed something on his own account, and then combated the assumption. We never said there was any relationship among the styles of his favorite composers. First, we do not admit them to possess what the term *style* is supposed to represent. A want of *style* indeed is among their various deficiencies. Secondly, we object to their music generally and individually because, according to our belief in what constitutes good in art, their music is essentially *bad*. Surely we may denounce several bad things together without being open to the charge of not knowing the difference between one and another. *Lohengrin* is a bad thing, *Paradise and the Peri* is a bad thing, and the sonata of Brahms is a (very) bad thing; but at the same time they have nothing in common but this badness for which they are condemned. Mr. Dwight finds that Wagner and Schumann have nothing in common but their "*Beethoven-like* unwillingness to be mere copyists." May the Muses pardon our contemporary his sacrilegious application of the mightiest name in music! We cannot.

There is one consoling point in all this vain preaching up of what is vicious in art—or rather, of what has really no claim to be denominated *art*—among our cousins, the Yankees. Those critics who are most enthusiastic about Wagner and Schumann are always either sneering at or endeavoring to throw cold water upon the greatest musical genius of his day—the legitimate successor of Beethoven (although no more like Beethoven than Schumann is like Wagner—resembling Beethoven alone in that high instinct which made both disdain to pass off charlatanism for art). We of course allude to Mendelssohn. It is the same in Germany as in America. In Germany, critics who are shallow enough, or mad enough, to be proselytes of Wagner, are furious against Mendelssohn, because Mendelssohn while he lived was a beacon to warn us from the rocks and quicksands that are always at hand for the unwary. The observation of certain "intelligent Germans" of Mr. Dwight's acquaintance that, "given half the *ideas* found in *Paradise and the Peri* Mendelssohn, by his consummate treatment, would have produced a wonder of the world," is merely intended to convey by innuendo that Mendelssohn had no *ideas*, or at least not so many as Schumann, which is neither more nor less than preposterous.

nonsense. If Mr. Dwight and his friends are unable to detect the difference between the two men, to know how one was a true and the other a false apostle, the one a great, the other a small musician, we are sorry for Mr. Dwight and his friends. And yet what have we a right to expect from critics who fancy they can see a resemblance between Robert Franz and John Sebastian Bach?

We cannot see that the above requires any answer, farther than to say, we still adhere to all that we have said. We must deny that Schumann, Wagner and Franz have only written music that is *bad*; for Brahms we have made no claim. And as for Franz, we still maintain, that any one who studies his music, even his songs, will find traces of the influence of Bach quite as distinctly as they are found in Mendelssohn; that Franz, even in the English sense, therefore, is *classical* in style.

Musical Review.

(Published by Nathan Richardson.)

The Musical Drama: a collection of Choruses, Quintets, Quartets, Trios and concerted pieces, from standard German, Italian and French Operas, &c. Selected, arranged and translated by J. C. D. PARKER, A. M. (See Advertisement.)

Here is a work which, judging from the first number, now before us, will be of real value to amateur clubs and singing societies. There are many treasures in the way of concerted pieces in the best operas, which have never been drawn forth (at least without alteration or curtailment) for the benefit of American singers. Especially is this true of German operas. No. 1 of the promised nine numbers in this series is devoted purely to German opera. It contains six admirable pieces. The first is that exquisite Chorus of Elves from the opening of Weber's *Oberon* (sung last winter at Mr. Dresel's private concert). Next comes the Quartet from *Fidelio* (sung at our Beethoven Festival.) The other pieces are a chorus from Gluck's *Armide*; a chorus from Mendelssohn's *Die Heimkehr*; the Trio (in masks) from *Don Giovanni*; and a Scene (Trio and Chorus) from *Der Freyschütz*. These alone have more meat in them than is found in all the opera chorus books which have appeared in English. Mr. Parker has done his work faithfully, with a true musician's feeling. In every case he gives the German words, with a good singable translation. In the case of the Don Juan Trio we should have thought it well to give also the usual Italian words: *Protegga il giusto cielo*, &c. Each piece is arranged with a piano-forte accompaniment.

(From George P. Reed & Co.)

Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven, in form of Petites Fantaisies, for Young Pianists. By TH. OESTEN. Op. 95.—No. 5. Quintet, Op. 16, of BEETHOVEN. Price 25 cents.

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Minnehaha Polka: for Piano, by J. W. BLENDIN. 25 cents.

Musical Chat-Chat.

MARETZEK, at the New York Academy, announced the *Troratore* again for the last time on Wednesday; the theatre to be closed thereafter for rehearsals of *L'Etoile du Nord*. . . . Mme. DE WIL-

HORST made her first appearance as a vocalist in a concert at Niblo's on Wednesday, assisted by Signori BRIGNOLI and AMODIO, with accompaniments on the *Orgue Alexandre* and piano-forte by Senor and Senora RANIERI VILANOVA. The pieces sung were wholly Italian operas. . . . The New York Harmonic Society propose giving four or five grand performances this winter, with full orchestra under Carl Bergmann's direction. They rehearse every Monday evening at Dodworth's. Among the compositions to be taken up are Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." . . . The Mendelssohn Union (New York) have commenced rehearsals, under Mr. Morgan's direction, of Costa's oratorio of "Eli."

The new German Opera opened on Tuesday evening with *Robert le Diable* (sung in German.) Niblo's Theatre was crowded; the price of admission being 50 cents, with 30 cents extra for reserved seats. The general opinion seems to have been that *Robert* was an unlucky selection for any but a first-class troupe, which this is not. The *Tribune* is by no means complimentary in its notice of the principal singers, and "cannot refrain from stating that their vocal efforts were generally crude and immethodical; exhibiting deficient phrasing, inexact bravuraism, and some inexorable shrieking." The *Times* is more considerate; thus:

Of all recent attempts at German Opera—and they have been numerous—this promises to be the most substantial and satisfactory. Although the company can scarcely be considered first-class in any of its departments, and is otherwise unsatisfactory in important respects, it is nevertheless the best that has been offered to an American audience. We have seldom seen Niblo's Theatre more densely crowded, and certainly have never sat in a more critical audience. So uncompromising were auditors in their denunciations, that at one period we had fears for the progress of the opera.

The cast was as follows: *Robert*, Herr PICKANESER; *Bertram*, Herr WEINLICH; *Rimbaldo*, Herr BRUTLER; *Isabella*, Mme. VON BERKEL; *Alice*, Mlle. PICKER.

Mme. Berkel has an acceptable voice, an interesting appearance and an impressive dramatic method. When she can tread the stage with the confident ease of a favorite, she will display all of these qualities to greater advantage, and especially in lighter operas where the compass of the voice is not overtaxed. In the upper register Mme. Berkel is anything but pure, either in quality or intonation, and it is these gusty sections which she should avoid. The rôle of the Princess is a never-ending one. All great artists improve on it, and contribute another to the traditions which already exist. Mme. Berkel's personation was not remarkable for force or originality, but it was clear and artist-like, and filled with brave little touches of excellence. It was the only effort of the evening that satisfied the audience. Mlle. Pucker (*Alice*) has a good voice, but it lacks cultivation and method. Like Mme. Berkel's it is harsh and gusty in the upper part. Of the gentlemen, we shall be brief. They were, so far as this opera is concerned, utterly beneath criticism. Whether they will be valuable in other operas remains to be seen. Mr. Weinlich appears to have a fine organ, but he is altogether unable to manage it, and its crudeness and inequality run riot. Herr Pickaneser is not an improvement on the ordinary run of German tenors—a race, which, we sincerely hope, is peculiar to this city.

The orchestra, under Mr. Carl Bergmann, is superb, and compensates for many of the drawbacks we have referred to. It is quite strong, but its sinews are held together by a master-hand. The chorus, although numerically strong, did not shine to great advantage,—the voices are twangy and nasal.

In point of neatness and propriety this version of "Robert the Devil" will bear favorable comparison with any former revival. Some excellent scenery has been prepared, and the costumes are rich and in good taste. These indications are particularly cheerful, and induce us to believe that, in spite of a somewhat disputed success, the new German Opera Troupe will gain in public favor, and make a prosperous voyage after all.

The New Orleans *Picayune* describes the prospects for French Opera this season in that very opera-loving city. It seems that M. Boudousquie, the impresario, has visited Paris and made the following engagements of singers:

Mr. Moulin, first tenor for Grand Opera, succeeding Mr. Duluc.
Mr. Martin, baritone, succeeding Mr. Cramflade.
Mr. Guillot, first basso for Grand Opera, and second basso for Comic Opera, succeeding Mr. Grant.
Mlle. Bourgeois, prima donna, mezzo-soprano, succeeding Mme. Cambier.
Mme. Latouche, *chanteuse légère* (or light singer for Comic and Grand Operas) and *dugazon*.
Mme. Guillot, *dugazon*.
Mr. Lacroix, leading comedian, succeeding Mr. Gustave.
Mr. Deligne, second comedian, succeeding Mr. Chol.
Mme. Berger Lacroix, leading lady, succeeding Mlle. Darmont.

The chorists will also receive an addition to their numbers in seven male and female performers.—M. Boudousquie was at last dates still in search of a prima donna soprano and a first light tenor. With these his opera troupe will be one of the most complete ever had in this country, and as he has hitherto shown a most laudable liberality and enterprise in securing artists of a superior class, no matter at what cost, doubtless the new comers will be very desirable additions to our operatic and dramatic circles. We notice among them the name of Mme. Latouche, a younger sister of our favorite Mme. Colson. She is spoken of as a very charming singer. She could not well be otherwise; and as Mme. Colson remains with us, too, next season, it will be quite pleasing to witness the exhibition of the fine talent of these sisters on the same boards. Mr. Delagrave and Mr. Juncu, first tenor and first basso, will also resume their respective posts, much to the pleasure of the admirers of artistic singing.

The *Musical World* gives us a list of the artists whom "the felicitous FELICITA VESTVALI takes with her as directress of the opera to Mexico; viz: "Countess Tasca-Tascani, Signorina Landi, Signorina Casali, and Signora Manzini, as *prime donne assolute*. Signora Ziegholi, as *prima donna e comprimaria*. Signora Gierafola, as *seconda donna*. Signorina Felicita Vestvali, *prima donna contralto*. Signor Steffani and Sig. Bianchi, *primi tenori assoluti*. Sig. Ottaviani and E. Barilli, *baritoni assoluti*. Sigs. Bellini and Solares, *bassi assoluti*. Signor Fattori, *maestro del orchestra*. We understand that these are all good and thoroughbred artists, and some of the very first quality. The repertory of operas to be produced is a very rich one: composed as follows: *Il Troratore*, *La Favorita*, *Les Vepres Siciliennes*, *Nabuchadonoser*, *Rigolotto*, *Giovana d'Arco*—all by Verdi. *Tancredi*, *Donna del Lago*, *Cenerentola*, *Matilda di Schubran*—by Rossini. *Scaramuzza*, by Ricci. *Louisa Strozzi*, by Martini. *Buondelmode* and *Saffo*, by Paccini. *Normani in Parigi*, by Mercadante. *Beatrice di Fenda*, by Bellini. *Etoile du Nord*, by Meyerbeer. *Romeo and Juliette*, by Bellini and Vaccai. *Don Rocco*, *Birajo di Presto*, *Poliucto e Paolina*, etc., etc. This list includes many operas unknown to the American public, which M. Vestvali has brought with him from Europe. It is said that Mexican audiences are fastidious as to any sameness in operas given. The Government has also something to say and partly sustains the opera."

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

[Concluded from p. 195.]

Of not less interest than the preceding is the account by an English lady of a visit to Beethoven in October, 1825. Then also he was living in the little town of Baden, near Vienna. "I had been told," writes the lady, "that I must be prepared for a rough and forbidding reception. When we arrived, Beethoven had just come home in a shower, and was about to change his coat. From what I had heard of his brusque character, I was apprehensive that he might not receive us heartily, as with hasty steps he came out from a side chamber. He accosted us in a very polite, friendly and agreeable manner. He is very short-built and haggard, but attentive enough to his personal appearance. He remarked that Herr H. was very fond of Handel, said that he loved him also, and went on for a long time praising that great composer. I conversed with him by writing, since I found it impossible to make myself heard; and though this was an awkward mode of communication, it did not require much, since Beethoven always talked on freely and without prompting, and neither replied to questions nor seemed to expect long answers. I ventured to express to him my admiration for his compositions, and praised among other things his *Adelaide*. He remarked very modestly, that this poem of MATTHISON was very beautiful. He spoke French well. He would have learned also, he said, to speak English; but his deafness had prevented him from going farther into that language than to learn to read it. He preferred the English writers to the

French. *Ils sont plus vrais*, said he. THOMPSON is his favorite author; but particularly great is his admiration for SHAKSPEARE. When we rose to take our leave, Beethoven begged us to stay longer. *Je veux vous donner un souvenir de moi*, said he. Whereupon he went into a side chamber, and wrote a short canon for the piano-forte, which he handed to me in a very friendly manner. Then he requested me to spell my name to him, so that he might superscribe his impromptu correctly. Then he took me by the arm and led me into the chamber where he had written, so that I might see the whole of his quarters, which were altogether those of an author, but perfectly neat. Although they betrayed no sign of abundance or of wealth, yet they showed no want of useful furniture or nice arrangement. I led him cautiously back into a chamber on the other side, in which stood his Broadwood grand piano; but he seemed to me to grow melancholy at the sight of the instrument. Also he remarked that it was not in a fit condition, for the tuner in the country was extraordinarily bad. He struck a few keys, to convince me of it. In spite of that, I laid the manuscript which he had given me upon the desk, and he played it simply through, after he had preluded with three or four chords. Thereupon he stopped, and I would not for any price have urged him more, since I found that he himself had no pleasure in playing. We then took leave of one another, and Beethoven told me that if he ever came to England, he would certainly visit us."

One of his brother artists, CARL MARIA VON WEBER, describes the reception which he found a few years earlier (1823) with Beethoven, in these words: "We went several times to see him. He was in bad humor, and fled all human society. But finally we succeeded in finding the favorable moment. We were conducted in, and we saw him sitting at his writing desk, from which however he did not rise to welcome us. Beethoven had known me for some years, so that I could enter into a conversation with him. Suddenly he sprang up, stood upright before me, and laying his hands on my shoulders, shook me with a sort of rough heartiness, saying: 'You have always been a clever fellow!' Whereupon he embraced me in an extremely kind and affectionate manner. Of all the marks of distinction which I received in Vienna, of all the fame and praise which I reaped there, nothing has so touched my heart as this brotherly kiss of Beethoven."

With the physical sufferings, which he was never altogether spared, and which came home to him in increased measure in the last years of his life, was coupled the humiliation of seeing all

Vienna intoxicated by the voluptuous melodies of ROSSINI, apparently almost forgetting him and his works. Then a few real friends of Art addressed a memorial to Beethoven, full of the most admiring recognition of his talent, and containing an urgent request that he would soon bring out his last two great works, the Ninth Symphony and the *Missa Solennis*. The concert in which these works were produced took place. But their creator heard them not. Only by turning round was his attention called to the storm of applause from the audience, which seemed as if it never would end. Yet at the repetition the house was empty; it was scarcely to be expected otherwise of a public enthusiastic about Rossini's melodies.

Beethoven had resolved to offer his *Missa Solennis* in manuscript to the European courts for the price of 50 ducats. But only the Emperor of Russia and the kings of France, Prussia and Saxony accepted Beethoven's offer. Besides these, Prince Anton von Radzivil in Vienna, and Herr Schelble, director of the Cæcilia Society in Frankfort on the Main, subscribed. The Prussian ambassador at Vienna had the question privately put to Beethoven, whether perhaps an order would not be more welcome to him than the 50 ducats. But Beethoven decided, without a moment's hesitation, for the latter. The King of France sent him a large golden medal, with his bust on one side, and the inscription: *Donné par le Roi à M. Beethoven*, upon the other. Beethoven also wrote to CHERUBINI upon this occasion, but received no answer. Still his works, especially the later ones, commanded a very respectable price from publishers. For every one of his last sonatas and quartets he got from 40 to 80 ducats; but for many other works much too little. There were not wanting cases in which he was cheated out of his well-earned reward. Thus, among others a Russian Prince, Nicolaus von Gallitzin, in 1824, had ordered three quartets for stringed instruments for a stipulated price of 125 ducats; yet, after receiving the quartets, he never sent the money, although repeatedly reminded.

But Beethoven had to suffer a still deeper wound, in the latter portion of his life, through the extremely culpable behavior of his nephew, for whose education, as we have before said, he had shrunk from no sacrifice, often depriving himself to do for him whatever lay within his power. It was on the 2d of December, 1826, that Beethoven returned to Vienna with his ungrateful protégé in an open carriage, because his brother Johana, at whose country seat he had spent some time, would not let him use the covered one. The inclement season and the bad

weather had the most injurious consequences for Beethoven's health. He was taken with a lung fever, which soon passed into dropsy. In vain did he send for his old physicians, Braunhofer and Staudenheim. Only some days afterwards did Dr. Wavrch hear by accident of Beethoven's illness, and that he was in want of a physician. He went to him immediately. Nearly two months later was Beethoven's former physician and friend, Dr. Malfatti, moved to visit him, and join Dr. Wavrch in his treatment. Meanwhile the disease had made such rapid progress that Beethoven had at short intervals to undergo four operations.

In this melancholy condition he became anxious about the means of providing for the most necessary wants, since his entire stock of money only amounted to 100 florins, Convention coin. It occurred to him to turn to the Philharmonic Society in London, and ask their assistance. Accordingly he wrote to MOSCHELES in London, whose reply described the sad impression which his melancholy situation had produced. This letter was accompanied by the sum of £100, sent him by the Philharmonic Society. They begged him to accept this sum for the time being, and to apply to them farther should he be in need.

Beethoven viewed the approach of death with resignation. Whatever he left behind him he bequeathed to his nephew, little as he had deserved it. Upon his yet remaining original scores he wrote with his own hand, that he left them to one of his friends, who had especially assisted him in the last period of his life by word and deed. In the midst of various plans for newly projected works, among others an oratorio: "The Triumph of the Cross," he yielded, after many sufferings, to the final fate, surrounded by his brother Johann and a few of his most intimate friends. During a fearful thunder-storm, accompanied with hail, upon the 26th of March, 1827, a quarter before six o'clock in the evening, he rendered up his spirit.

An eye-witness informs us of his last days: "When I came to him on the morning of the 24th of March, I found his whole face disturbed, and himself so weak that he could scarcely with the greatest effort utter two or three words. Soon after came his physician, Dr. Wavrch. He looked at him a few moments, and then said to me: 'Beethoven is rapidly hastening towards dissolution!' Since we had concluded the business of his will, as well as could be, the day before, one longing wish alone remained to us—to make his peace with Heaven, and at the same time to show to the world that he had closed his life as a true Christian. Dr. Wavrch begged him in writing, in the name of all his friends, to receive the holy sacrament, to which he answered perfectly composed and calmly: 'I will.' The priest came about four o'clock, and the service was performed with the greatest edification. He now seemed to be convinced himself of his near end; for scarcely had the clergyman gone, when he said to me and the surrounding friends: '*Plaudite amici, comædia finita est!* Have I not always said that it would so come?' Towards evening he lost his consciousness and began to wander. This continued until the evening of the 25th, when visible symptoms of death showed themselves. Yet he did not die until a quarter before six in the evening of the 26th."

Beethoven's early friend, so often mentioned,

STEPHEN VON BREUNING, together with the music-director, A. SCHINDLER, took charge of the funeral. It took place on the 29th of March. An almost immeasurable multitude of men, of the most different conditions, followed the bier in long procession from the house to the neighboring church, where the consecration of the corpse took place. Beethoven's earthly remains were then borne to the burial ground before the Währing line. There the actor ANSCHUTZ pronounced a funeral discourse composed by GRILLPARZER. A silver medal was stamped to Beethoven's memory, and soon his bust adorned the hall where the tones of his masterworks resounded.

Of Beethoven's outward appearance, one of his friends sketches a visible portrait in these words: "He was five feet four inches (Vienna measure) in height, of compact and sturdy frame, as well as powerful muscles. His head was uncommonly large, covered with long, snarly almost entirely gray hair, which not seldom hung in disorder about his head. His forehead was high and broad; his small brown eye in smiling drew back almost into his head. But suddenly it dilated to uncommon size, and either rolled and flashed about, the pupil almost always turned upwards, or it did not move at all, and looked fixedly before him, if any idea got possession of him. At such times his whole outward appearance underwent a sudden change, and wore a visibly inspired and imposing aspect, so that his little form seemed to lift itself upward like a giant."

In this insignificant bodily husk dwelt a beautiful soul. From the indications already given of Beethoven's character, it is plain that he was a thoroughly noble man, endowed with the most loving heart. All that appeared to him false, low, immoral, or unjust, he hated in his deepest soul. But on the other hand, worldly prudence and knowledge of men were wholly strange things to him. It has already been mentioned several times how easily he flew into a passion, and thereby did crying injustice to his best and truest friends, merely because he either saw things in a false light, or he had been excited and made mistrustful by ill-meaning persons. Fortunately, however, he soon recognized his own injustice, and was the first to hold out the hand of reconciliation.

Thus he wrote one day on sending his portrait to his friend Stephen von Breuning, with whom he had fallen out: "Behind this picture, my good, dear Stephen, be forever hidden what for a long time has passed between us. I know I have rent thy heart. My own pained feelings, which you must surely have remarked, had punished me enough for it. It was no wickedness on my part. Else I were no more worthy of thy friendship. Passion on thy part and on mine. But mistrust towards thee was awakened in me; men placed themselves between us, who were not worthy of thee and me. My portrait was already long ago intended for thee; you know that I had always intended it for some one. To whom could I so well give it with the warmest heart as to thee, faithful, good, noble Stephen? Forgive me if I have caused thee pain; I suffered not less myself. When for so long a time I saw thee no more about me, then I began to feel right vividly how dear thou art and ever wilt be to my heart. Now perhaps thou wilt fly back into my arms, as formerly."

The usual consequences of deafness—mistrust, ill humor and reserve—manifested themselves in a high degree in Beethoven. He hated all formality. Hence he only went unwillingly to the Archduke Rudolph's, his illustrious pupil, careful as that Prince was to exempt him from these formalities. So, too, he once abandoned beautiful lodgings at the villa of Baron von Pronay, for no other reason than because the Baron, when he met him, made him too profound bows. For similar reasons he often, as we have before said, changed his lodgings, so that he had to pay for two, three, and at one time even four dwelling-places at once. From this it is easily understood how he, although he had a decent income, never laid up anything, but rather, by the confession of his own letters, found himself not seldom in pecuniary embarrassment. Yet he never suffered real personal privations.

As a musician, there were united in Beethoven the most thorough musical knowledge with the happy talent for inventing charming melodies. In his earlier works, especially in his piano variations, Sonatas, Trios and Quartets, he followed essentially the direction, which Haydn, who moreover was his teacher, and Mozart had given to instrumental music. He sympathized with Haydn's humor and with Mozart's tender feeling. Even in many of his later works, in several symphonies and sonatas, above all in his wonderful B flat major Trio, that tendency predominated in him. But whereas Haydn turned afterwards especially to church music, and Mozart established his fame forever as a dramatic composer, Beethoven struck into an entirely opposite path. His withdrawal from the world and its appearances, from the pictures, forms and laws of the drama and the church, led him into the domain of instrumental music, and here again to the confidential, private, self-satisfying piano-forte. His piano compositions became the circle in which his musical creative power moved almost exclusively. By a more appropriate treatment, by a deeper entering into the character and capabilities of his favorite instrument, Beethoven soon left his great predecessors behind him. His tone-figures, his chords were richer and fuller; the melody came out clearer and more distinct, through the arrangement of the subordinate voices. Every connoisseur in the Art must have soon convinced himself how his genius buried itself in these tones and elevated this his chosen instrument to be his most peculiar organ.

With years and the steady ripening of his talent, Beethoven's musical ideas and outpourings of feeling became ever grander, mightier and more transporting. Deeper than formerly had a theme to be felt, to be able to enchain him long. His works rose gradually to a spiritual and plastic unity of feeling, which his great predecessors in similar compositions had not reached. His absorption in an idea, his revelling in a feeling, often led him to an insatiable pitch. He could not make an end, and always after every rich gush of feeling, he sent another deeper still. It was wonderful at the same time how the overflowing stream of his feeling never overstepped the prescribed lines of a form circumspectly chosen, but only expanded it in a legitimate way. He was always meditating upon new combinations, which to one not fully initiated in the art appeared often strange, or even bizarre.

Rich and deep as his piano compositions and Quartets, nay, grander and mightier, were Beethoven's orchestral works, in which his genius could move more boldly and freely. If anything remained unattainable to him, it was the innocent clearness, comparable to the blue heavens, of Haydn's instrumentation. It better corresponded with Beethoven's nature, as a gifted writer expressed it, to lead us into a clond or storm, or into the rosy atmosphere of an Indian night. He had grown so to live in the voices of his instrumental world, that he felt himself more related to them than to human beings, from intercourse with whom he was separated by his weakness of hearing. What intercourse with men did not afford him, these voices murmured and whispered to his soul; he infused his own feeling, his own consciousness into his instrument.

The greatness of his musical talent revealed itself already in his earliest works, in his first Mass, in the Oratorio: "Christ at the Mount of Olives;" then in his opera: "Leonora," afterwards remodelled under the title of "Fidelio," which may be called the most perfect dramatic creation since Mozart, and stands beside his masterworks. Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont," his overture to "Coriolanus," translated the works of the poets better for him than he could have done it in the form of vocal music. The depth and inwardness of his feeling expressed itself in the most various states of mind. Touchingly resounded the melting, never-ending farewell of a loving pair in his Sonata: *Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour*. In his C minor Symphony Beethoven knew how to represent in an inimitable manner, how a strong soul, after severe, painful conflict with gloomy doubts, inspired by looking up to heaven, lifts itself in strength and clearness to an unshakeable conviction. His *Sonata quasi una Fantasia* he wrote when he had been deceived in a tender passion, and had to tear himself violently away. Among Beethoven's numerous compositions his "Battle of Vittoria," of which so much has been said, and his "Pastoral Symphony," have maintained no insubordinate place. Attractive also were the images from a heroic life in his *Sinfonia Eroica*.

The greatest part of his works show always a uniform succession of ideas, now resting upon outward circumstances, and now upon determinate views of human life in general, or of his own life. Never, or at the most very rarely, in his works, did a thought once heard return again. Even his accompaniment was always new. Each one of his compositions had its own peculiar circle, in which it coincided with no other; in each a new, self-contained world revealed itself: each brought forth special, unmistakable views, scenes of life or images of nature. Such a variety were hardly possible without that genuine poetic tendency to individual shaping of his creations, which reigned in Beethoven's nature. But to this tendency he could resign himself more uninterruptedly than most composers.

Withdrawn from the actual world, he lived only in the realm of tones. Into the voiceless solitude his love-craving and with-love-overflowing heart accompanied him. Deep, unsatisfied yearning seemed to be the ground-tone, especially in many of his later works. As in his outward life he longed in vain for the bliss of domestic life, so in his Art he turned with longing love towards men. He gave the deepest expression to

these feelings in his masterly composition of the song of Schiller: "To Joy." Some striking remarks upon the character of his music in general are contained in a little pamphlet which appeared in Dresden in 1854, under the title: *Beethoven's Symphonien nach ihren idealen Gehalt*.*

Eighteen years after Beethoven's death had passed, when his native city, Bonn, honored him by the erection of a colossal monument in bronze, for which the sculptor HÄHNEL, in Dresden, modelled the design. The monument is 25 feet in height, the statue itself being 10 feet and the pedestal 15 feet. Beethoven is represented in the inspired moment of artistic activity. While the upward look betrays the lightning of a creative thought, the right hand lifts itself, as if involuntarily, to write down the thought at once upon the note-book held in the left hand. In the whole bearing of the figure and in the energetic expression of the features you see at the first glance a man who wills to achieve something great, extraordinary, and who is conscious also of the power to do it. The four reliefs, which adorn the pedestal, are happily conceived. On the front side we have Imagination in flying robe, hastening away upon the back of a Sphinx. On the opposite side is Instrumental Music, or rather Symphony, as its representative, a floating female figure, surrounded by four Genii, which indicate the four parts of the Symphony; the first holds the sword, the second the serpent and the torch reversed, the third the thyrsus and the castanets, the fourth the triangle. On the two sides we see two sitting female figures, one of which, playing the organ, represents Church Music, the other, with two masks, Dramatic Music.

The unveiling of the monument took place amid many solemnities on the 12th of August, 1845. Two days before, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in D, and his last Symphony, with chorus, were performed, under the direction of kapellmeister SPOHR, in a splendid hall then newly built. On the 12th of August, at 9 o'clock in the morning, a numerous procession walked to the cathedral, where Prof. BREIDENSTEIN conducted the performance of Beethoven's Mass in C. After the Mass the procession moved to the public square, where an immeasurable multitude were already assembled, including many strangers from all parts of Germany. At twelve o'clock the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells announced the arrival of the King of Prussia, Frederic William IV., and several members of the royal family. The unveiling of the monument followed a festival discourse pronounced by Professor Breidenstein, and was succeeded by a chorus of men's voices with an accompaniment of wind instruments. The festivities were closed by a second grand concert in the Fest-hall, in which, under the alternate direction of SPOHR and LISZT, several of Beethoven's works were performed: his overture to "Coriolanus," a Concerto in E flat major, a Quartet-canon from "Fidelio," a string Quartet in E flat, a grand scene with chorus from the oratorio: "Christ at the Mount of Olives," his C minor Symphony, and finally the second Finale from "Fidelio."†

* "Beethoven's Symphonies with reference to their ideal contents." For a translation of this clever essay see Vol. VII., page 73, *et seq.*, of this Journal.

† For full description of this festival, borrowed from Chorley's "Modern German Music," see Vol. VI., pp. 1-18, of this Journal.

A letter of Beethoven's to MATTHISSON, whose poem, *Adelaide*, he composed, may be regarded as a relic. This letter, written in the earliest period of his life in Vienna, affords by its pervading tone of modesty an interesting contribution to the characteristics of Beethoven. "You have here," he writes (Vienna, Aug. 4, 1800), "a composition of mine, which has already been for some years published, and of which you perhaps, to my shame, as yet know nothing. I can perhaps excuse myself, and tell you why I dedicated a thing, which came so warm out of my heart, to you, and yet did not inform you of it, by stating that in the first place I did not know where you resided; and again on the ground of shyness, since I feared I had been too forward in dedicating to you anything, of which I knew not whether it had your approbation. Even now I send you the *Adelaide* with misgiving. You yourself know what a change a few years produce in an artist who is constantly progressing. The farther one has advanced in Art, the less do his earlier works satisfy him. My greatest wish is satisfied, if the musical composition of your heavenly *Adelaide* does not entirely displease you; and if you shall be moved thereby to produce soon another similar poem, and do not find my request presumptuous, that you will send it to me at once. I will then summon up all my powers, to come near to your beautiful poetry. Consider the dedication as a sign of my gratitude and high estimation for the blissful satisfaction which your poetry has always given me and will still give me."

"Professors."

A foreigner looking through the directory of this, or any other American city, would be apt to conclude us to be a remarkably musical people, judging from the innumerable "Professors of Music" whose addresses are to be found inserted in the cumbersome volume. Indeed, even we have often been surprised at the shoals of persons claiming this distinctive title, while in fact, they have no right so to dub themselves, and while no reason exists for their being so termed by others. "Artist" and "Professor" are rapidly becoming meaningless words, after having been for long years employed as the honorable indicators of those accomplished and learned men who devoted their lives to the services of the Arts and Sciences. To deserve and possess the rank of Artist—for rank it then actually was—constituted at one time the ambition of lofty genius; to be an artist was to prove an affinity with Raphael, Michael Angelo, and all the great Art names of old; now we see "Artists in Hair" on half the signs of the Wig stores in town, and in the cant of the day, dancers, actresses, sign painters, bootmakers, &c., are all indiscriminately called "Artists." What results from this wholesale abuse? Simply this,—the men who really possess the right so to term themselves, drop the word and announce themselves as "historical painters," "landscape painters," or "portrait painters" as the case may chance to be.

The word "Professor" is similarly misapplied, and has lost its correct signification, although as yet it has not produced so marked a result upon the class of men to which the title should be strictly confined. The reason of this non-result may be that the true Professors cannot find, or have not heretofore sought to find a different word to employ, in order to express their calling; that they know of none to answer their purposes as correctly and perfectly as Painter does for Artist. We have professors of dancing, professors of boxing, of magic, and of almost everything that one can call to mind. There can be no question about the fact that a Professor means one who publicly teaches any science or branch of learning; but it appears to us to be equally unquestionable that

dancing, boxing, and fencing are but accomplishments at the best, and not sufficiently scientific or learned for the teachers to be dignified by the high sounding title so extensively employed by them. We have given the widest definition to the word, not the strict one which says a Professor is a man who is thoroughly conversant with the practice and theory of the science which he professes; this would shut out, and justly too, many whom we tacitly acknowledge to have a claim on the title.

It is in regard to the musical application of the word that we particularly wish to speak. No one can deny that Music is a science, aye, and an abstruse one also; therefore the propriety of having such a degree as Professor of Music is as undoubted as that of having a Professor of Mathematics, or of Chemistry. To return, therefore, to what we said at the very outset of this article, a foreigner might well conclude Americans to be a very musical people, on perceiving the great number of Professors pursuing their profession in our different cities. We, however, who live in the midst of these so styled Professors, know a great majority of them to be as unworthy of the designation as the magicians, fencing masters, and the rest.

A strange abuse has fallen on this unfortunate word, an abuse that a few years since, we believed was about to work its own destruction; it still exists, perhaps in fuller force than ever. "Professor" and "teacher" seem to have become inextricably entangled, and from the way in which the words are misused, one might imagine them to be synonymous. We grant that a Professor may be a teacher, yes, and the very best description of teacher, likewise, but we do not grant that a teacher is necessarily a Professor.

Nearly every teacher dubs himself either a Professor of Music at large, of the violin, the organ, singing, or of any other separate branch. As a general rule the less a man knows about the business the more he parades the "Professor," and we used to believe that the public would at length perceive the impositions perpetually practised upon them, so that the evil would work its own cure by carrying itself beyond even their endurance. We are mistaken; there are more "Professors" than ever, and the few who are really such, now sensibly style themselves Teachers of Harmony, Composition, Instrumental or Vocal Music, as they may chance to be.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

St. George's Hall, Bradford, England.

[The following description of this Hall is taken chiefly from the printed document prefixed to the programmes of the late Musical Festival, described in another column.]

St. George's Hall stands in the centre of the town, three of its sides facing into separate streets, and covers an area of 1,600 square yards. Its outer walls and columns are of Yorkshire stone. The front or western elevation is 75 feet in height from the ground to the apex of the pediment, and is composed of a rusticated basement 27 feet high, surmounted with Corinthian columns and pilasters which support the entablature. The principal entrance is by three arched doorways, with folding doors on the basement of this façade. On each side are niches containing bronze candelabra. The centres of the arches over the doorways are enriched with masks executed by Yorkshire artists. The lower parts of the intercolumniations are occupied by windows 14 feet high, and the upper with circular shields in stone, bordered with wreaths of oak leaves. The south side elevation consists of a rusticated basement story, with deeply recessed windows, between which are elaborately carved festoons of fruit and flowers. Above this story are Corinthian columns and pilasters, supporting an unbroken entablature the whole length of the building. The intercolumniations are filled with eight arched windows 14 feet high. The entrance leads into a vestibule 46 by 25 feet, and 22 feet in height. From the centre of the floor springs the grand staircase branching off to the right and left, and terminating in the gallery on each side leading to the stalls and area. At

the foot of the staircase on either side are bronze candelabra 12 feet high, with 9 branches to each. The hall itself is 152 feet in length, 76 in breadth, and 60 feet high. It is divided into Area, Stalls, and Gallery. The first is 96 by 45 feet, and will accommodate 1000 persons with seats. The stalls are raised 12 feet above the area, and contain 528 seats. The front of the stalls is ornamented with foliated scroll work, executed in carton-pierre; in the centre of each scroll are two emblematic figures in alto relievo. The gallery is carried round three sides of the building, and contains 1,800 seats. The Hall is thus calculated to hold an audience of 3,328 persons. The eastern or orchestral end is semicircular, with a diameter of 45 feet: on either side of the organ are Corinthian pillars springing from the orchestra, and supporting the entablature. A space of 6 feet from the cornice to the ceiling is coved and divided into panels, enriched with a deep border of vine and ivy leaves, fruit and flowers. Around the ceiling runs a border of the same character. The ceiling itself is divided into four compartments by an inner border of scroll work, with central ornaments of water leaves and flowers.

At the Festival of 1853, the building had only been just completed, and possession given on the Monday in the same week. The intended decorations and painting, therefore, could not be carried out, and the performances were given within comparatively bare walls. The paintings and decorations are now all completed, and the interior of the Hall, for elegance and appropriateness combined, is not surpassed by any music-room in Europe. The walls are painted a buff color, the panels pale blue, and the ribs and mouldings a rich cream. The centre flowers and the foliage fruit and flowers of the beams "between the several compartments of the ceiling, are picked out in crimson, and the ornamental mouldings and flats around the panels relieved with dead gold and tertiary colors. The pilasters around the orchestra have been filled with scroll-work, with pale blue ground, and the capitals and mouldings gilded. Between the pilasters projecting from the wall, are placed elegant groups of musical instruments, in the form of trophies, surmounted by globes, from which spring angelic figures of nearly life size bearing coronals of light.

The Hall is lighted by 16 arched windows 14 feet high. The method of lighting it in the evening is by a continuous line of 1,600 gas jets from pipes carried round three sides of the Hall on the upper surface of the cornice, while the orchestra is lighted from the coronals borne by the figures between the pilasters. This affords a subdued and splendid light to all parts of the room, without the disagreeable effect of strong lights and shadows occasioned by the ordinary mode of lighting with lamps and chandeliers. The ventilation is effected by circular apertures 7 inches in diameter, pierced through the exterior moulding of the outer border of the ceiling, continued entirely round the four sides of the latter, and giving a ventilating surface equal to a superficial area of 130 square feet. The heating is by the usual hot water apparatus; cold air can readily be let into the building without creating any scarcely perceptible draughts, and at the same time afford an ample supply of fresh air. The organ used at the Festival in 1853 was not calculated for so large a building as the Hall. This has been replaced by the present powerful instrument, just completed by Messrs. Hill and Sons, of London. The exterior of the organ has been made to harmonize with the building in its decorations and architectural character, and is rich in ornament, with a bold, varied, yet chaste outline, presenting altogether, one of the most appropriate designs for a Concert Room organ. The decorations reflect the highest credit upon the taste and skill of Messrs. Briggs and Mensforth, to whom the whole of the painting, &c., has been entrusted. The general arrangement for the comfort of the audience has been carefully attended to. Separate entries are provided for each class of visitors, and all possible precautions taken to avoid a crush on entering or leaving the Hall. On a level with the stalls are refreshment and cloak rooms; the former 45 by 25 feet, for the accommodation of

the occupants of that portion of the Hall; and a similar arrangement has been made for those of the area. It is believed, and competent authorities have expressed their opinion, that there are few, if any buildings, of the same character in which so large a number of people can be assembled, and where the comfort and accommodation of each class have been so much considered and so effectually provided for.

Music Abroad.

England.

BRADFORD TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—This great festival commenced on Tuesday morning, Aug. 26, in St. George's Hall. The first festival was held three years ago, when that magnificent music hall was finished. A large and powerful organ has been added, containing 51 stops and 2783 pipes.

The principal sopranos engaged were Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Weiss, Miss Milner, and Miss Sherrington, together with the new and brilliant star in the musical horizon, Mlle. Piccolomini, who appeared on the last two evenings. Among the contraltos we find Mme. Alboni, Mme. Viardot Garcia, and Miss Fanny Huddart. Mr. Sims Reeves led as tenor, assisted by Mr. Montem Smith and Herr Reichardt; whilst Herr Formes and Mr. Weiss, with Signor Belletti, Signor Beneventano, and Mr. Winn, took the bass portions during the whole of the performances. Mr. J. L. Brownsmith presided at the organ; Mr. W. Jackson was chorus master; Mr. Costa conductor. The band consisted of 101 performers, and the chorus, nearly exclusively Yorkshire, of about 250 voices.

The first morning was devoted to a splendid performance of the oratorio of *Elijah*. The evening concert consisted of three parts. The first opened with Mozart's G minor Symphony. For the rest we copy from the *Times*:

Miss Sherrington followed, with Halévy's air, "Bocages épaïs," from *Les Mousquetaires*, in which the beautiful freshness of her soprano voice, and her evident feeling (notwithstanding the shake at the end of the *andante*), made a strong impression. This young lady has means which deserve cultivation, but she would have done wisely to choose an air by Auber himself, rather than one which, with all its cleverness, is little better than Auber and water. No one that we know of can sing "In diesen heiligen Hallen" (from *Die Zauberflöte*), like Herr Formes, who never sang it more impressively than on the present occasion. This was succeeded by a display of vocalization in which the genuine art of song was exemplified to the *ne plus ultra* of perfection—Rossini's "Una voce poco fa."—by Rossini's most accomplished disciple; it is scarcely necessary to name Alboni. * * * The chorus, were encored in Pearsall's madrigal, "Oh who will o'er the downs so free." Though capitally sung, this is by no means a striking madrigal, and could well have been spared the second time. All the altos in the Bradford festival chorus are men, we think a mistake. The female *contralti* are not only for the most part better in tune, but give a greater and more pleasing variety of *tone* to the vocal harmony; and this is particularly felt in part songs and madrigals. If Madame Clara Novello would introduce Weber's elaborate and lengthy *scena*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," less frequently it would be more welcome. It seems to be her pet festival song. Nevertheless, although she gives it with great energy, and splendid power in the upper notes of her voice, it is by no means the piece best suited to her talents. She was applauded with great warmth. The first part ended famously, with a magnificent performance of Rossini's brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, which roused the audience to enthusiasm.

Next came a new composition by a name well known here in Boston; about which the *Times* shall speak again:

The second part of the concert was wholly devoted to Mr. J. L. Hatton's new *cantata*, entitled *Robin Hood*, the performance of which was directed by the composer himself. The *libretto* of this piece, by Mr. George Linley, is in the usual manner of that fluent verse-maker. The personages are Maid Marion (Miss Milnor), Robin Hood (Mr. Sims Reeves), Little John (Mr. Winn, barytone-bass), and "the Bishop" (Mr. Weiss). The *cantata*, which is written with that facility for which Mr. Hatton is noted, although with less of marked character than the subject might have suggested, and than was expected from the author of the music of *Henry VIII.* and *The Winter's Tale* (Mr. Kean's versions), may be shortly described. It opens with a lively chorus of outlaws, who "no tribute pay" and "no monarch obey," according to the fashion of mediæval outlaws in ordinary. The "Bishop" in

a bass air, then threatens them for killing the King's deer, proclaiming his authority as "Custos Rotulorum." This air, while there are too many words to the notes, is at the same time a good specimen of mock bombast, and was delivered with appropriate grandiloquence by Mr. Weiss. The Bishop, however, reckons without his host. He is caught in a *quæstus* by the gallant Robin Hood, whose archers, clad in Lincoln green, surround the reverend father and his retainers. Robin then (doubtless at the instance of some wary and far-seeing publisher) addresses the Bishop in a sentimental ballad, inviting him and his companions to share the joys of his sylvan retreat, which are described after the most approved manner of drawing-room ballads, made "to sell." The first line of this ballad which sounds odd enough from the lips of Robin Hood, no carpet-knight, if chronicles tell truth, is after Shakespeare—"Under the greenwood tree." The rest—The music is tuneful and pretty, if not very new, and was sung by Mr. Sims Reeves with so much expression and tenderness that no one would have dreamed he was impersonating an outlaw; and so the song was redemanded. In a trio with chorus that follows, the fault of which is its length, the bold Robin Hood and his "merry, merry men" are supposed to strip the good Bishop, in spite of his tears and protestations, of all he has about him. They then force him to dance against his will and much to his discomfort, in a chorus, "Strike the harp," which is by no means the best piece of music in the *cantata*. A madrigal of "forest maidens"—whatever they may be (forest deers was suggested)—"In our forest dell," for female voices, completes the picture of sylvan felicity subsequent to the act of brigandage, and contains further allusions to the "greenwood tree," under which these gentlewomen are accustomed to

"—wile away
The sultry day."

This madrigal is extremely pleasing and ingeniously accompanied. It was well sung by the ladies, and encored. Now that the Bishop has been plundered of his wealth and furniture, Robin and Marion have time to think of other matters, and the *cantata* comes to a termination with some pastoral billing and cooing. In a fresh sentimental ballad, "Oh, love is like the ocean wild—now calm, &c." (not so good as its predecessors though aiming at the same mark), Maid Marion describes her heart as a "frail bark" upon the "waters of love," which, "when the angry storm descends," sinks "beneath the spray." A duet follows, in which the two declare their eternal affection for each other, and their perfect satisfaction with forest life, in glowing and passionate numbers. The music of this duet is well suited to the words. The *finale* is another lively chorus, in which Robin's followers express their disregard of "kings and courtiers" and their devotion to their stalwart chief. This, too, was encored, and at the end Mr. Hatton was honored by bursts of applause, both from the members of the chorus (who, however, had no perceptible right to applaud a performance in which they took so conspicuous a share) and the audience. His success could hardly have been more complete.

Viardot Garcia was the heroine of the third part, and was greatly admired in a trio by Cimarosa, which she sang with Mme. Novello and Mrs. Weiss; also in *Ah! non giunge*. There was the madrigal, "Down in the flow'ry vale," a song by Albini, and the concert closed with Cherubini's *Anacreon* overture. The attendance was small, owing partly to bad weather, but more, it is said, to aristocratic prices.

Second day. The same causes prevented a full hall to hear a work about which all England has so much curiosity as Costa's oratorio of *Eli*. As a matter of interest to the members of our own Handel and Haydn Society, who are about dipping into this new work, we copy what the *Times* says of the performance:

The choruses could not have gone better than in Mendelssohn's oratorio, but the solos assuredly did. This was the more important, since it is in the beauty of many of the recitatives and airs that the chief merit of *Eli* consists. Very few can write more naturally or more skillfully for voices than Mr. Costa, whose method of scoring for the orchestra, moreover, is so clear and well calculated that his instruments always support and enrich the melodious phrases, never clogging, obscuring or overpowering them.

That the Bradford audience were highly pleased with *Eli* was evident from the manner in which the oratorio was received. The perfection of the execution, indeed, would have charmed a more exacting tribunal, and have aided a composition even less meritorious than that of Mr. Costa in passing muster triumphantly. Madame Viardot's conception of the music allotted to the boy-prophet, Samuel, is as pure and unobtrusive as her singing in the Morning and Prayers (two of the most beautiful of the vocal solos) is faultless. Madame Novello's lovely voice is heard to signal advantage in the two airs, "Turn unto me," and "I will extol thee," in which the barren and disconsolate, the fruitful and exulting Hannah are so well contrasted by the composer, and which, though

in such opposite styles, the popular English *soprano* renders with equal effect. Mr. Sims Reeves is as much at home in the smooth and tranquil melody given to the devout Elkanah, as in the fierce and boisterous defiance of the Philistine warrior Saph, embodied in music which, if not precisely the best, is among the most theatrically striking in the oratorio. Herr Formes is all that could be desired for the prophet Eli. The music is so precisely suited to his noble voice, his measured style of singing and declamation, that we may presume that Mr. Costa wrote it expressly for him. At the same time this, in a degree (apart from the view which the composer may have taken of his chief personage,) would help to explain the unvarying slowness and solemnity by which the airs and recitatives of Eli are distinguished, and which has laid them open to the general charge of monotony. To resume, we believe Mr. Costa might have searched Europe in vain for more admirable representatives of his four most prominent characters than Mesdames Novello and Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes, who on the present occasion, as was hinted yesterday, fairly surpassed themselves, singing their very best, at once charming the public and satisfying the composer. As the Man of God, too, a small but very significant part, Mr. Weiss was entitled to praise for his uniformly correct and careful singing; while Mr. Montem Smith did his best for the two concerted pieces which call the voice of the second tenor into requisition. A verdict of unqualified approval might with strict justice be passed upon the execution of the choruses; but some of these were sung to such a degree of perfection that we must instance them by name. First there was the thanksgiving: "Blessed be the Lord," where the fugue on the word "Amen" was given with wonderful precision; then the *chorale* of the people: "How mighty is Thy name;" then the "Hosanna" at the end of Part I. (with fugue No. 2, which, although the notes are not exactly the same, always conjures up the first bars of Handel's "Rejoice greatly,") just as vigorous, clear, and pointed as the first; then "Hold not Thy peace, and be not still, O God!" which includes the fugue in G minor, with florid accompaniments ("O God, make them like a wheel,") the ablest and most energetic movement of this kind in the whole work, sinning only through diffuseness; then the choral march: "God and King of Jacob's nation," (which, effective as it may be styled in conventional language, always appears *de trop*, the interest of the martial theme having been exhausted by the very long instrumental movement in another key when it is first presented); and last, not least, the concluding chorus, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," with the fugue on "Hallelujah," the most unlike a genuine fugue, by the way, of the four fugue pieces to be found in *Eli*. All these, as we have suggested, were splendid examples of choral singing.

Third Day. The anticipations about *The Messiah* have been partly but not entirely realized. The attendance this morning seemed much fuller than on the opening day, the greatest number of vacant seats being remarkable among the 15s. and 10s. places—a result which justifies what was said yesterday about the extreme ill judgment displayed by the committee in their tariff of admission prices. The 7s. places were very nearly filled, and those at 3s. 6d. crowded—two other facts worth noting. * * * The performance of Handel's immortal masterpiece went even beyond anticipation. It was indeed first-rate. The choruses were executed in a manner that renders criticism superfluous, since there was nothing to criticize, but everything to praise. It is unnecessary even to specify any of them, since all the comparatively less important were just as well rendered as the three most unparalleled in popularity—viz., "For unto us a child is born," "Hallelujah," (during the performance of which the whole audience, as usual, were on their feet,) and "Worthy is the Lamb! Amen"—perhaps the grandest and most stupendous of them all, if any choice may be permitted among things of such uniform sublimity. The solo vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Viardot Garcia, Misses Sherrington and F. Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Formes, the two last named-gentlemen sharing between them the music for the bass voice.

The novelty of the evening concert was Macfarren's Cantata, "May Day," which the English critics seem to admire more than Hatton's "Robin Hood." The programme also included Beethoven's C major Symphony (No. 1); overtures to *Oberon* and *Siege of Corinth*; two-part songs by the chorus, and vocal selections by Mmes. Albini, Viardot, and Weiss, Mlle. Piccolomini, Miss Sherrington, Herr Reichardt, Signors Belletti and Beneventano. The Piccolomini became at once "the talk and toast of Bradford."

Fourth Day. The morning selections consisted of the 103d Psalm, by Mr. Jackson, chorus master at St. George's Hall; Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm; a portion of Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio, *Immanuel*; a MS. *Credo* by Mendelssohn, and pieces of sacred music sung by Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Sims Reeves and others. The last evening drew an audience of some 4,000 persons. Mendelssohn's Italian

Symphony, the overture to "Tell," a new choral part-song, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, madrigals, operatic songs, &c., composed the programme.

The English papers are full of musical festivals. There has been the festival of the Three Choirs at Gloucester; the inauguration festival of a new music hall at Birmingham (where they had one splendid hall before); the inauguration of St. George's Hall in Liverpool, &c., &c., for some accounts of all which we hope to find room hereafter.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 27, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Our next number, Saturday, Oct. 4, commences a new half-yearly volume. The month of October too is properly the commencement of the academic year in music; it is the beginning of the musical "season." We shall be happy therefore to receive the names (and dollars) of as many new subscribers as desire a weekly paper, which shall keep them "posted up" in musical matters, and aid them to discern and to appreciate what is true and worthy amid so much that is pretentious and false. Give us a large subscription list this winter, and we will make your paper doubly worth it.

[We can furnish on any one only complete set of the Journal of Music bound; for which of course we must charge an extra price.—With the exception of two numbers only, (which occur in Vols. V. and VI.) we can furnish volumes bound or unbound of the Journal from the commencement. Also single numbers.

A New Organ.

Our enterprising organ builders, Messrs. SIMMONS & FISHER, No. 1 Charles Street, have just completed a fine organ for the Citadel Square Church in Charleston, S. C. Companies of musical persons have been invited to their manufactory nearly every afternoon and evening of this week, to see the noble instrument and hear it discourse fugues, and voluntaries, and fantasias, and "arrangements," under the hands of quite a number of our most accomplished organists. On Monday and on Thursday evening there were regular programmes. That of Monday was as follows:

PART I.

1. Pastoral Symphony, (from the *Messiah*),—Handel
2. Treble Solo—"O quam suavis," arranged for Organ,.....Mendelssohn
3. Voluntary, in Cathedral style,....S. P. Tuckerman
4. Introduction and Fugue, from the Anthem, "I will praise thee, O Lord!".....Dr. Croft
S. P. Tuckerman, Music Doctor.
5. Fantasia, for two performers,.....Hesse
Messrs. Bancroft and Wilcox.
6. Extempore Performance, ending with Fugue in E flat,.....Bach
Mr. S. A. Bancroft.

PART II.

1. First Movement from the Concerto in F,....Rink
2. "Priests' March," from "Athalia,"..Mendelssohn
Mr. J. B. Lang.
3. Extempore Performance,.....
4. "Songs without Words,".....Mendelssohn
5. Fugue—"Cum sancto spiritu," from the 12th Mass,.....Mozart

The first four pieces were played by Dr. TUCKERMAN; the last three by Mr. WILCOX, who is associated with Messrs. Simmons & Fisher, and whose skill in combining and contrasting the various stops of an organ, in extempore performance, so as to exhibit all its qualities, is known to most of our readers. The music and the instrument gave general satisfaction. A few pieces to be sure, were not strictly organ music, in the highest sense; but it was understood of course that one leading object was to put the instrument through all its paces.

The organ is not a very large one, but it is remarkably effective and powerful for its size. It contains about thirty sounding stops, some of which are of rare beauty and individuality of character. The pedal bass is grand and satisfying; the diapasons uncommonly rich and musical and telling; the reeds, the flutes, &c., are all finely voiced. We were particularly struck with the warm, rich tone of the Claribella, with the faithful imitation of the clarinet, especially in the characteristic lower octave, and with the purity and delicacy of the Violin stop. The full organ seems finely balanced, and is very impressive in great choral passages. The Swell too, is very perfect. The external figure of the instrument is singular, being built with reference to its position in the church, the two ends running up in separate piles, so as to show the window of the nave between them, and only connected for a few feet from the floor below. The key-boards form a separate desk in front, so that the organist fronts the audience. The style is Norman Gothic. The metal pipes are displayed in tasteful order, and are *diapered*, as it is called, after the old English manner, that is, richly ornamented in blue, vermilion and gold, and contrast finely with the rich oak-colored frame. The arrangement of the works within so singular a form must have been a problem of no little difficulty to the skilful makers.

The selections on Thursday evening were excellent. Mr. WILLIAM R. BABCOCK opened with the first movement of a Fantasia by Bach, and a Fugue from Graun's *Tod Jesu*, in plain, full, solemn organ style, without change of stops, and showing to great advantage the solidity and power of the diapasons and foundation portions of the organ generally. Next came selections from the second Mass of Haydn, and from Beethoven's Mass in C, by Mr. A. WERNER, organist at the Catholic Church in Franklin street. These were played with much skill and expressive alternation of stops. The *Credo*, *Et incarnatus est*, and *Et vitam venturæ* of Haydn, offered fine contrasts of sentiment and coloring, and were greatly enjoyed; but much more so the *Sanctus* and *Hosanna* from Beethoven, in which the deeper master was at once revealed. We only regretted that the selections from that Mass were not continued further. A Fugue by Bach in E minor, arranged for four hands, was then played by Mr. Werner and a young pupil of his.

Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN gave some good specimens of the sweet and flowing style, upon the softer stops, in a couple of movements from Palestrina's Motets, the introduction to Neukomm's "David," and the solo: *Return, O God of hosts*, from Handel's "Samson." He also played the Dead March from "Saul," introducing the *Tremulante* sub-bass with imposing effect, and a clear and spirited Introduction and Fugue by André. Mr. B. J. LANG played again, and in a very clean and spirited manner, the "Priest's March" of Mendelssohn (that second edition of the "Wedding March,") and the beautiful and florid movement from Rink's Concerto.

The Fantasia by Hesse was volunteered again by Messrs. BANCROFT and WILLCOX, to the great satisfaction of the company. Mr. WILLCOX played that beautiful and deeply pathetic *Agnus Dei* from Haydn's First Mass, with the concluding *Dona Nobis*; also Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, and the sublime concluding chorus: *Worthy is the Lamb*, from the "Messiah."

We think it was the general opinion of the many musicians and amateurs assembled on these pleasant occasions, that Messrs. Simmons & Fisher have produced an organ which may challenge comparison with any American organ of its size; while in certain important respects, as the sufficiency and beauty of its Diapasons, and the perfection of its Swell, it seems to surpass most that we have heard.

BEETHOVEN'S "BATTLE SYMPHONY."—In translating the biography of Beethoven, by Dr. Döring, which is completed in this present number, we could not but be surprised at the author's attaching so much consequence to a certain composition which Beethoven wrote for Maelzel, and which is spoken of sometimes as the "Battle of Vittoria," sometimes as "Wellington's Battle at Vittoria and Triumphal Symphony," and sometimes as if there were two distinct pieces, one called the Battle and the other the Triumphal Symphony. Apart from its accidental prominence, derived from the composer's quarrel with Maelzel, this biographer refers to it more frequently than to any other of Beethoven's works, and calls it a *masterwork*. He even singles it out in speaking of the symphonies, and couples it with the *Pastorale* in his praise. Yet it is very certain that among musicians this Battle Symphony is not esteemed as one of his important works. It is not counted among the immortal Nine Symphonies; and it is difficult for any one who ever heard it, (for instance as performed here once by the Musical Fund Society) to imagine for a moment that the great master was in earnest when he wrote it.

It is an *ad captandum*, trivial thing at best; an occasional piece, produced to order, and not in the way Beethoven usually wrote, inspired and seeking the ideal. So far as we can gather from the Life by Moscheles, the true explanation is this:—It was written for Maelzel, the "Conflagration of Moscow" man. Maelzel made, though unsuccessfully, an instrument to relieve the great composer's deafness, and requested in return a battle symphony for his Panharmonicon, which he might exhibit about Europe, himself dictating the drum and trumpet calls and all the principal effects. This Beethoven did, and afterwards expanded the same for a full orchestra, partly at Maelzel's suggestion, and partly by way of avenging himself upon the French soldiers who filled the theatre at Vienna on the night of the first production of his *Fidelio*, and whose poor appreciation damned that opera for the time. He luckily bethought himself of this Panharmonicon business, and resolved that he would write them something full of drums and cannon, music which they should understand, and yet not most flattering to their national pride. He turned it into the "Battle of Vittoria Symphony, in honor of Wellington's victory at Waterloo." It can hardly be considered more than a musical joke, therefore, although the master's strength and grandeur of conception cannot help betraying themselves here and there in the working up of the themes, especially in the finale with "God save the King."

It is quite possible that such a Symphony, for the very reason of its more trivial character and *ad captandum* title, was of more pecuniary worth to Beethoven than his far grander symphonies. At least Herr Maelzel, with shrewd eye to business, saw that; and the composer, smarting under

the sense of wrong from him, may naturally have had his imagination wrought up to an undue notion of the value of the work itself. In this way must we account for certain phrases in regard to it in one of his own letters.

ERRATUM.—It is the 134th Psalm of Marot and Beza's version, which has the music of "Old 100," not the 135th, as misprinted week before last in A. W. T.'s communication.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Another concert season is approaching, and we begin to see signs of movement among our various societies. The Committee who managed the "Orchestral Concerts" last winter are already taking measures to secure a similar series of eight grand concerts, under the name of "THE BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY," of which more hereafter. Subscription lists will be opened in a few days, and the lovers of orchestral music must distinctly understand that *the giving of the concerts will be made conditional upon the number of tickets subscribed for by a given day*. . . . The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, under their new president, Mr. C. F. CHICKERING, and with Mr. ZERRAHN for conductor and Mr. MULLER for organist again, commenced their rehearsals last Sunday evening, with a first trial of Costa's oratorio of *Eli*, which has excited so much attention during the past year in England. Mehul's "Joseph and his Brethren," and one of Mendelssohn's two oratorios, as also his *Christus* fragment, some of his Psalms, Chorals of Bach, &c., are talked of among the other possibilities of the winter's programme. The president stated at the meeting that the negotiations with Mme. CLARA NOVELLO had failed, and that she will not probably come to America this season. . . . The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL and the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY also are stirring, and we understand that the bâton of the former has been offered to Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, the teacher and composer, and a gentleman, we doubt not, admirably fitted for the post. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will in a few days announce the programme of their winter campaign in the sphere of classical chamber music.

Mlle. PARODI has come round again, with her Concert troupe under the direction of M. STRAKOSCH. They announce three concerts next week in the Music Hall. Besides her own great attractions, she brings some superior artists. PAUL JULIEN, the young violinist, is always welcome. Then we are to hear for the first time Sig. TIBERINI the new tenor, about whom the Philadelphians are so enthusiastic, and Sig. BERNARDI, the baritone, who has made a fine impression in New York. . . . Negotiations are in progress, we are told, for Italian Opera (MARETZKE's troupe) at the Boston Theatre, commencing about the middle of October.

The New York Philharmonic Society have gone back to their old and popular conductor, Mr. THEODORE EISFELD. Their steadily increasing audiences the last winters, having overflowed Niblo's theatre, have forced them to engage for the coming season the Academy of Music, both for their concerts and rehearsals. The old C minor Symphony is to lead off. CARL BERGMANN, the conductor of last year, having his hands full of German Opera, Choral Societies, &c., steps gracefully back into the ranks as violoncello-player. In the same good spirit Mr. Eisfeld last year yielded the bâton to him and played the first tenor. . . . Flotow's *Alessandro Stradella* has been performed at the German Opera this week, with good success, exhibiting the talents of the company to much more advantage than *Robert le Diable*. . . . At the Academy of Music the long promised

novelty of Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* was produced on Wednesday evening.

The well known German composer, Lindpaintner, died on the 21st August, at Nonnenhorn, on the Bodensee. Peter von Lindpaintner was born 1791 in Coblenz. His first opera "*Demophon*," was written in his 18th year. Besides his later operas, of which the *Vampyr*, *die Geneserin*, and *di Sicilianische Vesper*, are the most prominent, Lindpaintner wrote a great number of instrumental works. His was a productive and thoroughly-trained talent which never distinguished itself by great originality or strength. Lindpaintner was court-kapellmeister at Stuttgart. . . . Madame Clara Schumann has returned to Düsseldorf. Among the many gifts received by her in London is a handsome Erard grand-piano for concert use, presented by Madame Erard. . . . Richard Wagner, the composer, for the last six months has been in very feeble health, induced by hard work upon his new opera "*Die Nibelungen*." This is a triple opera, intended to occupy three evenings of performance. The first two parts are completed. To recruit a little and at the same time to complete the third part of this gigantic work, Wagner has left Zürich and betaken himself to the neighborhood of Genf. . . . The music-publisher André, of Offenbach, has just put forth a composition of Mozart which has never yet been published. It was composed in the year 1777, and its title is *Litania de venerabili Altaris*.

Mrs. DE WILHOEST's Concert in New York is chronicled as a great success. The *Mirror* calls her "a pretty little pocket edition of a woman; with a voice remarkable for clearness, accuracy and compass; well trained and well managed; but lacking in that quality of sympathy so essential to the highest achievements of genius." The *Tribune* (W. H. Fry) says: "The lady sings like an artist, and one who has already mastered the chief difficulties of vocalism. Her voice is true as a die, and her execution clear, rapid, brilliant. One or two tours de force of pre-eminent merit could be pointed out. The quality of the voice is a high soprano; light, flexible, and capable of being well heard in a large room. She was much applauded, and it was not simply the applause of friends but of admirers. Her *aplomb* before such an audience was very uncommon for a debutante."

The editor of *Fitzgerald's City Item*, Philadelphia, has set apart several columns of his pleasant weekly for a *resumé* of musical events, musical criticisms, &c. We borrow from him in another column some seasonable reflections on our alarmingly large crop of "Professors." We also learn from him that musical matters promise to be lively in Philadelphia this winter. In the first place their grand new Opera House (Academy of Music) is approaching its completion, and will probably be opened before Christmas. Then their musical societies are all in the field. Their Handel and Haydn Society have purchased the old organ of their namesake society in Boston, and are rehearsing the "*Messiah*," which is to be brought out soon at National Hall, under the direction of Mr. KNAUFF; they also talk of Loewe's oratorio, "*The Seven Sleepers*." The Musical Fund Society have issued their subscription lists; they think of performing Mr. Darley's "*Cities of the Plain*" at one of their concerts. The Harmonia Society will commence with a miscellaneous concert, to be followed by "*The Deluge*," "*The Cities of the Plain*," &c. The Musical Union will bring out "*Moses in Egypt*" and oratorios. Sig. PERELLI resumes his classes for the last time in Philadelphia; it is said that he goes next year to Vienna, having received a commission to compose a work for the Opera there. The lovers of Symphony and Overture in Philadelphia are congratulated on a forth-coming series of concerts by a new orchestra, composed of some of the oldest members of the "*Germania*." The names of Schultze, Sentz, Stoll,

Albrecht, and others are mentioned. We trust this does not portend any withdrawal of musical force from Boston.

A Londoner, who was present at the Coronation ceremonies in Moscow, writes thus of the Grand Opera there:

I have just returned from the Grand Opera, which was opened for the first time this evening with Bosio, Lablache, Calzolari, and other London favorites. The appearance of this magnificent theatre, when lighted up and filled with a brilliant audience, fully realized the expectations expressed in a former letter. It has five rows of boxes, with twenty-eight seats in each row, and to each loge there is a retiring room as large as many a London drawing-room. The pit is all divided into comfortable stalls, and in no case are more tickets issued than the house will conveniently accommodate, a hint that might be taken with great advantage by the managers of our London houses. What with the elaborate gold scroll, raised on a groundwork of delicate green, the richly-carved pillars and pilasters, the scarlet velvet lining of the boxes, and the exquisitely painted drop scene, the interior of the imperial theatre presented a *coup d'œil* such as one could hardly have expected at a distance of 2000 miles from London. But when I add that the audience were mainly composed of officers in gorgeous uniforms, and ladies in grand toilette, you can easily imagine how surpassing must have been the general effect. It only wanted the presence of the Emperor and Empress, whose box is a little palace in itself, to make the picture complete. The embassies of the great powers were well represented, the French filling one box on the grand tier, and the English another. The opera was "*Puritani*," in which Bosio's singing so delighted the Russians that she was called several times before the curtain, although, I must add, that her acting did not satisfy me as to her fitness for the part of Bellini's heroine. Lablache looked stupendous, and rivaled the Greek priests in the depth of his intonation, and the rest of the performers acquitted themselves respectably. There were no encores—an admirable practice; and when the opera was over the audience could go home without suffering the purgatory of an interminable ballet. The performance of the orchestra of 150 performers was worthy of all praise.

The papers have the following romantic story about the new tenor, TIBERINI:—

"Young Tiberini, is said to be a Roman of pure noble birth and blood, and closely and intimately connected with a princely family, who trace their ancestry up to the days of the despot Tiberius, whose name is included in the list of those of the family who wore the imperial purple, or swayed the destinies of the mighty empire from the popular and elective tribune. Although no crowns are at their disposal now, the pride of a long line of rulers still clings to the heads of the T. family. Tiberini, the tenor, possessed of a beautiful voice, great musical enthusiasm, and fine personal appearance, and chafing under the disqualifications and restrictions which condemn to the church or the army all the cadets of noble families in the Old World, determined to carve out for himself a fame and fortune and add another honor to a name that history has recorded in her storied pages. To carry out the determination, and after secret but ardent study, he appeared under an assumed name in a distant city. His secret was, however, discovered, and the alternative was presented to him either to retire for ever from the profession of a singer, or be disowned and abandoned by all who bear his name. His choice was made at once; he would follow the art to which his aspirations led him, even at the sacrifice of name and prospective fortune. The bitterest trial that fell to his lot was the compulsory separation from his affianced one, who of birth equal to his own, and returning his love with equal ardor, was forced by her friends to retire to a convent to avoid collision with a mere singer. Every difficulty was thrown in the way of his success in Italy; every obstacle that could be raised through the agency of wealth or family connection rose up against him, and despairing alike of his art and his love, he fled hoping to find in another land a fair chance for the display of such talent as he might possess, and to meet in the approbation and sympathy of strangers a balm for that grief which words may indicate but cannot express."

The Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* gives for a leading article a glowing biography of ALFRED JAELL. We hear of the young pianist during the last month as concertizing at the German watering places—Hamburg, Ems, Wildbad, &c.—and in Aus-

tria, at Ischl and Gastein. The Tyrol and Italy are in his eye for the next months; and then Vienna, and Hannover, where he is pianist to the king.

Madame ANNA BISHOP appeared at the Theatre Royal in Melbourne, on the 9th of June, where she has produced a series of Italian operas. . . . THALBERG, the Pianist, at the last accounts, was about to leave Paris, for this country. His piano has preceded him.

At the Swiss music festival this year, among other works, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and a Beethoven symphony were given by 700 performers. 3000 people, musicians and guests, partook of a princely banquet at the superb villa Bartholony. The banker Bartholony also laid the foundation of a new Conservatory of Music, with great accompanying pomp, on the 14th of July.

Mozart's Requiem has just been performed in St. Petersburg for the first time, under the direction of Schubert.

1500 singers took part in the late great festival at Brunswick. It was the 25th year of the gathering.

A gigantic organ is just being built by Merklin, Schultze & Co., Brussels, for the Cathedral in Murcia, Spain. It is to have 64 stops, four manuals, and two octaves of pedals. A great improvement has been secured in the touch, which resembles that of an Erard piano.

Meyerbeer is just now at Spa; Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and Rossini at Kissengen.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Different Judgments about works of Musical Art.

[From the German of ROCHLITZ.]

About the productions of no Art do so many persons judge, and with such various judgment, as about those of the Musical and the Dramatic Art. This is natural. Their productions are themselves so very various, that everybody finds something for himself in them; they are everywhere publicly presented, and all the world goes to make itself acquainted with them. With the number that are interested in anything, since very few refrain from passing some judgment, the number of those that judge increases; with their varieties of character and wishes, increases the variety of their judgments. In the case of Music—for with that alone we have to do here—there is still this additional circumstance—that it has no prototype in the external world, which may serve in some sort as a point of rest and union between the judges. Thus, however different the judgments passed upon the painting of a rose-twig, in one important point they all agree; for everybody has seen natural roses, and compared the painted with the original; and when he comes to express his opinion, it may be a very unartistic one, but it is impossible that it should be wholly false. We read quite often, to be sure, that "Music has its prototype in the inner world of feeling in the human breast." Granting this for the time being, still a man must already know these constant changes of his state, which we call feelings, must be accustomed to bring them in the moment of judging to clear consciousness; must possess the difficult faculty of seizing them in idea, when he would judge of their effects, and in words when he would express the idea. But that

this is not and cannot be the business of every one, needs scarcely to be mentioned. "He that cannot do a thing, ought not to judge of it." True; but he *does* judge. Nay, by far the majority, true to the well-known human weakness, judge of nothing so willingly, of nothing so quickly, as of what they do not understand; for in matters which they do understand they know the difficulty, both of performance and of judgment. "Well, but let every one start off boldly and straight-forward, whichever way he may be drawn, and as he pleases, despising the opinion of the many." So say you, you who are twenty years old, or scarcely more; when you are forty, you will talk differently; and if you get to be sixty, you will smile or repent that you ever spoke so. Still it is not our purpose to dwell here upon the judgment of unlimited numbers. We let these rest upon their own foundation; and not to leave so great a company without a parting word, we repeat the well-known observation: A work of Art which does not produce an effect upon the mass of those who are capable of feeling, whatever their relation to the Art, is certainly not good, although it is not for that reason bad; one which does produce an effect upon them is certainly not bad, although it is not therefore good; one which at once fully satisfies them, is, to say the least, not excellent.

We turn now to the judgments of those who are included under the names of musical artists and musicians, connoisseurs and amateurs of music, that is to say, of those who have susceptibility, not only in general, but for music especially; who have had more or less experience of its effect upon themselves, and who possess also more or less knowledge of the means by which this Art produces its effects. Should we not from these expect some harmony of judgment about works of musical Art, at least in the essentials? Experience teaches the contrary; and where we find this harmony about essentials in the case of a few of the most excellent works, it is only when it has been forced upon them after the lapse of a considerable time. This experience is so universal and so public as to require no examples. If any one desires them, let him only think of GLUCK and MOZART. Now whence this difference of judgment, even in such circles? Whence, but from the difference in the persons who compose them?

STERNE (in his "Sentimental Journey,") divides travellers, and after him, JEAN PAUL (in his *Unsichtbare Loge*) divides walkers into four classes. In the first go, according to them, the most deplorable, those who do it for mere vanity and fashion; in the second, the learned, for the sake of exercise, and less to enjoy than to digest

what they have enjoyed. In the third we see those who wander with the eyes of landscape painters; in the fourth, those who cast not merely an artistic, but a hallowed eye upon creation, who into this blooming world transplant the second world, and among other creatures the Creator. We might in a similar manner arrange those who hear and judge of music in these four classes. It will not take from the force of our reflections, that much which is to be adduced of them may also be applied to the beholders of the works of other arts, indeed of life itself.

About the first class, who from vanity and fashion hear music, judge of music, perchance make music, we shall not trouble ourselves much; nor do they trouble themselves at all about us. To them the opera house and concert hall, (the church, too, when there is music made there) is nothing but a spacious place, where well-dressed people may assemble unmolested, merely for the sake of feeling that they have been there, and that they may talk about it. How the singer "looks," that is, how she is dressed, occupies them more than what or how she sings; they might be present at a concert of Mozart's, without finding anything more interesting than the circumstance that he, who has produced such grand and mighty works, was such a little, feeble manikin. To them in music all is right or all wrong which just at this day, and in just this society of *ton*, is so declared; and to them the correct and fine tone is that which the most admired lady, the most respectable gentleman, at just this day, in this society has set. With the most this is not narrowness, but voluntary self-limitation. They would be and would have nothing farther, even if they could. They have no wrong opinion; they have no opinion at all; they only think they have. You find these musical amateurs mostly among the rich and fashionable of both sexes in great cities.

To the second class belong those who hear attentively, but merely *with the understanding* (so to speak.) They wish to be called connoisseurs in Art, and they not seldom get their wish. Many of them shrink from all that is written to-day, and from the manner of performance. All this displeases them; why? Because it is not as it was forty, fifty or more years ago. Like certain scholars on examination, they have completed their course for their whole lifetime with their early schooling. What then delighted them, perhaps with good reason, is now not merely good, but good alone. With this one-sided prejudice, the present music, which has become so different, can move them little; and that little one can easily deny himself. Those who do not do so, but who proceed more candidly, refer

to the small effect of the present music, compared to the infinitely stronger and deeper music of the past; but they do not consider that their judgment is derived merely from its effect on *them*; that the ground thereof lies in themselves. Their excitability is lessened, their sensibility is grown cold; and so the music lacks charm and expression. "But the music of my youth enchants me still, whenever I hear it!" Is it really the music that enchants you, and not rather the youth to which it transports you back?—youth with its thousand sweet remembrances, which even without clear consciousness, and the more powerfully the more vaguely, mingles with the charm? Or, if Phillis is fair, is Doris ugly because she is not? But this is the way with man when he acts like himself!

Others, and the smaller (though more fatal) number of this class, are the dead, conceited grammarians of music, who are nothing *but* grammarians. They do not willingly miss the performance of a new piece of music, simply or mainly for the sake of spying out some violation of a rule, were it only a traditional one. Some trifling reminiscence, a hidden fifth, a forbidden octave, is for them a real God-send, especially in any celebrated master; and they shrug their shoulders over the whole of Mozart's wonderful finale to the first act of *Titus*, because such a case occurs in the inversion of one of the accompanying figures. They are like those reviewers, who have nothing to report of a beautiful poem, but a false rhyme; or that critic in "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," who in Wilhelm's representation of Hamlet, found nothing worth remarking upon but the white ribbon which peeped out from under his black robe in the duel with Laertes. "But were it not better that the false rhyme, the white ribbon were not there?" O yes, it would be better; and you are right. We find these two classes of men (there are no women of this sort), in the nature of the case, almost solely among superannuated artists and *passés* judges of Art.

To this class belong also the *virtuosos*, who are nothing *but* virtuosos—ingenious sons of Tubal-Cain, "from whom descend the fiddlers and the pipers." These are interested in nothing, or in scarcely anything except what is full of break-neck difficulties, and the successful or unsuccessful execution of the same; like walking the tight-rope for rope-dancers by profession. What is easy to perform, they find indifferent; what is simple and natural is common-place and flat. The easy execution of difficulties is of course a part of the matter, especially with virtuosos; but it should be as a means to an end. Of this they seldom know, or they make small account of it. They hold to the former; this may come of itself. And in fact, (in such various forms does man's intellectual nature work, and on such different sides may the domain of music be approached!) to be candid, we must confess: If they possess, besides great facility, mind and talent, not to say genius, the end is actually realized, in a certain manner and in happy hours, under favorable circumstances; but otherwise not. Now, since the executive skill of distinguished virtuosos costs great labor, and thus the object upon which this labor is expended acquires to them a value from this very fact; since they see everywhere a great majority of persons who cannot do what *they* can, and yet who would like to do it; since they find every-

where admiration and applause, if not sympathy and satisfaction, (and admiration and applause break out more loudly and more suddenly than sympathy and satisfaction), and man's self-love or vanity is all too easily carried away by what is loud and sudden, especially in moments when he has been stimulated to unusual exertions and to a full sense, if not an undue estimation, of his powers: their habitual decision against what is not in their line, their enthusiasm solely for the article in which they deal, their positive condemnation on their own authority, and so forth, are easily enough explained. Amongst these virtuosos shine just now almost as many women as men.

The third class includes those hearers and judges of musical works who show a certain susceptibility to music, get animated and even enthusiastic about it, but yet listen only *with the ear*, and judge accordingly. They love music because it puts their blood in livelier motion and makes them feel more comfortable; because music, whether in solitude or in society, serves as an ever-present means of whiling away the time and filling the vacuum of the mind. They value and applaud compositions according as they promote this end; according to their more or less proficiency, they seize upon small or great, upon the trivial or the significant, nay, even upon the excellent, so that it serve that end, and only so far as it serves it. If you would know how great, nay, how enormous is the number of this class, ask the publishers of pretty dances and variations upon favorite airs; ask the arrangers of military music, the purchasers of operas arranged for every instrument (without text); watch the audience at a concert, and observe the entirely different degree of attention paid, during a symphony by HAYDN for instance, to the *Adagio* and to the *Scherzando*; ask experienced singers what is their surest way to set the hands in motion.

But we must carefully avoid ridiculing them, or even despising them; and this not merely out of prudence, if we are ourselves musicians, since in that case we need them; since youth (of either sex) belongs to them, and youth everywhere can clap the loudest, and its noise, even if it die away as fast as it breaks out, is yet indispensable to the musician, as well as to the actor, who lives immediately for the moment and generally of the moment; not merely for this reason, but also because the members of this class do actually possess some sensibility and love for music, do actually attach themselves to somewhat that belongs to the essential nature of music, and do even help to further all that makes up its nature, if at the same time it only fulfils this desire of theirs, which, with a few lawful exceptions, it really ought to do. A sound human nature may be so far trusted: Whoever shows a susceptibility and passion for any art, and for what is worthy in its products, must carry away with him somewhat of its nobler and higher quality, even if it be only with an indistinct feeling, and without will or knowledge. Only *give them what is good*; give it well, and give it constantly; the vagueness will clear up, knowledge and volition will be awakened—to a certain degree. And we must not be contented, anywhere, or in anything, with what has been accomplished; above all, we must learn to wait. How many of us, ourselves, were different in our early years? or must the

world have changed because we have changed? We have, at all events. All this seems so obvious, that I shall be reproached with trifling in alluding to it. And yet how often is it overlooked! how often, therefore, are things done without fitness, without result, and even attended with much harm; or else nothing at all is done, from mortification that such is the way!

Finally, in the fourth class sit those, not over many, for the most part still, and seldom expressly consulted, but not unrecognized, not unesteemed, not without wholesome influence, who hear *with their whole soul*. They want, with the sensual enjoyment, the spiritual also; with hearing, feeling; and with both, also thinking; for even thinking affords them enjoyment. To them Music is, like Poetry, one of the means of pure joy; and through pure joy, of pure love; and through pure love, of the ennobling of the race. What science effects through conviction, that, they think, should Art effect through feeling. If that points man to his highest aim, this makes him more inclined to reach out for it. If that teach the way, this makes it smoother. Many of these persons recognize in music a second speech, granted to man in God's mercy, like the first, to distinguish his race from all the creatures upon earth, to elevate it, and bring it nearer to its final destiny.

Accordingly these persons recognize and feel in melodies not merely the melody, but the infinite spirit of love and peace; in harmonies not merely the harmony, but the original source of all unity and reconciliation of the diversely constituted, the ultimate goal of all which, separate, still strives to become one; the holy re-acceptance into the fulness of peace; the harmonizing of all that appears remote, apart and heterogeneous. And if one tells them: "This is fanatical dreaming and new-fangled mysticism," they say nothing, or at the most point among their books to Plato.

Now one who is accustomed to think, knows also how to distinguish. Accordingly the hearers of the fourth class distinguish between music which claims to be Art, and music which looks merely to the moment's entertainment. Only soul—soul they require even here, in whatever kind, in whatever form, it may see fit to manifest itself; for without soul, they think, the playing becomes mere child's play—for very little children. To them, therefore, ROUSSEAU's air of three notes is worth more than many a whole opera, which only makes a noise; and HANDEL's prayer for peace, which has scarcely more notes in it, more than many a fugue, which is a mere matter of correct calculation. So, too, he who delivers the former well and beautifully, is more dear to them than he who merely brings out a string of bravura arias with facility. They do not despise the unessential in music, any more than they do mere cleverness in that; but both are matters of indifference to them unless they serve the aspiration to a higher goal; and they naturally avoid what is indifferent and yet consumes time. They adhere neither to the new, nor to the old, but to the good, which contemplates and which approximates a higher end; but still more to the excellent, which reaches it. They do not despise the judgments of the second class; they only give them quietly their place; they do not quarrel with those of the third: they only give them credit in a friendly spirit for just

what they are. Their applause not seldom coincides with that of both of them; their point of view, never. They understand them both quite easily, but are with difficulty understood by them. Yet, if they show themselves tolerant, they like also to be tolerated. The maxim: *De gustibus non est disputandum*, they hold to be a sheer truism, and all disputation, except between like-minded persons, to be fruitless effort.

"Ah! where are they then, these listeners and judges?"

Do you comprehend and love them? Then, my friend, you yourself belong among them, or you are on the way to it, if you but will to be!

Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

By the Author of the New Philharmonic Programmes, London.

This remarkable work is admitted on all hands to be one of the finest examples in existence of that style of composition called *descriptive music*; the aim of which is not merely to raise emotions in the mind, but to suggest ideas of objects, facts, or scenes, properly appreciable only by other senses than that of hearing.

This purpose may be attempted in several ways; as, first, by the artificial imitation of natural sounds—such as the warbling of birds, the cries of animals, the noise of a storm, &c., &c. Or, secondly, there may be an attempt to imitate qualities not phonetic; as, for instance, to represent something rising by the use of an ascending scale, or something leaping by skips of intervals; a ludicrous example of this kind of description being the celebrated old catch, in which the notes formed a curve, to represent a rainbow! Both these styles of composition, however, though in skilful hands they may give rise to ingenious and not unpleasing effects (as may be seen in Haydn's oratorio of the *Creation*, and many other works), are but of a low grade, requiring no great amount of intellectual perception or musical genius in the composer, and giving rise to only very commonplace feelings of appreciation in the hearer. A far more noble kind of descriptive music is that which, avoiding trivial imitations, endeavors to make the general character of the composition serve for the depiction of the general ideal characteristics of the scene to be represented. The description in this case is effected by what may be called kindred emotions. The music is made to describe facts or scenes through the medium of sensations appertaining to them, which sensations are producible only by musical combinations. Thus, for instance, an impression of liveliness or solemnity conveyed by music may correspond with feelings of the same nature excited by certain objects or scenes, and so may be said to *describe* such scenes by recalling certain subjective qualities of them. The composer then will seek first to determine clearly what are the ideal characteristics of the scene he wishes to portray, and will write his music so as to excite corresponding ideas, leaving all trivial similarities out of the question altogether.

The best kind of descriptive music, therefore, combines in itself, to a certain extent, the qualities of music and drama together. In music written expressly for dramatic representation, the character must, of course, be suitable to the nature of the scene; and, in return, the scene aids in rendering the character of the music intelligible; but, in symphonic compositions, where no adventitious aids are present, the task of description becomes much more difficult, and the interpretation often much less clear. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was, as far as we know, the first attempt to give a symphony, as a whole, a descriptive character; and we would particularly draw attention to the fact, not generally understood, we think, that the method of description here followed is almost exclusively of the higher kind. An impression prevails amongst many persons who have not studied the work carefully, that it consists in a great measure of *imitative* music. This is quite a mistake; the author has most

carefully avoided (except in one passage, which we shall hereafter point out) any common-place imitative effects, and has relied solely on the nobler design of acting on the mind by kindred impressions. If there were any doubt about this, we have Beethoven's own authority in proof of it; for it is on record that he described the symphony as "consisting more in the expression of sentiment, than in actual representation." And it is particularly in illustration of the character of the work that we offer the following remarks upon it.

The Pastoral Symphony was composed in 1808, and is numbered as Op. 68, corresponding to about the middle period of the composer's second or best style. It is the only symphonic composition, except the funeral march in the *Eroica*, to which any descriptive character has been expressly attached by the composer.

The first movement is intended to depict the cheerful sensations awakened in the mind by an arrival in the country; and this idea of a *visit* is a very striking one. Beethoven understood well the fact that the charms of rural scenery are much more keenly appreciated by visitors to, than by residents in, the country; and there are few inhabitants of large towns who cannot bear testimony to the delight experienced, when, after perhaps months of imprisonment in crowded streets, they first arrive amidst the freshness of a country scene. The original expression in the score, "*heitere Empfindungen*," is scarcely well translatable into English, the word *heitere* meaning something between "cheerful" and "gay," more lively than the former, more earnest than the latter; the kind of sensation we feel when something occurs to exhilarate the mind without disturbing its thoughtfulness; precisely that, in short, which is produced by charming scenery. And to raise sensations of this kind, through the medium of the ear instead of the eye, has been the composer's object in this first movement. It is in no respect whatever imitative, and it is scarcely possible to give a meaning to individual passages, as it is by the general character of the movement alone that its effect is intended to be produced. It is exceedingly simple, melodious, and flowing, exhibiting no feature calculated to distract the attention from the pure harmony and melody of the music, or even to call forth that startled admiration with which this composer's works are sometimes heard; all is quiet and calm, and may be listened to and admired with as little mental exertion as is required to appreciate the beauties of the woods and the fields. The second motive includes double counterpoint on three subjects, but is, nevertheless, perfectly clear; and the elaboration of the second part is singularly free from complexity—so true has the composer adhered to the plan he had in view. The instrumentation of this, as well as the second movement, is simple, the orchestra consisting only of the ordinary string and wood bands, with the addition of two horns.

The second or slow movement is entitled *Scene am Bach*; i. e., a scene by a brook or rivulet. It is not easy to define, with any pretensions to accuracy, the precise nature of the ideas that the composer intended to convey in this movement, further than that its general character is placid, flowing, rich, and melodious, and so may be taken to correspond with the feelings excited by the gorgeous natural coloring of some thickly wooded landscape, having a stream as its principal feature. The leading character of the music lies in the fulness of the harmony, the peculiar flowing style of the accompaniment, and the richness of the instrumentation. It has been sometimes thought that the accompaniment may be intended to represent the murmuring of a brook; but this, we think, would be inconsistent with the principle usually followed throughout the symphony. As an imitation, the thing would be a failure; as a suggestion of the idea of massive beauty, it is noble and effective. There is, however, a passage at the end of the movement which comes under the category of imitation of sounds—namely, a trio, of three birds, denoted in the score as nightingale, quail, and cuckoo, and represented by the flute, oboe, and clarinet respectively.

We have often wished this passage, so unlike any other part of the symphony, was not there, as compromising the dignity of the composition; and it is so obviously an episode, that we indulge a fancy it may have been a subsequent interpolation, added perhaps at the instance of some of the composer's lady friends, who thought the presence of good unmistakeable birds essential to complete the ideal landscape. We believe that if Beethoven had sincerely approved this style of description, he would have introduced the warblers into the body of the movement (as Spohr has done in his symphony "*Die Weihe der Töne*"); for the few shakes and ornaments that occur in the melodies are obviously only suggestive and not imitative. The bird episode, is, however, it must be admitted, in some measure redeemed by the admirable way in which it is expressed, and its skilful connection with the more legitimate part of the music.

The third movement, in which trumpets are added, is intended to represent a rustic *fête*, and its general characteristic is sparkling gaiety, mingled with a certain quaintness difficult to describe, but which admirably corresponds with the idea generally entertained of peasant sports. A kind of *musette* feature, frequently occurring, may probably be intended to embody the idea of the simplicity of rustic music. A kind of solo for oboe, repeated by clarinet and horn, and accompanied each time with the bassoon playing only the key note and its fifth alternately, points to the same resemblance. In the middle of the movement, occurs an episode in common time, the strongly marked rhythm and quaint construction of which evidently suggest the joyous *abandon* of unrestrained rustic merriment. At the end of this, a sustained trumpet note appears to call the revellers back; the former measure is introduced again, soon becoming more joyous as the time increases to presto, and the *fête* appears to come to a close. The final cadence is, however, not completed; for, instead of the expected close on the chord of F, the dominant harmony is succeeded by a low murmur of the basses on D \flat , forming the commencement of the storm.

And how shall we describe the stupendous display of musical genius here contained? This movement is alone a study for a lifetime; not only as an unparalleled example of the power of musical description, but also as one of the most masterly specimens of legitimate musical writing that is to be found in the whole range of Beethoven's compositions. For it is easy to show that, strong as is the temptation which a storm offers for unworthy devices, there is not a note of this which is not pure music of the noblest kind. We cannot lay too much emphasis on the fact that it is not imitative. There are people who think it necessary, in order to realize to their own minds the descriptive power of the composition, that they should be able to trace in it, not only the roll of the thunder, but the pattering of the rain drops, the howling of the wind, the cries of frightened animals, &c.; but all this is pure imagination, and we are convinced that the composer himself would not have considered such interpretations any compliment to his intellectual powers. His aim was not to imitate noises, which would have been but puerile work at the best, but rather to produce impressions or emotions—a far higher and nobler work, and one which gave him a much wider scope, as embracing elements of impressiveness out of the domain of sound altogether, such as the heavy sultriness of the air, the gasping of nature, as it were, for breath; the general impression of awe produced by the impending war of the elements, &c. &c., all of which are more or less typified in the scene now before us. The emotions excited by the awful phenomena of a heavy summer thunder storm are of the sublimest character; and their production by music, if practicable at all, certainly requires higher means than the clatter of peas in a tin case, or a series of thumps on a drum head. And it is particularly worthy of notice, as an evidence how Beethoven shunned mere imitation, that the drums, which in ordinary musical storms form the staple commodity, as giving from time immemorial the orthodox representation of thunder, are throughout this movement quite subordinate; they strengthen the

effects of the other instruments but in no instance take any independent part of their own. For example, the first idea of any ordinary composer would have been to commence the storm with a roll of the drums *pianissimo*, to imitate distant thunder. Not so Beethoven. He produces the effect desired by music, not by mere noise. His first rumble is, as has been already stated, an interruption of a cadence by a tremolo of basses on the semitone above the dominant. This is followed by light piano passages, of a singular uncertain character, on the violins; the tremolo then is repeated a little louder and longer, with the addition of a few holding notes on wind instruments; the violin passages enter again, a gradual crescendo follows, then the first burst of the storm occurs. It is impossible to conceive a better representation, condensed into so short a space, of the feelings attendant upon the approach of a storm: the first distant alarm, the incipient fear, the listening anxiety, and at last the certainty of the impending elemental war! The crash itself is simply a fortissimo minor chord, with a tremolo on the violins. Here the drums enter for the first time; but we have a great doubt whether, either here or in any other part of the movement, the composer had the intention of giving any direct imitation of the sound of thunder. The idea is rather that of alarm and confusion; the latter being expressed by a very original device in the basses—namely, making the *contra bassi* play groups of four notes against corresponding groups of five on the violoncellos; the drums add weight, of course, to the general effect, as they do in any other *forte* passage, but nothing more. The strength of the storm is carried on by a series of vigorous erratic unison passages, giving a fine idea of a wayward force struggling, as it were, to expand itself in the strife of the elements. After this comes a lull of some length, interrupted by occasional vivid startling chords, with an echo instantly following, probably intended, not so much to depict any actual incident, as to keep the attention awake, and give a general idea of the constant power of the disturbing agency, though for the present subdued; and this is also impressed on the mind by the continual tremolo of the violins and the frequent low running passages of the basses, which, however, are here more regular than before. In time, another outbreak threatens; the violins take up again their first passage, the wind instruments join in sustained moaning notes, or in pitiful interrupted wails; the basses resume their confused rumble; and, after a gradual crescendo, comes another fortissimo burst of the storm. This, however, is not a simple sustained chord like the first one, but a regular musical phrase; in which the hurried descent of the violins through the chord in each bar; the fine march of the bass; the impressive prolonged unisons of the wind instruments; the double syncopated accents; and the simple, yet masterly and striking modulations, give not only a most forcible and appropriate effect, but also a character of great grandeur in a musical point of view.

The storm temporarily lulls again, and now comes the most striking part of the scene. It may be noticed by anybody who will take the trouble to observe the phenomena of a thunder-storm, that, immediately before the heaviest crash, there generally occurs a lull; during which, however, the stillness which seems to prevail is of an unearthly awful character, evidently only the precursor of greater violence: the heavens, so to speak, appearing to be gathering strength for their most terrible discharge. At this time the atmosphere is unusually oppressive; and it is impossible to avoid a sensation of fearful suspense, in expectation of the explosion, which we feel must be close at hand. Now Beethoven has seized this feature with the greatest skill. It is scarcely possible to describe the manner in which the representation is effected; but, for about twelve bars (pp. 136 and 137 in the Leipsic Score), the imagination is kept in a state of indescribable tension, precisely corresponding to the effect on the mind of the lull above alluded to. It is here, and here only, that the composer has used the chromatic scale; one of the most common devices to imitate storm and wind among common-

place writers; but its effect here is not imitative—it is used as a means of increasing the sensation of indefinite, restless anxiety; and, conjoined with the alternate moaning and starting of the other parts, expresses perfectly the feeling intended to be conveyed; namely, the anticipation of the coming explosion. And, accordingly, on the fourth beat of the bar; that is, just when it would be least expected, the whole orchestra, now strengthened for the first time by two trombones and a piccolo, burst into a terrific crash, which is the grand climax of the force of the storm. This is formed by the full chord of the diminished seventh, sustained for several bars, and followed by a succession of other similar chords, interrupted by sudden *sforzandos*, and leading into a repetition of the fine descending passage before alluded to.

But now the storm begins finally to abate; and here again the skill of the composer becomes strongly marked. It is a matter of observation that, generally speaking, a storm ceases very soon after the most violent outburst; the whole accumulation of the disturbing agent being then relieved. The thunder continues for a time in the distance; but the gloom begins to clear off, the clouds open, a peep of the blue sky is seen, which quickly expands, and relieved nature resumes her wonted appearance. All this is most admirably followed in the Symphony; the grand crash over, the force soon begins to slacken, a diminuendo commences, and soon reaches a piano; the basses descend, bringing the rumbling to their lowest notes; an occasional *sforzando* occurs, but the evidence of the brightening up of the elements gradually becomes more complete; and this not only by the cessation of the characteristics of the storm, but by a complete change in the nature of the harmony; the entrance of clear, open, major chords; first subdued in the lower octaves, and then taken more prominently, and combined with sweet, touching melody, offering a most striking and beautiful parallel to the natural effect above described. The basses ever and anon give a slight, deep roll; but this soon ceases altogether, and a few clear notes of the flute, used as a passing into the last movement, declare that the storm is over, and all is again serene.

Such is Beethoven's representation of a storm, which we may safely say is altogether unparalleled, not only in its effect, but in regard to the noble character of the means by which this effect is obtained.

The concluding movement represents Pastoral Songs, or the embodiment of feelings of joy and gratitude after the storm. It commences with a kind of pastoral call, taken first on the clarionets, and then on the horns; after which an elegant melody is introduced, which forms the principal subject of the movement. The character of the whole is highly melodious and cheerful; the instrumentation rich and full; the two trombones, first introduced in the storm, being here retained to fill in the harmony. The coda, from the *diminuendo* after the fortissimo, is singularly beautiful and impressive, and the conclusion is very original.

ROSSINI.—It is most interesting to hear him speak of Beethoven and Mozart. He calls the last "*un homme colossal*"—the greatest genius of which the musical world can boast. When only in his ninth year he knew Mozart's Sonatas, and a few years later, all his other works. His admiration for Mozart is unbounded. That he perfectly understood *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* did not astonish me; but that, on hearing the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, he continually broke out in expressions of admiration, proved an amount of appreciation in him not generally suspected by Germans. He designated *Così fan Tutte* the first comic opera, and on my politely making an allusion to his own *Barbiere*, he exclaimed, discontentedly, as if I had wished to pay him a false compliment: "Ah, what is that in comparison!" To show the impression real German music produces upon him, I may mention that he praised Spohr's concertos very highly; of his operas, on the other hand, he had only found one or two good things in *Faust*;

Spohr's other dramatic works he did not know. I asked him if he had never composed symphonies himself. He replied that, with the exception of the overtures to his operas, he had never written instrumental music. "What would you have?" he said. "That is a separate study; any one who, after Beethoven, would produce anything of importance in this branch of art, must devote himself, *à corps perdu*, to the most earnest and most profound efforts, and would not, even then, produce anything like what Beethoven has produced. I have neither attempted to acquire the necessary knowledge, nor have I had time to do so." He speaks with great reverence of Mendelssohn and Weber. He appeared to be but little acquainted with the more modern Italian composers; if any of their works were played on the Promenade at Kissingen, he was always obliged to refer to the programme for the names of the authors. Of his own compositions, he speaks with great modesty, and frequently replies to praise of them with deprecatory contempt. On one occasion, when Meyerbeer's *Marche aux Flambeaux* was performed, he suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Mais de qui est donc cette marche de géants; c'est quelque chose de fort vieux." On my telling him the name of the composer, he merely said: "C'est fort beau!" and walked on.—*Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

THE VIOLIN.—Slow and tender melodies, confided too often, now-a-days, to wind instruments, are, nevertheless, never better rendered than by a mass of violins. Nothing can equal the touching sweetness of a score of first strings made to sing by twenty well-skilled bows. That is, in fact, the true female voice of the orchestra—a voice at once passionate and chaste, heart-rending, yet soft, which can weep, sigh, lament, chant, pray, and muse, or burst forth into joyous accents, as none other can do. An imperceptible movement of the arm, an almost unconscious sentiment on the part of him who experiences it, producing scarcely any apparent effect when executed by a single violin, shall, when multiplied by a number of them in unison, give forth enchanting gradation, irresistible impulse, and accents which penetrate to the very heart's core.—*Berlioz*.

Yankee Doodle.

(From the N. Y. Evening Post,)

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* for the current month seems to find his Dutch blood dancing to a new tune in the delight he experiences at a discovery in recent researches into American literature, concerning the much-disputed origin of Yankee Doodle. Of course we cannot find it in our hearts to criticize the "song in use among the Dutch laborers" which "trolls out thus:"

"Yanker didel, doodel down
Didel, dudel, lanter,
Yanke viver, roover vown
Botermilk und Tanther."

There is a genuineness in the look of these lines which reminds one of the works of Diedrick Knickerbocker; and we rejoice in the addition of this testimony to the mass of evidence going to show the immense value of the Dutch element in our population which the "*losel* Yankees" (we mean New Englanders) have so studiously obscured and covered up in history. We commend this subject to the Historical Society. And in this connection we desire to add another and a similar proof of the base spirit which has hitherto succeeded in preventing the merits of our early Dutch literature from shining by its own light in the darkness which always precedes the dawn of a great era.

These remarks have been suggested by finding among the curious Dutch works in the library of the Historical Society a copy of the poems of the learned Rijme-Laar, a much neglected writer, who accompanied Adrian Block in the "*Tiger*" to New Netherlands in 1612-13. It is well known that Block's ship was burnt at Manhattan while he was preparing to return to Holland, and that he was obliged to remain while engaged in building the yacht, which was the glorious Dutch bar-

binger of the future maritime supremacy of New Netherlands. It was at this time that the first cabins were built on Manhattan Island; and it is supposed that the poet exercised his talent for composition "in the midst of the perils and trials of the early colonial settlement," "not repelled by the rudeness of the wild life of America, but drawing from its unkempt nature fresh illustrations and a bolder imagery."

But to our extract: (Vervolg der Gedichten van H. K. Rijme-Laar, 2, p. 66.) The intelligent reader will need no further introduction or comment, in view of such "flat burglary as ever was committed."

"Heile Kolombie's jollie landt;
Heile das burgher's belliepandt;
Vat held das laws und bond das stadt
Vat was nein loose, nein dawn, nein late;
Und ven licht of sonne was gone
Vas loosed und leit das honor daun.
Boosaarding mensch may carp and yaw,
Goedaardig mensch zorg nein von straw:
Allos ready for swaar-bier
Wanneer Hollandenschan appear:
Vast, vereenigd leit vos bee
Hauling taut our bandt-bellie;
On bewimpeld en our talk,
Leit us blazen for Nieuw-Jorck."

New York, Oct. 1, 1856. BLINK BOLLIKOT.

"Professors."

(Continued from Fitzgerald's City Item, Philadelphia.)

Our readers will remember that last week we spoke at length of the existing abuses in regard to the expression, "Professors of Music," and particularly of the wide latitude allowed by the public as to its true signification. The extent to which the abuse is carried almost exceeds belief. Every foreigner who comes to take his abode here styles himself a Professor, issues circulars and cards as if he were the most accomplished musician in the world, and on the sole strength, perhaps, of a tolerable execution on the piano, does his best to impose himself upon the public as the only person in the city worthy of encouragement. A young lad from the country or some inland town, with the small smattering of knowledge obtainable in his native place, and with the confidence naturally ensuing from having been lionized by people more ignorant than himself, comes here and does as the foreigners have done—he, too, announces himself a Professor. Still more unworthy recruits come from the ranks of trade, which they abandon upon discovering that pretentious claims, founded upon the smallest modicum of musical ability, are more profitable than manual labor. No matter how trifling the amount of information any of these pretenders may possess; if they proceed in a business-like way to humbug the people, success and patronage attend them for a time at least; so the blame should not fall solely upon their shoulders, but be divided between them and those who consent to foster the obvious imposition.

As the evil has not worked its own cure, it appears to us that the time has come for the real musicians to arouse and strive manfully to check, without delay, the spread of the abuse. There are many ways to effect this desirable end, but the most feasible and decisive method seems to be that of which we are now about to speak.

We have no conservatory of music such as those which exist in all the European cities of a population as large as Philadelphia's, and in many, too, that boast but half our number of inhabitants. The so-called Academies of Music, both here and in New York, are merely theatres for the representation of Italian or French Operas, not schools for the instruction of Americans in the science or practice of music, as their name would seem to imply that they should be. There is not a faculty of any college or university in the Union justly qualified to confer musical degrees, although one institution attempted to create a Doctor of Music, and thereby produced an infinite deal of amusement among the really musical circles. What we suggest, then, is that some well-established musical society in our city should obtain from the Legislature a supplement to its charter, empowering it to form a College of

Music, consisting, we will say, of three professorships, of Vocal, Instrumental Music, and of Composition. These chairs must be filled by gentlemen of long experience and of unquestionable ability, and there are many such among our old ranks of "Teachers," as they now term themselves. They should form classes for instruction, lay down regular, complete and thorough courses of study, to be gone through by every pupil, and by strict examination assure themselves of the competence of each student before suffering him to pass finally. On graduating, the students should be furnished with diplomas, giving them perhaps the degree of Professor, or still better, that of Bachelor of Music, as is done in the English Universities. This would serve as a guarantee of their ability, and as a strong recommendation to the public should the graduates determine upon teaching music.

We think this plan would have the desired effect. It would give the native musicians opportunities of study which they do not now possess, and on their passing through the college, it would confer upon them a distinction that would at once give them a place in the consideration of the public, and show that they had a right to the position claimed. It would not, it is true, prevent imposture entirely, but it would give it a severe check, as the people at large would expect any person terming himself a Professor, to be able to show his diploma. The society undertaking to perform this work would deserve the thanks of all the true musicians of the country, and do more good to the cause of music than by giving fifty concerts in a season, gratis. It is, however, a plan that cannot succeed by means of half measures; the professors selected must be men of standing, musically and socially; their names must be widely known and their merit acknowledged; the course of study be severe and closely adhered to, while the examinations cannot be too minute, or too strict. These matters are necessary in order to prove that the rank of Professor cannot be properly obtained without toil and difficulty, and that the graduate has fairly won his degree.

We commend our suggestions to all our old chartered societies and to the musical circles at large, trusting that some steps may be taken to prevent the further intrusion of incompetent teachers.

The "North Star" at the New York Academy.

The production of MEYERBEER'S *North Star*—as an opera written in French and sung in Italian is facetiously called—drew a larger audience than has been gathered together by any musical event since Grisi and Mario left us; and judging from the manner in which the performance was received, a succession of well filled houses will reward the manager for the pains he has taken in bringing out this novelty. This *North Star*, or *Etoile du Nord*, or *Stella del Nord*, is in fact *The Camp of Silesia*, written to another libretto, and re-written in some parts of the music, if we mistake not. It is both in plot and style of composition much lighter than any other of Meyerbeer's works with which the public generally are acquainted. Peter the Great is the hero; and we first see him playing ship-carpenter at a village near Wyborg on the shores of the Gulf of Finland. Here, according to SCRIBE, the libretto-writer, he fell in love with a village beauty named Catherine, and here too found, in a pastry cook, a man who became afterwards one of his most favored officers and councillors. The origin of the *Menshikovs* was plainly in Scribe's eye. Catherine favors Peter, whose real rank she of course does not suspect; but she sends him off to win a cross of honor, in order to be worthy of her. (She wouldn't have made the same condition with the Czar. Why?) He goes; but meantime, she, by tact and boldness, has saved her native village from being plundered by a roving band of villainous-looking Cossacks; and she herself joins the army as a substitute for a cowardly brother, who is just about to be married, and who prefers the one companion-in-arms that he has, to the many that he might have;

only on the principle, we suppose, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. As she goes off in a boat to join the army, the first act closes.

The second act takes us to the Russian Camp, where we find her doing soldier's duty and just on the point of discovering a plot against the Czar. Peter himself soon appears, and as he is drinking and talking with the quondam pastry-cook, his mistress is detailed to stand sentry by his tent. She is a man and a soldier, however, only as far as her regimentals go; and she peeps into the tent. There she sees Peter, her Peter, with his cross of honor indeed, but, alas for the frailty of man, making temporary love to a *vivandiere*. This does not suit her notions of propriety; and being in her wrath, surprised at her peeping by her corporal, and reproved, she slaps his face. The crime is worthy of death, and to death on the spot she is condemned by Peter. She attempts to make him recognize her; but after his fashion he has got gloriously drunk, and she is carried off to be shot. She makes her escape, however, having previously sent to her Peter—the information which she has obtained about the revolt, which he is thus enabled to quell, and the second act closes in an outburst of loyalty and patriotism.

In the third act she has got to Moscow, and goes mad in white muslin. Could any young woman, with a due sense of propriety, allow herself to become insane in a toilet composed of any other material? Her Peter is profoundly touched, and attempts her restoration by building for and placing her in a village like that in which he first found her; and having made up this trifling little prescription, he adds to it, by way of condiments, some Finnish choruses and an air upon the flute by himself. The treatment is efficacious. The young lady comes to her senses in the arms of her Peter, and—being a lady—faints, of course. She revives, however, in time to have the imperial purple thrown over her white muslin before the curtain falls.

From this sketch of the chief incidents of the plot, it will be seen that the opera is altogether wanting in dramatic interest. The relations of the events to each other are not clearly defined, the situations have no striking import, and the story ends but does not culminate. Compare such a plot as this with those of *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Giuramento*, *Ernani*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and see how utterly deficient it is in that grand dramatic element upon which rests so much of their success, and also of their actual merit as lyric dramas. To this lack of interest in its story, it adds the utter want of inspiration in its music. Meyerbeer, a musician of prodigious acquirements, an artist who has thorough mastery of his materials, the voice and the orchestra, a man of indefatigable industry and of singular ingenuity, has every quality necessary to the composer, but one—genius. Genius is a thing of degree, and men may have of it a high or an inferior order; but he has none of any kind—not a spark. In his best work, *Robert le Diable*, there is one air, and but one, which is almost as good as an inspiration; but even that is a miracle of labor; and every other that he has written is itself evidence that it was painfully perpetrated with malice aforethought. His success—such as it is—has been gained by making his operas splendid spectacles. In *L'Etoile du Nord*, there is a great deal of skilfully written concerted music, admirable use of the orchestra, singular and striking effects produced by a few instruments, but not one spontaneous melody; and we decline the ungrateful task of examining it in detail. Taken as a whole, however, it must always be entertaining to a general audience, when it is properly put on the stage. It is bustling, amusing, and striking in the way of spectacle. The performers generally do the music and themselves justice. Mme. La Grange and Sig. Coletti particularly distinguish themselves. Sig. Amodio has a part much too low for him, and with little music worth singing. Sig. Brignoli has a pretty-ish romance, daintily accompanied, which he sings in a pretty-ish way—not always in tune. The choruses are fairly, and the orchestral parts very creditably, performed.—*N. Y. Cour. & Eng.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 4, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Our present number of October 4, commences a new half-yearly volume. The month of October too is properly the commencement of the academic year in music; it is the beginning of the musical "season." We shall be happy therefore to receive the names (and dollars) of as many new subscribers as desire a weekly paper, which shall keep them "posted up" in musical matters, and aid them to discern and to appreciate what is true and worthy amid so much that is pretentious and false. Give us a large subscription list this winter, and we will make your paper doubly worth it.

¶ We can furnish one and one only complete set of the Journal of Music bound; for which of course we must charge an extra price.—With the exception of two numbers only, (which occur in Vols. V. and VI.) we can furnish volumes bound or unbound of the Journal from the commencement. Also single numbers.

Orchestral Concerts—The Beethoven Concert Society.

There is a singular anomaly in the history of orchestral, or, as they are sometimes called, symphony concerts in Boston. We have had the name of being remarkably fond of hearing great instrumental music, and of being classical in our taste—at least, compared with most American cities. We have had during the past twenty years a great many more orchestral concerts than New York or Philadelphia, or than many a European city of our size. We have had *all* of Beethoven's symphonies performed in the course of a single winter, and with our great Music Hall crowded, or at least full, each time. We have had each winter two or three times as many public concerts, two or three times as many great orchestral works performed, and before larger audiences, than any of our sister cities. And yet, strange to say, and to our shame it must be confessed, Boston at this day is as far as it ever was from having any sure and permanent provision for the satisfaction of this still returning want. The thing is not yet organized and grown up into a live institution, to which we can look forward every winter as a matter of course, sure of our orchestral supplies, and not have to speculate and inquire doubtfully and anxiously: Are we to have orchestral music again? Is anybody moving in the matter, or will it be left to take care of itself, until it is too late to seize upon the true conditions of success? Are we simply trusting in our oft-attested love of music, taking the demand as earnest of the supply, and folding our arms in the comfortable assurance that something must and will "turn up"? Like a certain clerical *bon vivant*, who was supposed to look back from the other world upon the good things of this, we think of our musical seasons past and we grow "hungry from recollection;" yet our cuisine remains all to be organized as much as ever.

To build up a grand orchestra, worthy of Beethoven and Mozart and all the great composers whom we want to hear and know, is really a great work, a work of years. We have heard most of the masterpieces of these authors, we have had so many years of concerts, so many glorious performances and seasons full of present pleasure and of greater promise, and yet here at this day we have no orchestra. *Boston is without*

an orchestra!—Boston, the classical-music-loving city. To organize good concerts on the grand scale, so that they shall both *pay*—that is, offer inducements to the musicians and artists to take part in them—and at the same time not sink into the category of mere amusements for grown-up children, but minister to a higher love, and educate and carry up the public taste, is also a work of time, requiring not a little management and toil, even with the good orchestra given and only waiting for the employer to say the word. Twenty years of concerts, some of them glorious to look back upon, and yet we have neither the organized management nor the established, constantly-improving orchestra, for which all the world, hearing of our concerts, credits Boston! To our shame must we own it.

Where lies the difficulty? It is not that we have lacked materials for an orchestra;—although these, deceived in the hope of sure and permanent support, may have somewhat dwindled in the last two years. It is not that the love and taste for Symphony and Overture is not yet enough developed in our people;—although the taste of a community, however high and promising to-day, is pretty sure to fall away from its high water mark to-morrow, without some sure progressive course of exercise and education; if we do not progress, we retrograde. It is not that we have not liberal and wealthy friends of music, who have stood in the gap many times, and are ready to do so again:—although the forcing process, as a substitute for growth, must in the nature of things lose virtue when too frequently repeated. It is not, that we have not had abundance of efforts, of external aid, and all manner of experiments and systems tried. The difficulty lies in the fact that no one method has been persisted in, until gradually it could shape itself into the right method. Many times we have had promising results, we have succeeded temporarily and approximately, and have closed a season with enthusiasm and rejoicing, and have taken it for granted that it would of course go on from glory unto glory in succeeding seasons. But the temporary success has never been pursued and cultivated into permanence. The whole want has been of organization; for other wanting elements would have been one by one supplied and made secure in course of time by that. Now we have tried a great many systems, and have got a great many good concerts out of them; but still where are we? Where we were at first, as to the power of *using* our advantages. We have had organized societies to provide our music. We have had our Academy, employing the musicians; we have had our Musical Fund Society, in which the musicians employed themselves; each did the best it could for a few years, did really much good, but had to give it up beyond a certain point. We have sat still and let music come to us from abroad;—and for a series of writers the taste for instrumental music was certainly quickened as it had never been before by the artistic performances of that little "Germania" orchestra, with its fine sketches rather than full presentations of the Symphonies; these were a good model, and we owe them much, but we could not hold them, they were not of us, and they scattered. Last year we tried the simple subscription plan, guaranteed by amateurs of means, who had their committee for raising an orchestra and managing the concerts; and the result was a larger and better

orchestra and an excellent series of concerts—on the whole perhaps the best we ever had—a growing attendance and delight throughout the season; yet the concerts did not *pay*; there was a considerable deficit, which nothing but the extraordinary interest of the Beethoven Statue festival (justifying double prices for that evening) saved from being a very formidable one. The public had been appealed to, and the public only half responded.

Now it is perfectly right that the supply, in music as in more material necessities, should depend on the demand. If the public want good music, let the public pay for it. A very moderate price, if paid by all or half of all who anxiously inquire: What for orchestral concerts this winter? would be ample support for the best of concerts. It is the only wholesome and thoroughly reliable kind of support. To be reliable and to really amount to a support, it must come in the form of pledged subscriptions to a series of concerts promptly given beforehand. This is one prime condition of good concerts. To make it operative, there must be one other: a permanent, wise organization of managers, ready to meet the public, and on whom the public can rely to use the support so furnished in the most effectual manner for the end desired. These two levers are to set the ball in motion, and not let it spend its force and drop entirely to the ground at the end of each heat.

An appeal is now again made to the musical public of Boston, and a chance offered to secure a series of Eight Grand Orchestral Concerts, if said public care enough to have them. In the want of any established organization, the same committee of gentlemen, who managed the concerts last year, and in answer to repeated suggestions and inquiries, have undertaken to try the experiment again. They have thought that the ground gained last winter ought not to be lost; that a little systematic perseverance for perhaps only one year more, in building on upon that gain, may place orchestral music on a sure basis for the future here in Boston. Their aim is not simply to provide for the present want; their aim is now, as it was last year, to build up an orchestra and a machinery for giving concerts, which may prove permanent. Every musical city in Europe has its Philharmonic Society, on which it can depend for annual supplies of great orchestral music. New York, which never until the last two years has had as many concerts or as large audiences as our smaller city, has now its flourishing Philharmonic Society, with a large and long-trained orchestra, and a certainty of selling all its tickets at the slightest announcement of a concert. Why shall it not be so here?

With a view to this permanence, and taking a suggestion from the great Symphonies most frequently performed, and from the noble statue that presides in our hall, the committee have assumed the name of "THE BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY." It is a good name to conjure by. They who have taken it, and who have volunteered to work under it, will do their best, will do at least as well as they *have* done, and turn the past experience to account, if only their appeal is promptly met by our so-called musical public. With the public now the whole thing rests. The public must come forward promptly and take up the tickets before the concerts can be given. The usual democratic system of cheap

prices is proposed. In order that the great risk may be covered at the outset, the inducement to subscribe for the series is made liberal: only *three dollars* for the whole eight concerts. And a broad difference is made in favor of those who take tickets for the season. For the single concert the price is fixed at *one dollar*—more than we have been used to, but not more than is usual in all other cities, and really very low for concerts of this order, which should be worth as much as any opera.

Let it be clearly understood then, that *the concerts will not be given unless 1500 sets of tickets, at the low rate of \$3.00, shall be subscribed for before the 20th of this month.* Will not all who value opportunities of hearing good orchestral music come promptly forward and put down their names? Will you not settle it now once for all, friends, that there shall be no uncertainty in future about good orchestral concerts here in Boston, where we have enjoyed so many?

P. S. We have omitted to mention one part of the plan. Should the proposed concerts more than pay expenses, the balance will be applied towards the formation of a fund in aid of future Orchestral Concerts.

Mlle. Parodi's Concerts.

Mlle. PARODI is a singer who pleases the many, who always draws large audiences, and all whose efforts are applauded and encored. Mr. STRAKOSCH is a pianist of the brilliant, popular kind, who makes the tones of the Piano sparkle before the eyes, as it were, of those who are susceptible to the beauty of musical sounds, but who are children in musical taste and knowledge. That he can play also for the intellectual and classically cultivated ear, we do not doubt. But he chooses to please the public and to do a good business; and he has proved himself one of the most shrewd of concert managers. With such a partner and manager, and with such other excellent talent as they have known how to associate with themselves, Mlle. Parodi's concert all over our wide country have been attended with success; and she has made the tour of the States in this way we know not how many times. This week Boston has its turn again.

The Concerts of Tuesday and Thursday evenings had large and enthusiastic audiences, as usual: audiences composed largely of that class of persons who are most demonstrative when they are pleased. Everything, as usual, has been vehemently applauded, and almost everything encored. The programmes have been various and brilliant; the popular and well-worn predominating, but with some things also for the more classical taste. Mlle. PARODI seems in perfect health and voice. She does not sing out of tune, as she did frequently when she was here last. There is the same rich, clear, resonance in her voice, especially the middle and lower tones. She has great execution in a wide range of music. She charms more by her power of voice and energy of manner, a certain free abandon and impassioned air, than by any rare delicacy and truth of expression, or really satisfying refinement of artistic style. We have liked her best in the music of Verdi; there is something in its coldly intense character that seems to suit her. Her "Ricci waltz," with variations, her "Rataplan" and other such bravura fireworks, always bring the house down, but they have not the exquisite charm of SONTAG. In the *La ci darem* duet "by the immortal Mozart," we could not find the simplicity and innocent sweetness of Zerlina in her singing or her manner: certain points were coarsely overdone. Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem, thou that killest," &c., she delivered in a large and telling voice and style; but delicacy and depth of feeling

we could not find in those tones. In "Hear ye, Israel," one could only think of Jenny Lind. There was force and brilliancy in Parodi's rendering; but it did not seem spiritual force. She is a very physical singer. Sometimes a high, emphatic tone is painfully harsh in quality, and in no sense sympathetic.

Sig. TIBERINI, the young Roman tenor, of whom romantic stories have been told, has a delicate, pure, penetrating voice, over which he has great control. He occasionally gives a note or a short phrase with great power of voice, like a true robust tenor. He seems to have sung Verdi a great deal, for he has a habit of contrasting very loud with very soft tones oftener than is necessary. Indeed, he is too apt to sacrifice the expression of a piece to vocal display. Hence his singing is cold and lifeless, even when he makes energetic effort. He quite mistook the character of *Spirto gentil*; beginning it in a soft cantabile, like SALVI, but making a bravura piece of it before he got through, introducing a wild flourish in one place, and in another repeating phrases in echoes, with which surely the song could have nothing to do. We liked him best, too, in Verdi, especially in the duet from *Ernani*. That from *La Traviata* is an odd musical conceit, which, however sung, we could not admire.

Sig. BERNARDI is an excellent baritone; in his serious look and manner much reminding one of MORELLI, and somewhat too in the character of his voice, which is rich and resonant, but requires forcing in the upper notes. He sang *Vi ravviso*, the duet from "Don Juan," a romanza by Balfe, and other pieces in very chaste and satisfactory style.

PAUL JULIEN is no longer the boy, but his extraordinary talent with the violin has ripened, so that it is more than ever a delight to hear him play. A *Fantasia* by Vieuxtemps, a difficult and thoughtful composition, was rendered by him in quite masterly style. So Paganini's "Witches' Dance," and other show-pieces. In purity and firmness of tone, in graceful execution, and in feeling, he is truly a young artist. The accompaniments were all played by STRAKOSCH, whose pretty, sparkling "Nightingale" and "Sylphide" pieces enchanted the multitude as usual.—The last concert is this evening.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce their annual series of Chamber Concerts. OTTO DRESEL, too, will give us more of his delightful Soirées. May both have plenty of subscribers; for such music as they afford is among the choicest privileges of Boston. Of the ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS we have spoken fully in another column; those who intend to subscribe must lose no time. . . . Mr. WM. SCHULTZE, our excellent violinist, we are happy to say will not leave Boston to settle in Philadelphia; and we are sorry to learn that Mr. AUGUST FRIES is in such poor health as threatens to deprive our concerts of his violin for some time. We can ill afford to lose either of them. . . . Mr. and Mrs. CARL ZERRAHN, our popular conductor and his wife, will live in town this winter, and are prepared to receive pupils at their residence next door to the Music Hall, fit place! We cordially commend them to those who wish to learn. See card below.

We understand that S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN, Mus. Doc., has resigned his place as organist and conductor at St. Paul's Church, and with him go a number of the singers, thus breaking up the fine double choir which it has cost long pains and practice to make what it was. Mr. J. H. WILCOX leaves the organ in the Baptist Church in Charles Street, to take Dr. Tuckerman's place.

Our worthy neighbors of the *Telegraph* consult the interests of Art and business in one and the same

article, criticizing PARODI's concert, by the following ingenious method:

Our reporter says: "Mr. Strakosch never played so indifferently, and could not have given his audience more indifferent music, though his brilliant display of Lily Dale and other familiar Ethiopian melodies commanded the applause of his audience. With the great Beethoven looking down upon him, and an exquisite Chickering grand piano before him, we surely looked for some higher inspiration in a pianist equal to any effort in the highest department of his art, so far as mere finger dexterity goes."

But our reporter has a very delicate and severe taste in music, and is not very patient with any below that high-toned and severely classical standard which regulates his own estimate of such performances. Strakosch's concert performances certainly please the great mass of his audiences, and the result of our observation is, that he is the only pianist we have heard who makes a piano at a concert popular or even satisfactory to three fourths of those who attend. The select few of course require something "higher;" but the majority will continue to cheer what Strakosch knows they like.

This reminds us that we must thank the *Telegraph* for its very cordial notice of our Journal, now commencing a new volume, calling it "the best paper of the kind, not only here but in the world"!

It will be seen by our advertising columns that Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE commences two new classes next week, for pupils on the piano-forte, one for young misses just beginning, and one for advanced pupils. The lady's own musicianship, and patient, faithful and remarkably successful experience in teaching in classes for the two years past, must ensure her plenty of pupils. . . . We ask attention to the card of Mr. NATHAN B. CLAPP, who offers his services as a teacher on the piano. Mr. C. has talent, a high and cultivated musical taste, and has had the advantage of the best influences in his Art at the Conservatoire in Leipzig, from which he returns an accomplished pianist, and a musician with true and worthy notions of his profession. We trust he will not lack inducements to pursue his calling here in his native city.

Advertisements.

MUSICAL SOIRÉES.

OTTO DRESEL

Proposes to give his FOURTH SERIES of FOUR SOIRÉES, At the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, during the months of December, January, February and March, on Saturday evenings to be hereafter specified. Subscription for the Series, in packages of four tickets, \$8. Subscription lists may be found at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, and at the music stores.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club,

Respectfully inform the musical public of Boston and vicinity that they will give their usual series of CHAMBER CONCERTS, to take place at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Packages of eight tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$5. Single tickets will be \$1 each. Lists will be out in a few days.

MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Ladies and Gentlemen of this Society are notified that Rehearsals will be resumed on *TUESDAY EVENING*, Oct. 7th, and continued on each succeeding Tuesday evening, at the Piano-Forte Warerooms of Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., No. 409 Washington Street, commencing at 7½ o'clock.

L. H. SOUTHWARD, Esq., Director; W. R. BARCOCK, Pianist. Applications for admission to the Society either as active or privileged members will be received by the undersigned at any rehearsal, or at his place of business, No. 360 Washington St. The practice of the season will embrace the "Imperial Mass" and the "Passion," by HAYDN; the "Last Judgment," by SPOHR; "St. Paul" and "Elijah," by MENDELSSOHN; and several Chorals by BACH.

WILLIAM STUTSON, JR., SECRETARY.

MR. HUGO LEONHARD,

FROM THE CONSERVATORY OF LEIPZIG,
Gives instruction on the Piano. . . . Residence 14 Hudson St.

CARL ZERRAHN,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE,
FLUTE AND SINGING.

MRS. CARL ZERRAHN,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.
Residence No. 1 Winter Place.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY.

It is proposed by the Committee who managed the Orchestral Concerts of the last season to give a series of *EIGHT CONCERTS* at the Boston Music Hall, during the coming winter, under the name of the "Beethoven Concert Society," provided *fifteen hundred sets* of tickets shall be subscribed for previous to Oct. 20th.

The Orchestra will consist of at least Fifty Musicians, under the direction of CARL ZERRANN.

Price of Tickets for the Series, to be used at pleasure, \$3. Single Tickets, \$1.

Subscription Lists may be found at the Music Stores.

NATHAN RICHARDSON, Secretary,
Musical Exchange, 282 Washington St.

PIANO.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE has the honor to announce that a New Class for *Beginners* (Young Misses only to be admitted) will be open on Wednesday, Oct. 8th, and another Class for Young Ladies will open on Tuesday, Oct. 7th.

Applications to be made at No. 55 Hancock Street.

THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

THIS beautiful Art novel, by Mme. GEORGE SAND, just completed in the Journal of Music, for which it was expressly translated, has been reprinted in a neat pamphlet, and may be had at this office, and at the periodical and bookstores. Price 15 cents. Copies sent by mail post-paid, for 18 cents.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscribers respectfully beg to inform their friends and the Musical public, that they have removed from 19 South Ninth Street, to their new and elegant Store,
306 CHESTNUT STREET,

Three doors West of Eleventh, where they intend keeping, besides their complete stock of EUROPEAN MUSIC, a large assortment of AMERICAN Publications, PIANOS, VIOLINS, and Musical Merchandise in general.

They respectfully solicit the further support of Dealers, Professors, Seminars, Leaders of Bands, and other persons connected with music, to whom they can offer the advantage of selecting from a stock comprising the Publications of the leading Music Publishers of Europe and the United States.

Our Catalogue of our own Publications may be had on application; also Part I. of our complete Foreign Catalogue of Orchestral Music. The other parts will be ready in a short time.

G. ANDRÉ & CO.

306 CHESTNUT STREET.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 1, 1866.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,

Teacher of the Piano and Singing,
U. S. HOTEL.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

MR. NATHAN B. CLAPP, from the "Conservatorium der Musik," Leipzig, having returned to his native city, is now prepared to receive pupils for instruction in the Art of Piano-playing. Applications may be made at his residence, 24 Hudson St., or at Richardson's Musical Exchange.

TO PIANO-FORTE PLAYERS.

THE undersigned would call the attention of all who desire to possess the works for piano-forte solo by the greatest masters, to a new, correct, and elegant stereotype edition now issuing from the press in Germany. Depending upon a very extensive sale of this edition, the publisher has put his prices so low that no one who really desires to carry the practice of the instrument beyond the performance of a few songs, polkas, quicksteps, and the like, need be deprived of complete sets of the grandest and most beautiful works yet composed for the Piano-Forte.

The edition already extends to the following works, which are ready for delivery:—

THE PIANO-FORTE SONATAS OF BEETHOVEN, 32 in number, in two volumes, comprising over 450 pages of music.

THE COMPLETE PIANO-FORTE WORKS OF MOZART, for two and four hands, in two volumes: Vol. I. containing 19 Sonatas for two hands; Vol. II. containing 22 pieces, consisting of Rondos, Fantasias, Adagios, Minuets, Variations and the like, for two hands, together with four Sonatas and several other pieces for four hands.

THE COMPLETE PIANO-FORTE WORKS OF JOSEPH HAYDN are in course of publication, also in two volumes, consisting of 34 Sonatas, four books of Variations, a Fantasia, a Capriccio and an Adagio.

An Additional Volume of BEETHOVEN'S PIANO-FORTE WORKS for two hands, is also in preparation, which is to contain his Variations, and smaller works generally, not included among the thirty-two Sonatas.

The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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Translated for this Journal.

Robert Schumann's Impressions of various Operas.

THEATRICAL NOTE-BOOK, 1847—50.

BOIELDIEU'S "JOHN OF PARIS."

(May 4, 1847, in Dresden.)

A masterly opera. Two acts, two decorations, two hours in length—all admirably contrived. "John of Paris," "Figaro," and "The Barber," the first comic operas of the world; each mirrors its composer's nation.

Instrumentation (to which my attention now is principally directed) everywhere masterly; the wind instruments, especially the clarinets and horns, treated with partiality, nowhere covering up the vocal melody—the violoncellos effective here and there as independent voices.

The horns ring in a high register, when the voice part lies still higher, very finely and blend with the voice.

MARSCNER'S "TEMLAR AND THE JEWESS."

(May 8, 1847.)

Heard with great enjoyment. The composition here and there lacks repose, not quite clearly instrumented, with a fulness of happily conceived melodies. Considerable dramatic talent—some reminiscences of Weber.

A jewel, which cannot entirely divest itself of its rough exterior.

Treatment of the voice-parts ungrateful and smothered by the orchestra. Too much of the trombones.

The choruses went ludicrously bad; some of them should have produced a greater effect.

In short, after Weber's, the most important German Opera of recent times.

GLUCK'S "IPHIGENIA IN AULIS."

(May 15, 1847.)

Schröder-Devrient, Clytemnestra; Johanna Wagner, Iphigenia; Mitterwurzer, Agamemnon; Tichatschek, Achilles.

Richard Wagner has put the opera upon the stage; costumes and decorations very appropriate. He has also made additions to the music; I thought I heard it here and there. And he has added the conclusion: "*Nach Troja*. This is decidedly inadmissible. Gluck would perhaps have reversed the process with Richard Wagner's opera; he would have retrenched, cut out.

But what shall I say here of the opera? As long as the world stands, such music will continually come into prominence again; it can never grow old.

A great original artist. Mozart evidently stands upon his shoulders; Spontini copies him often word for word.

The conclusion of the opera again is extremely effective, as in *Armida*.

RICHARD WAGNER'S TANNHAUSER.

(Aug. 7, 1847.)

An opera not to be dispatched in a few words. Certain it is, it has a touch of genius in it. Were he as melodious a musician, as he is an intellectually gifted one, he would be the man of the age.

Much might be said about the opera, and it deserves it, but I must reserve it to another time.

DONIZETTI'S "FAVORITA."

(Aug. 30, 1847.)

I only heard two acts. Puppet-show music!

C. M. VON WEBER'S "EURYANTHE."

(Sept. 23, 1847.)

We have been transported, as we have not been for long before. The music is still too little known and recognized. It is heart's blood, the noblest he had in him; a piece of his life this opera has cost him, surely. But then he makes himself immortal by the means.

A chain of sparkling jewels from beginning to end. All in the highest degree genial and masterly. How admirably characterized the individuals, especially Eglantine and Euryanthe, and how the instruments ring!—out of the inmost depth they speak to us.

We were quite full of it, and talked it over a long time. The most genial piece in the opera seems to me the duet between Lysiart and Eglantine in the second act. So too the march in the third act in honor of the same; but the crown belongs not to particular parts, but to the whole.

ROSSINI'S "BARBER OF SEVILLE."

(Nov. 1847.)

With Viardot Garcia as Rosina. Ever enlivening, genial music; the best that Rossini ever made. The Viardot makes great variations in the music; scarcely a melody does she leave untrimmed. What a false view of virtuoso freedom! Still it is her best rôle.

AUBER'S "MASANIELLO."

(Feb. 22, 1848.)

The opera of a musical child of luck. The subject has kept it up. The music is indeed too coarse, soulless, and moreover hideously instrumented. Here and there sparks of genius.

WEBER'S "OBERON."

(March 18, 1848.)

Really too lyrical a subject. Also the music is inferior in freshness to other operas of Weber. A slovenly performance.

SPONTINI'S "FERNANDO CORTEZ."

(July 27, 1848.)

Heard it with rapture for the first time.

BEETHOVEN'S "FIDELIO."

(Aug. 11, 1848.)

Bad performance and incomprehensible taking of the *tempi* by R. Wagner.

CIMAROSA'S "MATRIMONIO SEGRETO."

(June 19, 1849)

In technical respects (counterpoint and instrumentation) thoroughly masterly; but otherwise rather uninteresting, and at last really tedious and empty of all thought.

CHERUBINI'S "WASSERTRAEGER" ("LES DEUX JOURNEES.")

(July 8)

With great delight have heard again for the first time for many years this genial, masterly opera. An excellent Water-carrier in Dall'Aste.

"THE PROPHET," BY GIAC. MEYERBEER.

(Feb. 2, 1850.)



The Piano-Forte.

From the London and Westminster Review, 1839.

"In treating of the piano-forte, in attempting to sketch its history and its capabilities—offering a few brief notices of those masters whose performances have given it new powers, and whose compositions have either founded or sustained its different schools—and separating the legitimate from the illegitimate, the ephemeral from the permanent, the true, in short, from the false—

the reviewer is offering the largest contribution in his power to the advancement of chamber music. For in England, where the national character is solitary rather than sociable, and its reserve is strangely mixed up with an impatience of drudgery and research—where the physical facility of throat and finger seems to be denied, such as makes the Italian street-singer vocalize without knowing it, and the German tavern musician place his hands on the bow or the keys in a correct position—the piano-forte will always be the instrument most largely in favor. To play respectably a solo on the violin or violoncello requires a devotion of labor and a self-renunciation, which is not common; while a quartet implies, beyond this, a sedulous union of sundry personages submitting themselves to one presiding head. The flute, it is beginning to be admitted, is so poor an instrument as to be placed almost out of the reach of the higher order of music save in orchestral concert."

"Of the piano-forte—the history of its wood and wire—a few words must be said. The head of the family was perhaps the Psaltery, which, according to Mr. Hogarth, 'consisted of a square box, of small depth, over which was stretched a sounding-board of fir, and on this sounding-board were stretched a set of strings of steel and brass, tuned to the notes of the scale.' The psaltery being played upon with two little rods, was substantially the same as the present street dulcimer. * * * As time wore on, the little rods were discarded, and the psaltery became a clavichord, the feeble and tinkling grandfather of the piano-forte. Contemporary with the clavichord was the virginal, its own cousin, and progenitor of the larger and more complete harpsichord. * * * Early in the eighteenth century, the little octave spinnet, sometimes in its most ancient and triangular form, 'was used to accompany singing in private houses throughout Italy.' * * * The high esteem in which harpsichords were held from the first, may be gathered from the scull and music books which Salvator Rosa (that fiery and versatile genius) condescended to paint on the case of his instrument. * * * But the instrument's worthiest claim to modern respect lies in the fact of its increased capabilities and powers of effect, having called forth the exquisite *Passacaglias* and *Sarabandas*, and fugues and *Allemandes* of Scarlatti."

Such is a brief history of the progress of discovery, which has finally resulted in the present piano-forte, which, however, has received numberless improvements since its first invention, and is doubtless destined to receive many more. From the history of the instrument itself, the reviewer is led to some account of the eminent composers for it, whom he distinguishes into five classes or eras, which we digest and bring together in the following form:

1. The *solid, harmonic* school, of the first composers, with Sebastian Bach at their head.
2. The *expressive, melodic* school, at the head of which is Mozart.
3. The school of *mere execution*, of *finger music*, brought out by Kalkbrenner.
4. The school of *genius*, availing itself of all the former schools for working up its own distinct and original conceptions. The first of this school, chronologically, was Clementi.
5. The *marvellous* or *hyper-romantic* school, of which Sigismund Thalberg was the first.

We shall follow the reviewer through his notices of these five schools and their principal composers.

1. We have already mentioned SCARLATTI's compositions for the harpsichord. He is "one of the two earliest composers for keyed instruments, whose works are still heard with pleasure, the other being SEBASTIAN BACH." He is the first in whose works "the trammels of the old severe style, originating with the Church, are broken through," and that "with an intrepidity which must have been startling in the composer's day. But the name of Scarlatti has a further interest and significance, as belonging to the last Italian composer for keyed instruments. Since his time, a series of showy solo performers on stringed instruments—in their compositions little stronger

than the flimsy but graceful writers of vocal airs of agility or expression for the Farinelli or the Pacchierotti of the hour—is all the contribution made by Italy during the last hundred years, to our enormous stores of orchestral and chamber music; a contribution as worthless as it is meagre."

SEBASTIAN BACH's works are "among music's least mortal possessions." The following are some of the reviewer's remarks upon this great composer.

"Any one who can execute the works of Bach perfectly, must have gained in the course of his study a force, a flexibility, and an equality of finger, which qualify him to attack the most impracticable of the great modern music; any one who can rightly give expression to his subjects, as boldly and beautifully conceived as they are at once strictly and variously brought out, may be trusted to approach the richest melody of Mozart, the loftiest and most dramatic phrase of Beethoven, or the wildest imaginings of Weber. We are not writing for the technical student, and it would therefore be superfluous in us to insist minutely upon the unapproached preëminence gained by Bach in one species of composition—namely, the fugue; to point out by what means he not only understood but sported with secrets merely talked about or awkwardly touched by others; to expatiate upon his preludes, at once strongly-knit and excursive, masculine in their boldness, child-like in their artless freedom. The public of musicians is already sufficiently alive to their rare excellence."

Even Bach himself, however, did not escape the French taste for frippery, which, from Couperin, spread over all Europe. The reviewer goes on:

"And yet, if we compare the piano-forte music of Bach with the harpsichord lessons of Handel, we shall find how infinitely small a portion of obsolete cadences and passages is to be ascribed to Couperin in the works of the former, compared with the no less obsolete roulades and trills and chains of mechanical sequences which the author of 'Otho' and 'Ariadne' borrowed from his mates of the Italian Opera. Each is a patriarch in instrumental writing; but Handel's periwig is the most obtrusive; and whereas Bach never wearies by his manner of descanting upon and amplifying his themes, Handel's instrumental compositions are often spun to a tedious length by contrivances of no greater significance than the modern Rossinian close, so happily compared by Liszt to the 'your humble servant,' with which every letter concludes."

"The august style of writing, carried to perfection by Bach, was maintained by none of his successors. The improvements made in the tone of the clavichord, now become a piano-forte, and the rapid spread of Italian music, alike tempted the composer to attend to pleasing and rhythmical melody, and to neglect those beauties and intricacies of structure, which in feeble hands, degenerate into wearisome formality. If we consult Charles Philip Emanuel Bach's (son of Sebastian Bach) 'Art of Playing the Piano-forte,' we shall find instances of all the modern airs and graces, nay, the very terms, which belong to the free style, and by an exaggeration of which, sentiment becomes affectation, and liberty licentiousness, as a thousand recent instances testify."

Thus Bach and his son prepared the way for the second school of the piano-forte. HAYDN followed, "uniting ancient science to modern melody;" and, so far as this instrument is concerned, should be regarded as falling between the two schools.

2. MOZART stands at the head of the second school.

"His remarkable facility of execution, in which the man kept the promise made by the infant prodigy—his prodigal fancy in extempore performance, the haunting sweetness of his melodies, and his legitimate employment of the daily increasing powers of the piano-forte—whether alone or in combination with other instruments—gave both the man and his music a sudden and extensive influence, totally unprecedented. It was his good fortune to appeal to and touch all

classes. The uninstructed were fascinated by such delicious airs, as, till a recent period, had been the *singer's* exclusive property; the more enterprising among the scientific were enraptured by novel forms of composition and harmonies at once bold and smooth; while there was sufficient evidence of his power over the more rigid and stately forms of music, (as in his Sonata in the style of Handel, his duet fugues, &c.) to satisfy the purists that he had chosen a new path, not out of any disrespect to, or ignorance of, the old one, but from that eagerness of genius, which makes it always, more or less, a discoverer."

"So exquisite a compound of captivating execution, honeyed melody, and science wearing a form alluring rather than repulsive, as Mozart's music displayed, was certain to form the foundation of a school of art; and accordingly, we trace downwards from him a long line of pianists and composers, who reduced his works to principles, on which they formed themselves. Till a better title be found for it, this body may fairly be called the expressive school."

"As contemporaries of Mozart, but lingering far behind, by reason of their feebleness and self-iteration, even in one branch of composition which was common to both, LEOPOLD KOZELUCH and IGNACE PLEYEL may be grouped with him. Their accompanied Sonatas are now all but forgotten; but a student might do worse than familiarize himself with the simpler and more superficial forms of expression, by studying them as early lessons. They may also be thought excellent and natural practice for the hand, by those who have not yet subscribed to the principle of yesterday, which tends to make all the violent extreme positions of the fingers an elementary part of instruction. To this school, too, though possibly immediately influenced by the study of Clementi rather than Mozart, belong DUSSEK and STEIBELT. Each added something to the executive powers of his instrument—the former being of the two the more substantial and dignified, richer in harmony, more sterling in the progression of his passages—the latter being the more airy in his melody, the more picturesque in his general conception, and sometimes the more happily imaginative. * * * The Sonatas of both will form part of the library of every classical scholar."

"A far greater pianist and writer of the Mozart school—we mean JOHN NEPOMUK HUMMEL—is now to be noticed. 'To me,' writes Zelter, 'Hummel is a summary of the piano-forte playing of our time, for he unites, with much meaning and skill, what is genuine and what is new. You are not aware either of fingers or strings; you have music. Everything comes out as sure, and with as much ease as possible, however great the difficulty. He is like a vessel of the worst material, full of Pandora's treasures.'

"It appears to us that Hummel was capable of greater things than he ever achieved—greater things than the natural and delicious melody, never sickly, however sweet, sustained by harmonies rich and choice, and alternated by passages of execution at once brilliant and substantial. For in his grand *Fantasia*, and in his Sonata in F sharp minor, he so nearly reached that highest possible style of composition, which evidences grandeur of thought as well as of style, as to justify the belief just expressed, that there were powers born with him, of whose existence he had but glimpses of consciousness."

"There are many persons who would have placed another in the post of preëminence just given to Hummel, that other being of course JOHN B. CRAMER. And in one point of view, as an author of *Studies*, Cramer undoubtedly ranks the higher of the two. Wherever the piano-forte is known as anything better than a machine on which some unwilling child is compelled to hammer out the tunes of the latest new opera—wherever the true uses of the instrument are sought for, and expression made the one thing needful, even in the most complicated and rapid passages—Cramer's *Studies* have long been consulted and appreciated. The young composer suffered from his too willing co-operation with shops and schools, by which he was led to beat out his

powers in manufacturing pretty lessons and *fantasias*, in which was no fancy; and hence his earlier Sonatas, written in those years of a man's life when art is loved more than money, are among his best works—but still not comparable with those of Hummel which have been cited."

"A name or two remain to be mentioned as having belonged to the expressive school. One of these is WOELFFL's, in his time—that is, about the beginning of the present century—considered as among the most surprising of European pianists. The name FIELD, too, must not be forgotten, as the artist whom we were rich enough to be able to afford to Russia. There is ALOYS SCHMIDT, whose mind is of far stronger fibre than Field's, and whose music is far too little known by those who profess attention to what is classical among us. Here, too, may be placed ONSLOW. None of these masters, however, has added enough of what is striking to the resources of his instrument, or to the student's library of noble thoughts and cunning combinations, to call for detail or analysis, where space is limited, so that a new and more important division of the subject in hand may be entered."

3. We now come to the third school,—“that showy, school, which fashionable executionists have, from time to time, attempted to establish by the legerdemain of their amazing mechanical powers. It will never be wholly deserted, inasmuch as the myriad prefer the false to the true: would rather be seduced than convinced—inasmuch as about two persons in ten, who learn music in England, are endowed with any real capacity for the art, and one in fifty is awakened to any perception of its real objects and bearings.” “Superseding the Sonata, the Rondo now had its turn;—just then, too, Rossini was in the zenith of his splendor, and his melodies, however fascinating on the stage, when sung by a Sontag or a David, could not but exercise an effect, destructive as it was fascinating, upon instrumental composition. Every thing was noise and sparkle and trickery. Though KALKBRENNER began with a better genius, it was presently laid aside for the popular idol, and he preferred to call down thunders of applause by wonderful flights of octaves, his exquisitely and glassy shakes, his brilliant divisions, round and clear *comme une chaîne de perles*, or his slower melodies meretriciously overlaid with ornament,—to receiving such less noisy but more permanent honors, as would have rewarded the exercise of thought and meditation. In England, at least, Kalkbrenner's music, with the exception of his Studies, is as wholly forgotten, as if he had not in his day been the Thalberg of the concert bill, while in the French capital his name is but sparingly mentioned by the passionate and enthusiastic *jeunesse*. His execution has been outdone in piquancy by Herz, in elasticity by Döhler, in velocity by Liszt, in delicacy by Chopin, in grandeur by Thalberg;—a fact to be clearly stated as a warning, for the benefit of those who permit themselves to be seduced from what is true and lofty by what is tinsel and superficial. A few other executive artists, far smaller than Kalkbrenner in their intellectual calibre, may be dismissed in his company. CZERNY, whose marvellous facility of covering music paper by the yard, is a weekly astonishment to those who make the tour of such music-shops as supply “schools”; PIXIS, who hid his light under a bushel, much about the time when Sontag quitted the stage, and who now travels Europe with his adopted daughter, Mlle. Francilla; and HERZ, only three years ago an indispensable at every London concert, but who last season was unwilling, unassisted, to risk a benefit entertainment on his own account—*sic transit gloria!* Before, however, the last named mechanist be passed over for worthier names, justice demands that he should receive such praise as belongs to an ingenious manufacturer of changes on airs—to a melodist, whose original themes have a nerve and piquancy partaking of the best features of ballet music. Nor let this be thought mockery in the place of commendation. Those who can write up to Taglioni and Fanny Elssler,—as Herz among the pianists and Mayseder among the violinists, are exactly calculated to do,—must possess such merit as belongs to elegance and

vivacity. Some of the brilliant duetts for piano and violin, in which Herz has written the part for his own instrument, and De Beriot or Lafont that for the violin, may be mentioned as among the most vivacious and effective things of their kind. It is needless once again to point out how the wide circulation of all this music *ad captandum*, cannot but exercise a depreciating influence upon taste, and perpetuate the reign of what is tawdry and false, and fashionable among those, whom other nurture might have rendered capable of relishing thoughts as well as sounds, and expression yet more than finger-gymnastics.”

[To be continued.]

FAILURE OF ITALIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.—The *Courier and Enquirer* makes the following comments on the last of the many fruitless attempts to make Italian Opera support itself at the Academy of Music.

The Academy of Music.—The prospects of the establishment of Italian Opera in New York appear to be no brighter than they were ten years ago. The Academy of Music, a building which—whatever the pretense of the charter by which its proprietors exist as a corporate body—was erected with the sole object of being the home and the permanent home of Italian Opera, is closed and is without a lessee: the only man who has managed it with any semblance of success—MAX MARETZKE—declining to take a lease on the terms prescribed, and no other we believe, and, we must say, we trust, being unwise enough to accept what he refuses. As our readers know, we have not sustained what is called “the popular view” of the opera question. For reasons so often stated that they do not need to be now repeated, we are convinced that no series of operatic performances worthy of anything but hisses, can be given here at the price of fifty cents or seventy-five cents for each admission; that price would not enable a manager to employ artists worth hearing and go through a short season without ruin or dishonesty. For the same reasons, we do not believe that a scale of prices ranging from one dollar to twenty-five cents will sustain a manager through the year. Mr. Maretzek has had a very successful month. But September is of all months in the year the month except August perhaps, in which the New Yorkers who are expected to support the opera are not in New York. The Academy of Music during the past month has been filled with strangers, almost exclusively: and to call the support of an opera house by strangers, the establishment of Italian opera, is an absurdity. It is very true that the opera houses of Europe look to travelers for a considerable part of their receipts; but they do not look to them for their support. In other words the opera would be ‘an institution’ in Paris, London, Vienna, Milan, &c., whether there were travellers or not; and the fact that it is ‘an institution’ in the great capitals of the other hemisphere, is one among the many inducements to visit them. The conductors of the opera there look at home for support, in one shape or another: what the travellers bring is profit. When the Italian Opera is on a similar footing here, then it will be established; and not till then. At present there are not enough people in New York—still less in any other city of the Union—who possess both the taste and the money to support, by the mere purchase of tickets of admission, such an opera company as a New York public now requires. For a poor operatic performance the New Yorkers will not accept: they will not even go and hiss it: they keep their money in their pockets, and stay away—the most ruinous of all courses to a manager, for it does not even get up an excitement. Years must elapse before an opera manager in New York can rely upon the money taken at his doors to pay his rent, and his company, if he ever can depend on that source three years together, either here or elsewhere, which we doubt. Italian Opera is a luxury, a part of the expense of which, over and above what is paid by the public, ever has been, and we believe for years to come must be, borne by a comparatively few enthusiastic devotees of music, or of fashion, or of both. An Italian Opera cannot be sustained from year to year with-

out subscribers; and that these subscribers should have a choice of seats in return for advancing the money by which the opera exists seems only fair; and the outcry about exclusiveness is but a plausible clamor. But, as we understand the matter, the gentlemen who administer the affairs of the Academy of Music go much farther than this. They demand for the subscribers in the first place the interest for their money, in the next, the choice of two hundred and fifty and odd of the best seats in the house, and in the next, the privilege of transferring these seats, with their tickets of admission, to whomsoever they please, either gratuitously, or “for a con-si-de-ra-tion.” A lease of the house on such terms Mr. Maretzek very wisely has refused. The owners of the house have a right to demand what rent for it they please; but if they wish to be considered the worthy upholders of an institution established “for the encouragement of the Art of Music in the United States,” they should be content with a very moderate interest: and they may also reasonably claim the choice of seats, but the price of their tickets of admission, which should be untransferable, should either be paid by them in the current coin of this republic, or else deducted from the rent. This the stockholders as a body should seriously consider; and meantime, while their vast and expensive house stands with closed doors, they may well devote themselves to the careful study of the fable of The Dog and the Shadow.

The Handel Society in London.

In 1843 a number of musical professors met together and instituted a society for the purpose of bringing out a complete and correct edition of all the works of Handel. The editions of Walsh, which appeared during the life-time of the composer, were justly considered imperfect, while those of Arnold were not only full of errors, but contained several remarkable violations of the text. The importance of the undertaking may be imagined from a computation made at the time, that, to carry it out satisfactorily, no less than 12,000 plates would have to be engraved. As the speculation of a music-publisher, it could only be entertained at so vast an outlay that there was little chance of the risk being incurred. As the task of a single editor the impracticability was equally great, the time and labor demanded being far beyond the power of any one professor to bestow, however zealous, competent, and indefatigable. With this persuasion, the originators of the society elected from among themselves a permanent council, with absolute control over its affairs. They limited the number of members to 1000, who, in return for an annual payment of one guinea, should be entitled to a copy of each work produced by the society during the year of subscription. The council was composed of Sir Henry Bishop, the late Dr. Crotch, Sir George Smart, Mr. Moscheles, Dr. Rimbauld, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, E. T. Hopkins, Henry Smart, and other gentlemen well known to the musical world. Proceedings were commenced with great activity, and in a very short time a vast number of subscribers were obtained, among whom were Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the King of Prussia, &c. The council allotted the labor of editing the different compositions to various professors of eminence, who consulted the original manuscripts in Buckingham Palace, and every other available source, for the purpose of emending and perfecting the text. The works were produced in full score, with a condensed adaptation to the instrumental parts for the piano or organ. The first publication included the *Anthems for the Coronation of George II.*, edited by Dr. Crotch. Next, in close succession, came the *Allegro, Penseroso, and Moderato* (Mr. Moscheles), *Esther*, an oratorio (Mr. Lucas), *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* (Mr. Mudge), *Israel in Egypt* (Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy), *Dettingen te Deum* (Sir George Smart), *Acis and Galatea* (Mr. Sterndale Bennett), *Belshazzar*, an oratorio (Mr. Macfarren), and *The Messiah* (Dr. Rimbauld). A strange oversight was made by the council in connexion with *Israel in Egypt*. Mendelssohn expressed a wish to compose additional

accompaniments for that oratorio, as Mozart had done for *The Messiah* and *Alexander's Feast*; but, being overruled, he merely added a free organ part, and thus the council of the Handel Society entailed a loss upon the world which death has since made irreparable. There was the less excuse for this, since, subsequently, Dr. Rimbault printed the accompaniments of Mozart, in his edition of the *Messiah*, in small type, to distinguish them from the score of Handel. Notwithstanding the auspicious beginning made by the Handel Society, a relaxation of zeal, or some other antagonistic influence caused the subscription list gradually to decrease, until, at a meeting of the council, it was finally agreed that the society should be dissolved; and the plates of the works already published handed over to the firm of Cramer, Beale, and Co., with the condition that they should accept the liabilities of the society, and carry out the original scheme. The chamber duets and trios, composed by Handel, have just been added to the catalogue, under the new superintendence. These very interesting works were written by Handel in 1711, at Hanover, expressly for the study of the Electoral Princess; the words were provided by the Abbate Mauro Hortensio. Mr. Henry Smart the editor, has performed his task with consummate ability, and, in his independent accompaniment for the piano-forte, has imitated Handel's style with great success. There yet remains, we believe, enough for another book of chamber duets, including the four, to Italian words, which the great composer afterwards reproduced, in a more developed form as choruses, ("His yoke is easy," "And He shall purify," "For unto us a child is born," and "All we like sheep," in the "Messiah.") The style in which the present volume is brought out proves that Messrs. Cramer and Beale are disposed to follow with scrupulous fidelity the plan of the originators of the Handel Society. The publication merits encouragement, as one of the most important, interesting and costly connected with the art of music.—*Times*, 1852.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Dancing Pages.

On the evening of the 16th June 1854, being the next after that of "Corpus Domini," I went with several friends to the Cathedral of Seville to see a most extraordinary spectacle, of which I have never met with any account in print nor ever heard mention by travellers. It was just at twilight, and the vast cathedral was lit only by the blaze of candles on and about the high altar, and a few lights in sconces hung against the nearest columns, which served but "to make darkness visible"—and the long aisles grander and more mysterious. The solemn tones of the organ added greatly to the effect, and fitly gave voice to the feelings of the devout among the crowd who knelt or stood about the Altar. As the last sounds died away, the Archbishop in gorgeous robes of state ceremonial, entered the space before the Altar, which is shut off from the body of the Cathedral by an iron grating. Attended by a body of priests he took his station on the right hand, while opposite him, on the left, a small orchestra of twenty or thirty musicians with stringed instruments, horns, bassoons, and clarinets, was arranged, leaving a vacant space between them. Then appeared from either side of the altar ten boys dressed as pages, in doublets of white satin, striped with red, with plumed velvet hats upon their heads, and with castanets in their hands. Advancing into the vacant space, they at a given signal began to dance a stately minuet, singing with the accompanying orchestra. Then followed a bolero, in which the castanets played an important part, and which they executed with perfect grace, still singing and dancing as the Jews before the Ark of the

Covenant. This is the theme of the bolero, which I noted down on my return to the house.



Anything more strange and theatrical cannot be conceived. The vast cathedral, the blazing altar, the priests and cardinals, the dancing boys in their quaint and charming costume, the kneeling crowd, and as a back ground the long dim aisles fading away into the black darkness, combined to produce an ensemble never to be forgotten. All grew spectral and like a dream as one by one the lights were extinguished, and we wended our way back to the streets filled with the crowd thronging its way homewards. Every evening for a week, the dancing was repeated at the same hour, and with the same strange ceremonies, and we went again and again to make sure that we had really seen with our bodily eyes so unusual and striking a spectacle.

The cathedral is at all hours a marvel of beauty—but at no hour more wondrous, than just towards sunset, when the rays of light pour through the painted windows, tinting the marble pavement with rainbow hues, and faintly struggling against the gloom gathering slowly in the far off corners of the edifice. A few kneeling figures, here and there, the beggar in his rags, side by side with the high born lady, over whose form the mantilla of rich black lace falls in graceful folds, equal in God's sight and in his temple, lend a living interest to the scene: and cold must be the heart which is not touched with devotional feeling, and dead the imagination which does not kindle with aspirations towards a better and a more spiritual life, while the eye is privileged to gaze upon the wonders of that most glorious of Gothic Minsters, the Cathedral of Seville. VIATOR.

Haydn's "Passion."

As this notable work is among the pieces announced for practice this winter by one of our societies, (the Mendelssohn Choral,) the following review from the *Quarterly Musical Review*, published in London (1828) may be of interest to many of our readers:

Haydn's Passione, or "Seven last words," with a separate Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, arranged from the full Score, by V. Novello. London.

Those who have witnessed the solemn ceremonies of the Catholic religion, can but be aware that much of their impressiveness on the feelings is made through the imagination, and as the music corresponds with the devotions it accompanies in character, it can but be regarded with the same emotions. *The Messiah* requires no assistance from external circumstances to heighten its effect, but of Mozart's Requiem (as fine a composition, perhaps, in another style,) no adequate idea can be formed, unless it is heard on an occasion similar to that for which it was written. Thus it is difficult to judge of the work before us without the concurrence of "place and circumstance;" nor indeed can it fairly be done without fully considering the peculiar occasion for which it was composed. That this may be fully understood, we quote Haydn's own preface, a translation of which is prefixed to Mr. Novello's edition of the "Passione."

"It is about fifteen years ago since I was applied to by a clergyman in Cadiz, who requested

me to write the instrumental music to the seven words of Jesus on the cross.

"It was then customary every year in Lent to perform an oratorio in the cathedral at Cadiz, the effect of which the following arrangements contributed not a little to heighten. The walls, windows, and columns of the church were hung with black cloth, and only one large lamp, hanging in the centre, lighted the solemn and religious gloom. At noon all the doors were closed, and the music began.

"After a prelude suited to the occasion, the bishop ascended the pulpit and pronounced one of the seven words, which was succeeded by reflections upon it. As soon as these were ended, he descended from the pulpit and fell on his knees before the altar. This pause was filled by music. The bishop ascended and descended again a second, a third time, and so on, and each time the orchestra filled up the intervals in the discourse.

"My composition must be judged on a consideration of these circumstances. The task of writing seven *adagios*, each of which was to last about ten minutes, to preserve a connection between them, without wearying the hearers, was none of the lightest, and I soon found that I could not confine myself within the limits of the time prescribed."

The difficulty of such an attempt was indeed enormous; a subject more extraordinary, more awful, or more sublime, for the inspirations of genius, could not have been found. It appears to us that the task was better suited to the vast and various powers of Handel, than to the milder feeling and more polished style of Haydn, although we are apprehensive that many of the followers of the ancient faith may perhaps differ with us in this opinion. Haydn has, with his usual method and uniformity of design, laid down a plan for the *Passione*, from which he has never swerved, and which has consequently ensured to his work a clearness and perspicuity that is doubly advantageous, since it almost ensures its certain impression and easy comprehension, both as a composition and as a performance. It must, however, be recollected it was first made for instruments alone, and that the voice parts were added at a subsequent period. Thus, in its original shape, it must be considered as addressing the feelings in a totally different language to that used when words affix definite ideas, and lead the hearers along in a given train. Upon such an occasion as the present, all the great and little differences that subsist between music and language must be brought to mind and allowed for. From the power possessed by the words of presenting definite ideas, its impressions are instant, distinct, and vivid; mere melody and harmony being unendowed with such absolute means, are constrained to draw their effects from resources less distinct. It would be impossible to add to the impression produced on the mind by the simple words of our Savior on the cross; Haydn has therefore merely adapted to each one characteristic harmony, and has then allowed his fancy to work its will, in portraying the varied feelings created by each sentence, which, by the spell of association alone, act sufficiently on the feelings to awaken such emotions as the composer loves to heighten by the powers of his art, and thus he has called into action all the secret springs of harmony, of which he alone possessed the impulse; and whilst parts of the composition may at first be thought to breathe too light a strain, it must be recollected, that adapting such words to music is like translating from a strong into a softer language. The original ideas may be expanded, and perhaps softened or refined, but the feeling is the same, put in a form congenial to its new vehicle.

A deep contrast between languor and force is the leading trait in the introduction, and induces the inference that the composer moulded his inspirations on the sufferings and the majesty of the Redeemer. The first *largo*, after the first word, *Padre celeste*, partakes of the same character; the words are adapted with exquisite feeling, and the construction of the parts combines strength with sweetness; and simplicity has been the

composer's aim in the second movement, *Tu di grazia sei sorgente*, supported by the charms of melody. The first bar of the subject is one, however, from the *Benedictus* of Mozart's Requiem, even to the accompaniment, and the resemblance is preserved in the character of the air throughout. This analogy is curious, inasmuch as it proves the occasional concurrence of great minds, for the character of the two compositions is the same throughout. No. 8, *Vergin Madre*, is exquisitely tender in parts; a splendid transition takes place at page 23, bar 6, in perfect consonance with one of those minute shades of feeling which music has by this means a power of developing above that of language. This beautiful movement is also distinguished by one of those peculiarities that so perceptibly marks the style of the composer. One of the most expressive passages, (page 20, bar 6) begins in a manner that would lead us to anticipate something of what we should denominate Haydn's prettiness, but it instantly afterwards, by a delicate transition unexpected by the ear, alters its whole character, and takes the heart as well as the ear by surprise. This little manœuvre has evidently pleased the composer; it is often repeated, but is of a kind never to tire. At the last bar of page 18, there is, as appears to us, a slight defect, whether of the original score or the arranger we cannot tell; most probably of the former. It is the introduction of the D and B by the accompaniment before it is taken by the voices. The repetition weakens the force of the passage, which by its very nature is intended for the voice; and there is too wide a contrast between the treble sustaining the *E* against the instruments or organ without other support. This movement, however, is a perfect gem, bright from the mines of its creator, for its subject is particularly adapted to Haydn's style, and he has treated it with proportionate care. No. 5, *Perche m'hai derelitto?* is a splendid movement in F minor, and its greatest beauty consists in the solidity of its style, and the mystery which by means of modulation it is made to express, whilst at the same time a beautiful melody is maintained, which keeps up the interest. The accompaniments and intervening symphonies are exquisite.

A symphony for wind instruments is next interposed, of which it is impossible to judge without the score; but we depend on the word of the arranger, who, in a note, states it to be "a perfect model of masterly counterpoint and refined scoring." It cannot perhaps be better compared as a composition than to Haydn's own "*Chaos*," with which it ranges in equal companionship.

The whole construction and development of No. 5, *Gesu sciamava*, is perfect. The two opposite feelings of horror and supplication are combined and contrasted with the most exact discrimination and the nicest sensibility. The whole subject is contained in a few notes, yet it is developed in so masterly a manner that it is never monotonous, but acts with more certainty on the feelings from its very condensation. Thus the effect of confining the words "*Gesu sciamava*" to the tenor as a solo, and the simplicity of the passage is awfully splendid. No. 6, *Consummatum est*, is scarcely so intense as the rest; perhaps Haydn would have done well to have sacrificed his melody to the awful sublimity of his subject. The movement is characteristic, but not sufficiently so. No. 7, *Nella tua mano, Signor*, is also a little too florid. The *Luom dio mori*, with the earthquake, depends for effect on the orchestra. The chorus can only assist in that effect by the power which the combination of a number of voices bestows.

Splendid as the "*Passione*" really is, we cannot consider it as the finest of Haydn's works, in which light it stands, we believe, throughout Germany. It appears to us that the subject is of too awful a nature for the peculiar character of his mind. His intellect was of too refined a texture to be capable of encountering and developing an incident of such towering sublimity; one which stands alone in the history of the world, and would almost seem to require a corresponding elevation in the mind which would attempt its treatment. The "*Passione*" does not affect the feelings with the awful, irresistible solemnity of *The*

Messiah, the *Requiem*, or even with the grateful emotion of its composer's own *Creation*. Yet in such a work the effect should be instantaneous and certain. Still it is a masterpiece, and the lovers of Haydn will recognize in it all his purity of harmony and unity of design, and welcome it as a substantial support, if not the most splendid of those raised by the genius to the fame of its immortal composer.

Music Abroad.

England.

BIRMINGHAM.—On the 2d and 3d of September a festival was held here for the inauguration of a new music hall. There appears to be a rage for splendid new halls and new organs in the larger towns of England lately. The excuse for the new one in Birmingham, where there already existed one so famous, is thus set forth in the *Times*:

The committee of the great hall in which the Birmingham Triennial Festival (the grandest periodical music-meeting in Europe) is accustomed to be held, with a view to the especial interests of the General Hospital, on behalf of the funds of which the festival is given, rather discourage than promote the frequent performance of oratorios and other great music works depending for effect upon the congregation of masses. They believe, or profess to believe, that if oratorios were often produced during the interval of the festivals, they would lessen the attraction of the triennial celebrations, and so militate against the just expectations of their noble charity. Thus, while Birmingham possesses one of the finest music-halls in the world, and is essentially a musical town, it enjoys fewer opportunities of offering musical treats to its inhabitants than either Liverpool or Manchester. The Festival Committee, who are also the committee of the General Hospital, will not let their hall (where the immortal *Elijah* was first presented to the world) for any performances whatever, except those in which they are themselves immediately concerned. Even their organ, a work of more than ordinary magnitude, is dedicated almost exclusively to the use of their own organist, who instituted the cheap Monday concerts, in which the attraction consists for the most part in his own playing. But the Birmingham people are notably a musical people, and consider that a festival on a large scale once in three years is not enough. A committee of gentlemen amateurs of music was therefore instituted some time since with the object of breaking up the monopoly of the Festival despots, and this resulted in the project of a new and spacious music-hall, at which oratorios or miscellaneous concerts might be given to the Birmingham public as often as convenient or necessary. The hall being completed, it was of course desirable to "inaugurate" it in an appropriate manner, and an engagement was contracted with Mr. ALFRED MELLON to get up a series of performances in honor of the occasion.

The "*Messiah*" was performed on the first day, and on the second the "*Elijah*." The orchestra (Mr. Alfred Mellon's Orchestral Union) numbered between 50 and 60; the chorus, chiefly local, hardly exceeded 100 voices. The principal singers, like the orchestra and chorus, were all English: Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Messrs. Thomas, Montem and Sims Reeves. The solos and the orchestra are highly praised, but the choruses "left much to desire." There were miscellaneous concerts in the evenings, in which were performed Beethoven's Symphony in C, (No. 1); the "*Tell*" Overture; *Fra Diavolo* ditto; *Der Freyschütz* and *Zampa* ditto; Mendelssohn's "*Italian*" Symphony; Solos on the new organ, by Mr. Simms; Extracts from Costa's "*Eli*," and a variety of vocal pieces from Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Donizetti, Verdi, Hatton, Wallace, &c. &c.

GLOUCESTER.—The annual meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester commenced Sept. 9th, and lasted three days.

The preliminary arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Amott, organist of the Cathedral, who also conducted the musical performances. The programme, although exhibiting little variety or novelty, was, on the whole, good. The principal vocalists included Mesdames Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Clara Hepworth, Locke, Temple and Alboni; Messrs. Locke, Weiss, Thomas, Gassier and Sims Reeves. The orchestra and chorus comprised in all 300 players; leaders, Messrs. Blagrove and Salnton; organist, Mr. Townshend Smith (of Hereford Cathedral); accompanist, Mr. Done (of Worcester Cathedral).

The festival opened as usual with a full cathedral service, including a voluntary on the organ, anthems

by Handel and by Mendelssohn, the *Process* and *Responses* of Tallis, &c. "*Elijah*" was performed on the second morning, after a service of old English music; and on the third morning, Haydn's "*Creation*," Mozart's "*Requiem*," selections from "*St. Paul*," and the following miscellany:

Air—Mme. Novello, "Let the bright Seraphim;" Chorus—"Let their celestial concerts," Handel... Duet—Mrs. Hepworth and Mr. Reeves, "Forsake me not," Spohr. Air and Chorus—Mr. Weiss, "Qui tollis," Haydn. Duet—Mesdames Novello and Viardot, "Quis est homo," Rossini. Recitative and Air—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Deeper and deeper still;" Air—Mrs. Hepworth, "Farewell, ye limpid springs," Handel. Duet—Mme. Viardot and Mr. Reeves, "Te ergo," Graun. Chorus—"Hallelujah," (Mount of Olives,) Beethoven.

There were miscellaneous concerts each evening. The gem of the first was Alboni's splendid singing of the air, *Deh per questo*, from Mozart's *Tito*. The whole first part of that concert consisted of selections from Mozart's operas. Then followed the finale to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, in which Mme. Novello took the solos of Leonora; and then the usual kind of miscellany of glees and operatic pieces. The programme of the second concert was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture, *Der Freyschütz*, Weber; Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale," Festa; Aria, "Casta Diva" (Norma) Bellini; Trio, "Quanto a quest' alma," Rossini; Aria, "Deh vieni," Mozart; March and Chorus, "Crown ye the altars," Beethoven; Cavatina, "Ah, quel giorno," Rossini; Concertante, for two violins (No. 2), Spohr; Duetto, "Lasciami! non t' ascolto," Rossini.

PART II.—Symphony (No. 3), Haydn; Ballad, "I wake," Bergenswold; Duet, "Amor! possente nome," Rossini; Song, "The Village Blacksmith," Weiss; Song, "I love my little native Isle," F. Mori; Duet, "Di capricci," Rossini; Ballad, "Bonnie Jean," Linley; Glee, "Summer Eve," Hatton; Aria, "In questo semplice," Donizetti; Quintetto, "Sento, oh Dio," (Cosi fan tutti), Mozart.

BRADFORD.—As a sample of organ concerts in England we may mention one lately given at St. George's Hall, by Mr. W. T. BEST, of Liverpool. The organ performances were varied with vocal Selections by the Bradford Choral Union. The audience numbered upwards of 1600 persons. Mr. Best has engaged to give four similar concerts. The following was the programme:

PART I.—Organ Concerto, No. 2, Handel. Romanza, from Symphony, "La Reine de France," Haydn. Choral March, Becker, by the Bradford Choral Union. Fuga (F major), W. T. Best. Air with variations, Rode. Part Song, "Where's the gain of restless care," L. de Call, by the Bradford Choral Union. Wedding March, Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Overture (*Preciosa*), Weber. Part Song, "Go speed thy flight, sweet evening breeze," Otto, by the Bradford Choral Union. Andante, from Symphony in C minor, Beethoven. Prelude and Fuga (E major), J. S. Bach. War Song, "The banners wave, the drums are beating," Kücken, by the Bradford Choral Union. Chorus, "May no rash intruder," Handel. The Nightingale Chorus—Solomon. Grand Offertoire, (No. 3, op. 35) Lefebure Wely.

Paris.

THE OPERAS.—(*Corres. of London Mus. World.*)—As the summer wanes and the autumn sets in, the musical season here begins to exhibit some indication of life. For a long time nothing has occurred at any of the lyric theatres worth calling your attention to. The *reprise* of *Guillaume Tell* at the Grand-Opéra has been the latest novelty; but the reproduction of Rossini's greatest work has not proved as successful as was anticipated from the immense pains and time expended on it. The fault is principally owing to the cast, which does not comprise one great name. M. Gueymard, as Arnold, has entirely failed to recall one reminiscence of Nourrit or Duprez, and sings the music very indifferently. Moreover, the Parisians will never forgive him for not being able to sing the *ur de poitrine* in the "*Suivez moi*," which he most wisely did not even attempt. Besides, all the music of the original score is not restored, as was promised, so that the real musical public are disappointed and offended. The scenery, however, is splendid, and the ballets most admirable, which, with a band and chorus almost beyond reproach, goes far to conciliate the audience. Auber's *Cheval de bronze*, with new recitatives and ballet music, is about to be put into rehearsal. I have no doubt that it will prove even more successful at the "Grand" than the "Comique" Opera. The *Cheval de Bronze* I always considered one of the composer's most delightful works. At the Italiens, the most lively preparations are being made for the re-opening next month. M. Calzado has already enlisted a numerous and powerful company, including the following artists:—Mesdames Alboni, Piccolomini, Prez-

zolini, Fiorentini, Gambardi, Dell' Anese, Martini, Valli; Signors Mario, Carrion, Luchesi, Graziani, Nerini, Angelini, Mathieu, Ballestra, Solieri, Cuturi, Rossi, Zucchini, Soldi, and Corsi. Several of these names, are unknown to me, but I cannot refrain from pointing to that of Signor Corsi, who has long been considered one of the most eminent barytones in Italy, and I am certain will be much liked in *certain parts*. He is something in Ronconi's serious line. Mario and Piccolomini will not arrive until November, M. Calzado having extended their leave for one month. Signor Bottesini is reinstated as conductor. It is affirmed that Signor Verdi has made a large demand for permission to play the *Traviata* and other of his operas at the Italiens. M. Calzado has thought proper to refuse, and intends bringing out the *Traviata* on his own responsibility leaving it to the composer to prove his claim by law. The *reprise* of the *Prophète* and the *début* of Madame Borghi Mamo as Fides comes off to-night (Thursday) Sept. 18.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 11, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Our number of last week, Oct. 4, commenced a new half-yearly volume. The month of October too is properly the commencement of the academic year in music; it is the beginning of the musical "season." We shall be happy therefore to receive the names (and dollars) of as many new subscribers as desire a weekly paper, which shall keep them "posted up" in musical matters, and aid them to discern and to appreciate what is true and worthy amid so much that is pretentious and false. Give us a large subscription list this winter, and we will make your paper doubly worth it.

[We can furnish one and *one only* complete set of the Journal of Music bound; for which of course we must charge an extra price.—With the exception of two numbers only, (which occur in Vols. V. and VI.) we can furnish volumes bound or unbound of the Journal from the commencement. Also single numbers.

Thalberg.

The great pianist, so many times expected, is at last actually in New York. He arrived by the steamer last week, with the indefatigable Ullman for his business agent, and will commence a series of concerts there upon the 20th; after which he will of course visit Boston and the other cities of the Union. His presence will be something of an event in our musical world. We shall all of course be eager to hear one of the two most celebrated masters of the modern virtuoso school of pianism. With the exception of LISZT, no name has stood so prominent, so long, as THALBERG. Liszt has long since retired from the arena, in which he was always crowned and always excited the wonder of the crowd; he has abandoned solo-playing in public, and taken to composing and to bringing out the great ensemble pieces of the masters, and to playing patron to new aspirants for the honor of original composers. It must be ten years, too, since Thalberg closed his concert career, to which he now returns in a new country. Thalberg was the founder of this whole virtuoso school. It was he who first undertook to overcome the short-comings of the piano-forte by wonderful rapidity and wide grasp of execution. It was he who first made the piano speak through the whole length of its keyboard like an orchestra, letting the melody sing distinctly in the middle or tenor region, accompanied at once by a deep bass and a perfect aurora borealis of swift, flickering arpeggios above.

Many of us remember the time when HERZ, with his light arabesque prettinesses, in the shape of variations upon well-known airs, was the won-

der of the age; for it is ever the few who know the deeper charm and inspiration of real master works of genius, like the Sonatas of BEETHOVEN. Herz came to America after his day had passed in Europe, and after even our ears had become accustomed (through the hands of skilful followers) to the then astonishing fantasias by Thalberg, with whose name all reports of concerts in England, France and Germany were filled. We all recollect the wonder and delight with which we first listened to the stately symmetry, the broad architectural splendor of his Fantasia upon "Moses in Egypt," with the light blaze of arpeggi accompanying the Prayer. It was, if we remember rightly, at the first concert given in our city by the elder of the brothers RACKEMANN, about the year 1839, who was the first to introduce us to the New School piano compositions—to THALBERG, LISZT, HENSELT, DOEHLER, CHOPIN, &c., although it is almost a sin to class a pure star of genius like the last with lights that must prove so much more ephemeral. Since then Thalberg has been played to us by all the brilliant concert pianists, who have visited these shores, and finally by not a few young rising virtuosos who were born among us. So far as it is possible to know Thalberg by his compositions, interpreted to us as they have been, not unskilfully, although at second hand, our musical public is pretty well acquainted with the style and nature of the man. We know his music, that is, we are familiar with those pieces of his by which he has been most known everywhere, and which he still chooses to make 'the *chevaux de bataille* of his concerts. We have heard Jaell, and Satter, and Heller, and Strakosch, and Mason, and we know not how many more, perform his Fantasias on *Moise*, *Don Juan*, *Lucia* and *Les Huguenots*—pieces which exhibit his chief power as an arranger, translator (*traductor*) and embellisher of operatic themes and scenes for the piano solo. And we have heard those gentler, less pretending pieces, like his *Andante Tremolo*, and some of his *Nocturnes*, in which there is a certain poetry and delicacy of feeling, something like original creation. It only remains now to hear them from his own hands, from the fingers of their creator, and of the, in many respects, first executive pianist of the world. For if he have not all the energy the fantastic boldness, the singular magnetism of Liszt, he is without his faults of questionable eccentricity. There is a symmetry, repose and clearness in his style, corresponding, it is said, with the gentlemanly ease and quietness of the whole man. Music, which owes its peculiarity of structure so entirely to the wants of the performer in connection with his instrument, ought surely to be heard at first hand, as the composer-player renders it, to give a perfect idea of its beauty. And this opportunity we shall soon have.

Besides his Fantasias, Nocturnes, Etudes, Waltzes, Impromptus, &c., Thalberg has composed in larger forms, Concertos, a Trio for piano, violin and cello, and more recently an Opera in four acts, *Florinda*, of which some account may be found in this Journal for Sept. 2, 1854. It is his intention, as we understand, to give quite a number of concerts in New York, commencing on the 20th of this month; and he will play almost exclusively his own compositions, including those with which we are familiar, as the *Moise* and *Don Juan* fantasias, the *Andante*, &c. The repertoire also contains his Trio, a Concerto by

Beethoven, and one or two other classical pieces. Would it not be a fine thing for us here in Boston to hear him play that Beethoven Concerto, under the statue of Beethoven, in one of the grand orchestral concerts of the "Beethoven Concert Society"? Let us hope.

We shall be better able to speak of Thalberg hereafter. Meanwhile we commence copying on another page a good historical classification of the noted composers for the piano, written some years since by Mr. CHORLEY, which will help us somewhat to station the new-comer; and we place here an abstract, which we once made for another purpose, from the sketch of him in M. Fétis's Universal Biography of Musicians.

Sigismund Thalberg, the celebrated pianist, was born at Geneva, January 7, 1812. At an early age he was taken to Vienna, where his musical education commenced. He is said to have received lessons from Sechter and from Hummel; but M. Fétis, states that Thalberg himself denied this, as well as the assertion that he acquired his talent by indefatigable labor. At the age of fifteen he began to excite attention in saloons and concerts. At sixteen he published his first works, now regarded by himself as trifles, but in which there are indications of the peculiar style which he has since developed. One who knows Thalberg as he has since become, both as pianist and as composer, says M. Fétis, will find it interesting to examine his "*Mélange sur les thèmes d'Euryanthe*," (op. 1.) his fantasia on a Scotch air, (op. 2.) and his impromptu on motives from the "*Siege de Corinthe*," (op. 3.) which appeared at Vienna in 1828. Two years after this he made his first visit to England to give concerts. The journals of that day are full of him. He had written for this tour a concerto, (op. 5;) but it was not for this speciality that his talent fitted him; the constraint of the classical form and of the orchestra was too much for him. His thoughts then turned to the development of the sonorous power of the piano; to the combinations of various effects; and, above all, to a novelty of which the invention properly belongs to him. The old school of pianists was divided into two principal categories; namely, the brilliant pianists, such as Clementi and his pupils, and the harmonists, such as Mozart and Beethoven. Each of these schools was subdivided into several shades. Thus Dussek, by his national instinct, tended to the harmonic school, although he wrote incorrectly, and must be considered one of the brilliant pianists. Kalkbrenner afterwards followed the same direction. On the other hand, Hummel, and then Moscheles, pianists of the harmonic school, gave more of brilliancy to their compositions than did Mozart and Beethoven. But in both schools we remark that song and harmony on the one hand, and the brilliant traits on the other, are always separated, and that these two elements of piano-forte music only appear one by one in turn, and in an order nearly symmetrical. In the brilliant passages of these two schools it is the scales that predominate; the arpeggi appear only at long intervals, and almost always in the same forms. In the singing and harmonious passages, if the two hands are brought together they occupy but one side of the key board; if they are widely separated they leave a void between them; the harmony is not filled up. Such was the state of piano playing when Thalberg conceived the idea of uniting song and harmony and brilliant passages in one, instead of letting them alternate with one another by a sort of formula. He sought to make the whole key board speak at once throughout its entire compass, leaving no void in the middle. This thought, gradually matured and developed, led him to the discovery of a multitude of ingenious combinations of the figures, whereby the song or melody could always be heard strongly accented in the midst of rapid arpeggi passages and very complicated forms of accompaniment. In this new system the scales ceased to be a principal part in the brilliant piano music; different forms of arpeggi took their place; the fingering was greatly modified; and the frequent passage of the thumb became its essential characteristic. It was by means of the thumb, taken alternately in the two hands, that the melody established itself in the centre of the instrument.

In 1830 Thalberg made an artistic tour through Germany. In 1834 he accompanied the Austrian Emperor Ferdinand, as pianist to the imperial chamber, to Toplitz, to the meeting of his sovereign with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. There his playing awakened warm interest. But his true European fame dates from his success in

Paris during his first visit there in the latter part of the year 1835. Since then he has made frequent tours in France, Belgium, England, Russia and Germany; and everywhere the precision, delicacy, and finish of his playing, the beautiful sound which he draws from his instrument, the brilliant effects which he combines, and the individual charm which he has put into his musical forms, have excited a general enthusiasm. These forms, imitated by most of the new school pianists in their compositions, or rather their arrangements of themes from the operas, have become the fashion of nearly all the piano music of our time.

CONCERTS.

Mlle. PARODI has continued her concerts through a second week, to close this evening. The audiences have been always large and the appetite, as indicated by encores, insatiable. Indeed, repetitions have been not the exception but the rule—the unjust rule of a half-musical majority, fatiguing to artists, and to the really musical minority.

We heard the concerts of Saturday and Tuesday. The former opened with a baritone aria by Mercadante, from *Zaira*, one of the most pleasing concert pieces of the kind which we have heard for some time, and the better for being new to most of us. Sig. BERNARDI sang it in his usually chaste manner, with rich, sonorous, manly voice, to which we find it a pleasure to listen. PAUL JULIEN played De Beriot's "Tremolo," that is to say, his violin fantasia on that solemn slow movement from Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," and he played it admirably. Mlle. PARODI sang the great song of Fides from "The Prophet": *Ah! mon fils!* The quieter portions of it sounded finely with her rich, large voice; but she overstepped the bounds of euphony, of music, in some of those passionate outbursts, betraying a tendency to overdo things by sheer physical energy. How different from the chaste, refined style of LAGRANGE! Sig. TIBERINI gave us Mozart's *Il mio tesoro*, not much *a la* MARIO to be sure, but yet creditably as to execution and expression; and one could take pleasure in the music itself and thank him for it. His voice grows upon us, but sounds better in simpler melody and in declamatory passages than in any thing so florid. PARODI sang *Com'è bello* from "Lucia," effectively in the main, beautifully in parts, but still wounding the ear and breaking the spell at times by a harsh loud high note. M. STRAKOSCH tickled the ears and dazzled the sensuous imagination of the crowd by "Musical Rockets" on the Grand Piano, whose tones he knows how to bring out in all their sonorousness and brilliancy and sweetness. His pretty showpieces do indeed belong to the category of musical fireworks; but the superb sweep and grandeur of the rocket we hardly found in this case. The Trio from *Lucrezia Borgia* was very finely sung by all three artists, and produced great effect. Of course repeated.

The Second Part opened with a French Romanza, from Halévy's *L'Eclair*, sung by Sig. BERNARDI. Edgardo died again in TIBERINI's sweet and die-away tenor. PARODI called forth roars of laughter by her romping "Rataplan,"—a clever piece of vocal tom-foolery. PAUL JULIEN played an ingenious fantasia by Allard, on themes from *La Favorita*, delighting by his exquisite execution, his firm, pure violin tone, his faultless truth of intonation, and graceful mastery of all points of expression. The concert closed with Martini's "Laughing" Trio, so long familiar in

English. Parodi's laugh was of rather a forced order and not the most refined.

On Tuesday evening (first of the extra series) the young Paul played one of De Beriot's fine Concertos admirably well, and made the "Carnival of Venice" as grotesque and humorous as almost any one. Sig. BERNARDI made that hacknied baritone air from the "Trovatore": *Il Balen*, &c., sound better than we yet have heard it, and gained still more upon appreciative listeners by his dignity and truth of manner in the Trio from *Attila* and the Barcarole from *Don Sebastian*. Sig. TIBERINI gave us real pleasure in his twice singing of Mozart's *O caro imagine*, from the "Magic Flute." It was rendered with delicacy and with fervor. As before, he was less successful with *Spirto gentil*, still employing unmeaning echoes and other far-fetched bravura. Mlle. PARODI pleased us more than in any other piece this time by her large, simple, truthful and expressive delivery of Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem, thou that killest," &c. The singer seemed to subordinate herself to the noble and deep-feeling music. Her declamation of the *Marseillaise* was powerful, splendid as far as voice and physical energy go, but not imaginative in a high sense, not poetic and inspired; although it took hugely with the multitude. She sang it well, but we had rather hear RACHEL sing it badly. The trios were the well-known one from *Attila*, which went finely, and that coarse laughing piece again.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The subscription list for the Eight Orchestral Concerts of the BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY grows from day to day. Do not forget that it absolutely requires a pledged subscription of *fifteen hundred sets of tickets*, at the very low price of three dollars, to make it safe or possible to give the concerts at all. Certainly our musical public will feel it to be a great mistake, a calamity, if they lose them by any want of alacrity in subscribing. Our love of great instrumental music is now distinctly put to the test. After November, when the weight of long political anxiety shall be somewhat lifted from us, will there not be comfort in the Fifth Symphony? Shall we not rush to great orchestral music as one rushes from hot streets in dog-days to the sea-shore?

The great organ for the Music Hall is no longer a matter of uncertainty. At a late meeting of the Directors, it was finally determined that, the conditions prescribed by the stockholders having been complied with, a contract may now be made, and the President of the Boston Music Hall Association, Dr. J. BAXTER UPHAM, was authorized to proceed to Europe for that purpose. Dr. Upham left on his mission by steamer Canada on Wednesday, and the best wishes of many friends and of all lovers of music and Art go with him. To his enthusiasm and perseverance are we chiefly indebted for the success of a project, which we feel confident will reflect honor and credit upon Boston and its public-spirited citizens in all coming time.

We passed a delightful evening last week at the rooms of the German "Orpheus," or Männerchor. It was a social entertainment in true German style: music, conversation, lager beer, cigars and comic recitations blending or alternating in agreeable proportions. The Germans understand the art of having a good time. There was a healthy, hearty good cheer, a perfect sense of freedom, as well as a tone of artistic refinement about it. Yet most of the singers are plain mechanics. Under their excellent leader, Mr. KREISSMANN, they sang good German

four-part songs and choruses among others, the Pilgrim Chant from *Tannhäuser*, "O Isis and Osiris," from the *Zauberflöte*, part-songs by Mendelssohn and others, and some very comical students' songs. OTTO DRESSEL, too, was present and contributed some pieces by Mendelssohn and Schumann on a fine Chickering grand piano. Also Mr. LEONHARD, a young pianist just from the Conservatoire at Leipzig, who played a very difficult Polonaise of Chopin admirably, and who is a musician of rare talent and a true artistic tone. It will be seen by a card below that he proposes to reside and teach in this city, and we wish him all success. Mr. KREISSMANN sang several songs by Franz, which were received with the most unfeigned enthusiasm; and there were other songs by members of the Club.

At the German Opera in New York last week the pieces were *Masaniello* and *Der Freyschütz*. This week, on Thursday evening, Lortzing's popular music to Fouqué's "Undine" was given for the first time. In spite of the slashing criticisms of those who have been so spoiled by Italian opera, that they regard the individual singer as of more consequence than the music, it seems to be the opinion of the best judges that this troupe presents a better musical and dramatic ensemble than our cities have been used to; Bergmann's orchestra is superior. . . . The Italian Opera at the Academy came to an abrupt close last week, Maretzek not having prevailed on the stockholders to relinquish their claim to the best seats gratis: a condition which has proved ruinous to every manager. The piece was *L'Etoile du Nord*. Max was called out for a speech, in which he set forth the reason of the repeated failures in quite pungent language. He has since given two operatic concerts, and it is said we may expect his troupe in Boston by the 20th.

Mme. DE WILHORST has given a second concert in New York, in which the *Tribune* thinks she fairly settled the question that she is destined to take rank among *prime donne*. . . . A musical society in New York, the oldest in the country, called the Euterpean Society—something like our Amateur Orchestra, we believe—held its 58th anniversary last week. . . . Ullmann, the indefatigable, who flies back and forth over the Atlantic like a shuttle, weaving star after star of European theatre and concert notoriety into the great American web of Art and—speculation, has engaged the famous contralto, Mme. ANGRI, who has been thought second only to Alboni. Her speedy arrival is looked for. It is not stated whether she is to concertize with THALBERG.

Advertisements.

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It is proposed by the Committee who managed the Orchestral Concerts of the last season to give a series of *EIGHT CONCERTS* at the Boston Music Hall, during the coming winter, under the name of the "Beethoven Concert Society," provided *fifteen hundred sets of tickets* shall be subscribed for previous to Oct. 20th.

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The Piano-Forte.

From the London and Westminster Review, 1839.

(Continued from page 11.)

But we are giving too much space to this "heartless school," and will pass to one of a very different character.

4. This is the school—"not of strict science; not of judiciously varied finger-music; not of melody, equable, genial and fascinating,—but of Genius, which shall avail itself of the results of the contrapuntist's labor, which shall employ the hand of the performer, and give melody a thousand various characters subserviently to the working out of its own distinct and original conceptions. Of this school no one can be rightly called a founder, inasmuch as its nature implies a distinctive originality and invention in all its disciples, which owe as much to the student's self as to his master. CLEMENTI, however, must be included in it, and, following chronological order, may be placed first.

"Few have done more for their art than he did—few have lived to see a progress so rapid and so extended. He may be said to have witnessed the infancy and growth of pianoforte-playing—not its decline, however, as some lovers of the old school have been pleased to imagine. * * * With a brain of his own, fertile enough, and a hand sufficiently patient to ensure him success as an inventor, whether as a melodist, or an executive artist; his position as a young man was eminently calculated to make him an artist in the best sense of the term. * * * Throughout the long range of Clementi's Sonatas, a remarkable variety is observable. In his *allegros* there is manifest a fire and a nerve, and an employment of the conceits of science and the vagaries of fancy, with equal freedom and judgment—in his slower movements a richness of harmony, an expressiveness of melody, and a mastery over all the embroidery of music, which is so delightful if not laid on with too gaudy a fancy. Clementi's works—a faithful reflection of his playing—have been too much cast into the shade in these latter days."

"Greater honors might justly have been paid to Clementi, in the shape of minuter remark and

closer analysis, did not the next and noblest writer for the pianoforte, whom we must mention, demand a Benjamin's share of attention. And if whosoever would approach the music of BEETHOVEN, must be constrained by its unparalleled variety and suggestiveness to employ epithets and illustrations almost without the limits even of liberal-Art-criticism—the reviewer, in the present case, has a labor of more than ordinary love and extent, by reason of the new light recently thrown on his life and works, in the biographical notices standing at the head of this article. So much has been whispered, but so little known, about Beethoven, in England, that as much personal detail as can be possibly here compressed, besides being welcome, will also be found not irrelevant to the understanding of his genius and his works."

The work here referred to is entitled *Biographische Notizen über Ludwig van Beethoven*. Von Dr. F. G. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries. Coblenz, 1838. *Biographical Notices of Lewis van Beethoven*. By Dr. F. G. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries. The reviewer goes on.

"To authenticate these 'Notizen,' which do not pretend to any connection or completeness, it is enough to say that Dr. Wegeler, one of their authors, and himself the intimate friend of Beethoven, is the husband of that Eleonora von Breuning, in whose mother's house the wild and eccentric genius found a second home during the years of his boyhood, &c. Dr. Wegeler's share of the work includes many original letters of a deep and melancholy interest; for the Hermit of Vienna, though, as life advanced, his nature was gnarled, as it were, into an uncouth and threatening shape, by suffering and contracted circumstances and domestic trial,—never ceased to love his old friends, at Bonn, or wholly to drop correspondence with them, though he might write but once in ten years. The second half of the 'Notizen,' yet more valuable to the musician for the anecdotes it contains, was contributed by Ries, Beethoven's own pupil.

"He was strongly attached to his mother, and cherished her memory long after her decease:—when Ries presented himself as pupil before him, with a letter from Father Ries, Beethoven, who was then busy, and never very ceremonious, received him with "I cannot now answer your father, but tell him I have not forgotten when my mother died"—a period of trial at which Father Ries had assisted him with money. * * * It is beautiful to find him in his earlier days writing and speaking of his art as a service bringing its own reward, and only valuable as an engine of money-getting, inasmuch as it might enable him to assist the poor or to help an old friend. The strange craving for money which possessed him in his latter days, was but a malady superinduced by physical disease, and the unworthy treatment of coarse, rapacious relations. Never was any one less worldly than Beethoven as a boy—never any less disposed to stoop as a young man. Never was any one less of a courtier,—more stiff-neckedly resolute not to avail himself of the luxuries to which the patronage of his great friends might have introduced him.

"Characteristics so strongly marked, humors so far removed from common-place sympathies as those here presenting themselves, could not fail to tincture the musical career, as well as the personal life, of their possessor. Neither Wegeler nor

Ries throw much light upon his mode of study; the former indeed tells us that Beethoven was indebted for instruction to Pleiffer and Van der Eder of Bonn, and not (as other biographers have said) to Neefe, with whom he was merely appointed co-organist; that Haydn gave him few or no lessons; and that Salieri and Albrechtsberger found him a stubborn and not very industrious pupil; indisposed without question to subject himself to the straight-lacing of theoretical instruction; and showing, when but a youth, glimpses of that positive and self-relying spirit which made him, many, many years afterwards, defend two consecutive fifths which Ries had detected in one of his compositions, with a despotic "Well, then, I permit it." Lest others, fancying themselves geniuses no less eminent, should be led astray, we will not say that Beethoven's music was like Dogberry's reading and writing, "the gift of nature;" but it is certain that at an early age he manifested attainments of a height and a daring which pointed him out as already "first among the first."

We find this part of the Review which relates to Beethoven so interesting, that we shall present our readers with copious extracts. For example: "The following instance occurred very soon after his being appointed fellow organist with Neefe:—

'In this new position' (says Dr. Wegeler) 'Beethoven first gave to the orchestra an accidental proof of his talents in the following manner. In the Catholic church the lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah are sung on three days in the Holy Week. These compositions consist, as every one knows, of short verses, which are chanted with a certain rhythm; the vocal part consists of four notes following each other, as for instance E D E F, on the third of which several words, or a whole phrase, are sung, till at the close a few notes bring back the singer to the cadence of the common chord. As the organ is not allowed to play on these three days, the performer is only supported by a slight pianoforte accompaniment. Upon one occasion, when it fell to our Beethoven to play this accompaniment, he asked that very correct singer, Heller, whether he would allow himself to be thrown out if Beethoven could do it. The rash consent of the singer was no sooner obtained, than Beethoven threw him so completely out by variations of the accompaniment, although with his *little finger* he struck the note which Heller was to hold all the time, that the latter lost the note so that he could not hit the proper cadence. Old Ries used to relate how astonished Lucchesi, the then Kapellmeister, was by Beethoven's playing. In the first burst of Heller's wrath he complained to the Elector, and though the occurrence pleased that young and clever prince, he ordered a simpler accompaniment in future.'—(pp. 14—15.)

"This was but the herald of a greater feat told us (p. 36), concerning the concerto in C major. At its first rehearsal, to accommodate himself with the pitch of the wind instruments, which was half a note higher than that of the pianoforte, Beethoven actually played this long and complicated work in C sharp!

"But the stubbornness implied in these anecdotes, which might have only qualified its owner to compose in one strain—as it were, for the miners in Fridolin's foundry, and not for the lady, or the knight, or the page, was tempered in Beethoven's

hoben by that wonderful facility and power of adaptation by which genius, saved from doggedness and self-occupation, is qualified for its loftiest and most excursive flights."

"It is to be remarked, that if nothing could be much more unworldly and retired than Beethoven's life; nothing, also, could be more carefully, almost sullenly withheld from the market where patronage and fashion resort, than his executive talent. He would sit down among the Breunings and extemporize fantasias suitable to the characters of the company, unconsciously shadowing forth, as it were, that turn of invention which should make him one day select 'Napoleon' as the idea of that symphony which is now called the 'Eroica';—but he never loved to exhibit in public; and was incorrect, and uncertain as a player. But, for this, his mind wrought all the more incessantly, and a spirit of self-concentration was nourished to an unusual strength, in addition to the force of will, and the variety of fancy with which nature had gifted him so largely. And he had not long entered upon the career of invention—not long detached himself from those indulgent friends, whose constant society must have tended to soften and to humanize, when he was doomed to be driven yet deeper into the recesses of his own mind, by the most terrible calamity which could befall him. That deafness, which finally compelled him to a total seclusion from the world, began to manifest itself in the year 1800; and there are few more painful chapters in the history of genius than those, still to be added, which will contain the early letters on the subject addressed by Beethoven to Dr. Wegeler;—few more melancholy anecdotes than the one told by Ries, how the latter first became aware of his master's impaired hearing, by calling upon him, when they were walking together in the country, to listen to a shepherd's pipe; being no longer able to hear which, Beethoven stalked homeward by the side of his scholar, gloomy and saying nothing. The legend of the prisoner shut up in the iron chamber, day by day narrowing around him, but reflects what the feelings of the musician must have been: for his fate approached, though no less steadily, more slowly. At first, in his letters to Wegeler, who is a physician, we find him writing of his malady as a secret to be kept with jealous care;—then, in a sudden moment of anguish, exclaiming that self-destruction, his only cure, was forbidden him by divine laws. Nor was his condition ameliorated by his domestic relations. His brothers, in whose case he showed a forbearance as extraordinary as was his violence and suspicion in other instances, were worthless and rapacious. They would snatch from his table his compositions when half completed, and dispose of them without his consent to the highest bidder, careless of promises and engagements; and Ries gives us an illustrative anecdote of the master and his brother Caspar having actually fought in the street about the three pianoforte sonatas, op. 81, (the second, one of the most superb pieces of dramatic composition extant), which had been promised to a music-seller at Zurich, but which Caspar had disposed of elsewhere. Under these unfavorable circumstances, it was not wonderful that every excrescence of a nature strong, but prone to malformation, should become exaggerated, until at last they absorbed all life and force from its healthier parts—that a generous disregard of money should be exchanged for a self-tormenting and grasping avarice—that the same suspiciousness, which made him in Vienna choose an open place for his residence, to escape from the pilferings of meaner musicians, in particular, of one A. G. (Abbé Gelinek?) who used to settle themselves close in his neighborhood, for the purpose of stealing what they could from his improvisations—should at last drive him to an extreme of unreasonable harshness."

"One more anecdote of Beethoven's pianoforte-playing which can be drawn from these interesting 'Notizen,' may be placed here by way of relief:—

"When Steibelt came, with his great celebrity, from Paris to Vienna, several of Beethoven's friends were afraid that the reputation of the latter might be injured. Steibelt did not call upon him

—they met, for the first time, at a party given by Count Fries, where Beethoven introduced his new trio in B flat, for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello (op. 11.) The performer has no peculiar opportunity for display in this piece. Steibelt listened to it with a sort of condescension, paid Beethoven a few compliments, and thought himself sure of his victory. He played a quintet of his own composition, extemporized, and produced much effect by his *tremolando* passages, which were then quite novel. Beethoven could not be induced to play any more. A week afterwards Count Fries gave another concert. On this occasion Steibelt played a quintet with great success, and a brilliant fantasia, which he had evidently got up—on the same theme (*Pria ch' impegno*) on which the variations in Beethoven's trio are written. This provoked the admirers of Beethoven and the master himself: they insisted on his sitting down to improvise. He went to the instrument in his usual, I may say, uncouth manner, as if he was pushed there, and, as he went by, took up the violoncello part of Steibelt's quintet, laid it (purposely?) upside down on the desk, and, with one finger, strummed a theme out of the first bars. As he went on he became so enraged and excited in his improvisation that Steibelt left the room before Beethoven had done—never would meet him again, and made it a condition that any one wishing for his company should not invite Beethoven."—pp. 81, 82.

"But enough of these illustrations; though with such a treasury of precious material before us, it is easier for us to speak of the peculiarities and faults of the man—of his lonely household, and his gloomy death-bed, haunted by spectres of poverty and ruin which his own distempered fancy had conjured up—than to attempt, however imperfectly, to characterize the works which have placed him above his contemporaries. But Beethoven's pianoforte compositions are above parallel, and even to their technical analysis must be brought something of the spirit in which they were composed. What this spirit was may partly be divined from his own confessions, as recorded in the charming but wild letters of Bettine Brentano to Goethe."

"When I open my eyes (said Beethoven) I cannot choose but sigh; for what I behold is at enmity with my faith, and I am forced to despise the world, which has no conception that music is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy; it is the wine which inspires new creations; and I am the Bacchus that crushes out this noble juice for mankind, and makes their spirits drunk; and when they are sobered again, then you see what a world of things they have fished up to bring back with them to *dry land* again. I have no friend: I must needs live alone with myself, but I well know that God is nearer me in my Art than others: I commune with him without fear: evermore have I acknowledged and understood him: and I am not fearful concerning my music—no evil fate can befall it: and he to whom it is become intelligible must become free from all the paltriness that the others drag about with them."

"Visionary as may this 'raptus' seem, it nevertheless contains the true philosophy of genius in its highest manifestation. Beethoven says of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* that the sacred Art ought never to be degraded to the foolery of so scandalous a subject; and he thoroughly acted up to this judgment in choosing the subject of his one opera, *Fidelio*.

"Beethoven's great thoughts are not in any wise dependent upon the great means employed in their utterance. The critic who, in speaking of Michael Angelo's sketch of 'Cleopatra,' begged especial attention to the style 'in which that twisted lock is wound about the shoulders,' adding, 'it is but a plait of woman's hair, yet lies with an immensity of coil which might beseech a serpent on the neck of the Medusa,' used a figure admirably suited to many of our poet's works—admirably illustrative of his whole style of handling. And it is the constant presence of this grasp and greatness, that has led some of Beethoven's eulogists to speak of him as merely stern, dark and gloomy—as if there were not some score of his

scherzi laughing such an one-sided character in the face; as if he had not, in the *finale* to the second Razumouffsky quartet, given playfulness and joy an utterance, the ecstasy of which was never exceeded by Rossini or Auber himself;—as if the slow movement of the first of the three Zurich sonatas (about which their composer and his brother Caspar fought) did not remain as an evidence of utter mastery over the finest details of grace and ornament; and the *finale* to the already-cited Waldstein Sonata, and the whole Sonata *pastorale* (op. 28) did not exist to remind them that for such pictures also as are conveyed by a fresh and sunny and peaceful melody, their rugged and incomparable storm-painter has not left his peer behind him. Even in Beethoven's latest compositions, by some charged with a subtlety fatal to their excellences, (as if it followed that the labyrinth is impassable because the clue is not ready to every hand) there is always some outbreak of fancy, as felicitously simple, as startling by its originality, as familiar by its truth, as the happiest couplet in Shakspeare. With ourselves, the genuine success which has attended the recent performances of the Choral Symphony, so long considered in England a chaotic puzzle, reasonably encourages the anticipation of that time when even the elaborate Sonata, No. 106, with its tremendous fugued *finale*, will be as distinctly understood, if not as frequently played as the three first Sonatas (dedicated to Haydn) or the *pastorale*, or the Lichnowsky Sonata, already renowned for the exquisite clearness of their beauty."

(Conclusion next week.)

(From the New York Musical World.)

A Letter from Hector Berlioz.

[DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly publish Berlioz's last letter from Paris? As there have appeared a great many erroneous statements about his works in one of my articles written for your paper, I think that this will prove the best way to do justice to his great genius, and to furnish your readers with an interesting musical feuilleton. Your obedient servant,

GUSTAVE SATTER.

U. States Hotel, BOSTON, Sept. 20th, 1856.]

MY DEAR SATTER:—I was in Germany when Mr. Millard called on me and left your amiable letter. This was the reason why I could not see him. A thousand thanks for the music which you have sent me. One sees at your manner of treating the piano, that you are one of the great masters of the harpsichord. Your *Morceau des Clochettes* is charmingly original, but the *Impromptu-Rondeau* pleases me still more, on account of the dazzling grace with which the theme (which is very beautiful in itself,) has been treated. I would admire to send you my works in return, but unfortunately my editors are not extremely prodigal, and I have no more copies of my scores.

I regret it much more, as I see in the notice which you have been kind enough to publish in the *New York Musical World* many errors concerning the nature and worth of my compositions; errors which you have committed by believing badly informed papers. So the apotheosis is no cantata; it is the finale of my *Grande Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* for two orchestras and chorus. This symphony was never written and performed for the transferment of Napoleon's ashes to France, but for the inauguration of the Colonne de la Bastille in 1840, and for the transferment of the victims of the July-Revolution to this vast tomb.

Faust is no symphony either, but a *Dramatic Legend*—a concert-opera. I believe sincerely that you are mistaken about the worth of 'Benvenuto Cellini' and the 'Infancy of Christ.' This last score is the happiest of all that I have ever written, so far as success is concerned. The piano-score of Cellini will be published at Meyer's in Brunswick, and I certainly will not fail to send it to you on the first occasion.

The greatest piece that I have ever written is the *Finale (Judex Credens)* of my *Te Deum*. This score which you do not know, is published in Paris, at Brandus. There are many other works besides, which it would take too much space to write of in the letter. But I am glad that you remain faithful to my symphonies, which some silly

fellows declare now-a-days to be youthful mistakes. A thousand thanks for your cordiality.

I have returned from Germany, where I have been engaged to lead a concert in Baden. My "Infancy of Christ," has been better performed there, especially the chorus, than in any other place. The success was very great. The 'Infancy of Christ' is no cantata, but an oratorio in three parts,—a sacred Trilogv.

The "Episode de la vie d'un Artiste," has never won the prize at the Paris Conservatoire: you mistake it for my cantata "Sardanapalus," which exists no more; I have burnt it.

Now I work hard at an immense composition,—an opera of five acts, for which I have written the Libretto, as I did for the 'Infancy of Christ.' Heaven knows when it will be done.

Good bye. Thousands and thousands of friendly wishes from your most devoted

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

PARIS, Sept. 3, 1856.

The Handel Statue at Halle.

The following spunky letter is addressed to the London *Athenæum*:

"You have already, in the *Athenæum*, announced the designs in progress at Halle, the birth-place of Handel, for holding a centenary festival there in 1859, with the purpose of erecting a statue to him in his native town. It was added, too, to the announcement that the leading English musicians and professors had been, or were to be, invited to contribute their simultaneous efforts to carry out the idea. Now, a higher object of musical interest than honor to Handel could not by any ingenuity be propounded to the lovers of the greatest music; for if there be such a thing as a settled fact in the Art, is it not that, with every musician's advancing experience, and by every fresh opportunity of comparison, Handel's glory rises, and brightens, and deepens, and spreads—that the variety, no less than the vastness of his genius becomes more and more admitted, better and better appreciated? Thus, any majestic celebration in memorial of such greatness as his should be responded to reverently, gratefully and cordially by the people of England. But ere plans are formed or committees convoked, permit a lover of Handel and debtor to the Germans to suggest some reason why, if English memorial there be, it should stand on English, not on German ground, should be raised in the place of our great fellow-citizen's labors and death, and not of his birth. Never was there a German musician who less belonged to Germany than Handel. Ere he had written a single one of the works which entitle him to statue and laurel crown, Handel's intercourse with his native country had ceased. It was during half a century's residence in England, betwixt the year 1710, when he came to the Haymarket Italian Opera to compose *Rinaldo*, and the Good Friday of 1759, when he died, that his great productions were written—in England and for England. Not one of them that could be named is with German words. They were produced to glorify our festivals—to suit our fashions—to meet our powers of appreciation as well as of execution. Nor is it asserting too much to say that in Germany, up to this day, the love of Handel has not penetrated Handel's countrymen as it has penetrated Handel's fellow-citizens; that his works are not so well known, not so frequently, and never so adequately, performed there as here. We English put all our enthusiasm into *For unto us a child is born*, the *Hallelujah*, *The Horse and his rider*; the Germans sing these choruses strictly, but without any unction of sympathy or tradition, or national preference. There is no reasoning about these differences, no explaining why the musical pilgrim must seek in one place for Palestrina, in another for Gluck, with a certainty that there he will have the real meaning drawn by the executants from the poet's work; but when we are raising an artistic monument, should accident (for such is birth) wholly define and decide the place?—should not the more important sequel of such accident be con-

sidered? Let Superstition raise its memorial pillar on the spot where the cradle stood, but let Hope and Faith build their shrines on the place where the Prophet lived and struggled, taught and triumphed. Another question raises itself on the occasion, less large and generous, still not to be wholly overlooked. How is it possible to forget former instances of musical commemoration in which Germany, having appealed to England for assistance, has failed in herself contributing much beyond such appeal? The Mendelssohn Scholarship is not the only case in which German reverence has said, 'Do let us dip into England's purse,' the while clasping her own strong box tight. This would matter nothing, were there any real feeling of confraternity in Art betwixt Germany and England. But that there is little on their side, all who know the land and its men must admit. They profit by us, they respect our probity, but they love us little and esteem our judgment less. This is no 'fire-brand flung about' in sport. Let us have truth all round, as the best courtesy or the most courteous animosity. If English artists and amateurs think it well to join Germany in erecting a statue to Handel in Halle, and not in Hanover Square or 'near the Abbey,' let them at least stipulate, like the 'nation of shopkeepers' we are still reputed to be, that no sum shall pass across the channel for any such purpose, unless a proportionate amount—say twice as much—shall have been raised in Germany by those suing for extraneous assistance.

H. F. C."

From the Canadian Mus. Review.

Musical Education at Schools.

We have had some little experience in Musical Education at Schools. Need we wonder at the present state of the Art in this country when we see, day after day, not only the abuse it is subjected to, but the carelessness and indifference displayed in imparting necessary instruction. Few of the uninitiated would be prepared to credit the absolute ignorance which exists among pupils in many of what are otherwise considered excellent institutions for teaching "the young idea." We have often come across the path of those who, having learned to play some fashionable polka or even the more aspiring fantasia, with some dash and show, fancy they know everything concerning the Art. But examine farther into their qualifications; endeavor to extract from them satisfactory demonstration of their sound and thorough inculcation into its mysteries and principles, and how quickly are we undeceived! How painful to find that far from understanding its depth, they have not even touched the surface; that they are not only deficient in knowledge of the principles but the very rudiments of the art! Every effect must be the product of some cause; and if we endeavor to probe for the cause of this ill effect, we fear we can trace it but too plainly.

Music is very properly considered one of the most refined means of elevating our minds, and in its social aspect, of creating and cementing that bond of affection which it is so desirable should find existence in the family circle. Many parents being conscious of this—if they are not themselves even more susceptible to the charms of sound—are naturally led, from an anxiety for their children's happiness, to encourage their taste for it, and finally to seek for them such instruction as will ensure them its practical enjoyment. So far their desires are most praiseworthy. A family so educated, practising and delighting in their favorite art for the sake of the internal pleasure which it yields, to our mind must be one of the most pleasing of earthly communities. In it we cannot imagine any of those evils to be fostered which so often mar our happiness, blight our hopes, and doom to misery and wretchedness our present existence. On the contrary, there we see in the brightest colors all that is virtuous, beautiful and lovely. This is no fancy sketch; it has an existence, in fact, and many such happy examples may be found. Yet we fear here begins the grand error which parents so unfortunately commit, viz., an impatience to

realize the pleasure they anticipate from their children's performance, and also, we are led to believe, a not very commendable spirit which desires them to outrival others in mere technical ability and outward show, overthrowing at one stroke that beautifully symmetrical architecture they at first so commendably undertook to rear. Nothing can be more injurious to the child, the professor or the art. In the first place, a wish for these early precocious displays not only comes in the way of a thorough, systematic training, but induces the teacher to pass over much that is both valuable and indeed indispensable to the satisfactory progress of his pupil, and oftentimes encouraging a listlessness thereto which in any other study would be considered highly reprehensible. In the pupils also its ill effects are displayed in the trivial taste, incorrect and spiritless feelings they evoke in their performances. How much better would it rather be for parents to exercise more patience and judgment in this matter, and see their children's talents drawn forth and encouraged in the right direction by a trustworthy and able master! How much real talent would not this course save to us and to the world. Yet by this worse than childish impatience we are deluged with would-be artists the most contemptible, amateurs the most plebeian.

The periodical displays usual in some schools we cannot but consider as detrimental to the true end of musical education. If such exhibitions mean anything, they are intended to certify the progress of the pupil; and it would be proper in judging of their performances not only to attend to the mere correct reading and certainty of touch they may evince, but also to the spirit, feeling and pathos with which they imbue the compositions they may interpret, for there indeed is displayed their true progress—whether they are musicians in *mind* as well as finger. Let our superintendents of schools say how this is to be effected within the mystifying influence of twelve pianos, and an organ, &c., hammered upon all at once (!), or the performance of a piece which has cost the pupil six months' hard study. How such strange frolics can be said to indicate the progress of each individual pupil in anything but a wicked display of *power*, we are at a loss to estimate. If music has anything commendable appertaining to it more than for the practice of mere childish freaks, let the pupils learn to appreciate it at once, so that its beauties may be duly impressed upon their minds, and they may learn to look upon it with different feelings than those which attach themselves to the mere outward blandishments and frivolities of the world.

ROBERT THE DEVIL IN ITALY.—They have got to playing "Robert the Devil" on the Italian stage; but the strict censorship established in Naples and the other Italian States has taken very strange, but not unexpected, liberties with Scribe's rather anti-church notion *libretto*.

The censor has effected the following changes in the opera: the Genius of Evil, Bertram, is transformed into a magician; Sicily is metamorphosed into Scotland; Normandy becomes Picardy; the convent is a castle; the ghostly nuns are simply ghosts; the chapel is a charitable institution; the cross is crossed out, and Alice has to throw herself at the foot of a fir-tree instead. The Roman censor thinks the Devil is as much afraid of a Scottish fir-tree as he is, or ought to be, of the holy cross.

The connection is so close and logical between Meyerbeer's music and every minute phase and point in the libretto, that these odd alterations in the latter must make the music appear exceedingly ludicrous, especially to many Italians who are familiar with the opera as it is legitimately played.

The "North Star."

The new opera is exceedingly novel and entertaining. Its pictures of life have a wild and barbaric interest, and are new to the American public. The war with Russia has produced an undercurrent of romantic interest in this people, which serves as a new basis on which to found

modern stage-romance. It is a relief to see new figures in our scenic landscape. The cossack looks well on the stage. The invasion of this northern horde, in the first act, is fresh and picturesque to a remarkable degree. Like northern boars and bears they huddle fiercely in, wild with passion and greed, to be subdued by a fair young girl, who appeals to their superstition:—for even nature in the rough, and at the roughest, has somewhere a helm which it blindly obeys—can one but get his hand upon it.

Like all the works of Meyerbeer, this is a carefully-written opera. No one probably ever took more care, or gave himself more time, to hit the nail of effect precisely on the head, than this writer. Mozart was impulsive. He wrote with no idea of immortality. He finished his overture to *Don Giovanni*, twixt sleep and awake, the night before the first performance; and the ink was not dry on the paper that the orchestra played from at the rehearsal the next morning. Meyerbeer would take more time than that, to decide whether the first chord of an overture should be minor or major. He seems to write always in full and alarmed consciousness, as to a possible immortality, and a receding or progressing in the public estimate of his powers. Pope was determined to be a poet and coolly made up his mind to be one beforehand; and the same seems to be true of Meyerbeer as a composer. But Mozart and Beethoven were composers because they could not help it and in spite of themselves. In the one case, the men were possessed of their genius—in the other, they possessed themselves of it, apparently, by main force.

But despite all this careful elaboration and forecast, this calculation of musical and scenic effect, this bringing-to-bear of all that can dazzle the eye in scenery and costume, and this patient waiting of years for the opera to grow mellow, and to throw off its redundancies, despite all this—or rather by reason of all this,—what a clear and symmetrical work is presented at the last!

Great is the merit and great the recompenses of industry! Life is short, but it is ever long enough judiciously to wait—and we think the life of Meyerbeer teaches this lesson. His early failures, too, in Germany, which were signal, and repeated and complete—the discouraging contemporaneous successes of C. M. von Weber, his fellow pupil with the Abbe Vogler; his wise changing of the scene to Italy and his study and coming out afresh there—what capital Art-lessons, and life-lessons, are contained in all this!

We advise our friends who hear this opera (should not the unexpected close of the season prevent their soon hearing it again) to listen well to the instrumentation. It will reward them. Meyerbeer has the immense advantage over the modern Italian composers, that "his early education was not neglected." His melody is not the foam that tops the sluggishly-rolling wave beneath—but the wave, itself, rolls to deep melody. For, in the dark waters of his accompaniment there disport gold-fish, that flash in the sunshine of his bright fancy and illumine the depths below. Meyerbeer is no surface-composer.

Mme. de La Grange makes a very captivating young gentleman. We do not wonder that the vivandieres wanted (illusively) to kiss her. Adequately to praise her singing in this opera, would compel our ascent into the superlatives. The public, we are glad to see, are beginning to rub their eyes, preparatorily to opening them, quite, to the merits of this great singer.

Mme. Bertucca Maretzek has an agreeable way of surprising people, now and then, with brilliant little feats of vocalism, for which they are unprepared. We found ourselves silently comparing her with the impresario. The world seems to go well with both of them—they certainly never looked in such excellent condition.

The other signori and signorini, are quite adequate to the demands of the opera, with the exception of the unfortunate Arnoldi (we think that is his name) whose very scared and lunatic look,—contrasting strangely with a certain ambitiousness of performance,—renders him the least welcome apparition of the stage.

N. Y. Musical World.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Country.

NATICK, Oct. 15, 1856.

Dear Dwight—I have been detained here the last two or three weeks by a business which has occupied far more of my time during the last three years than I could wish—indeed, for more than I can make out to be for my advantage—viz., convalescing. A pretty good sign that my present job of the kind is drawing to a close is the strength of the impulse which urges me to write to you once more. Not that I have anything special to say, nor indeed anything properly adapted to the columns of a Journal of Music; but the impulse is here, and I give way.

On the whole this is no bad place for a convalescent. I have a nice little room fronting directly south, and within five minutes' walk of all the public offices. There are the railroad station and the post-office, and the building that used to be the principal grog-shop—where the man was stabbed a few years since—sundry groceries, dry goods shops, tailors, milliners, and all the usual *et ceteras*, with a barber's shop and an oyster cellar. Lawyer Bacon's office is in plain view, and that of lawyer Ham is only hidden by an intervening building or two. Then there are the four meeting houses of four different denominations, and facing the four cardinal points exactly. Whether it was accident, or that there is a little gentle sarcasm in the matter, I am not informed; but the fact is, that while our good old Puritanic, Orthodox, Trinitarian Church of the straightest sect fronts exactly south, our Universalist meeting house faces directly towards the north star, as if it had another road to heaven; while the Methodist and Baptist houses, as a sort of "twixt and 'tweenities," look respectively the one to the rising, the other to the setting sun. I am not sure that either of our spiritual advisers lives within the five minute limits, but Dr. Russell is my next neighbor, and just now he is of more importance to me than the gentlemen who have the "cure of souls." I should mention that the offices of our town clerk and the deputy sheriff are hard by, and also the sky parlor in which the new brass band meets hebdomadally for the practice of cacophony, and in which on Sundays the seven wise men, especially one from the East, meet with divers adherents and followers to explore the mysteries of the other world through the intervention of tables and rappings. I propose that they fill their noses with rappee snuff and test the language of sternutation. As to the band, I slept one night in a house just back of said sky-parlor; their windows were open and so were mine; and I must confess my admiration at the resolute perseverance and strength of ear with which popular melodies were put through their paces, no two brazen nerve-destroyers being within about a quarter of a tone of the same pitch. However, people say that they have just begun and are making excellent progress. Suppose they conquer at last; whether the game will prove worth the powder and shot? I trow not.

On the other side of the street, a little to the right, my front windows overlook the open space which is to be our common. It possesses just now the following elements of beauty: some twenty feet of old picket fence, four or five wooden posts where a fence once was, an ash, an

elm, four apple trees, a few straggling peach trees on the site of a former garden, half a dozen excavations with low mounds about them, where as many buildings once stood, and a very fine growth of weeds. This piece of ground is to be levelled off and made into something of which we shall be proud; but when? Some say immediately; others, at that future epoch when so many things are to be done—such as the erection of a decent new station house in such a place that every train which stops need not stand directly across our main street; the removal of decayed humanity from the old burying ground, which, but for the obstinacy of a few individuals, would have ceased to disgrace the village long ago; the elevation of the town clock; the building of the new town house; the removal of the engine house and horse sheds, which now cut off the view of our handsomest church from all such as come up the street from the East or sit at my side window; and the construction of the new road in the almost straight line laid out by nature, with her own cuttings through the ledges, down to South Natick.

Directly in front of my windows, at the end of a short street, is our big school house, three stories high. This building is a great subject of speculation to me, architecturally. The north side, that upon which I look, has a deep projection, containing the entrances and stairways; but as the doors are in the sides of this projection, I cannot get over the feeling, that I look upon the back of the edifice, and that its front *must* face the back yard.

A little to my left, across the street, is a wooden building occupied chiefly by dispensers of ready-made clothing, millinery goods, and groceries, but in which also is printed that mirror of the passing age, the *Natick Observer*! You must not suppose, because Natick is renowned in New England history as the great Indian town, that our paper, like the Cherokee *Phoenix* in those days, when slavery had not yet driven the Cherokees from their homes and stolen their cultivated lands, is printed half in English and half in Indian. I assure you, solemnly that is not the case!

Between the school house and this last named building, the two structures being my picture frame, I have a little view, which has been, during my imprisonment, a source of great delight. You must know that the land which spreads away south of my street is for about half a mile so level that we do not compare it to a pancake, but give our idea of the flatness of that palatable viand by saying they are as flat as it. It has been declared to be as flat as one of Cass's speeches; but I cannot say as to that.

Now, beyond this plain rises abruptly the Deacon's Hill—not the lofty elevation I thought it in boyhood, (it has diminished in some such measure as has the value of the dollar, which I then thought wealth) but a pleasant little pile of rocks and earth, thrown up some 140 or 150 feet, directly from the meadow. The curve that its upper outline makes, falling gently away to the left into a low ridge, until it is lost behind the printing office, is precisely that of Hogarth's line of beauty and grace. The whole is covered completely with dense forest. And here the Great Painter has been at work.

The first time I sat at my window he had just begun to lay new colors upon his ground of green.

The point of deepest color was, and still is, a little clump of pines just at the apex of the height, near the huge flat rock where the mountain cranberry and the bearberry grow; and from that spot I could trace the gradual shades of lighter and lighter green into a yellowish green, a greenish yellow, and so on to a confirmed straw color. The next morning a new coat had been given my picture. The yellows had deepened; and so it went on day after day—an inaudible symphony, in which the theme was working out in delicious harmonies, until my picture was a masterpiece of brilliant, harmonious coloring. The pines retained their dark depths of green; the hickories became golden; a maple here and there added liveliness to the picture, resplendent in a dress that vied with the purple brocades of Copley's pictures; sturdy oaks were more deliberate in changing their costume, trying mixtures of green and red, but settling finally upon a rich dark brown velvet. Down by the meadows, like pretty maidens, stood a long line of graceful birches, and having their roots in the wet earth, they retained still their delicate pale green robes.

Somewhere in your Journal a long time ago I compared the orchestral music of Mendelssohn to this kind of work from the Great Painter's hand. I do not withdraw the simile. If the melody in the one case and the clearly defined design in the other be wanting, yet how deliciously beautiful, how soothing, or how exhilarating the harmony!

Dr. Russell takes me out with him to ride when he visits his distant patients. During some of these rides I have seen bits of colored landscape which seem to me beyond anything previously within my experience. Are the woods more brilliant this fall than usual? Or after a three years' *interregnum*, do they strike me more than ever? On our way to Sherborn is a bit of swamp. The young maples, and now some oaks which grow there, have had a color, than which, with the sun shining on and through them, as I have repeatedly seen it, nothing in Church's picture is more brilliant and dazzling nor higher in color. I did hope to be able to ramble along Charles river, or about our numerous ponds in search of such a scene as that of the picture referred to, but the leaves are falling, and I have not had the strength. But I have seen enough within the last few weeks to enable me to feel that picture possible. Would not our European friends laugh, though, at such a piece of coloring! Laugh away, friends; you say we have no spring. I assure you, you have no autumn—you have no conception of it as we enjoy it. A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 18, 1856.

Fétis versus Wagner.

The second edition, revised and enlarged, of M. FÉTIS's *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, is soon to appear in Paris, from the press of MM. Firmin Didot brothers. The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* publishes the learned author's Preface in advance, which we may deem it worth while at some convenient time to give to our readers in full. We have read enough to see that M. Fétis is as firmly set as ever against the music and the theories of RICHARD WAGNER. That he fully

appreciates his music or fully understands his theories, is by no means clear to us. Yet that he is not tilting merely against windmills, but against false tendencies, which are too common, however much they may serve to blind the critic to whatever truer and greater elements there may be in Wagner, must be admitted. We translate a few paragraphs. He says:

"One of the greatest obstacles to correct judgment of the worth of musical works is found in the doctrine of progress applied to the Arts. I have long had to struggle against it, and to support ardent polemics, when I maintained that music undergoes transformation, but does not progress, except in its material elements. To-day, in view of the condition of Art throughout all Europe, no one longer dares to oppose me with the term progress; a prudent silence is observed upon the subject. Perhaps I should not find now many adversaries, should I say, according to my conviction, that certain things, considered as a progress, are in reality a decadence. For example, the development of the thought of a work, within certain limits, is undoubtedly a condition of beauty; but if one overreach the mark, the result is diffuseness, and the effect of the first thought is weakened. Carried to the pitch that it is to-day, the mania for development produces only fatigue and distaste: this is decadence. The character of grandeur excites our admiration; we find it raised to its highest power in the works of Handel, of Gluck, and of the second epoch of Beethoven; but the gigantesque, the disproportionate, which men have sought more recently to realize in certain productions, are monstrosities which indicate an erratic epoch. Elegant and unexpected modulation, when not too profusely lavished, is one of the riches born of our modern tonality; Mozart, that model of perfection, whom we always have to cite, has derived admirable effects from it; but multiplied to excess, employed at every instant to disguise the poverty of the melodic thought, according to the method of certain composers, modulation is equivalent to monotony and becomes an indication of the decay of Art. Finally, instrumental coloring is one of the most beautiful acquisitions of the modern music; its developments have been the fruits of the progressive improvement of instruments and of the invention of several new elements of sonority. There cannot be too many means for the artist who uses them with taste for the adornment of a thought beautiful with inspiration and originality, and who, in the multitude of possible effects, knows how to choose and find at once the secret of the right nuance and of variety; but the excess of instrumentation, the fatigue it causes by the incessant combination of all its elements; the noise the constantly increasing racket of its exaggerated forces, by which the ear is deafened in our days, is decadence, nothing but decadence, instead of being progress.

"We say it with confidence: the doctrine of progress, good and true for the sciences as for industry, has nothing to do with the arts of imagination, and less with music than with any other. It cannot furnish any valid rule for the appreciation of the works and talent of an artist. It is in the object of these works, in the thought and in the sentiment which have dictated them, that we must seek their value. With very limited developments, simple and rare modulations, in short, with an instrumentation reduced to the

elements of a quartet, Alessandro Scarlatti has merited the name of a *great artist* from the latter years of the seventeenth century. Reinhardt Keiser, who lived at the same period, has not been surpassed by any one in originality of thought. Finally, Mozart, who wrote *Don Juan* seventy years before the moment in which I trace these lines, has remained the greatest of modern musicians, because he had what does not progress, to-wit, genius the most rich, the most fruitful, the most delicate, and the most passionate, united with the purest taste.

"Yet a party has been formed within a few years, which has the audacity to proclaim itself as the creator of the only veritable and complete Art, for which all that has preceded has been mere preparation. What is wanting to the coryphæuses of this party, is precisely the imaginative faculties. For them, party opinions are ideas, and obscurity of thought profundity. The disdain which they affect for form proceeds from the difficulty of constraining themselves to it without betraying poverty of matter. Disorder, phrases merely sketched and without connection, are more to their liking, because nothing is more irksome than the logic of ideas for sterile or indolent imaginations. The adherents of the party preach up this disorder to the good-natured public, as the result of free, original inspiration. In Germany, they have possessed themselves of journals to ensure the triumph of their revolutionary attempt. A silence as of death reigns in these same writings about the productions of artists who follow other ways. Some serious men have endeavored to enlighten opinion by a rational criticism of this shameful socialism; but they have not been able to make their voice heard; all approaches to the press have been interdicted to them. It would take too long to tell the means employed by the brethren and friends for the glorification of their chief (Wagner); their manœuvres to get possession of theatres; their falsehoods to smother truth when she tries to make herself heard; their concerted plans to blacken and calumniate whoever is not with them.

"All the time, in spite of their efforts, or rather by these very efforts, they show that they have no faith, some in what they produce, others in what they exalt. The great men whose works and names are revered in the musical world, have never had recourse to these charlatan methods. Simple men, ignorant of the advantages of the *claque* and of association, they have lived isolated, producing from the internal necessity of production, by virtue of the inspirations of their genius, and abandoning their works to the free judgment of their contemporaries and of posterity. In fact there is no need of anything else to the artist who is gifted by nature, and whose happy faculties have been perfected by serious and well-made studies. If sometimes the bold flights of his inspiration are not immediately comprehended, because they open paths to orders of ideas and facts unknown before, time never fails to make their beauties manifest; the admiration which is due to them is only retarded.

"While neglecting no means to reap the advantages of the present, the chief of the party of which I speak appeals to the future for the understanding of his work. This affected confidence in the judgment of future generations has pro-

duced the effect which he anticipated; for it has awakened curiosity for extravagances which had inspired nothing but disgust and ennui. The future, in which he seems to place his trust, will be for him mere nothingness; for the political interests which now group adherents round him will then have given place to others. If the future remembers these things, it will be to ridicule them. But for the honor of the present, the future ought to know that wherever taste and good sense still reigned, wherever the sentiment of pure Art was preserved, there these negations of ideal music have found only reprobation. In the interest of the actual generation, to guarantee public opinion against the deviations into which some seek to drag it, to protect young talents against the illusions with which the successes of a coterie might inspire them, it is the duty of an enlightened criticism to lift up its voice, to recall indefatigably what constitutes the domain of the beautiful, to honor the memory of artists who have remained faithful to it, and to combat the aberrations which tend to make us lose sight of it. This duty the author of the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* believes that he has not failed to perform."

CONCERTS.

THE PARODI-STRAKOSCH COMPANY gave their sixth and last concert in the Music Hall on Saturday evening last. All the audiences had been large, but this was the largest. We heard but a small portion of the programme, and particularly regretted to miss Beethoven's song, *Adelaide*, sung by Signor TIBERINI, who has done himself honor by the selection each evening of one piece of so high a character, by masters like Mozart and Beethoven. PAUL JULIEN won encores as usual by his masterly violin-playing, in which mechanical perfection seems really animated by an inward sense and feeling of beauty. But master Paul we fear is resting too contented with his laurels and does not take the pains to add much to his stock of ideas; he repeats himself too much, and "improvises" after every *encore* the same set of phrases as uniformly as Sig. Tiberini answers with the *La donna é mobile* (which by the way was meant to run in a livelier vein than his). What did PARODI sing? We have forgotten, and no matter; it was nothing new or noticeable apart from previous notices. And what did STRAKOSCH play? What pretty strains did he coax out of the splendid piano? All who have heard him once can easily imagine. Sig. BERNARDI still sustains himself as a baritone of rich and telling voice, and a singer who gives pleasure and commands respect by a chaste, natural, finished manner.

MME. CORA DE WILHORST.—This lady, whose successful debut in New York has been mentioned in our Chit-Chat, and who is a native born American vocalist, surprised our town by the announcement of a concert in the Music Hall on Wednesday evening. A romantic story introduces her, which, as we have not copied it before, we now give, following the version of the *Evening Gazette*:

A daughter of Reuben Withers, the well-known Banker in New York, from her earliest childhood she was singularly fond of music and has long, ere she made her appearance in the Concert-Room, been one of the charms of the select circle of which she was

one of the most brilliant ornaments. Singularly enough, love—that commencement of all human joys and troubles—is the cause which has led her at present to appeal to the vocalist. Cora Withers fell in love with a young German nobleman (German nobleman means more specifically German gentleman according to American and English notions of the term) and also this young German nobleman fell in love with her. Not being a good *parti*, naturally enough the parental Withers disliked the probability of their being linked together. This dislike of course confirmed Cora Withers' liking, which soon ripened into love. M. De Wilhorst—the young German—made her a delicate proposition. She listened and finally acceded to his request. They ran away and were married. This happened somewhere in Switzerland, as we have been told, and has at all events been productive of happiness to themselves. How it happened we do not pretend to know, but a short time after this matters were again apparently reconciled and they were living with Mr. Withers in New York. But M. De Wilhorst, not being contented to sit at the table of his wealthy father-in-law, wished to find some calling opened to him, little doubting that this very natural desire would be promptly acceded to. On mentioning it however, he met with a decided refusal and found that, through Mr. Withers's strange decision, every chance of mercantile success would in all probability be closed upon him. Singularly enough the delicate Cora Wilhorst—a child reared in the lap of opulence and luxury—one who had hitherto practised music as a rare pleasure because she could only display it to a few of her friends—that *mignonne* edition of fashionable life, suggested to him that she might make sufficient to maintain themselves were she to sing in public. For a long time he contended with this wish, but at length he acceded and her first appearance was announced to take place at Newport, R. I., in August last. Of course all our readers will remember what this announcement induced—an attack upon her husband by one of her brothers, who could not see that the profession of a vocalist is as good and as honorable *per se* as that of a Banker or a merchant. Jenny Lind may be placed as an honorable contrast in juxtaposition with the Fauntleroy and Schuylers, and we believe that but few of our readers are there who, should Cora De Wilhorst meet with continuous success in her new vocation, would not rank her name above that of her respectable parent (of whom we confess that we have heard nothing but good) even although he be a Banker.

Mme. De Wilhorst called her entertainment, "Opera in the Drawing-Room," the programme consisting almost entirely of extracts from *Il Trovatore*. But there was "sandwiched" between the two parts of that a double slice of "miscellaneous," at the commencement of which it was our lot to enter the hall. Out-of-door attractions, torchlight processions, and so forth, had left her but a very moderate audience, yet respectable in numbers and in character. They wore the look of having been pleased. First came Mr. SATTER, who performed on a Chickering piano a *Grand Galop Fantastique* of his own, a piece of thundering force; and on being recalled, a dashing transcription with variations upon *La donna é mobile*. Then the lady appeared, decidedly prepossessing in appearance, *petite*, handsome, with a bright, intelligent face, dressed in fine taste, and with an air of self-possessed energy and confidence. One would scarce suppose her such a novice in the concert room. She sang the *Brindisi* from Verdi's "Macbeth," and sang it with a voice and manner that were quite captivating. Her voice though not large, is a soprano of remarkably pure, telling quality, brilliant indeed in the higher notes, with which she trills and warbles like a bird; true as a bell in intonation, filling the place perfectly. The tones impinge upon the sense with a certain hard but smooth solidity of attack, which is never offensive, but on the contrary decidedly pleasing. Her singing was very spirited and natural; her execution free and brilliant, in many parts highly finished; and she sang as if she loved it, as if nature had done more for her than art, though art

had done not a little. Yet was there a coldness withal in those polished hard tones; the beauty of the thing was its fresh life and spirit, and not any peculiarly sympathetic touch of feeling.

This was more evident in her pieces from *Il Trovatore*, which followed: in *D'amor sul ali rosee*, in the duet with baritone: *Qual voce*, and particularly in the *Miserere* with tenor. The lower and middle tones, though pure and sweet, had not the largeness and dramatic strength of passion. But the pieces were all charmingly and effectively sung, leaving room enough, however, for study with a good master in cultivating the vocal faculty to a more ideal refinement. It was the brilliancy, the purity, the naturalness, the freshness of the exhibition which won her the decided favor of the audience. Altogether we may call her a bright, bird-like little person. We only hope, that besides this genuine impulse and power to revel and sparkle in the sunshine of the voice, there is also in her, conscious or latent, the something that shall prompt her to seek expression in a more soul-full and inspired kind of music. A whole evening of melodies from the *Trovatore* is meagre and not over-wholesome fare.

Mme. Wilhorst was assisted by our old friend the tenor, Sig. GUIDI, whose voice seems to have gained strength in retirement, and whose style was always elegant, and by a French baritone (his debut in America), M. ACHILLE RIVARDI, who has style and method, but a dry, feeble voice. Some of the music suffered in the piano-forte accompaniments, which of course were not by Mr. SATTER.

This evening Mme. DE WILHORST gives a second concert, to be made up mainly of selections from *L'Etoile du Nord*.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The prospect for Orchestral Concerts, we are sorry to learn, does not look very bright. The time allowed for filling up the required subscription of fifteen hundred sets of tickets will expire on Monday, and so far the list shows not the half of that number. The opportunity has been offered; if our music-lovers do not want good orchestral music enough to engage to support it at a very trifling cost—not more for the whole season than the same persons often throw away upon confectionary or oysters in a single evening—why then they must not complain should the season offer no good music when they wake up to the discovery that they still want it. We hope and pray that the day or two of grace left may bring people to their senses; for without good orchestral concerts the whole musical cause goes backwards, the standard of taste in the community is lowered. If we fail now, it will be the first time for twenty years and more, the first time since the old C minor first inspired us, that a Boston winter has been unwarmed by a Symphony of Beethoven! . . . In answer to the frequent inquiries about Opera, English or Italian, we have to say that we are quite uninformed. Whatever there is or is to be of it, goes on obscurely—hides its light under a bushel; whether this be from consciousness of inferiority, or from the modesty of merit, we cannot say. . . . We hear of changes in the relations of the music-publishing fraternity in our city. Mr. GEO. P. REED, who has so long occupied a foremost position in the trade, retires from business; Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON unites with the junior partner of G. P. Reed & Co., Mr. RUSSELL, in buying out Mr. Reed's interest and "annexing" the same to his already extensive and flourishing Musical Exchange. The

union of these two forces must make a powerful establishment, and will require enlarged accommodations.

We have already spoken of the fine display of piano-fortes and reed instruments at the late Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. A list of premiums awarded to competitors in the various departments is at length published, filling over five closely printed columns of the Transcript. For Grand Pianos the gold medal has been awarded to the Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS; and a silver medal to TIMOTHY GILBERT & Co., who put in their first Grand on this occasion. For Semi-Grands, a silver medal to Messrs. HALLET, DAVIS & Co. For Square Pianos, the first silver medal to Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS, and the second to JAMES W. VOSE, makers of quite recent standing, whose instruments have done them great credit.—Messrs. BROWN & ALLEN, GEORGE HEWS, JACOB CHICKERING, and WILLIAM P. EMERSON receive Diplomas for Square Pianos. Bronze medals or diplomas were awarded to various makers for the cases, considered separately, of their instruments. MASON & HAMLIN receive the gold medal for their Organ Harmonium, and a silver medal for their Melodeons. Diplomas are given to A. G. CORLISS for the "Swell Mute Attachment" exhibited by Chickering & Sons; to NICHOLS & GERRISH for Melodeons, and to L. LOUIS for his Tremolo attachment to reed organs. The judges, through their chairman, Gen. H. K. OLIVER, of Lawrence, will we presume ere long report at length; when we hope to lay the report before our readers. We cannot doubt that the awards were as nearly just as it was possible to make them. They confirm our own impressions, from such casual examination of the instruments as we were able to make, in every instance.

THALBERG's first concert in New York is postponed until after the Presidential election; and Mme. ANGRI, the contralto, now upon her way from Europe, will it is said appear on that occasion.... Mr. J. NICHOLS CROUCH—he seems to have dropped the "Professor," having discovered that Professors are too common—has left Philadelphia, and now hails from Washington, D. C., where he announces himself in connection with W. H. PALMER, (the resurrection name of the late ROBERT HELLER, the pianist, necromancer, &c.) as Vocal Director of an Academy of Music. They give private musical soirées by invitation; the following is one of the programmes:

PART I.

Grand Quintet—Piano-forte, two Violins, Viola, Cello and Bass,.....Kalkbrenner.
Scene—"Friend of the Brave,".....Dr. Calcott.
Concertante Duo—Piano-forte and Violin: "Styrien Airs,".....Leonard.
Ballad—"Kathleen Mavourneen,"...By the Author.
Improvise—Piano-forte, "Crown Diamonds," Palmer.

PART II.

Grand Trio—Violin, cello and Piano-forte, Beethoven.
German Song—"The Wanderer,".....Schubert.
Cantabile—Violin,.....Mendelssohn.
Irish Ballad—"Kathleen Dear,".....By the Author.
Brilliant Selections—Piano-forte,.....Palmer.

Messrs. Crouch and Palmer (late Heller) also hold the positions respectively of *maestro di capella* and organist at St. Matthew's Church, where there is a fine choir, and where, with the aid of an orchestra, including some of the old Germanians, (their old leader, LENSCHOW, directing,) a musical service was recently held for the consecration of a new altar. The programme included a march by Mendelssohn; a Mass by Haydn (No. 5), with 25 in the chorus and 25 in the band; the Amen chorus by Handel; selections from Rossini's *Mosè* and *Stabat Mater*, Hymns, &c.

Handel's "Messiah" was performed last week in Philadelphia. *The Bulletin* says:—"There was a full orchestra, a fine organ and a strong chorus. The organ was well played, and the orchestra did tolerably,

but the chorus wanted training and made sad work of the difficult choruses which constitute the chief beauty of this and all Handel's oratorios. The leading soprano part was very well sustained by Mrs. Leach, of New York. The other solo singers were Mrs. Weiss, (soprano,) Miss Kemp, (contralto,) Mr. Frazer, (tenor,) and Mr. Rohr, (baritone). Each did very well."....The Mozart Society in Worcester, Ms., have commenced rehearsals, under the leadership of Mr. EDWARD HAMILTON. Four concerts will be given during the season, the first early in November.

Mme. ERARD presented CLARA SCHUMANN, while in England, with a superb Erard piano. When shall we hear her in America—the queen of pianists, and in the true and not the mere display sphere of Art!....STAUDIGL, the great German basso, died recently in an insane asylum.

Prof. BECKER, of the Leipzig Conservatoire, the distinguished organist, has presented his entire musical library to the library of the city. This rich collection, on which he has bestowed all his care for thirty years, contains: 144 works, written in all the languages of Europe, on the acoustics, history, æsthetics and theory of music; 552 collections of Chorals of every confession, classed in chronological order from 1450 to 1852; 227 rare works, printed or in manuscript, of the 16th and 17th centuries, by masters of every school; 1250 copies of works by old masters, &c. In making this magnificent donation, Herr Becker has made this sole condition, that it shall be managed in the same way with the principal library, and be entered in the catalogue as the Becker Library.

Mme. LAGRANGE and GOTTSCHALK gave a concert last week in Philadelphia. The great cantatrice sang from "Sicilian Vespers," the "North Star," and the "Stabat Mater;" also "any piece selected by the audience out of a list of 600"; and a "Grande Valse Poétique Concertante," for piano and voice, with variations, composed for her by Gottschalk. The latter played his own compositions, an *Etude* by Chopin, a waltz by Wollenhaupt, and "any piece the audience might call for."....At a performance of the "Messiah" in Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, the trombone players of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, Pa., assisted.... We have received the second number of the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* (German Musical Journal for the United States) published in Philadelphia. (No. 1 has failed to reach us). It is published every month by PHILIPP ROHR, and edited by P. M. WOLSEFFER. It is in the German language, handsome type and paper, and contains good editorials on the *Gesang-vereine*, on musical instruction, on the new Philadelphia opera house, on the science of harmony, &c.; also correspondence and musical news, advertisements, and three pages of new light music. It promises well.

ORGAN HARMONIUM.—The *Traveller* contains the following notice of these instruments, for which a gold medal was awarded by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association:

"We have before now called attention to the instruments manufactured by Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN, Cambridge street, corner of Charles, and will do so again to note the fact that they have been awarded the two first premiums, a gold and silver medal, as the best reed instruments, by the Committee of Examination at the Mechanics' Charitable Association, whose eighth exhibition was recently held in this city.

The Organ-Harmonium furnished by Mason & Hamlin, and which drew the gold medal, was a new style, just completed, and differs from the common style, in that it is blown by another person, and has two octaves of pedals, with separate set of pedal reeds, and also a coupler to connect with the manuals, making in fact a complete organ in effect. While in the Exhibition, this instrument was examined and thoroughly tested by many of our best musicians, and

the result just now announced was anticipated by all who saw it. As a substitute for the organ in organ practice, and for churches, halls and lecture rooms, where considerable force is required, without the means to procure a large organ, this instrument is a desideratum which has long been needed. The first prize (silver medal) was also awarded these gentlemen for the best Melodeons."

JENNY LIND.—Letters from Stockholm state that Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, whose relations reside in Sweden, has realized no less a sum than £45,000 by her sojourn in England; and, that having amply provided for her family, she intends to settle at Dresden, and to abstain from singing in public, unless for exclusive charitable purposes; or unless her husband, who has the ambition to compose an opera, should succeed in his effort.

Advertisements.

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IT is proposed by the Committee who managed the Orchestral Concerts of the last season to give a series of EIGHT CONCERTS at the Boston Music Hall, during the coming winter, under the name of the "Beethoven Concert Society," provided fifteen hundred sets of tickets shall be subscribed for previous to Oct. 20th.

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The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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Translated for this Journal.

The Music of Hungary.

From the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Leipzig, 1852.

The Hungarian music bears so original a character, and is so essentially distinct from the music of all other European nations, that it must interest the musician and the amateur of every grade to learn something more authentic and precise about it from the pen of one who knows. The writer of these lines, while completing his musical studies with Sechter in Vienna, in the years 1849—51, made several excursions into Hungary, principally to Pesth; but the remoter regions on the Theiss were not unvisited.

His thoughts about the Hungarian music (so far as he was able to pursue the subject with his moderate allowance of time and money) here follow. Let us understand first of all what we mean by Hungarian music.

It is well known that, of the sixteen millions who inhabit Hungary, at the most the fourth part are Magyars, that is, descendants of the Asiatic hordes who came into Europe in the ninth century, pushed through the iron gate into what is now Hungary, and here selected for their dwelling-places the broad plains either side of the Theiss and the region of the Danube up as far as Comorn. But the greatest part of the inhabitants of Hungary are Slaves; a not insignificant part consists of Germans and Wallachians, and a smaller part of Jews and Gipsies. In this great intermingling of races one may well ask, to which of these stocks does what we call in a specific sense "Hungarian music," owe its origin? Is Hungarian music synonymous with the Magyar, or with the music of the Slaves, Germans, Wallachians, Jews or Gipsies, who inhabit Hungary? The last two nations are excluded in the outset

from the question of *originality*, for Jews and Gipsies can indeed avail themselves of what they find existing, and can make fine contributions to its development; but never in any branch of Art or industry can they impress a national stamp upon the land in which they live a scattered life as a tolerated minority; and that this is true also of Hungary the following leaves will show.

Since the character of the Hungarian music, as we have before remarked, differs essentially from every other European music, it can neither be of Slavie nor of German origin; for neither the Music of the Germans nor that of the Slavie races, Poles, Russians, Bohemians, &c., has any resemblance with the Hungarian national music. And so it stands to reason that the Hungarian music is of purely Magyar origin; without denying, of course, that the physical peculiarities of the country, as well as the non-Magyar races themselves, who inhabit Hungary, have exercised more or less influence on the development of this music.

What is it now that places the Hungarian popular music in so strange a relation to all other European music? It is, above all, its *Rhythm*—the rhythm both in the parts of the measure and in the combination of measures. Thus, while all the other Western music in the even kinds of measure (2-4, 4-4 measure, &c.) lets the accent fall, as a general rule, upon the strong divisions of the measure, *one* and *three*, exactly the contrary is the case in the Hungarian music. Our weak parts of the measure are with them the strong ones, and if we place the accent upon *one* and *three*, the Hungarian in most cases accents *two* and *four*. This rhythm gives the Hungarian music its *heroic, proud, defiant* character, while at the same time it expresses the yet rude, unbroken temper of this warlike and chivalric nation. Moreover, we find in a whole series of Magyar popular melodies alternate even and odd numbers of measures, and *rhythms of seven bars* are of very frequent occurrence. As the Hungarian *People's Music* (and of this I speak first of all) knows merely the even measures, and knows nothing of a 3-4, 3-8, or even 6-8 measure, we may regard the occurrence in Hungarian popular airs of the three, five, and seven-bar rhythms as a compensation for the entire want of the uneven measures in this music. These uneven rhythms (of several bars or measures) are not, to be sure, universally the law in the Hungarian popular music; on the contrary, so far as dance music is concerned, the four-bar rhythm is equally prevalent. I may cite here as an example one of the most beautiful and heart-felt of the Hungarian melodies, in which this remarkable phenomenon occurs. It sounds in this way:



And this occurs in a multitude of popular dances; so that the good Nügeli is mistaken when he maintains, in his ingenious lectures upon music, that "*all dances of all nations consist of not more and not less than four times four measures.*"

But the Hungarian music is distinguished from that of the rest of Europe not merely by its *Rhythm*, but also by its *Melody*; not merely extensively, but also intensively. First, it is the predominant tendency to the *Minor Mood*, by which this music betrays its oriental character in general; then again it is especially the way and manner in which the Magyar Apollo moves in this mournful costume. The *superfluous second* plays an important part in the Hungarian minor tunes. If we try to reduce the melodic character of the latter, independently of its particular application, to the general criterion of the scale, we find the following scheme of the Hungarian minor mood:



So we find it, for instance, in the famous Rákoczy March:



And an equally genuine Magyar *nota* (Hungarian popular tune) begins thus:



Hers the superfluous second is used even in the ascending direction. The superfluous second, of which they are so fond in a melodic regard, makes itself available also in the harmony of the Hungarian music in a chord to which the minor airs of this nation are everywhere partial. This is the superfluous Quint-Sext Chord, or the chord with a pure fifth and superfluous sixth, as found for the most part toward the end of their melo-

dies, but also earlier, in a great many Hungarian minor airs, especially in their *Lassus* (Adagios); for instance, continuing the minor tune already begun a few bars further, we hear:



As a farther peculiarity of the Hungarian minor airs, we may remark, that they generally close in the major chord with the major third; at least the Hungarian gipsies, of whose proficiency in this music more will be said hereafter, constantly make this close; and the Hungarian musician recognizes it as at least adequate to the spirit of his national music, if he does not always observe this himself. We may show this by the characteristic closing cadence which recurs in every genuine Magyar *nota* (Hungarian air):



Apart from the less essential, although characteristic phenomenon of a minor melody ending with a major harmony, (which, to be sure, frequently occurs also in German composers, as Sebastian Bach and others, only not as a popular practice, as it does in the Hungarian music,) we have here observed at the same time the rhythmical peculiarity, that the conclusion of the melodic accent falls upon a weak part of the measure; and this is throughout the case in the Hungarian music. The formula above given is rhythmically, melodically and harmonically the genuine concluding formula of every Magyar *nota*, even of that major melody before cited with a rhythm of three and seven bars. The uneven rhythm of several measures is most striking, where the melody itself, according to our feeling, seems to struggle against it. Thus, for example, an altogether elegant *csárdás* (pronounced *tschaardaasch*, the name of the Hungarian people's dance and of the corresponding dance music), in its second part sounds thus:



Who of my readers would not expect it to go on after the fifth measure in this way:



With whom, if unaccustomed to this rhythm, does it not call forth a painfully unsatisfied feeling? This is but a little episode regarding rhythm, and now to our remarks about the harmony of the Hungarian popular melodies.

[To be continued.]

The Piano-Forte.

From the London and Westminster Review, 1839.
(Continued from page 18.)

"The first of those who followed in Beethoven's train was FERDINAND RIES, something of whose nature as a man and pretensions as an artist, may have already been indicated by the passages just quoted from the 'Notizen.' Every musician is

familiar with the anecdote of his having forced praise from Beethoven by the execution of an enormously difficult cadence, introduced by him into one of his master's concertos, which the latter almost forbade him to attempt in public:—and the older race of English professional instrumentalists still recollect the surprise excited by the announcement of his first appearance in London to perform his own Concerto in C sharp minor,—a signature within the intricate circle of which few dared venture! These two artistic feats were types of the man's intrepidity. It was in traveling through Russia—always a hospitable country to pianoforte players—that the success, denied until he entertained thoughts of quitting the profession, began to follow Ries. He ensured it by gathering and setting the melancholy and quaint airs of the north in a rich frame-work of scientific form and ornamental execution. In many of his earlier works, the principal melodies are Danish, Russian, or Norwegian. The powers of Ries as a pianist, which declined after his taking up his residence in England, in proportion as he submitted closely to the drudgery of lesson giving, were then remarkable, and worthy of Beethoven's only pupil. In one requisite, namely—that utter independence which enables the right and left hand each to work its own will, however different be the time,—he was almost unequalled, and hence his more showy compositions are full of examples of that *tour de force*. Indeed, to execute the C sharp minor Concerto aforesaid, steadily, but with the unstudied expression which it demands, is almost as difficult an undertaking as the young aspirant can propose to his fingers: moreover, for its thorough execution, he must possess something of fantasy as well as of feeling. For Ries, though following closely in his master's track—nay, at times even servilely imitating the very letter of his music—is essentially more fantastic than Beethoven—less loftily sustained—using a larger proportion of abrupt modulations, and fierce fragmentary phrases, and closes suspended without reason. These features are caricatured in his weakest works; in his best, Ries displays a vein of melody at once graceful and original. He has also left us, a more decided specimen of picture music in his 'Dream' Fantasia than had been hitherto attempted on the pianoforte, unless those ancient enormities, the 'Battle of Prague,' and the 'Surrender of Toulon,' were allowed to pass as classical. Beethoven, indeed, had given emotions in his *Adieu*, *Absence*, *et Retour*,—suggested a tone of coloring in his *pastorale* Sonata—but in the 'Dream' a more distinct outline is attempted, and the shapes which haunt the pillow of the sleeper—now tender, now warlike, now portentous—are portrayed with a happy boldness and contrast. As specimens of two manners of working completely different, the student of the picturesque cannot do better than compare this with the 'Dream' by Moscheles, the last but one of the latter's 'Characteristic Studies.' The fault of Ries lay in his fertility, and in the absence of such scrupulousness as makes an artist question rather than accept those ideas which catch his notice by their simplicity; but his works have not deserved the neglect into which they have fallen in England. One in every ten is eminently worthy of revival and careful study. And the justice here desired for him ought to be paid with all the greater good will, inasmuch as he adorned the intellectual school of instrumental music by those moral excellences which, if not indispensable to its existence, contribute largely to its maintenance."

"That the theory which would connect what is true and genuine and intellectual in Art with what is beautiful and sound in character, may not want further examples, the name of CARL MARIA VON WEBER may next be mentioned. His devoted life and his melancholy death are too well known to require being once again cited for the illustration of his works. Weber was far more romantic than Ries—but far more scrupulously original, and far more constantly master of the power of exhibiting his ideas to the best advantage. After Beethoven's pianoforte Sonatas, there exist none more highly toned, bolder in their invention, fresher in their melodies, than his four

grand works of the same class—the first movement of the one in A flat, for the expression of romantic melancholy, stands almost alone in music, while the opening *allegro* of that in D minor has a startling and colossal boldness. Weber, too, loved to develop those rhythmical forms, such as give their character to the dance and the national melody, but 'with a difference.' He had his own way of giving its crowning *impishness* to the *scherzo*. He had his own peculiar passages. There is one brilliant *spray-shower* of notes which, whether in the 'Victoria Chorus' of *Der Freischütz*, or in the joyous *finale* to the first act of *Euryanthe*, or in the working up of the *Aufforderung zum Tanze*, or in the *stretto* to the *Concert Stück*—that first and best of all concertos *alla fantasia*—as inevitably indicates its master as a white horse does a picture by Wouvermans; of the ripe lip and luscious eye of a Spanish peasant, the most devotional group by Murillo. Other original and characteristic forms are to be traced in Weber's music, though its chief merit lies not in form. The student will there discover early examples of melody and accompaniment given to the same hand;—the mechanist will perceive that constant disposition to stretch beyond the octave, recently exaggerated so frightfully. Some excellent specimens of popular composition, too, will be found, to the surprise of those critics who still write of Weber as if he could produce no other such music than that which had traveled from the Harz Mountain in the private satchel of Zaniel or Mephistopheles. Any one comparing his variations upon the melody from Mehul's 'Joseph' with those of Herz upon the same theme, must admit that in variety, grace, and that poorest requisite for producing effect, difficulty to be overcome,—to say nothing of such trifles as science, expression, and character,—the transcendental German could beat the most *piquant* writer of the *gew-gaw* school on his own debatable ground. It is to be regretted, that Weber's early death, and the dramatic course taken by his talents, make his contribution to the stores of orchestral or chamber music for the pianoforte comparatively limited."

The following analysis of the talents and compositions of MOSCHELES is very just, and cannot fail to interest our readers. The reviewer places him in the school of *genius*, though he came forward while the mere *executionists* had the field.

"Before this heartless school had reached its fullest glory a young artist appeared, who promised on his outset largely to contribute to the wonders of the pianoforte, and played so, to quote the Goethe and Zelter correspondence, 'that one was obliged to taste of the waters of Lethe, and forget all one had ever heard before. The fellow has hands,' continues the writer, 'which he turns in and out like a garment, and even with the nails he does not play badly.' This was Moscheles, whose 'Fall of Paris,' on its tour of triumph throughout Europe, eclipsed all the most marvelous of its predecessors. But even in those variations, professedly written to strike and to enchant, no musician, though he might be as adverse to 'French foam' as Zelter himself, could fail to detect a nervousness of structure—a disposition to travel out of the beaten track of harmony, which showed that a new mind was at work. That mind belonged to one who is now our first *thinker* for his instrument. Whether in the performance or the compositions of Moscheles, it is impossible not to perceive how remarkably great mechanical powers and consummate scientific experience have been placed wholly at the disposal of a clear and fine intellect. What was said of a deceased authoress applies to him, 'Some are led to thought through poetry,' but he has been 'led to poetry through thought.'"

"Few artists have tested themselves so severely in their intercourse with the public, as Moscheles has done; no one within the circle of our experience stood the test with such uniform success. For there is no style of music, from the fugues of Bach to the follies of Herz, which he has not performed; and there is none in which he has failed. For force and clearness of finger, in all sprightly, petulant passages, he is unrivaled. The place of Moscheles, among the musicians of Europe, will

become higher and more influential every year, for the mellowing process progressively discernible in his compositions and in his performance, is far from having reached its climax."

We come last of all, to FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, with whom the reviewer closes the account of the school of *genius*.

"One more artist is yet to be mentioned, before closing the record of the legitimate German school of modern pianoforte music—one more confirmation to be deduced of our theory that high mental and moral endowments, are the strongest pillars on which the temple of Art rests. This is Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Young as he is, he has conquered almost every form of composition. He might be made the subject of an article for his organ-playing, if his pianoforte compositions did not demand our attention; and his oratorio of 'St. Paul' in its stately simplicity comes so near to the massive works of Handel, that it is not chimerical to expect that the opera upon which he is known to be at present engaged for the English stage, may introduce into our lyric drama effects scarcely less grand—scarcely less severely natural than those which make Gluck's 'Orfeo' and 'Iphigenia' model works. Though Mendelssohn's earliest pianoforte works, the quartets, show that he, too, possesses that splendor of execution to which the most ceaseless chain of difficulties is no more than a string of common notes,—their author had scarcely reached the full use of his powers when he began at once to take the loftiest ground by writing for a full orchestra, and to throw into his compositions on that grand scale a picturesqueness of fancy which some had feared had left the world with Weber. His early love for the organ, and his initiative studies under Zelter, had already led him back beyond the imaginative present to the grave and severe past, and familiarized him with the gigantic works of Sebastian Bach. Such natural gifts—such a course of study, have stamped his music with a character at once picturesque and solid.

"His melodies, it must be noted, have introduced a novelty to the pianist, and have brought him yet closer to the vocal performer than he had hitherto been brought, by calling upon him for that distinctness and appropriateness of expression hitherto supposed the exclusive property of the singer. The further that Mendelssohn has advanced in his career, the more scrupulously and systematically has he separated himself from the finger-musicians. But where their artifices may come legitimately into use he wields them with a hand strong as it is careless."

We shall conclude our extracts from the above periodical, by some notices of a few of the most distinguished pianists of the fifth or marvelous school.

"There remain still to be mentioned the most recent pianists who form what may be called the marvellous school. For, whereas those just dismissed thought it good to regard the capabilities and physical structure of the hand, and thus have written music within the power of any one gifted with the common complement of fingers,—these innovators have begun by defying the inequalities and feebleness of nature, and have thus produced works which are but little likely to penetrate from the *studio* or concert saloon of the professional artist into the chamber of the amateur. There is an amusing anecdote told of a Parisian woman of fashion, who, in a conference with her *modiste*, being hindered in the execution of some subtle invention by a most unwelcome increase of corpulence, exclaimed, with all the despotism of waning beauty, 'I won't have all this here! You must put it somewhere else!' With a like resolution to be stronger than nature, do MM. HENSELT and CHOPIN appear to have trained themselves, and (though to a less extent) the most astonishing pianist who has hitherto visited England,—we mean, of course, THALBERG. The average span of the hand comprehends little more than an octave;—but their music constantly demands tenths, elevenths, twelfths, from the player. The third and fourth fingers are naturally the weakest and the most intimately connected together;—but, totally callous to this feebleness and brotherly union, Chopin (*vide* his Ninth

Study, book second) calls upon them constantly to execute the interval of a *fifth*, under circumstances peculiarly harassing; while Henselt, in his 'Midnight Meeting of Ghosts,' (see his '*Etudes de Salon*,') insists upon the octave being struck by the *first* and *fourth* fingers, that the thumb may be free for a flight some notes further! So also has the position and the office of the said thumb been remorselessly revolutionized. From being the pivot of the hand it has been made to do the work of an independent hand itself, while the fingers it once supported now play round it as accompanying satellites and subsidiaries. Flesh and blood will not bear this 'movement' should be carried much further: but it must be noted, that these modern reformers have much greater excuse for their proceedings than the mechanists of the brilliant school. For their extreme measures are intended to encourage a style of composition in which,—however complicated, or strange, or rapid, be the ornamental passage,—the predominance of a broad flowing melody is still to be asserted, and the progression of harmonic changes to receive its last attainable enrichment.

"As a pianist, M. HENSELT is perhaps the most marvellous. He has stretched and tormented his fingers—till the *desideratum* of the Parisian belle seems to have been attained—and they have been rendered capable of working his pleasure in defiance of nature and probability. Herr Rellstab, in one of a series of critical and personal notices, published not long since, in the '*Berliner Conversations-Blatt*,' speaks of him as the admitted equal of Thalberg, Liszt and Chopin.—The first said to Moscheles, 'I can play all that Henselt can;—but, adds Rellstab, 'if Henselt made the same remark with respect to Thalberg, he might add, '*and more besides*.'—For Henselt has power over music of every style and school; and in weighing the two, into his balance must be put all such merit and experience as belong to a composer—Thalberg's music being good for little, save when Thalberg plays it; whereas Henselt's is full of idea and melody as well of *tours de force*. Henselt is further described by Herr Rellstab as a very genius: in his manners untutored—wholly devoted to his art—and therefore not likely perhaps, to gain that universal popularity as a chamber musician, for the acquisition whereof, tact, suavity of address, and knowledge of the world are required. He is so nervous, moreover, as to lose a part of his wonderful powers when he enters the orchestra.

"By this allusion to the newest of the new school of pianists, we have been led away from him to whom precedence, according to chronological order, should have been given. But the peculiarities of THALBERG's manner as a performer—his soundness and richness of touch, wheroby, and by a most judicious employment of the pedal, tone is diffused of a consistence, and to an extent, never attained by any previous player—the deliberate and expressive delivery of his melodies, in which his performance, though less dramatic and passionate than Pasta's singing, possesses the same incomparable features of breadth and dignity—the amazing brilliancy of his execution, never broken by an angular or an incomplete note—have been too recently heard in English ears to require a deliberate recapitulation. And Thalberg's characteristics, be it remembered, are as yet principally those of an executive artist. We agree with Herr Rellstab's judgment. With the exception of a few graceful *Nocturni*, three *Caprices*, and a few studies peculiar rather than interesting, Thalberg has given to the world nothing but grand *Fantasias* upon operatic themes, and these possessing too few original features to warrant much augury being ventured for their composer's career. Moreover, in his choice for performance of the works of other artists, Thalberg appears to avoid grappling with the highest efforts of thought and fancy. He will be always heard with wonder and delight; there is something, too, most engaging in his youthful and gracious presence—in the total absence of every thing like stage effect and quackery in his intercourse with the public—in his leaving all airs and graces to meaner and older men. But it must be confessed that there exists a wonder yet rarer,

and a delight yet more exalted—those, namely, which owe themselves to the master-mind—than any that have been hitherto awakened even by his fascinating performances.

"As a composer, one of the most remarkable artists of the marvellous school is FREDERIC CHOPIN. With him we enter the circle of instrumental art as it exists at present in Paris; for though born near Warsaw in the year 1810, he has for the last seven years wholly resided in the French metropolis, and there gained his reputation as a chamber-player—his touch being too delicate, and his physical power too far behind the warmth of his conceptions, to make him eminent in an orchestra.

"This delicacy and exquisite finish have led to the rumor of his being one of Field's pupils. It was not so, however. Chopin, whose talents fit him for any profession, was not brought up to his art. He was educated at the college of Warsaw, and the course of his studies only changed in consequence of bad health. 'Chopin never improvises,' writes a friend, and one well able to appreciate him, 'as a matter of course, or unless he feels himself thoroughly inspired; but if you have the good fortune of meeting him on one of these happy days—if you follow the play of his animated countenance and the wonderful agility of his fingers, which appear as if they were dislocated—if you hear the anguish (*pleurissement*) of the strings, which still vibrate in your ear after he has ceased,—you waken as if from a dream, and ask if the pale and fragile man you see before you can be the same as he who has so completely subdued you.' It must be borne in mind that this character is a translated one. But there is much in Chopin's works to bear out his enthusiastic admirer. Those who approach them will be at first repelled by their desperate difficulty. His very alphabet, as has been already hinted, appears to contain a double number of letters. His chords require a hand strained according to the new fashion—his passages appear to be written with a perverse disposition not to flow as the ears and fingers expect. Moreover, there is an indescribable *ton de musette* running throughout the whole—difficult in the first instance to relish. When, however, the peculiar humor of Chopin is understood, much that is excellent and original develops itself—a spontaneous wildness of melody—an elegance which, to quote a phrase of Landor's, never 'drips into languors'—a passion which carries along the performer to attempt passages impossible to him in less poetical works.

"There is still to be added to the above catalogue the name of LISZT: a name hitherto only familiar to the few in England. And yet, some fifteen years ago, when a young English prodigy, George Aspull, was going the round of our musical circles, the young Hungarian (for Liszt is a native of Hungary and of peasant origin) was also performing his impossibilities on the piano in London in the presence of George the fourth. He was then for a time forgotten: till some half-dozen years since, when the tales of Paganini's long hair and slight figure were at their height, a companion marvel was naturally wanted for the piano—yet more eccentric—yet more a genius—with locks yet more profuse, and a countenance yet more desolate,—and the world began to hear again of Liszt! To speak seriously, the power, caprices, the inequalities, the wonderful genius, and the wonderful impertinences of his pianoforte playing, reached England in report—and with them Dantan's caricature of the enthusiast sprawling against his instrument—before it became also understood that these were but the excrescences of husk, as it were, and that a sound kernel, and one full of life, was thereby concealed. As, therefore, a strong personal interest and curiosity has been excited among the musical public in England with respect to Liszt, a few fragments may not be inopportunistically given from the MS. journal of a fervent lover of Art, who passed the winters of 1835 and 36 in Paris, and fell into the midst of the musical *virtuosi*, at the house of Ferdinand Hiller, who 'if he had not deserved a foremost place among his gifted friends as a musician, must always be remembered as a most amiable host.'

"Here," says he, "would come Cherubini, and

Onslow, and Baillot, the violinist. The two former never performed themselves, and I remember that one evening that Liszt and Hiller had played a duet on the pianoforte with excessive brilliancy, Onslow, half applauding the splendor of the execution, half displeased with the *fioriture* they had scattered over the composition, very innocently asked who had composed the piece. He was informed—and he had not suspected it—that it was *his own*!

"I once heard the greatest living French poet observe that there were then but two people of GENIUS in the world—Malibran and Liszt. Certainly, out of a thousand first-rate men, anybody would in ten minutes select Liszt as one of the foremost of them all. One night in particular he gave a public concert in Paris at the Salle St. Jean. When the last duet began I chanced to be sitting at the end of Liszt's instrument. As it proceeded I felt such a storm of energy in his performance, that the boards on which we were placed seemed to spring with life. It was a crash of notes—a passion so intense, so vehement, so violent, that it rose to a strong hysteric, and the artist, after one tremendous sweeping chord, fell back in the arms of his friends."

"With the name of Liszt the labor in hand closes; for being bound to omit all such professors of the art as have brought few additions to its resources, many admirable mechanists must necessarily be passed over."

"From what has been said, it will be readily deduced that our views of the prospects of pianoforte music are full of hope. It has been shown how that which is great and true in the elder masters of the art has not only stood its ground, but is increasingly made a rallying-point, while, even in that which is difficult and mechanical, whether in London, or Paris, or Vienna, there appears such a recognition of thought and purpose on the part of rising composers, as encourages us to expect that new styles may yet be invented, new works yet produced, based on sound foundations—and, therefore, of a permanent beauty and elevation. The chamber-musician, for whose pleasure and guidance the foregoing pages have been written, cannot for an instant mistake the line of study which we would recommend to him—nor be unaware that, in such recommendation, we have had a regard for the intellectual and moral developments of his sense of the Beautiful: as distinguished from the aimless and wasteful adoption of a pursuit as merely adding one to the pleasures of sense. H. F. C."

The Cologne Saenger-Fest.

(From Letters on Music in Germany, by the Musical Critic of the London Morning Post.)

Amongst the most interesting of recent musical events in Germany was the grand "Cologne Sönger-fest," given in aid of the fund for completing the cathedral. There was such a coming and going through the narrow streets of this far more ancient than commodious city—such hurrying to and fro in hot haste—such excitement amongst the rubicund, tight-laced, military officials—bewilderment of foreigners (especially Englishmen, who were present, of course, *en masse*) as one never sees in England, even at our greatest music meetings. It was really a sight to be remembered. The curious old gothic saints who stand, as you know, in equally curious little niches at quaint corners of still quainter streets, or lean in cleverly-balanced holiness and ingeniously-poised benevolence over shop or house doors, all seemed to have been dusted and furnished up for the occasion, and certainly looked, with their queer little eyes and sharp mediæval features, as if they took a keen interest in the festival and its receipts.

On the first morning, when I sallied forth in search of music and sights, everybody appeared to be running everywhere and arriving nowhere. Vainly did drums beat and trumpets sound—vainly did large bills in excessively bad type, placed upon inaccessible heights, with a glaring sun full upon them, offer their official information; for we could neither understand these (doubtless perfectly eloquent) military signals, nor the very high German of the placards. No programme

could I procure for the moment, and so rushed about, like many others, consoling myself with the reflection—"Cologne, after all, is not very large, and by going everywhere I must eventually get to the right spot, and that probably before nightfall."

At length, however, fortune threw in my way a gentleman, who, judging from his extraordinary corpulence, numerous decorations, and the almost incredible tightness of his stock and coat, I at once set down for an official of great importance, and to him I thought of addressing myself. The huge cheeks, heavily bubbling over the military neck fetter, the twinkling good-natured grey eyes, beside other favorable physical inclinations, inspired me with the belief that he would prove a kind and useful guide, *quand même*, and so having made up my mind to address him, I lost not an instant in doing so; for, to speak candidly, I had serious apprehensions of his earthly career being abruptly terminated before I could get the necessary information. He positively looked as if he might burst at any moment. Well, now I found out that the burgomaster and corporation, the patrons of the festival, Count Fürstenberg, Baron von Möller, General von Gansauge (*Anglicé* Goose-eye), and the members of the building committee were parading about to receive the various deputations of singers at the railway and steamboat stations. This was about 8 a.m. After wondrous cheering, "*willkommens*" and "*lebe-hochs*," military band performances, vigorous pushing, squabbling, flag-waving, &c., the singers, four hundred in number, were marched in triumph, under flying banners, through gaily decorated streets to the "Hof von Brabant," where they were again, and more formally, welcomed by the patrons, &c. Here a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and the ceremony of drinking the "Ehren-wein" performed. The "Ehren-wein" is the "wine of honor" offered to a distinguished guest; and rarely has there been heard such a chinking and tinkling of glasses as the "anstoßen" of these many-hundred drinkers produced. After some complimentary and appropriate remarks from General von Goose-eye, and other patrons and members of the committee, came the distribution of cards of admission and programmes, which was effected in a becomingly methodical and pompous manner. Then, about 11 a.m. (they had been "at it" three hours already), we had the solemn procession of all concerned in the festival, amounting to nearly six hundred, which was really a very brilliant and grand thing of its kind. The white-faced houses, with their pretty green jalousies, their door-posts wreathed with flowers, their windows crowded with spectators, and decorated from top to bottom with flaunting flags and gay devices, seemed to smile on the passing pageant as it moved over the Alten-markt, the Heu-markt, the Malhias-Follen, and Rheinaustrasse, amid the crash of military music and the shouts of the populace. At 3 o'clock p.m. was the *café-visite* in the Königs' Halle, and at 4 a grand concert by the 400 singers, including "prize singing" between the representatives of the various choral societies, no less than 20 of which had sent deputations to do honor to the occasion. At eight p.m. there was a grand ball in the Vaudeville Theatre, in the course of which the names of the victors in the prize singing were officially proclaimed amid acclamations. The first day's festival, that lasted from eight a.m. till about midnight—16 hours of promenading, shouting, staring, speechifying, singing, playing, eating, drinking, smoking, and dancing! Talk of the Englishman's capacity for enduring long entertainments after this!

I told you yesterday how the good people of Cologne celebrated the first day of their grand "Sönger-fest" with unflagging zeal during sixteen hours, and have now to record the exhibition of similar powers of endurance on their part throughout the second day. On this occasion, however, there was less parading and fuss, but more music. The grand concert in the Königs-hallé was indeed the chief attraction. The programme included, among other things, Weber's Jubilee overture; selections from Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, with the overture to the latter; the *Carnival of Venice*, with variations for a full orchestra, by one Hamm;

Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the "Wedding March," from the same, with the chorus of priests from Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*. Some of the "prize singing" at the first concert, of which I have already spoken, was perfect in every respect. In England we have doubtless excellent choristers. Our sopranos are generally better than those of Germany, whilst the Teutonic basses, for the most part, surpass ours. In physical means, then, the two nations are (musically speaking) about on an equality; but it is by careful training, patient preparation, and more intelligent direction, that the Germans frequently realize a result which we rarely attain. The same thing may be said with respect to their orchestral performances. Even where the individual talent is smaller, the *ensemble*, owing to the above causes, is generally more satisfactory. English executants will not take sufficient trouble; they appear to have a national antipathy to rehearsals, and their directors, especially the chorus-master, are not always quite as enlightened and pains-taking as they might be. The eternal "Oh, it's all right!" and "It will 'go' at night," of the English orchestral players, are but too familiar to those unhappy composers who have even staked their reputation upon some new and important work, composed for our dear public, which criticizes, after all, more severely than any other. It is also no unusual thing to see choristers walk in at a last rehearsal, and even on that marvellous "night" of performance, when everything is sure to "go," with music in their hands which they never saw before. There is no question that the English orchestral players are wonderful readers and extraordinarily quick at catching the spirit of a new composition—Spohr, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and other unquestionable authorities, have borne honorable testimony to this fact; but they abuse their powers, and the consequence is, that they rarely play with that perfect *ensemble* and delicate observance of the *nuances* of expression which we find in many continental bands, even in those of smaller pretensions.

The local choral societies engaged in this amicable strife were those of the Concordia, Harmonie, and Handwerker-gesang-verein, whilst those of no less than twenty neighboring towns, some of which are scarcely more than villages, each sent in their contingent. Of course no invidious distinctions should be made, no condemnatory criticisms published, with respect to the performances of amateurs and artists, all of whom came forward to do their best in a good cause; but it may be stated, nevertheless, that although the separate executancy of some of the choirs was not always irreproachable, the general effect was highly honorable to all concerned. Certain pieces, indeed, in which the combined forces of the 400 were employed, were rendered with a precision, justness of intonation, and *chiaro-oscuro* which left nothing to wish for.

The ball in the evening, at the Vaudeville Theatre, was one of those frank, jolly, *gemüthlich* affairs, which one meets with only in Germany.

The concert of the following day served to display the powers of the band, numbering sixty performers, to considerable advantage. It certainly was not the best of the best; such as we may hear, for instance, in London or the great cities of the continent; but there was no lack, nevertheless, of that spirit of *ensemble*, observance of the accents, points of expression, and lights and shade, without which the efforts of the most dexterous players remain imperfect. We had more than enough of the "artiste of the future," Richard Wagner, whose confused, noisy, frantic, and almost impossible (!) overture to *Tannhäuser* taxed the powers of the band to the utmost, and must have absorbed for its rehearsal a very large portion of time and attention, which might have been much more profitably employed. The present ascendancy of this clever sophist over the musical mind of Germany, formerly so remarkable for the purity, soundness, and *echtheit* of its taste, is really extraordinary. It is quite delightful, after all this impotent raving—this "sound and fury signifying nothing"—to turn to the simply grand and beautiful chorus of Mozart,

the exquisitely poetical *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, and the clear, magnificently bright, and nobly joyous "Wedding March," by Mendelssohn, to all of which great justice was done by the band. The choristers again on this occasion distinguished themselves most honorably. The judges of the "prize-singing" were the cathedral kapellmeister, Leibl, Professor Breitenstein, the royal music-director, Töpler, Rheinthal, (favorably known to the London public through an oratorio of his composition performed last season at St. Martin's Hall), Schallmeyer, W. Herr, and ten others selected from the various choral societies. The prizes consisted solely of gold and silver medals and goblets, bearing appropriate inscriptions.

I am unable at present to tell you to what extent the building fund has been benefited by this admirable festival; but, judging from the very large attendance on each day, I am inclined to believe that a considerable sum must have been realized. It were unfair to close this notice without stating that the principal artists of the Cologne Opera, and the excellent band of the 33rd regiment of the line, also gave their assistance on the occasion, and contributed largely to the general attractions of the meeting. On the day following the festival, the first general assemblage of the "Christian Art Union of Germany" took place in Cologne. The meeting was inaugurated by the performance of High Mass in the cathedral, when Palestrina's celebrated "Missa Solennis" was given with perfectly sublime effect. Of this, however, and other things, I shall have more to tell you in my next despatch.

P. S. I re-open the parcel to inform you that His Majesty the King of Prussia has just sent the Red Order of the Eagle, fourth class, to M. Panzeron of Paris, whom Berlioz has immortalized as the physician for *Les Melodies Secrètes*. This news will greatly astonish the musical world of London and Paris, I assure you.

(From the New York Musical World.)

The New York Philharmonic Society.

From the annual report of this flourishing institution we make the following extracts, which will interest our readers:

"A season of unprecedented prosperity has proved to us that the interest enlisted in our performances is commensurate with our increased efforts to deserve it. In saying this, we would, however, not be understood as arrogating to ourselves absolute perfection. If we may be permitted to compare our concerts with those of our sister societies, for instance, the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, the Old and New Philharmonic Societies of London, and those of the Conservatoire of Paris, it will be found that, whatever superiority is reasonably claimed for them does not consist so much in the greater capabilities of the orchestra, individually considered, as in the perfection of its *ensemble*, attainable only after many years practising together. Ours, being comparatively a young society, is constantly gathering new strength by adding now only members of undoubted talent; many older members, who formed the nucleus of our society, having, in consideration of not constantly practising their respective instruments, with commendable self-denial relinquished their places in the orchestra, and by their outside influence and maturer council at our meetings, show that conscious pride of having been instrumental in forming (may we be allowed to say it?) the noblest institution of the kind in America.

"In referring once more to our trans-Atlantic brethren, we would state one more reason why the concerts of the Conservatoire are superior to ours, nay, as it is maintained, to all others, in the execution of Beethoven's and Mozart's symphonies; the fact is, they seldom play any other. Granting the unsurpassed beauties and grandeur of those immortal masters, it must doubtless appear strange to any one being used to such varied programmes as we present to our audiences, to learn that the no less admirable creations of Mendelssohn, Spohr, Schubert, Gade, Robert Schu-

mann and others of more recent date, are scarcely known there. That the constant repetition of the same pieces, and the consequent familiarity of every musician with every note of them, there being so little change in the performance and the performers, must greatly contribute to a very perfect rendering of the same, cannot be wondered at, but to us it seems a doubtful policy, to say the least of it, nor would we have touched upon the subject if it were not for the purpose of answering those who, notwithstanding the variety of compositions brought before our audiences, complain of occasional repetitions of favorite pieces.

"Others more conservative, but doubtless as well meaning, would prefer to hear the compositions of the older masters oftener, find fault with us for introducing newer works. Under these circumstances, it will readily be admitted that it is not an easy task, if possible at all, to please every one. We have endeavored to do our best in this regard by pursuing a middle course, so as to satisfy the different predilections of our hearers. The programmes of our concerts will show that we generally have had one, if not two, new orchestral pieces in every concert. It is hoped that this explanation will prove satisfactory to our patrons, and we would be glad if we could dispose as easily of another complaint more serious, because more just.

"It is the insufficient accommodations of our associate members and subscribers at our concerts and rehearsals. The only apology we have to offer is, that unprepared as we were for so great an increase of our associate members, and being obliged to engage the rooms for concerts and rehearsals in advance and for the whole season, we could not go to a larger place, and therefore could do no more than stop the sale of extra tickets at rehearsals. This we did reluctantly, not on account of the pecuniary loss to us, but because we were violating the very condition on which the rehearsal tickets were bought, namely, that the same conferred the privilege of buying extra tickets at 50 cents each. At concerts the money has been returned in many instances, where complaint was made that no proper accommodation could be found. It is, however, confidently hoped that the new Board of Directors will exert themselves to the utmost to obliterate the remembrance of these grievances by more circumspect arrangements. In conclusion, we would urge upon actual members a continuance of that strict attention to their duties, and thank them for their co-operation in carrying out the principal object of our association, 'The improvement of instrumental music.'

The following condensed statement of the treasurer's report will show how the money comes and how it goes:

Balance on hand from last season.....	\$ 140 38
Received by Scharfenberg & Luis.....	4,570 00
" " L. Spier.....	4,520 50
Total receipts.....	\$9,230 88
PAID OUT.	
Amount of Dividends.....	\$5,077 25
Rent—Niblo's Concert Room and Garden, and Mercer House.....	1,483 90
Professional Aid.....	374 00
Salaries—Secretary, Librarian and Messenger.....	342 75
Doorkeeper and collecting.....	110 40
Music, purchased, copied and arranged.....	101 91
Advertising.....	128 10
Printing.....	252 00
Sinking Fund, amount drawn therefrom and refunded with interest.....	155 00
" " amount of Fines.....	183 75
Donation to Mrs. Sauer.....	68 50
Sundries (fully explained in Secretary's Report).....	320 12
Total expenditures.....	\$8,596 78
RECAPITULATION.	
Amounts received.....	\$9,230 88
" " paid out.....	8,596 78
Balance on hand, \$634 10	

From the more minute financial report, we learn that members have been fined, during the

year, to the extent of \$188 75; that lawyer-fees have been paid in \$30 00; that Mr. Bergmann received for his services \$150 00, and the Brothers Mollenhauer \$50 00.

That the system of the society is a rigorous one we learn from the fact that ten members (whose names are mentioned) have lost their membership in consequence of non-payment of taxes according to the constitution. The names of three associate members are also printed in full who have not paid their dues.

The orchestra comprises 28 violins, 10 violas, (led last year by Theo. Eisfeld) 8 violoncellos, 8 double basses, 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 trumpets, 4 horns, 3 trombones, 1 drum. Total 73.

Among 21 non-performing members of the orchestra, we find one of the editors of the *N. Y. Musical World*, Dr. Edward Hodges, organ, Wm. Scharfenberg, violin and piano-forte, H. C. Timm, trombone and piano-forte; we believe Mr. Timm also executes upon the big drum and cymbals when necessity require.

The honorary members of the society are as follows:

HONORARY MEMBERS.

M. Henri Vieuxtemps.....	1843
Herr Ole Bull.....	1843
M. Leopold de Meyer.....	1845
Mr. Joseph Burke.....	1846
Dr. Louis Spohr.....	1846
*Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.....	1846
M. Henri Herz.....	1846
Sig. Camillo Sivori.....	1846
Sig. Giovanni Bottesini.....	1850
Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.....	1850
Mr. Jules Benedict.....	1850
Mad. Henrietta Sontag.....	1852
Mad. Marietta Albani.....	1852
Herr Carl Eckert.....	1852
Master Paul Julien.....	1853
Mr. Wm. Vincent Wallace.....	1853
*Dr. Friedrich Schneider.....	1853
Mr. Richard Hoffmann.....	1855
Mr. Louis M. Gottschalk.....	1855
Sig. Cesare Badiali.....	1856
Total 20.	

Among the associate members we find the names of many distinguished persons in the community, such as Dr. Adams, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Berrian, George Bancroft, George W. Curtis, and many others beyond the mere B's in the alphabet, whose names we have not time to cull out. Whole families, we observe, subscribe yearly to the Philharmonic—families of four, five and six persons; and we doubt if any catalogue of names could be shown comprising so much of the solid respectability, the wealth, and even the fashion of this metropolis, as that of the Philharmonic.

The professional members of the society number 166. The subscribing members, 59.

The whole number of members, associate, professional and subscribing, is 1316.

On the whole, the New York Philharmonic Society is decidedly an institution, an honor to the community, and a musically-educating power in this city of inestimable value. Now that they have expanded beyond Niblo's, and are obliged to occupy the Academy of Music for the rehearsals as well as the performances, their star seems more than ever in the ascendant.

In the early history of the Philharmonic, it was patronized by mere fashionables, and as a matter of mere fashion. This of course could not last long, there being no real taste for orchestral music of an elevated quality. But the society, though languishing, still kept on, until it had fairly educated a musical public for itself. This public is largely increasing every year. It has reached the very best classes; the gayer part of the community, even, are beginning to fall in again, and the future success of the society seems beyond peradventure; and all this from an honest and persevering effort persistently to give good music and to educate people up to it.

REWARDING DRAMATIC GENIUS.—The management of one of the Paris theatres offered a prize for the best operetta, suitable for that establishment, and the result was that seventy-eight composers sent in pieces

to compete therefor. Auber, the composer of "Masaniello," and some other operas tolerably well known in the musical world, was at the head of the jury of examination who were appointed to award the prize. After five days' examination, the committee divided the candidates into three categories: the first comprising compositions of remarkable merit; the second, inferior works; and the third, those which were below an average. In the first were twenty-two works, in the second sixteen, and in the third forty. A further examination subsequently took place by the jury of examination, for the purpose of selecting the six candidates to whom is to be entrusted the manuscript on which the music of the operetta is to be written, and the following are the names, alphabetically arranged, of the persons definitively selected: MM. Bizet, second grand prize of Rome; Demersmann, Erlanger, Lecoq, Limagne, and Manquet.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 25, 1856.

Musical Instruments at the Fair.

The *Transcript* publishes a revised list of the awards at the late Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. In the items which we gleaned from its first list, relating to Piano-fortes and Reed Organs, there are one or two corrections to be made. The Gold Medal, it appears, was awarded to CHICKERING & SONS, not only for their *Grand Piano*, but for the best *Grand*, *Semi-grand*, and *Parlor Grand* Pianos; and this was the only gold medal awarded for pianos. Silver medals were awarded to TIMOTHY GILBERT & Co. for *Grand Piano-forte*; to HALLETT, DAVIS & Co. for *Semi-Grand do.*; to CHICKERING & SONS for the best, and to JAMES W. VOSE for the second best *Square do.* Bronze Medals were awarded for *Square Pianos* to A. W. LADD & Co., TIMOTHY GILBERT & Co., and HALLETT, DAVIS & Co.; and Diplomas for *Square Pianos* to BROWN & ALLEN, GEORGE HEWES, JACOB CHICKERING, and WM. P. EMERSON; also to A. G. CORLISS for his "Swell Mute Attachment" to the piano, exhibited by Chickering & Sons.

So much for Piano-fortes proper, considered as musical instruments. But we may as well complete the chapter by gleaned from the list of awards all that relate in any direct way to music. Premiums were freely lavished upon piano-forte cases, the mere cabinet maker's side of the matter. Certainly the hall was full of splendid instruments as pieces of furniture. Taste in externals, elegance of form, are surely to be commended. But we must dissent, as most musicians we believe do, from one of the new fashions in this particular. We mean the showy pearl keys, and the whim of rounding or scolloping the ends of the keys, to which nearly every maker except the Chickering appears to have yielded. Plain ivory, with straight ends, has proved the most truly elegant, as well as the most convenient to the touch, which is the great point. The awards for cases were: Silver Medals to CHICKERING & SONS, HALLETT, DAVIS & Co., and WM. P. EMERSON; Bronze medals to JACOB CHICKERING, JAMES W. VOSE, TIMOTHY GILBERT & Co., A. T. HOLIAN (for imitation rosewood,) and A. W. LADD & Co. (for *Grand Piano case*); Diploma to A. NEWHALL & Co.

The show of Pianos, as we have before said, was a remarkably fine one, and illustrated the progress of the art in a manner highly flattering

to this country. Perhaps we should say, to this city; for the one source of disappointment to us in this exhibition was the absence of all contributions from the manufacturers of other cities.

There were no specimens of Church Organs, for which our makers have a just fame, in the exhibition; but there were "any quantity" of those humbler substitutes for the Church Organ, the various sizes and modifications of reed organs, of the Melodeon family. The gold medal was carried off by the Organ Harmonium of Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN, noticed in our last; the silver medal, by the Melodeons of the same; the bronze medal, by the Melodeons of S. D. & H. W. SMITH; and Diplomas by the Melodeons of NICHOLS & GERRISH, and the "Tremolo Attachment" to the Melodeon, invented by L. LOUIS.

Various awards were made to other branches of the musical instrument family; to instruments sustaining a sort of second cousin relationship to the family; to methods of using instruments, and to materials employed in their manufacture. Under these various heads we find silver medals assigned to HENRY N. HOOPER & Co. for a chime of Twelve Bells, to THEODORE BERTELING for Flutes, and to NATHAN RICHARDSON for his "Modern School for the Piano-forte"; bronze medals, to E. G. WRIGHT for a Silver Bugle, to WHITE BROTHERS for Guitars and Violins, and to CHICKERING & SONS for Piano-forte Hardware; Diplomas to NATHAN RICHARDSON for Electrotpe Music Printing, to P. F. DODGE for Piano-forte Hardware, to ISAIAH H. AREY (Boscawen, N. H.) for Violins, and to GEO. CLISBEE (Marlboro', Mass.) for a "Musical Chair" (!), in which a person has only to sit down to make music. Verily a "Yankee notion"!

When the report of the judges in this department shall be printed (as we understand the reports of all the judges will be in a book form), we shall doubtless have an intelligent critical view of the present state of the arts of musical instrument making, as illustrated in this exhibition.

Henry Squires, the American Tenor.

This gentleman, who has been pursuing his studies for the last four years in Naples, and who has appeared with great success in several of the operas of the "divine Verdi," as the Italians call him, is engaged in London, and may be expected in New York this winter. A friend sends us some slips from Neapolitan newspapers, describing his appearance at a concert given in the summer by the flutist CARLO CARAVOGIA, some extracts from which may be interesting to our readers. We translate first from *Il Giornale dei Giornali*:

We feel compelled to spend some words upon the American tenor, Signor Enrico Squires, a young artist already known to us by other public proofs which he has given, but who never has presented himself in an *accademia* (concert) of so much importance as that of Caravoglia, in which Squires, so far from remaining much behind the artists of San Carlo, with whom he appeared in competition, was a worthy companion of them. The voice of Squires is of good compass, good intonation, flexible to the finest vanishing, and will not lack that energy of accent which is ever required in the songs of the divine Verdi, when he shall have acquired more confidence with the Italian public. Whatever slightest incorrectness of method may be remarked in the voice of Squires, we think is owing to his English pronunciation and not to his taste, which in many points showed itself exquisite and perfectly Italian.

This sympathetic artist sang excellently well the Romanza from *Luisa Miller*; and not only were many plaudits lavished upon him at the end, but he was several times in the midst of the execution interrupted by *bene e bravo*. But where Squires showed himself a true artist was in the duet from the "Sicilian Vespers," in which he accompanied the admirable VIOLA, with whom he finely interpreted all the graces of this most beautiful piece.

Our next extract is from the *Giornale del Commercio*, which says:

Next came the duet from *I Vespri Siciliani*. It cannot be told with how much art and how much soul Signora Viola and Signor Squires executed those magic notes of the great Italian maestro. . . . Afterwards Squires sang the Romanza from *Luisa Miller*, and he put into it so much sentiment as to search the most hidden fibres of the heart and bring tears into the eyes. . . .

Another paper, *Il Palazzo di Cristallo*, says:

Sign. Enrico Squires is the tenor whom Caravoglia united with the prima donna and the baritone of San Carlo, by whose side Squires has a right to be placed; for if as a novice he wants that freedom in singing which comes from long practice of the art, and that readiness of Italian pronunciation which only one born in Italy can possess, he is furnished nevertheless with a most beautiful voice, for which we have reason to augur for him a splendid career.

The *N.Y. Times* translates from *La Rondinella*, Aug. 28, a notice of another concert given at Sorrento by this same Caravoglia, in which Mr. Squires assisted:

"The clear liquid voice of Sig. SQUIRES, with his pure accent, touched all. The B flat, in the cadenza of his first song was so well given that it enchanted everybody. In the duet from 'Rigoletto,' sung by SQUIRES and GINEVRA TAVINI, the sympathetic tenor displayed all the beauties of his lovely voice. But the crowning effort of all was in the divine 'Romanza' from 'La Favorita,' which was interrupted by the applause from the other artists, who could not restrain themselves owing to the pathos of feeling which the singer threw into it. All present were completely astonished, and confessed to have never before heard the 'Romanza' sung so well as by SQUIRES. In the 'Tersetto' from 'I Lombardi,' he showed a great deal of intelligence and dramatic passion."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20. I have been long absent, and returned to town only a few days ago. This may account for my remissness in correspondence. There has been, however, very little of importance going on in the musical world. The German opera has struggled on bravely, in spite of indifferent success at first, and seems to be gaining a firm footing. The orchestra and choruses, under Mr. BERGMANN'S direction, are unanimously praised; the solo singers as unanimously condemned. Some additions to their corps arrived in the last German steamer, and others are expected in the next. It is to be hoped that they are an improvement upon the present members. Lortzing's *Undine*, concerning the merits of which opinions differ, has met with great success, and been given several times. But greater things are in store for us, if report says true, in the shape of *Fidelio*, the *Huguenots*, *Tannhäuser*, *La Dame Blanche*, and several smaller operas.

Apropos of *Fidelio*, I must tell you of an amusing discovery I made this summer. In an old paper of 1839 or thereabouts, which happened to fall into my hands, I found the following:

PARK THEATRE.—MADAME TAGLIONI'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

This Evening, Sept. 24, will be performed the farce of
OUR MARY ANNE.

After which, the 2d act of the Grand Ballet of LA SYLPHIDE.
La Sylphide, Madame Taglioni
James Reuben, Mons. Taglioni

After which, the 3d Act of FIDELIO.
Don Pizarro, Mr. Gabriel
Don Florestano, Mr. Manvers
Rocco, Mr. Martyn
Jacquino, Mr. Edwin
Leonora, Mrs. Martyn
Marcelline, Miss Poole

After which, the Ballet of *NATHALIE*; or, *La Laitière Suisse*.
Nathalie.....Madame Taglion
Le Comète.....Mons. Taglion
 To conclude with the Farce of the *MISER'S DAUGHTER*.
Isaac Ivy.....Mr. Chippindale
Anna Ivy.....Mrs. Richardson

What say you to the company poor Beethoven has got into? I was not aware that *Fidelio* had ever been performed in this country, particularly in fragments, and hemmed in by farces and ballets.

For the many enjoyments which the summer has brought me, it has debarred me almost entirely from all musical advantages, and it was therefore with peculiar delight that, last Saturday, I listened once more to the wondrous harmonies of the great master, as set forth in the Fifth Symphony. The almost unanimous wish, too, of the subscribers was fulfilled by the rehearsals and concerts being advertised to take place in the Academy of Music—the only appropriate building for the object which the city contains. There was an unusually large attendance for the first rehearsal, and I think there were very many present who were very glad to see Mr. EISEL in the conductor's place once more. It is but due to him that it should be so. Nothing is said as yet about any Quartet Soirées from either of last winter's two sources. The *entrepreneurs* probably, with Mr. Thalberg, think it more prudent to postpone operations until after the election.

STRAKOSCH and PARODI and their party advertised a concert for Wednesday evening.

I conclude with an anecdote, which I give on good authority. A well known professor of music in our city was one day called upon by an individual from a small Western town, who introduced himself as a fellow musician and teacher. He stated that, having six weeks vacation, he had come on to New York to perfect himself in the different branches of his profession, and wished to take lessons on the piano, violin, harp and flute, and in singing, harmony, and composition. He devoted his whole time to the pursuit of knowledge under these forms; but at the end of the six weeks the professor, who had superintended his efforts upon the piano and violin, had found it utterly impossible to instill into him any acquaintance with the latter, and on the former had written for him a piece suited to his capacities, which were below any but the very easiest compositions. This piece, a Swiss air, with variations, the pupil, whom we will call John Smith, had mastered, at least to his own satisfaction. He took his departure, and nothing more was heard of him for some time. At last, one fine day, the professor received a paper from his pupil's place of residence, which contained the announcement of a "Grand Concert by Professor John Smith, assisted by his pupils." The programme consisted of a long array of polkas, waltzes, quicksteps, songs, etc., but the chief attraction was the "Grand Finale," which was this: "Swiss Air with Variations, composed expressly for and dedicated to Professor J. S. by the celebrated Signor ———, conductor of the ——— concerts in New York, etc., arranged by Prof. J. S. for thirty-two hands on sixteen pianos." (!!!) It is hardly necessary to suggest the probability of the "arrangements" being in unison, and there being more "variations" in the execution of the different performers than in the composition.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Thus far sixteen performances have been given by the German company at Niblo's, in New York, including five operas, *Robert*, *Stradella*, *Masaniello*, *Freischütz* and *Undine*. New singers are arriving. Mlle. JOHANNSEN, from the Frankfurt Theatre, has come, and was to appear in the *Freischütz* as Agatha on Thursday evening. She will also take the principal part in *Fidelio*. As soon as the expected baritone,

Herr BECKER, comes, the *Nachtlager von Granada* (Encampment at Granada), by Kreutzer, will be produced.... Sig. BERNARDI, the baritone who gave so much pleasure here in the PARODI and STRAKOSCH concerts, will not continue with them, we understand. His appearance in public is only occasional, he being well established for some two years past as a teacher in Brooklyn, N. Y.... Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS gave a concert on the 1st of this month at Albany, assisted by Mr. WILLIAM MASON and Mr. C. R. ADAMS, the tenor singer. It gave unbounded satisfaction. Miss Phillips also made a very fine impression this week in the part of Azucena in the Italian Opera here in Boston.

THALBERG, it appears, has composed two operas, *Florinda*, and *Christine of Sweden*. Thalberg married the daughter of Lablache. He visited Rio Janeiro last year, and he waits until after the 4th of November, to see "the Union saved," before he begins his concerts in North America, reversing the Napoleonic saying, thus: After the deluge, me, Thalberg! Just before his departure from Europe, Thalberg played in a concert (the first time for many years) given by the Philharmonic Society at Boulogne. The room was crammed, and the great pianist performed three of his grand piano solos, viz: his Barcarole and Fantasias on *Masaniello* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*; also a piece from the *Puritani* on the Orgue d'Alexandre, or Organ Harmonium, which excited unbounded enthusiasm. It was his first public performance on this instrument, and Messrs. Berlioz and Fiorentino went from Paris to be present.

Miss MARIA MUELLER, a cousin of JENNY LIND, has been engaged as contralto for the French opera at New Orleans.... LORINI, the tenor, and Madame WHITING LORINI have been singing at Dublin. The *Post* says:—"Mme. LORINI is an American lady, of Irish origin, according to the statements in the newspaper; she is young, attractive, and talented, and sings with energy and effect. She was much applauded, and was especially effective in the concerted pieces.... CARL CZERNY, the indefatigable composer, has now reached *opus* eight hundred and fifty-three of original works, which embraces no less than two thousand two hundred and eighty-three separate numbers. Besides this, however, he has, of unpublished larger works, numerous masses, symphonies, etc.

Of Mme. ANGRI, who comes with her sister (soprano), and her husband (a conductor of repute), the *New Yorker* says: "She has a superb voice, and is a finished artiste; she was one of the mainstays of the Royal Italian Opera, London, during its early struggle with Her Majesty's Theatre, and completely electrified the dilettanti by her singing. She has a 'noble presence,' completely eclipsing the 'magnificent' Vestrali in person; combining all the latter's dash and brilliancy—whilst as a vocal artiste, she is infinitely her superior."

Advertisements.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE

Has the honor to announce that she will open three new classes for the instruction of Young Ladies on the PIANO-FORTE, on

Monday Forenoon, Nov. 3d,
for very far advanced young ladies.

Tuesday Afternoon, Nov. 4th,
for young misses who have already begun.

Wednesday, November 5th,
for young misses, beginners.

Applications to be made at No. 55 Hancock Street.

MUSICAL SOIRÉES.

OTTO DRESEL

Proposes to give his *FOURTH SERIES OF FOUR SOIRÉES*, At the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, during the months of December, January, February and March, on Saturday evenings to be hereafter specified. Subscription for the Series, in packages of four tickets, \$8. Subscription lists may be found at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, and at the music stores.

GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS.

Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN beg leave to inform their friends and the public that the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association have awarded them a **GOLD MEDAL** for their new musical instrument, the Organ-Harmonium, and a **SILVER MEDAL** for their Melodeons, exhibited at the Fair of 1856. The highest premium (a SILVER MEDAL) has also been awarded us for the best Melodeons by the Pennsylvania State Fair, held at Pittsburgh, September, 1856. *First Premiums* have also been awarded our Organ-Harmoniums by the following State Fairs:—Vermont State Fair, held at Burlington; New Jersey State Fair, held at Newark; Ohio State Fair, held at Cleveland: all held during the month of September, 1856:—making *Six First Premiums* in one month!

N. B.—Our Melodeons and Organ-Harmoniums have taken the **FIRST PRIZES** over all competitors in every Fair at which they have been exhibited. The Organ-Harmonium is a new musical instrument of our own invention (holding two patents for it) for church and parlor use. We make two styles of it, one with, and the other without, pedal bass. The one with pedal bass contains eight stops, two rows of keys, two octaves of pedals, an independent set of pedal reeds, and a swell pedal. Price \$400. The other style is precisely the same with the exception of the pedals. Price \$350. Prices of Melodeons from \$80 to \$175. Price of Organ Melodeons \$200.

For descriptive circulars and further information address

MASON & HAMLIN,
Cambridge St. (cor. of Charles,) Boston, Ms.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of Geo. P. Reed & Co., Music Publishers and Dealers in Musical Merchandise, at No. 13 Tremont Street, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Geo. P. REED.
Geo. D. RUSSELL.

Boston, October 15th, 1856.

COPARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that GEO. D. RUSSELL, of the late firm of Geo. P. Reed & Co., Music Dealers, 13 Tremont Street, and NATHAN RICHARDSON, Music Dealer, 282 Washington Street, have this day formed a Copartnership under the name and firm of RUSSELL & RICHARDSON, successors to Geo. P. Reed & Co. and Nathan Richardson. They will continue the Music Business in all its branches, and trust, by a strict attention to all orders with which they may be intrusted, to merit a continuance of the favors which have been so liberally bestowed upon them heretofore.

RUSSELL & RICHARDSON,
(Successors to Geo. P. Reed & Co. and Nathan Richardson.)

A CARD.

THE subscriber, having disposed of his entire interest in the late firm of Geo. P. Reed & Co. to Messrs. Russell & Richardson, takes this opportunity to thank his friends and patrons for their past liberal patronage, and to solicit a continuance of the same to his worthy successors, whose knowledge of the business in its various departments, and extensive facilities, are a sufficient guaranty that all orders will receive the most prompt attention.

Geo. P. REED.

TO PIANO-FORTE PLAYERS.

THE undersigned would call the attention of all who desire to possess the works for piano-forte solo by the greatest masters, to a new, correct, and elegant stereotype edition now issuing from the press in Germany. Depending upon a very extensive sale of this edition, the publisher has put his prices so low that no one who really desires to carry the practice of the instrument beyond the performance of a few songs, polkas, quicksteps, and the like, need be deprived of complete sets of the grandest and most beautiful works yet composed for the Piano-Forte.

The edition already extends to the following works, which are ready for delivery:—

THE PIANO-FORTE SONATAS OF BEETHOVEN, 32 in number, in two volumes, comprising over 450 pages of music.

THE COMPLETE PIANO-FORTE WORKS OF MOZART, for two and four hands, in two volumes: Vol. I. containing 19 Sonatas for two hands; Vol. II. containing 22 pieces, consisting of Rondos, Fantasias, Adagios, Minuets, Variations and the like, for two hands, together with four Sonatas and several other pieces for four hands.

THE COMPLETE PIANO-FORTE WORKS OF JOSEPH HAYDN are in course of publication, also in two volumes, consisting of 34 Sonatas, four books of Variations, a Fantasia, a Capriccio and an Adagio.

An Additional Volume of BEETHOVEN'S PIANO-FORTE WORKS for two hands, is also in preparation, which is to contain his Variations, and smaller works generally, not included among the thirty-two Sonatas.

The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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Translated for this Journal.

The Music of Hungary.

From the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Leipzig, 1852.

(Continued from page 26.)

We have already said that the Hungarian music inclines peculiarly to the Minor. It loves best to pour out its sorrow into the lap of the minor mood; nay, even where it throws itself into the fresh Major, it gladly returns, as if homesick, to its forsaken love. I cannot refrain from offering my readers here a short and altogether attractive example. After the *Magyar nota* has proceeded some measures in a gloomy, brooding, caravan-like slow movement, it falls into the arms of the major mood. This dualism of feeling appears in the following brief passage:

Slow.



Lively.



And how much nobler and more glorified is a complaint which bears its grief manfully in the major! What a sadness is expressed in the Irish and Swabian popular songs, in spite of the fact that they all move in the major! But of this we will say more hereafter, when we have occasion to speak more fully of the spirit of the Hungarian popular music in its relation to the people's melodies of other nations; and now a few words about the harmonic accompaniment which the Hungarian tunes require. In the first place, all the arts of counterpoint, by which consecutive octaves are forbidden, are to be excluded, if not only the melody, but also its harmonic ground-

work, are to be genuine Magyar. Whoever would apply to a genuine Hungarian melody the square and compass of his school-learning, or the system of our modern German music, would destroy it entirely. There may indeed be cases where the contrary movement, for instance, cannot well be avoided; but in very many cases it is the *motus rectus* or direct movement, which, with the exception of pure, consecutive fifths, gives in the economy of parts of a *Magyar nota* the only genuine accompaniment, in perfect correspondence with the spirit of the given tune, no matter how many consecutive octaves it may lead to. Unfortunately one part of Hungary itself, which has been educated in the system of our artificial music, has lost its balance by the means, sees the melodies of its nation through the spectacles of the acquired system, and ruins where it tries to make good. Thus I have found the above cited passage of the Rákoczy march, in nearly all the printed Hungarian arrangements, except that by Franz Liszt, spoiled and perverted not only in its harmony, but partly also in its melody; in the melody, instead of D sharp, a D; in the harmony, instead of the *motus rectus* in octaves and sixths, the artificial *motus contrarius*, which is here entirely out of place. Thus, instead of:



we come to read:



and whatever more such heresies there may be against the genius of the Hungarian muse. This thing has been carried to the most absurd length by Erkel, the present kapellmeister of the Hungarian National Theatre in Pesth, who in his arrangement of the *Rákoczy indulo*, dares to offer to the musical world an actual monster of bad taste and perversion of the genuine. Accordingly I warn all amateurs against the same, and beg them not to be deceived by the pompous dedication to Liszt, whose half portrait is made to serve as a shield for Erkel's perversions. It surely is no honor to the kapellmeister of the Hungarian National Theatre in Pesth, that a foreigner, who has not passed in all more than three months in Hungary, should have to tell him what Hungarian music is!

It has always been a wonder that, in the great mixture of nationalities, the Hungarian music has still preserved itself in whole families and countries in its original purity. Of the Magyars I may name here the prominent appearance of

an Emile von Kabinyi, by birth and spirit one of the first women of her nation. Magyar in body and soul, she is so also in that part of the national life which suns itself in the beams of musical art. I had in Pesth the great good fortune to make the acquaintance of this lady, and to her masterly performance of Hungarian airs on the piano, to which I often was allowed to listen, I am indebted for the most instructive conclusions on the nature of the Hungarian music. And here I have reached the point where I must say a word about the national music of Hungary in the concrete. We cannot speak of Hungarian song without glancing for a moment at the language and literature which go hand in hand with it.

The Hungarian language has the closest connection with the tones, which make up with it an articulate song. Only through the pliancy and softness of the Hungarian language is so abrupt and singular a rhythm possible, as reigns in the Hungarian vocal music. This language which, with the exception of certain natural words, like father, mother, &c., stands in no connection with any other European language, dead or living; and this music, which meets us as a no less strange phenomenon, form, when united in song, a picture so original that it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to set a German (or English) text to a Hungarian melody. Try, for example, to sing German (or English) words, no matter what, to that first cited *Magyar nota* in G major, with its three and seven-bar rhythm, and you will be convinced of the almost impossibility of transplanting this song upon German soil; it were to rob it of its rhythmical bloom, so that it would stand there like a tree stripped of its leaves.

If the outward form of the Hungarian songs, apart from the music, bears in and for itself, through the originality of the language, an exceedingly peculiar stamp, still more is this the case as it regards the intrinsic matter of these songs. It is a true *flower-language*, which is conveyed in the Hungarian people's poetry. One cannot address his beloved more tenderly than this poetry does in the words: *galambam*, my little dove; *rózsdám*, my rose; *bimbom*, my rosebud; indeed, there are places in the Hungarian popular airs, where the Hungarian showers all these epithets at once upon his sweetheart, as for example, at the close of a strain already quoted:



p Ró-za bím-bom ga-lám-bom!

Music and text in these two measures convey the inmost, tenderest language of love. Here belongs a word, which, on account of its untranslatableness as well as of its truly musical sound, I

cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting. It is the word *gyöngörű*, which expresses every excellence that can be conceived of. . . . Among the songs which have seemed to me best fitted to translate, is one whose text is distinguished by a truly deep poetic thought, and which I here add as a type of the Hungarian popular song. Both melody and text are contained in the first volume of my forthcoming collection of Hungarian popular songs with German text. (Here follows the German text, which we translate as closely as we can, preserving the accent.)

I.

Tree and root are rent asunder !
I and darling (rose) torn apart !
As the leaf in
Autumn falleth,
Part I forever-
More from thy arms !
Forever !

II.

Down in the rushes
Houseth the wild duck ;
On the cornfield
Grows the fruit ;
But where groweth
Maiden's troth now ?
Ah ! such a spot I
Never may witness,
Never !

III.

If thou knew'st that
Thou didst not love me,
Why hast enticed me so ?
Hadst thou in peace but left me,
Then another
Might have loved me,
Yes, have loved !

IV.

Open thy window,
O my rosebud !
From the village
Now I go !
Ah, one only
Look from thee now !
No more, ah ! no more
Meet we hereafter !
No more !

. . . The rhythm of the melody to these words is that of twice five measures. These songs consist mostly of complaints of the inconstancy of maidens; and it is this everlasting complaint which gives them something monotonous in spite of their originality.

If the Hungarian language and music are well suited to each other, still better is this music in its unbroken and wild rhythm suited to be played on instruments; and we may in fact maintain that the Hungarian popular music has eminently chosen the instrumental for the organ of its revelations; accordingly that it is more instrumental than it is vocal music. This is a further point of peculiarity in this music; for generally it is the human voice through which a nation loves to give expression to its musical ideas. The "Marseillaise," "God save the King," the Austrian *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*, the Russian hymn, &c., these heroes of national song, are all born for song and came out at one cast with their text. The hero of the Hungarian national music, on the contrary, is an instrumental march, fit for anything but singing. I mean the famous, truly national *Rákoczy indulo*, which is so closely interwoven with the popular life of Hungary. And yet perhaps there is no nation with which the music stands in so intimate a relation with the whole character and occupation of the people, as

the Hungarian. This march operates like an electric shock upon the spirit of the *Magyar ember*; he finds in it everything that can move him—his pain, his joy, his hope, his sorrow. Under the influence of its sounds hundreds of *Honveds* have rushed to battle and to death; and no music speaks so intelligibly to the Hungarian heart as this pattern of a national music. Later times, to be sure, have more Hungarian marches to point to. The most famous are the "Kossuth March," the *Werbungs-marsch*, the "Klapka March," &c. But none of them has the genuine national stamp of the *Rákoczy indulo*; and beautiful and actually inspiring as they all are, they are too little characteristic representations of the Hungarian national music to receive a more minute appreciation here, where we would have to do only with the genuine. Least of all does the *Hunyadi March* betray the Hungarian spirit; nearly all traces of genuine Hungarian music are wholly lost in it.

We now come to ask: What are the principal organs of the Hungarian instrumental music? Who practices it the most? And how is it performed in contra-distinction from the People's Song? What kinds of instrumental music has the Hungarian nation?

I have already mentioned a race of people known to us all by their scattered and nomadic life, by their mysterious origin, by good and bad peculiarities; I mean the Gipsies. Scattered over the whole of Europe, they exist in the greatest numbers in Hungary, where for centuries they have become so domesticated that they have almost come to have settled dwelling-places, and many of them, by marriage and so forth, have become quite Magyarized. They like to be called "New Hungary," and love Hungary as their native land. Could there in fact be a land which could better please such a wandering family for its abode, than a land with this climate, with these immeasurable fruitful plains, carrying the eye off into the infinite, about the Theiss and Marosch—a land whose vegetation, by its extraordinary luxuriance, by its rich growth of plants and so forth, reminds one of far more Southern, non-European countries, out of which these dark brown birds of passage emanate? Here was the only part of Europe where they could in some sort find a compensation for their lost home; here, therefore, a great part of them made halt in their wanderings, and thought: "It is good to be here, let us build huts." The propensity to uncleanness also, so deep rooted in the Gipsies, could find plentiful nourishment in the vast morasses on the Theiss.

If every people are a growth of the soil upon which they are born, the same is true of all the branches of their spiritual life. The Hungarian music is in part so very much the expression of the physical characteristics of the land, that one feels tempted to say, that no one can have but a partial understanding of it unless he is acquainted with Hungary itself. Hence it is so extremely difficult for a foreigner to enter into the spirit of this music, so that the Magyar shall say to his delivery of it: "That is Hungarian." Thus, for example, amongst all the piano virtuosos who have visited Hungary from abroad, not a single one has played in genuine Hungarian style. What has commonly been done by a Thalberg, a Droyschok, a Wilmers, has been to take a favorite Hungarian popular air, trick it

out with brilliant, but exceedingly *fade* and soulless variations, and in this garb bring it before the ears of the Pesth public, who, because they have detected their familiar theme concealed under these monstrous runs and leaps, and because their taste has got perverted and corrupted by the hearing of all sorts of music, have shouted out their *eljen* (hurra) to these gentlemen, and, without knowing it, have mocked themselves. The music of a nation is like other nobler growths, which spring out of the domestic soil; hence every foreigner, of whatever nation he may be, so soon as he has been established in a country for some time, acquires the habit of the people among whom he lives, not merely through the social intercourse, but also because he breathes the same air, drinks the same wines, and so forth. I remark this merely to explain a phenomenon which I have now to communicate. The Magyars themselves confess it, not without shame, that the Gipsy musicians, who have grown up in their country, are the best players of the Hungarian national music; observe, I say merely *players*; the invention remains with the Hungarians. These remarkable popular musicians have an extraordinary talent for instrumental playing; they have less talent for invention, and least of all for song. The Hungarian Gipsy merely *plays* Hungarian; he sings little or not at all; and what is his principal instrument, and at the same time the principal instrument of the Hungarian popular music? It is the *Dulcimer* or *Cimbaló*. This instrument, consisting of a triangular wooden frame, with a bottom and sounding board, over which wires by twos or threes are stretched upon bridges, which are struck with two wooden hammers, covered on the upper part with cloth or leather, is peculiarly fitted to infuse into the little Gipsy orchestra that palpitating, feverish, tremulous essence, by which the performance of a *Magyar nota* gains so much. With this are associated the String Quartet, together with the Contrabasso and also quite willingly the Clarinet. On the contrary all other instruments, as Oböes, Flutes, Fagotti, Horns, Trumpets, &c., are entirely excluded from a Hungarian Gipsy orchestra.

What does the Gipsy produce with these instruments? Is his music, is the popular instrumental music any mere dance music? Essentially perhaps; but ere the dancing mood begins, ere joy and appetite for pleasure hurry the *Magyar ember* into dance and play, and make him forget himself, he must first, in the slow, sustained tones of a *Lassú* (Adagio), in the Minor, pour out his complainings, roll away the sighs which hold his soul imprisoned in a melancholy gloom. Not suddenly can his soul plunge into the fresh major tones of his national dances; nay, he often clings to the dear minor mood after his sadness is supposed to have given place to idle joy and pleasure. The kind of music which we would here indicate is called in general *Csárdás*. This signifies both the dance itself and the dance music; and as every Hungarian dance is preceded by an introductory *Lassú*, this also is included in the term. The *Lassú*, soaring beyond the possibility of being represented as a dance, is usually followed by a *Frisded*, or Allegretto, of a quicker movement, but usually kept also in the minor, yet shaped already to the dance, but only for the *solo* dance of men. If the *Magyar ember* allows himself to be drawn away from his sombre

mood into a dance, it is at first only a *solo* dance; self-satisfied, he spins round in a circle and as yet covets not an object for his love; only when the third part in this psychological economy of the dance, with its quick, strong strokes, has hurried him completely out of himself, does he begin to know no moderation and no goal. His eye sparkles, his feet stamp, like those of an untamed horse. To think: It is good that a man do not remain alone, and to grasp at a maiden, are one act, and he begins with her that wild, unbridled dance, which is called *Csárdás* in the narrower sense of the word, or by way of distinction, *Friss* (i. e., Allegro, Presto). Already in the *Lassú* the dull brooding, in which the soul of the *Magyar ember* swims, is crossed by some occasional gleams of enthusiasm; but in the *Friss* the dark clouds of sadness begin first to break away, and the *Friss* tears away entirely the thin veil which yet lay on his soul and left him in a self-contented solitude; now no repose is longer to be thought of; from melancholy it becomes impetuous passion; from pain unbounded pleasure; in short, his *Me*, delivered from itself, riots and storms away until his feet refuse their service.

I have had here before my eyes, out of several *Csárdás*, the *Deberczini Csárdás* especially, whose *Lassú* furnishes the music to the above-mentioned people's song. Now it is the *Lassú* in which the Hungarian Gipsy shows his instrumental talent in the most brilliant manner. So far from playing the Magyar melody as it is sung, he suddenly conceives it instrumentally; at the moment that he transfers it to his instrument, the violin or dulcimer, these instruments in their whole compass stand before his eyes, and so he transforms the vocal melody into an instrumental piece, in which the given tune serves as a *canto fermo*, about which he lets his instrumental figures, runs, *mordenti*, and all the possible embellishments of symphonic figuration, play and flicker.

[To be continued.]

The Musical Festival at Darmstadt,

ON THE 31ST AUGUST AND THE 1ST SEPTEMBER.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)*

Although my limited leisure, while travelling, does not permit me to write a very full account, especially when, on account of the fabulous influx of persons in Darmstadt and Frankfort, I lost in the former place more than three hours, before it came to my turn to get a seat, and, in the latter, was obliged, after a hundred fruitless inquiries at all sorts of lodgings, not excepting the principal guard-house, to pass the night in the street—all of which is literally true—I will yet at least partly fulfil my promise, if only by a few rhapsodical remarks.

When I begin by informing you that, on the two festival days, Darmstadt was thronged by from forty to fifty thousand persons, mostly visitors, I do not at all exaggerate, but rather somewhat understate the actual number, which was thus extraordinarily favorable for the baptism of this youngest child of the Rhenish Festivals, and the *Mittelrheinischer Musik-Verband* of the *Gesang-Vereine* of Darmstadt, Mainz, Mannheim, and Wiesbaden, may congratulate itself on the event, and accept it as a good omen for the future.

If you now ask me whether it was worth while to throw all the directors of our various means of transport into such a state of alarm, that many of them no longer knew which way to turn, and would have been in danger of harnessing the horses behind the coaches, had not the place of those animals long been supplied by machines,

* The translation is from the *Lond. Musical World*.

which can shove as well as drag, I must answer, "Most certainly." Taken as a whole, this first *Mittelrheinischer Musikfest* was a very splendid one, and justified its name, since it was marked by quite as much (and, perhaps, more) *fest* (festival) as music. There was no want of judicious arrangements for everything and everybody; of friendly and hearty welcome of all persons concerned without distinction, whether they gave their services as amateurs, or for a stipulated sum; of obliging care for their accommodation, or of measures for their protection against any fleecing propensities on the parts of hosts and their colleagues. All these things, we must confess with a due regard for truth, were better managed than they have been in the *Niederrheinische Musical Festivals* for years. To this we must add the vivacity and sympathetic liveliness of the inhabitants of the district of the Middle Rhine. They have something about them of the South German character, and are, perhaps, not so solid; but, on that very account, not so formal, tight-laced, stiff-collared and glacé-gloved as we North Germans, and, therefore, they pay a more natural homage to jollity and pleasure, and do not, on every occasion, first beg the gracious permission of etiquette to amuse themselves.

Thus the festive processions and social meetings—which, in the case of the festivals of the Lower Rhine, very often exist only in the programme, and are so rarely to be found in reality—that, as is well known, we frequently come to the solemnly announced place of rendezvous without finding a solitary individual, to say nothing of a member of the committee—were, here in Darmstadt, the most brilliant points of the festival. The *Wood-festival*, which took place on the morning of Tuesday, the 2nd September, on the Ludwigshöhe, was not only amusing and elevating, from the charms of this beautiful spot, and the magnificent view over the valley of the Rhine, but was distinguished by the highly liberal hospitality of all the persons acting in the name of the Festival committee. Really brilliant and imposing, also, were the grand processions, which, on the afternoon of the same day, moved through the principal streets of the town to the grand circus, on the Drilling-ground, where the grand Duke and his court awaited them. The rehearsal and concert tickets admitted the persons connected with the festival in the circus.

These processions were eleven in number, and represented:—1. The three provinces of Hesse, and all their national costumes.

2. The old *Katten* and *Cherusker*, after the *Hermannschlacht*, with the Roman spoils.

3. The old German heroes, from the sagas of the *Nibelungen*.

4. The Middle Ages, the Confederated Rhenish Cities, the Hessian Knightly Confederation, and the Tournament held at Darmstadt in the year 1403.

5. The old guilds (among the printers, Gutenberg, Faust, and Schaffer).

6. The Frankenstein *Eselslehen*, at Bossungen and Darmstadt. Immediately after this came—

7. The foundation of the Giessen University (1607) and of the Darmstadt Gymnasium.

8. A stag-hunt, on foot and horseback, in the reign of Louis VIII.

9. The Pirmasenser guard.

10. Arts and sciences, industry, trade and agriculture.

11. The eleven guilds, arranged in the order of the workmen.

Everything connected with these processions—the idea and execution—the men and horses—the costumes and equipments—the order and bearing—was admirable. There is no doubt that the munificent assistance afforded by the artistic Grand-Duke, who, according to the report, placed the entire rich wardrobe of the Grand Ducal theatre, consisting of some four hundred dresses, at the disposal of the committee, had a very large share in this.

His Royal Highness had also given the use of the Arsenal for the musical performances, and this brings one to the music, which I will by no means place in the back ground. I must preface my remarks, however, by saying that we must

not be so strict in our requirements from its representatives, who take part in such a *Verein* for the first time, or from their leaders, as we are justified in being when we have to do with performers who have enjoyed the practice and experience of a long series of years.

The crowd of singers and instrumentalists was very great. As it may interest you to know the vocal strength of the district, exclusive of that of Frankfort-on-the-Main, I forward you the following summary of the vocal part from the printed book:

	Sopr.	Alt.	Ten.	Bass.	Tot.
1. Darmstadt a. Musik-verein	66	52	39	53	210
b. Mozartverein	—	—	23	32	55
c. Harmon. Sängerkranz	—	—	23	15	38
d. Counter-tenors from the Grand Ducal Gymnasium,	—	37	—	—	37
2. Mainz Liedertafel and Damen-gesang-verein,	28	18	42	64	152
3. Mannheim Musik-Verein,	19	12	7	14	52
4. Weisbaden Cäcilien-Verein and Männer-gesang Verein,	30	15	26	29	100
5. Giessen Akademischer Gesang-Verein,	25	11	16	30	82
6. Offenbach Gesang-Verein,	17	11	15	13	56
Alzei,	2	—	1	—	3
	187	156	192	250	785

To these add 64 violins, 21 violas, 20 violoncellos, 15 bass-violons, making with the rest altogether 155 in the orchestra, and you have a musical body of 950 members, or, with all drawbacks, at least more than 800, worthy of all respect. But the quality, also, was good in every instance, the voices were round and fresh, and the skill of the instrumentalists excellent. Most of the choruses in the *Messiah*, produced under the direction of Herr C. A. Mangold, Grand Ducal Musical Director, on the first day of the festival, went very well, while some (the "Hallelujah" for instance) admirably. Others were deficient in spirit, and were not distinguished by that classical and always calm power over the subject with regard to certainty of form and treatment. This was, also, evident in Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*. On the second day, the chorus, which was, on the whole, magnificent, had, unfortunately, far too little to do, and, indeed, the second part of the programme on the second day was not quite calculated for the importance and dignity of a Musical Festival. It is a matter for consideration whether the arrangement by which the principal performances were not fixed for the evening, but for half-past three in the afternoon, is one to be imitated. A great deal is to be said in its favor, still, during the warm season, the temperature is against it.

The solos were entrusted to Madame Leisinger, of Stuttgart (soprano, a beautiful woman with a beautiful and agreeable voice; her style of singing was especially suited to the part of *Lorelei*, in which she greatly distinguished herself); to Mlle. Diehl, of Frankfort (who possesses a soft, pleasing voice); to Herr Grill, of the Darmstadt Grand Ducal Theatre (an especially fine tenor, with a nobleness of style which is, now-a-days, really a rarity), and to Herr Stephen (Bass) of the Mannheim Theatre, whose services are the more deserving of recognition, as he took the part without the slightest preparation, in consequence of Herr Stockhausen, for whom it was intended, being attacked with hoarseness at rehearsal, and obliged to give up the part. However admirable Stockhausen may be as a *Lieder* singer, experience has proved that it was a mistake on the part of the committee to engage him for the airs in the *Messiah*, for which he has not power. He will as a rule, be found deficient in this point whenever he has to sing in the areas required by the colossal performances of musical festivals. Every time that he forces his small voice, in order to satisfy the exigencies of the case, the same thing that happens here will be sure to recur. But on the second day, also, when he was set down in the programme for a French air, and one or two German songs, he did not appear—a fact which was certainly to be regretted, and produced a very unfavorable effect upon a large portion of the audience.

The second concert was directed by Herr L. Schindelmeyer, *Hof Capellmeister*. The programme of the first part was good: Beethoven's *Eroica*, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*. The execution of the symphony did not, it is true, attain that degree of precision and expression, nor that inspiring force and energy which it requires, and the festival orchestras of the Lower Rhine are superior in all these particulars. As I could not attend the rehearsals, I cannot positively say whether many a defect in the performance, which, however, was on the whole an imposing one, was the fault of the orchestra or the conductor. I must, however, protest against the quickened time of the fugue movement in the funeral march, as if the horsemen were then advancing in a trot; it is precisely here that breadth and weight, in time, tone, and expression are appropriate and absolutely necessary. It is true that the time of the entire movement must not drag too much.

In the second part, which contained something of everything (with regard to which we must, in justice, remember that this second part was meant to fill the place, as it were, of the so-called Artists' Concerts, on the third day at the festivals of the Lower Rhine), Vieuxtemps' performance was, naturally, the most brilliant and most worthy of mention. The performance of an otherwise very excellent pianist and thorough musician, Herr Pauer, must, in comparison, be placed in the background. Herr Pauer played a rondo, by Weber, and a "Cascade," of his own composition—certainly not an appropriate selection for a musical festival. Solos for the pianoforte, without orchestral accompaniments, are in no way adapted for such an occasion, any more than mere songs (sung by Mad. Leisinger and Mad. Diehl), although Schubert's "Erlkönig" is a magnificent composition. In this the first-named lady, who, in other respects, is an excellent artist, did not satisfy us as in *Lorelei*, in which she was really admirable.

There was no scarcity among the audience of artists and conductors from other parts of Germany, although there was not so large a gathering of them as at Düsseldorf, in the spring. From Berlin there was Emil Naumann; from Weimar, J. Joachim Raff, whose opera either was, or is to be, given at Wiesbaden; from Strasburg, Liebe, etc. Your part of the country sent Herr Turanyi, from Aix-la-Chapelle; Tansch, from Düsseldorf; Weinbrenner, from Elberfeld, etc. Hilfer was present only on the second day, and then but for a short time.

A LYRIC.

BY W. R. CASSELS.

Love took me softly by the hand,
Love led me all the country o'er,
And show'd me beauty in the land,
That I had never dreamt before—
Never before, O Love, sweet Love!

There was a glory in the morn,
There was a calmness in the night,
A mildness by the south wind borne,
That I had never felt aright—
Never aright, O Love, sweet Love!

But now it cannot pass away,
I see it whereso'er I go,
And in my heart by night and day
Its gladness waveth to and fro—
By night and day, O Love, sweet Love!

(From Fitzgerald's City Item, Philadelphia.)

Psalm Books.

One day we observed in a friend's bookcase a shelf filled by a row of variously bound volumes, so tempting in their appearance that we could not avoid taking two or three down to examine. To our surprise, we found them all alike inside; they were copies of the same book in different bindings. The book itself was a flimsy, trashy affair at best, scarcely worth reading, and certainly not meriting a place in a library. We could not forbear asking an explanation, which was kindly accorded us in these words: "Ah, my dear fellow, that is a whim of mine to take in my

friends. I had a vacant shelf, that looked bare and ugly amidst its well-filled companions. I went to a sale and bought up two or three dozen copies of this book. I had them nicely bound as you see, and my library looks well. When I want room for a really good work, one of those affairs has to go overboard, as they are not of the least value."

This little incident always occurs to us when we are called upon to inspect one of those entertaining musical works—a "Yankee" Psalm-book. No matter how different the outside of these remarkable productions—no matter how various the promises held out by title or preface—no matter how dissimilar the general appearance of the volumes; we have always discovered the contents of the pages to be very much of the same nature as our friend's books—the same thing in a different form. Indeed, the parallel can be further drawn, for the contents of both are equally flimsy and unworthy of criticism.

It seems to be the belief of those who compile modern books of psalmody, that if they avoid the gross errors of harmony, occasionally found in tunes of inferior description, their works are safe from the critics; that if they have corrected all glaring mistakes, and removed the evidence of perfect ignorance of all rules, they may defy those fault-finders, who are always searching for consecutive fifths and hidden octaves. In our humble opinion such persons are woefully mistaken. The harmony of a tune may be perfectly correct, and yet the tune itself may be so utterly bad as to be of no use to any choir in the world. To write a strain of sixteen bars without a mistake is not to compose a good tune; but to all appearance this seems to be the impression of the gentlemen who spend their leisure time in getting up books of Church Music. It requires a musical idea of some sort to set the words of a psalm or hymn usefully. It is not essential that the idea should be perfectly new or original; it may be pardoned for bearing a strong resemblance to some other melody; but it must have character, and suit the verse selected. It is no illustration or setting of a stanza to see-saw from tonic to dominant, with a half cadence at the end of the second line, and a full one at the close of the fourth; this is not composing a tune or writing music; it is a foolish, profitless waste of ink and paper, productive of no use to a book when done, and of no credit to the person who wasted his time over it. We have often heard pseudo musicians say, that "it is nothing to write a psalm tune," but we beg to differ from them; it requires skill, ability, and a great deal of natural talent to compose a good tune. It is easy enough to manufacture them in the style of the Yankees, and we have really a collection of fifty tunes, of which the words were all written out, the bars ruled, and the various keys selected, before a single note was thought of, for a single melody out of the whole number. If any one calls this methodical piece of business "composing music," we have no more to say.

Theodore Döhler.

(From the Florence "Armonia.")

THEODORE DÖHLER first saw the light at Naples, on the 20th April, 1814. His parents were Germans, his father being a native of Berlin, and his mother of Stuttgart. Pecuniary losses had compelled his father to quit Prussia. He went to Naples, where his acquirements and talent quickly obtained for him remunerative employment and influential patrons. But he was destined to find the greatest consolation in his son Theodore, who even in his very earliest childhood, manifested a marvellous natural disposition for music. In his seventh year, the power of genius burst through all bounds, although the boy was bodily so weak and delicate that his father was obliged to forbid his too assiduous application. He was soon, however, obliged to acknowledge the undeniable vocation of his son, and, moved by his entreaties, provided him with a master. Under the latter, Theodore made such astonishingly rapid progress, that it became necessary to transfer him to a better teacher. Such a one was found in

Julius Benedict, a pupil of Carl Maria Von Weber, and then conductor in Naples.

The boy profited so well by the lessons of his excellent instructor, that the latter allowed him to appear when only ten years old at the Teatro del Fondo. The result exceeded all expectation, and Döhler's future career was decided. Not only his playing, but his composition as well, created a sensation, on account of the little composer's age. At this period, between the age of ten and twelve, he published variations for the piano on Righini's song, "Ich lebe froh und sorgenlos;" variations on a theme of Mozart's, a fantasia on a theme of Pacini's, and a duettino for two sopranos to words by Metastasio.

All the theatres and drawing-rooms vied with each other for the possession of the wonderful child. Nor was the court behind hand. King Ferdinand encouraged him, in the most friendly manner, to proceed in his artistic career. Beside studying music, he devoted himself especially to modern languages, for the acquisition of which he displayed a great facility, nor was he deficient in talent for declamatory and theatrical performances, in Italian and French, in which, as in everything else that he attempted, he gave proofs of no ordinary endowments.

In the year 1827, Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Lucca, visited Naples. He became acquainted with young Döhler and his father, for both of whom he evinced such a partiality that he took them to Lucca, where he appointed the father master to the crown prince, and furnished the son with everything necessary for developing his talent. But for this Lucca was not long the fitting place, and the duke's intention could be fully carried out in Vienna alone, where the best pianoforte players were then to be found. The whole family set out, therefore, in December, 1829, with the approbation of the Duke, for Vienna.

Theodore now took lessons of Czerny on the piano, and of Sechter in thorough bass. In a short time he was equal to the other artists in the city. The Vienna public, who were then difficult to please, received him with enthusiasm. The reports of his successes were a source of real pleasure to his munificent patron, who rewarded Döhler's progress by appointing him his chamber-virtuoso. This distinction in no way caused Döhler to repose upon his laurels. On the contrary, he worked day and night with such perseverance that, in order to divert him, Czerny often purposely took him in his walks and excursions in the neighborhood of Vienna. It was then that the friendly relations between Döhler and Thalberg were first contracted. The two rivals became friends, and their feelings did not even subsequently, when they stood opposite each other in the lists of fame, suffer any change. It is even said that one evening, when they had played in the Salle Ventadour, at Paris, and Döhler had been greeted with enthusiastic applause, Thalberg hastened up to his friend and congratulated him heartily.

In the year 1834, Döhler quitted Vienna, and visited his native town, Naples, where he gave a series of brilliant concerts. In the year 1837 he visited, with like success, Berlin, Dresden, &c., returning in 1838 to Vienna. Thence he proceeded to Paris and London, where he remained two years. In Paris he played at a concert of the Conservatory with immense success. It was especially his fantasia on a theme from *Anna Bolena*, the introduction to which was written for the left hand alone, that excited astonishment and admiration. According to the notices published at the period in the Parisian newspapers, it seems doubtful whether it was he or Thalberg who first introduced the plan afterwards carried to excess, of playing the melody with the thumb and the fingers of the right and left hand alternately, while the others are employed in brilliant passages.

After this, he travelled through Holland, Denmark, and the north of Germany—where, especially in Berlin, in the year 1844, his talent was again fully appreciated—and then went to Hungary and Poland, proceeding in 1845 to Russia. He found in St. Petersburg and Moscow the

reception to which he was accustomed. In St. Petersburg he wrote his celebrated *notturmo*, and the variations on the *Sonnambula*. The success which these productions obtained, and, also, external influences, made him determine to compose an opera, *Tancredi*, on a subject taken from Silvio Pellico. His stay in Moscow exercised, however, a far more decisive influence on his life; there he found the faithful wife whom heaven had destined to be the companion who was to console him in the heavy sufferings fate had in store for him. The Emperor Nicolas was at first opposed to the marriage, and forbade the union of a scion of the house of Scheremetiew with an artist of plebeian extraction. Döhler quitted Moscow in despair, and proceeded to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of embarking at Cronstadt for Germany. The imperial court was stopping at Peterhof. The empress heard that Döhler was on the point of leaving Russia. She wished to hear him once more, and a courier carried him an invitation to St. Petersburg. Döhler excused himself by saying that his place was taken, and that the steamer left the port at midnight. Meanwhile the emperor, who had become acquainted with the wish of the empress, sent an order to the captain of the steamer to postpone his departure, and Döhler was conveyed in an imperial carriage to St. Petersburg. The whole court was delighted with the artist, who was, perhaps, inspired by the thought of his love, and the persons before whom he played. The emperor then had him rowed in his own boat, by twelve sailors, to the steamer, and Döhler's heart was buoyed up with fresh hope.

He went to Italy, and after remaining some time at Bologna with the *maestro* Rossini, returned to Lucca, to his royal patron, the only person, perhaps, who could now help him. The duke listened with sympathy to his interesting romance, and—ennobled his favorite. The Baron von Döhler hastened back to Russia, the emperor was moved by his entreaties, and, on the 11th May, 1846, the marriage was solemnized at St. Petersburg.

The happy pair set off for Moscow, where Döhler put the finishing touch to his opera *Tancredi*. He would not, however, bring it out in Russia, but only in Italy. Towards the end of the year 1846, he arrived in Paris, where the first symptoms of the malady which was to carry him off after nine years of severe suffering, first manifested themselves.

Although he had, properly speaking, given up playing in public, his friends and the whole artistic world of Paris would not allow him to rest until he determined on appearing a few more times on extraordinary occasions. He played seven or eight times more for the benefit of necessitous musicians, or of the poor of the city, and thus exhausted the little strength he had left. Directly he touched the keys with his fingers, his whole soul was wrapped up in his task, and the more he gave way to the excitement and inspiration which seized on him, the more did he shorten his life.

In the following year, he went to Genoa. He there played his opera over to the celebrated singer Frezzolini, who was so taken with it that she determined on using all her influence to get it produced in Venice. Döhler was delighted, and, in the course of a few days, wrote out the whole score himself (for a copyist would have been able to decipher it but slowly, and in some places would have found the task altogether impossible), but he had to pay for the exertion by excessive weakness and languor. Unfortunately, too, he had taken this trouble for nothing. In Florence, to which city he had subsequently removed in preference to Genoa, he received from Mad. Frezzolini a letter in which she informed him she was on the eve of setting out for Russia. With this intelligence vanished the hope of seeing his opera performed, and, until the present day, it has never been produced.

From the year 1852, he took up his permanent residence in Florence. He composed a few more *notturmi* and *Lieder ohne worte*, the dying song of the swan, the last fruit of a magnificent tree, that dies before its time of an abundance of sap and productivity. Like so many other precocious ge-

niuses, he was doomed to wither in the bloom of his life. The long sufferings of an incurable disease were supported by him with an exemplary submission to the will of Heaven; his noble wife tended him, up to his last moment, with truly sublime self-abnegation and devotion. He died on the 21st February, of the present year, at six o'clock in the morning; his last glance rested upon her who had sweetened for him, poor martyr, the bitter cup of suffering.

The last of his compositions bears the number 75.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 1, 1856.

Hints to Choral Societies.

We often wonder that our various choral or even smaller singing societies, in their search for something at once classical, practicable and attractive for matter for practice, have not turned their attention more to the fine Masses of Mozart and Haydn. Portions of the best of these, and often the finest portions, are not too difficult for many of our societies in town or country; they have substantial worth as music, and tend to elevate the taste, and they are sure to interest and fascinate those who learn to sing them, after a little near acquaintance. We are again reminded of this thought by seeing it stated that a class of singers in Exeter, N. H. and vicinity are preparing Mozart's "Short Requiem Mass," under the direction of Mr. W. F. Lawrence, of Epping. This is not the famous Requiem, but one of the shortest and easiest of all the Masses, and yet singularly impressive. It seems to us, therefore, a remarkably good choice for a beginning; and we hope other choirs will follow the example. It is to be given with an accompaniment of two pianos and eight or ten other instruments, which, we believe, is about all that the original instrumentation requires. But choirs may get much good out of it with a mere piano-forte or organ accompaniment.

This is one hint. Another is a renewal of a suggestion which we made some weeks since, and which is renewed in our own mind by receiving the first number of the then promised series of Twelve of the old GERMAN CHORALS, as harmonized in four parts by SEBASTIAN BACH, published by Oliver Ditson. Each number is to contain two or more chorals, according to their length, most of them not exceeding twice the length of an ordinary psalm tune. The twelve now selected are engraved. We trust they will be so well received by the singing public, that Mr. Ditson may be induced to issue a book-full of them in cheaper form—say at least a hundred out of the three hundred and odd which have appeared in Germany. It should be a great fundamental text-book with all societies of singers of truly sacred music. They may be sung by choirs of any number of voices, from a simple quartet to an oratorio chorus of hundreds. With the former method, with only a voice or two to a part, one cannot but be struck and charmed by the wonderful skill and beauty, as well as the purity and spirituality, the profound tenderness and seriousness of the harmony, with which no one but old Bach could have so well clothed and illustrated those simple, inspired tunes which came out of the hearts of the Reformers. Short and unpre-

tending as they seem, they are an infinite study in respect to their perfection as true Art, while they warm and edify the soul, and grow sweeter and deeper and richer with every repetition, in a way that proves them true religious music. Even as we merely play over the harmony on the piano, we experience the deepest kind of musical satisfaction; but when sung by a great chorus, when this choice harmony, so sweet and clarified from all sensual clap-trap, is rolled forth in great vocal masses, then is the effect sublime. We have also felt something of it in listening to Mendelssohn's similar treatment of a couple of these same old chorals in his oratorio "St. Paul."

We repeat, therefore: What can our Handel and Haydn Society, our Mendelssohn Choral Society, our Musical Education Society—what can similar societies in New York and Philadelphia, their "Harmonias," &c., do that would be better than to practice some of these Bach chorals, until they can sing them with the nicest precision and clearness, and with a perfect balance of the four masses of voices, and interperse, or perhaps begin and end, each of their public performances with two or three of them. The effect would be refreshing and inspiring on an audience, like that of all simple and sublime things, like that of mountains, the seashore, the starry heavens at night. And not the least advantage flowing from it would be the standard of true taste which it would set in this vexed and abused matter of religious music. It would rebuke psalm tune quackery, as the mountains rebuke silly man's presumption, or as the sun rebukes artificial fireworks. In the course of time it might infuse some better influence into our churches, and make Cecilia a live saint once more. It might prompt to better notions and desires in the matter of church music, and drive away much vanity and nonsense, much foolish mistaking of mere dulness for solemnity, mere chloroform composure for the live peace of real worship. We do not say that these old German chorals are suited to our hymn books; by far the most of them we know are not. But if our singers get familiar with them, they will surely learn to know what is genuine from what is false and empty in the so-called Sacred Music; and they will as surely learn to love it and demand it.

Here, then, we have suggested two very opposite kinds of music to our singing societies: the one highly colored, in the spirit of the Roman cultus, which appeals so much to the senses, and tending more or less to the dramatic; the other severe with an almost elemental grandeur, and simplicity born of the times of Luther. Either or both were how much better than so much upon which choirs and singing societies spend their time, to the questionable improvement of their taste!

Letter from the Diarist.

NATICK, Oct. 28, 1856.

DEAR DWIGHT—I think that somewhere in the Journal is a notice of a new biography of HANDEL, in preparation by a gentleman of Mecklenburg Schwerin, Dr. CHRYSANDER. I had the pleasure last winter of working at the same table with him day after day in the Royal Library at Berlin; he upon the old music of Keiser, Bach and other predecessors and contemporaries of Handel, and I upon the MS. relics of Beethoven. I can therefore testify to the extraordinary care and diligence of Dr.

C. and the accuracy of his results. Among my recently received letters is one from him, in which I find some interesting musical news.

One item explains to me the great labor bestowed by him last year upon the BACH MSS. in the Library, which I could not account for as connected in any way with his Handelian studies, and the particular pains taken by the librarian, DEHN, one of the first *Bachists* living, to assist him in getting the true readings of many hitherto misprinted passages in the published editions of Bach's works. It seems he has been at work preparing the copy for some volumes of Bach's piano-forte music, to be published uniformly with the stereotype edition of Beethoven's Sonatas. From a little circular I draw the following information as to the objects and contents of this new edition.

To musicians and such persons as wish for a complete collection of all the piano-forte music by Bach or attributed to him, the 50 thalers, which is the price of the beautiful edition published by Peters at Leipzig, would be no object; the design, therefore, of this edition is to give, in some four or five volumes, such a selection of this music, carefully collated with the original manuscripts, as shall contain all the best works, and come at a price within the means of every one. The first volume, now ready, contains a number of works written by Bach as a sort of introduction or *gradus* to his more difficult and famous compositions—a Capriccio upon the departure of a friend—12 easy Preludes—the 15 Inventions and Symphonies. The second volume contains the piano-forte studies, which Bach numbered as his Opus I. These studies are in four parts, but as all of Part 3 is for the organ, save four Duets, the organ pieces are to be printed separately.

Vol. III., "Well-tempered Klavier."

Vol. IV. The English "Suites," and a collection of his best fugues.

What the price of the volumes is to be is not definitely fixed, but they will apparently be even less than the Beethoven Sonatas.

Another item. JULIUS KNORR is editing for the same publisher a corrected edition, with fingering, of MUZIO CLEMENTI's piano-forte Sonatas, for two and four hands.

Dr. Chrysander writes farther:

"Now comes something which will delight you, about a 'Handel Society,' which has been organized this summer. Probably a prospectus will soon be issued, from which you can learn the particulars. Gervinus, Dehn, Hauptmann, Breitkopf & Härtel, and myself form the Board of Directors. We are intending to publish a correct edition of the entire works of Handel. My biography is to appear next year."

No one among us has any idea of the manner in which Handel is murdered in Germany, both at public performances and by publishers. For instance, I saw a notice last season of a new edition of "Samson," published by Simrock of Bonn, for some fifty cents of our money. It is sufficient to say of this edition that the Menuetto of the overture is omitted, as well as the entire part of Harapha, with nearly all that belongs to it! As to "Judas Maccabæus," and even the "Messiah," the German editions are beneath criticism. Dr. Chrysander is not only able, but enthusiastically desirous of correcting this, and his studies of Handel's life and works for years past fit him most eminently for his mission.

Is it not a little droll that after some fifteen years trial of the Wagnerish school of music, the public taste should exhibit such a demand for Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Clementi, as to warrant the republication of their works in elegant and correct editions at the price of a cent and a half a page? And now a new society is formed to publish Handel entire! I am suited, however.

A. W. T.

Musical Intelligence.

New York.

THE GERMAN OPERA.—On Thursday evening one of the long-promised additions to the corps in the shape of a new and much required prima donna, solicited the suffrages of the audience. The new comer is Mlle. JOHANNSEN, who is designated as coming from the Frankfort opera house. She has a pretty, intelligent face, a good figure, and is thoroughly *au fait* to the business of the stage. Her voice is a soprano of excellent quality, considerable flexibility, fair compass, and sympathetic in tone, and she manages it with great artistic skill; in fact, she is an accomplished singer, wearing the appearance of an old singer, accustomed to operatic business and applause, and free from that *gaucherie* which the rest of the company have manifested.

Her interpretation of the famous test scena of the opera, was truly admirable. She gave it with refined taste and feeling, and elicited an enthusiastic burst of applause—in a word, her success was full and complete. Agathe, in her hands, becomes a character of the greatest interest; for she not only sings the music delightfully, but acts the parts to perfection; and, with such a prima donna at command, there is now some hope of better success for the German opera speculation.

Madame BERKEL filled the rôle of Annchen (vice the inefficient Mlle. PICKER), and in this line of business she becomes acceptable. She never had any pretensions to the position of a leading artiste, and finds her proper level in that of *seconda donna*. Mr. WEINLICH improved considerably on his last interpretation of Caspar, and sang the drinking song with far more fire and effect; but as to the tenor, we have nothing to add to our former notice—his singing was as mediocre and unsatisfactory as usual. The choruses were weak and inefficient—the charming bridal chorus especially so, while we have heard the famous Huntsman's chorus far better sung in a "lager bier halle." Mr. BERGMANN deserves great credit for his skill in directing a diminished orchestra. The accompaniments to Mlle. Johannsen's grand scena were given with truly admirable delicacy and tact.

A new scale of prices were adopted for the first time. The upper tier was crowded at twenty-five cents, the next tier equally so at fifty cents, whilst the parquette and circle (all reserved) were respectively attended at a dollar. Our German citizens like to have everything, amusements included, on cheap terms, and although the high-class merchants may patronize the aristocratic portion of the house, the paying masses of Faderland will inevitably decline paying the advanced price. We consider the alteration an unwise move of manager Berkel's.

We understand that in consequence of Mlle. Johannsen's success, several new subscribers have come forward to support the speculation, and that there is now a prospect of German opera being given some twenty nights longer.—*New Yorker*.

(From the *Tribune*, 30th.)—Flotow's graceful little opera of "Stradella" was given on Tuesday evening, when three candidates for public favor appeared for the first time. Mlle. Kronfeld possesses a smooth, agreeable voice, but somewhat thin in quality, particularly in the upper register. The lady, however, is very young, we should say not more than 18, and her voice has not yet attained full development. She at once prepossessed the audience in her favor by her quiet, unpretending style. Mr. Giudi has a pleasant tenor voice, without being remarkable for much power; he was very well received, and will be an acquisition to the company. The part of Barbarino was undertaken by Mr. Neufeld, by no means an improvement on that of Mr. Beutler.

This (Thursday) evening, Flotow's ever-popular opera of "Martha" will be performed—Mlle. Johannsen in the principal rôle. Owing to the continued indisposition of Mme. v. Berkel, the part of Nancy will be filled by Miss D'ormy.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Harmonia Sacred Music Society gave its first concert for the season last Monday evening in Concert Hall. Mr. L. MEIGNON conducted; Mr. MICHAEL H. CROSS presided at the organ. The following solo artists assisted: Mr. BERNER, tenor, from Europe (his first appearance in this country); Miss EMMA BROOKE, soprano; Mr. T. BISHOP, tenor; Mr. F. RUDOLPHSEN, baritone.

PART I.

1. Organ.—Introduction and Fugue, played by Michael H. Cross.
2. Grand Chorus—"Great is the Lord," Hummel
3. Tenor Solo.—Grand Recitative and Aria; Der Freischütz, sung by Mr. Berner.
4. Grand Chorus—"The Lord is Great," Von Weber
5. Trio—"Praise ye," from Artias. Miss Brooke, Mr. Bishop, and Mr. Rudolphsen.
6. Tenor Solo.—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," (by desire), sung by Mr. Bishop.

PART II.

1. Solo Baritone. Scena—"Eleanora," sung by Mr. Rudolphsen.
2. Tenor Solo. Polonaise, from the Opera of Jossoda, sung by Mr. Berner.
3. Concerted piece. Finale to the second act of La Sonnambula.—Miss Brooke, Mr. Bishop and Chorus, Bellini

PART III.

1. Organ Operatic Selections, played by Michael H. Cross.
2. Chorus. Lützow's Wild Huntsman.
3. Soprano. Swiss Air with variations, sung by Miss Emma Brooke.
4. Tenor Solo. Adelaide, sung by Mr. Berner.
5. Chorus—"Come unto these Yellow Sands," Stevenson

ALBANY, N. Y. A friend writes us: "GOTTSCALK gave a concert here last Thursday with Mrs. BOSTWICK. He never played so finely at an Albany concert. The next morning he delighted us with Bach's fugues, Beethoven, Chopin, &c.; and as Thalberg was much talked of, he gave us his *Don Juan* fantasia (and is it not his best?); also some of his original studies. I do believe you could hear Gottschalk play for a year, every day in the year, and then not know the extent of his wonderful repertoire."

WORCESTER, Ms.—(From the *Palladium*).—A private musical soirée was given on Friday evening at Allen's music rooms, by Mr. B. D. ALLEN, to whom our musical public have been for some time indebted for many such occasions of interest and enjoyment. First upon the programme came Mozart's Variations in G, which were played by Mr. Allen and Miss Bacon with marked expression and excellent taste. A cavatina from *La Gazza Ladra* was substituted for a romance from "William Tell," in consequence of the absence of Miss Fiske. It was well sung by the soprano singer of one of our best quartet choirs; a lady who is possessed of a voice of singular richness and beauty, joined to a style which many vocalists of greater pretensions might adopt to advantage. She also sang three of the Franz songs. "The blue-eyed lassie," "Mutter, O sing mich zur Ruh," and "Imsonst,"—choice gems which are just flashing their light upon us of the western world—and sweetly and feelingly she gave them. In addition to these, she sang a canzone of Mr. Allen's composition—"When day has smil'd"—a winning melody with beautiful, bell-like accompaniment. Mr. Stocking's singing of the Jenny Lind ballad, "Love smiles no more," was warmly received. This was also a substitution—for a terzetto from *Don Giovanni*. Of the instrumental pieces performed we have not the space, if we had the ability, to give the notice they deserve. Miss Bacon played the Beethoven sonata, op. 26, with her accustomed taste and skill. The theme and *marcia funebre* are very familiar reminiscences of the great master, every lover of music ever realizing the tender beauty of the former and the solemn grandeur of the latter. The entire work was finely played. Mr. Allen's performance of the Schaeffer fantasia and variations was masterly in every respect; and the Polonaise by Chopin, op. 26, No. 1, received from him a most exquisite rendering. Truly, the fascination of this latter composer grows even upon those who at first acknowledge his genius! Schubert's March in B minor, a characteristic work of much grandeur, satisfactorily ended the evening's real, unqualified "entertainment."

Foreign.

SALZBURG.—THE MOZART FESTIVAL.—(Cor. *London Post*, Sept. 9.)—On Sept. 6, as I have already informed you, took place the formal entry of the various choral societies from nearly all parts of Germany, through triumphal arches, over which waved the national flags of Austria, Bavaria, Salzburg, the Tyrol, &c. The gates of the town were also gaily decorated, as was the Salzach-bridge. Great part of the morning was employed in rehearsing, and in the evening the procession of Liedertafeln moved from the Mirabellaplatz, over the Salzach-bridge to the Mozartplatz, where, around the colossal statue of the great composer, the Festival Cantata, for male voices and wind instruments, composed expressly for the occasion by Herr Franz Lachner, conductor of the Royal Opera-house, Munich, and supreme director of the present Mozart Festival, was to be executed. The procession was accompanied by more than 200 torch-bearers, and during the performance of Herr Lachner's cantata, the Mozartplatz was illuminated by Bengal fire. Outside the Mozart-gate, too, the Gaisberggalpe and Bengelstein was similarly honored.

On the following day, September 7, took place the first grand concert in the Aula Academica, which was simply and tastefully fitted up for the occasion. A large golden M, with sun-rays, on gorgeous purple drapery, formed the background of the orchestra, whilst between the windows on either side of the *salle* were tablets bearing the titles and thematic index of Mozart's compositions. The vast *salle* was quite full, and the Imperial box was occupied by the Empress-Mother of Austria, King Max of Bavaria, and King Otho of Greece. Herr Franz Lachner directed the orchestra, and the programme included the so-called "Jupiter" symphony, the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, a "Concertante Symphony," the air in B flat, with clarinet obbligato, from *La Clemenza di Tito*, by Madame Behrend Brandt and Herr Bärmann, a trio from *Idomeneo* (one of Mozart's greatest operas), never yet heard in England, nor perhaps likely to be, the air "Dies Bildnis" ("Cara immagine"), sung by Dr. Härtinger, and the concerto in D, played by the Viennese pianist, Herr Willmers, upon a Viennese

piano by Seibert, one of the most celebrated Austrian manufacturers. The solo vocalists, besides Madame Behrend Brandt and Dr. Härtinger, already mentioned, were Mesdames Dietz, Mangstl, and Herr Kindermann.

Before the concert, an appropriate prologue, by Herr Prechler, was delivered by Mlle. Blondine Jéna, of Vienna, setting forth the value of the "ideal" to the world, and exhorting us to compensate to Mozart's spirit for the sufferings he underwent "in the flesh," by adopting his creed of love and beauty, and disseminating it amongst mankind. The concert, a critical description of which I cannot attempt to give at this moment, lasted about four hours. No artiste was "received," as it is termed, by the public; but there was no lack of applause during the performance, and nearly all the artistes were recalled on more than one occasion. At the conclusion (long before which many of the "Mozart-loving" audience had departed in search of "*bif-teck mit Kartoffeln*"), Herr Franz Lachner was loudly called for and cheered from all parts of the room.

The following morning, September 9, we had high mass in the cathedral, when the mass in C, André's Catalogue, 19, 1776, was performed, under the direction of Herr Taux. The soprano and alto were inefficient amateurs—the band and chorus thin, and wanting in ensemble. In fact, the secular concerts appear to absorb all the attention of the managing committee. The Liedertafeln-fest, which should have taken place to-day on the Mönchsberg, was spoiled by the rain, and the singers were consequently obliged to give their entertainment under shelter in the Aula. The procession of all the societies took place, nevertheless. The ceremonies were commenced by a herald dressed in red and white, and followed by halberdiers, banner-bearers, &c., belonging to the archbishop, all in the costume of the middle ages. Then came the singers in masses, accompanied by various military bands. The Empress-Mother, King Max, and King Otho were also present on this occasion. Amongst other artistic notabilities now in Salzburg are Ferdinand Hiller, from Cologne; Otto Prechler, author of the prologue; Dr. Hauslick, music-director from Vienna; Herren Mosewits (Breslau), and Netzer (Grätz). But the greatest living object of interest here is an old silver-haired man, called Karl Mozart, son of the immortal composer, and last of the name. He has come all the way from Milan to enjoy the *fête*, and, although things are not cheap, there is not the slightest danger of his lacking a dinner of champagne, although his father might have wanted both. The only fear is that the poor old fellow will be killed with kindness.

PARIS.—Sig. Verdi, who was to have left for Italy before this, remains here. It is reported that his *Traviata*, translated into French, under the title of *Le Trovère*, has just been put into rehearsal at the Imperial Opera House, and will be produced the second week in December. The principal characters will be supported by Mesdames Medori and Borghini-Mamo, Messrs. Guémard, Bonneheé, and Derivis.

Jean de Paris will shortly be revived at the Opera Comique. Mlle. Lheritier, of the Conservatory, will make her first appearance in the character of the Page, "created" by Mad. Gavaudin, and M. Stockhausen, the baritone, in that of the Seneschal, "created" by Martin. A musical trifle, entitled, *Les Trois Dragons*, has been favorably received at the theatre of Les Folies Nouvelles.—On hearing of Rossini's return to Paris on Thursday week, Musard, with his entire orchestra, gave a serenade, at eleven o'clock in the evening, under the *maestro's* windows. The pieces performed, from memory, by Musard's seventy musicians, were "La Pastorella delle Alpi," and the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, it will be seen, give a grand Sacred Concert to-morrow evening, in the Music Hall, assisted by Mesdames LA GRANGE and BERTUCCA MARETZKE, our own ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Signors CERESA, AMODIO, and the other stars of MARETZKE's Italian Opera, and a grand orchestra; the whole under the direction of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, the new conductor of the Society, who will make his first public appearance in this capacity. The programme begins well with the overture to "St. Paul," and the first part gives us an opportunity to hear Miss Phillipps again in one of her best contralto songs, "He was despised." It contains also a goodly selection of choruses, and the more serious airs from operas. The second part is of course, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; for every Italian opera company has to be brought out in this, apparently the only sacred music with which they are familiar; and the *Stabat Mater* seems to have been providentially created as a means of drawing off a

little of the golden tide of opera into the dry channels of our unremunerated oratorio societies. But there is good music in it, it is popular, and affords fine scope for the artistic powers of Lagrange and the rest. . . Verily we are growing hard-hearted; we expose ourselves to piteous complaints; this, for instance, from the *City Item* of Philadelphia:

"Not a word regarding the Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre is to be found in Dwight's Journal of Music. We expected to meet with some sound criticisms upon the merits of the performers, intending to transfer them for the benefit of our readers, but we were disappointed. His silence is a real loss to the lovers of music. What is the matter?"

How does our friend Fitzgerald know that there is Italian opera in Boston? Does he go beyond the musical papers, and search the advertising columns of the political dailies? But patience; if our opinion is good for anything, it will keep, and perhaps a review of the whole when past will be fairer, better proportioned and less partial, than hasty bulletins in the midst of the smoke of the battle.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says THALBERG, the great pianist, is none of your thin, intellectual, sentimental looking geniuses, but a burly-faced, wholesome, farmer-looking fellow, more like one of your Western Pennsylvania corn growers than a prodigy of art. He speaks English as good as an Englishman, and has a much better acquaintance with American affairs than the most intelligent foreigners usually have.

A Russian prince, who is a fanatical admirer of an instrument which has fallen into general disfavor of late years—the guitar—has summoned all the guitarists of Europe to a public trial of their skill next month at Brussels, and has promised a gold medal to the best player, and a silver one to the second. This, if he does not die of a surfeit of sweet sounds, may work his cure. Verily it will be a sort of World's Fair of all the sweetest sugar confectionary of music! . . . Lovers of BEETHOVEN, who can play the piano or command a player, should be interested in the announcement by Messrs. Ewer & Co., London, of "Beethoven's Overtures, complete, newly arranged for the Piano-forte, by ERNST PAUER." The list contains the overtures to *Prometheus*, *Coriolan*, the three to *Leonora* and the one to *Fidelio*, the *Egmont*, *Ruins of Athens*, *Namensfeier*, *King Stephen*, and *Die Weihe des Hauses* (Op. 124), complete in one volume, price 18 shillings. The editor states that he has availed himself of the modern improvements of the piano, to give a fuller and truer representation of the orchestral combinations, than are to be found in any of the old arrangements.

The Chicago *Congregational Herald* relates the following:

A few Sabbaths since we attended divine service in our city, to hear a person who was announced to preach, from New York. We will not name the denomination, but can say, with reference to the discourse, we were amply repaid for our attendance. Unexpectedly, however, after the sermon, the minister announced that he would sing a soul-inspiring—original—*Christian war-song*! We felt like trembling, and looked around with amazement. Says he, Brethren, all unite in the chorus, namely: "I'm bound for the kingdom, I'm bound for the kingdom, I'm bound for the kingdom, We'll soon be at home!" He proceeded with his solo; and, thought we, what a ridiculous melody to accompany one heavenward! The air struck us as something we had often heard played on the street-organs, until, by careful reflection, as the song continued to ring upon our ears, we distinctly recognized the Ethiopian melody, "*Wait for de Wagon*." The result was, that all previous benefit of both sermon and devotional exercises, was thus made null and void; and we left the place of worship with a feeling akin to contempt, nay disgust.

One of our exchanges relates the following facts regarding the mysteries of the manufacturers of fame by profession: "Madame RISTORI, the celebrated Italian tragedienne, relates quite openly that she received in Paris a bill of six hundred francs

(one hundred and twenty dollars) from the chief of the *claque*. She refused to pay; but considering that she had to come again before the public she yielded and paid. When, in 1844, a certain AUGUSTE, chief of this establishment, died, his book of receipts proved that he received from NOURRIT, annually, two thousand francs; from Mlle. TAGLIONI, monthly, three hundred francs; from FANNY ELSLER, for the first performance, five hundred francs; for the second, three hundred francs; and for each of the following performances, one hundred francs."

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PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1—Overture: St. Paul, Mendelssohn
- 2—Chorus: "Lord, thou alone art God," "
- 3—Aria: "Ah mio figlio," Meyerbeer
- 4—Aria: "He was despised," (Messiah), Handel
- 5—Aria: Prayer from I Lombardi, Verdi
- 6—Chorus: "The God of Israel," Rossini
- 7—Prayer from Mosé in Egitto, "

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Translated for this Journal.

The Music of Hungary.

From the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Leipzig, 1852.

(Concluded from p. 35.)

Such always is the relation of the Gipsy to the music of the nation where he happens to dwell; it is a reproductive, not a productive relation; but what he is not materially, he becomes in form. The way in which he conceives the given *nota* instrumentally is so true to the indwelling spirit of these melodies, that he is to be considered as the peculiar creator of a Hungarian instrumental music. Now what do we understand by instrumental music? A music essentially distinct from musical song. The human voice is, to be sure, the most beautiful organ of musical inventions, the centre of all tone movements; but when we consider that this voice in its normal state commands not more than twelve or fourteen manageable tones, we find what bounds and limits are assigned it in the immeasurable realm of tones. In the second place it lacks the flexibility of instrumental music, such as we find especially in stringed instruments. Whatever more the long years of practice and the consequent virtuosity of a Catalani and such throat-machines may extract from the human voice, is all forced and unnatural, and cannot enter into the account in speaking of the character of the human voice in its natural condition. The violin, on the contrary, affords a great compass of tones, which the instrument as such may require every player to traverse; and here is just the point where we may regard the Gipsy at once as a natural musician and an artist. When he has heard a Hungarian melody sung, and when he tries to play it over on his instrument, whether it be violin or dulcimer, a true artistic feeling, a musical instinct

as it were, leads him to reproduce the *nota* he has heard in the instrumental manner. The *cimbalo* has for its task, in the *Lassús* (Adagios), in which long *holds* are introduced, to fill them out by a tremulous and rapid iteration of the same tones, while the violins hold out the note, or the player makes a harmonic embellishment, as for example:



The dulcimer embraces over three octaves, and admits of the execution of harmonic figures and *tremolos* with the greatest rapidity. The clarinet mingles a *Csiko* element in the Gipsy orchestra; it moves wildly to and fro, and hops with piping cry about the string quartet. In the violin, on the contrary, the gnawing pain and melancholy of the Hungarian engraves itself. An inexpressible sadness, a moaning complaint, quivers from the hot strokes, with which the gipsy presses down the strings of his violin. The impassioned character of his playing, the paroxysm into which he works himself, is strongly expressed. A hot glow flushes the cheeks of the players; they make convulsive movements with the head and hands, and they have scarcely played through when they sink back exhausted on their seat.

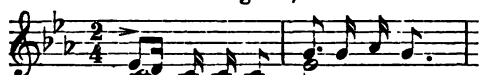
The gift of transforming every melody at once into an instrumental piece is possessed in a high degree on the piano by the lady already mentioned, Emilie von Kabinyi. She plays, too, like the gipsies, everything by heart, and shows therein an extraordinary memory, having at her command more than a hundred Hungarian tunes, as *Czárdás*, *Csikos*, *Inház* melodies, &c. When I asked her once whether she did not also sing Hungarian, she replied that she had never sung in her life—a new proof of my assertion that the Hungarian is more playing than singing music. At the same time, what the gipsies do not understand, this lady knows the notes well and plays also classical music admirably by note. Among the composers for the piano she is partial to Chopin. With this rare musical talent a high intellectual culture, a noble enthusiasm for her country's cause, for freedom and for right, a Hungarian hospitality and largeness of heart, beauty and amiability, unite to make this lady one of the most remarkable phenomena of her sex in our day.

Of individual gipsy musicians in former times, Bihari and Cisari were especially distinguished. Bihari, who used to play with his band at a *café* in Pesth, and who in gathering up the money would leave out all the bank notes which were

not hundreds, and throw them to the waiters, died at last in a Pesth hospital. The first gipsy band in Pesth at present is that of Sárkösi, among whose members is a son of the famous Bihari. The *cafés* in which the gipsy bands of Pesth are most heard are the King of Hungary, (here the most frequently) the Jägerhorn, the Tiger and the Hopfengarten; in the last and in the Hôtel d'Europe, they play mostly in the evening, and here too in the most national manner.

Since the unhappy issue of the revolutionary war, a strong pressure has weighed upon the Hungarian music on the part of the Austrian government. Not only are the Rákoczy, Kosuth, Werbungs, Klapka and other revolutionary marches entirely excluded by a strict prohibition, but not much Hungarian playing is allowed; and if the Gipsies play more than three pieces in *Hungarian style*, and do not give at least an equal quantity of foreign music, it is regarded as "*a demonstration*," and (*horribile dictu*) can be re-sented. This is partly the reason why several of the Gipsy bands have become entirely modernized; they have to play a great many *Françaises*, waltzes, polkas, &c., so that the nationality of their music is lost. Since not only the Gipsy manner of playing, but also many of the older Hungarian pieces are preserved merely traditionally by these popular musicians, being handed down from father to son, from one band to another; and since they are unable to read notes and to fix down musical ideas in writing, there is great danger from this political prohibition that not only the genuine style of playing, but also that the older, truly national pieces will gradually (as we already begin to see) die out entirely in the consciousness of the nation. Among these is one of the oldest monuments of Hungarian national music, whose origin is to be assigned to the end of the 17th century, and which is now extremely seldom heard in Hungary, and is only preserved by tradition: this is the *Rákoczy nota*, not to be confounded with the *Rákoczy indulo* or march, which grew out of the former afterwards. Of the whole Gipsy band of Sárkösi, only the above mentioned son of the famous Bihari knew it; on the other hand it lived still fresh in the piano playing of the baroness Emilie von Kabinyi; and to the ready zeal with which she helped me fix this music down in writing I owe it that I now possess this treasure not merely in my fingers, but in written notes. The delivery of this instrumental piece of four divisions, and remarkable for its national originality as much as for its age, requires an intimate acquaintance with the peculiarities of the Hungarian music. For this music, like many such Hungarian Gipsy pieces, cannot possibly, on account of the fantastic

and free delivery which it requires, be written down precisely as it ought to sound; and as I was never able to hear it played by Gipsies, I have been indebted solely to the frequent playing and the verbal instructions of the aforementioned lady, for the means of rendering the same in all its genuineness upon the piano. Of course the piano, with its quickly vanishing tone-material, can but poorly reproduce this and other instrumental pieces of the sort; yet I have more than once had experience that it can be played so as to give a lively idea of its delivery with full instrumentation. It is wonderful that such embellishments, *mordenti*, runs, &c., which as applied to our Western melodies so often show the worst taste, are with the Hungarian airs an almost necessary accompaniment; without them they would lose much of their national type. In a word, the embellishments with which the Gipsy musicians, and, as we shall soon see, also the Magyar natives of the *Csikós*, *Inhaz*, &c., invest their melodies, are the *national costume of this music*. As the national dress of the Hungarians is motley and variegated, so too is the instrumental clothing of their popular melodies. A few bars of instrumental embellishments of one of the most beautiful Hungarian airs may serve here as an example. The first five measures of the simple melody, of which the whole is sung to the nine-line stanzas before given, are as follows:



Tree and root are rent asunder,



I and darling torn a-part!

This the Gipsy plays, apart from its peculiar harmony, in something like this fashion:



Remark in this delivery the short cutting off of the concluding note. In their modulations the Gipsies are very fond of frequent transitions by chords of the seventh; for instance, they harmonize the concluding measures of the *Makoi Csárdás* in F minor thus:



A multitude of *Csárdás*, which have been pub-

lished in Pesth by Wagner and Treichlinger, are harmonized in an entirely ungentle and false manner; those who would study the Hungarian music in such printed sumptuous editions, are hereby warned against them. Not once is the chord of the superfluous sixth, of which we spoke above, and of which the Hungarian ear is so fond, regarded by the editors in their mechanical zeal; to say nothing of other fine points of melody and harmony which the Gipsy observes. The recently deceased Cyressi Beni was the best of the makers of such written arrangements. Of all the forms of ornament, none is so foreign to the Hungarian Gipsy as the trill, which he utterly despises. At least, I have never heard trills from a Gipsy band; only the clarinet makes here and there a trill-like connection between the tones; but as a means of modulation melodiously strengthening the harmony, I have never heard trills.

From the Gipsies we come to the native tribes of pure Magyar origin—the *Csikós* or horse-drovers, and the *Inhaz* or shepherds. Which of my readers has not heard during the last years of the revolution of the *Csikós* and their terrible weapon? This is not the place to speak of their extraordinary skill in riding, of their dexterity in handling their whip, which spreads terror among men and beasts; but I need only remind my readers of what they already know, to excite their curiosity, when I tell them that these men have also a peculiar music. From their willow pipes one hears screaming over the broad plain their wild tunes, in which not an elegiac complaint, as in the *Lassús* of the Hungarian Gipsies, but a rude natural cry finds utterance. * * Various Hungarian melodies have appeared in Pesth under the title *Csikós*, but, with a single exception, they are none of them genuine. In the *Csiko* tunes the mode of living of these native tribes is mirrored on its musical side; their melodies may be compared to their unbridled horses, feeding on those vast steppes.

Quite different is the music of another Magyar tribe. I mean the *Inház* or shepherds. From their bone pipes stream the melancholy tones of a tender elegy, holding notes, long sustained and dying away in *pianissimo*, indefinite runs up and down the Hungarian scale (described above), which wander as embellishments about a distinct tune. All this makes their playing seem a dreamy, fantastical, mysterious, fascinating web of tones, and one involuntarily thinks, as he listens, of the words of the poet:

Vorüber ihr Schaaf, vorüber,
Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh!

Like spirit voices these tones, steeped in sadness, ring by night over the immeasurable plain, and an inexpressible presentiment of our eternal existence gets possession of the soul while listening to these sounds. Thus the milder habit of the *Inház* shows itself also in their music; the sight and care of gentle sheep awakens in the *Inház* very different feelings from those excited in the *Csiko* by his familiarity with the impetuous horse: one dreams, the other storms; one loves, the other burns; one laments, the other cries aloud; one is patient as a lamb, the other rears up like a wild horse. The two poles of the life of feeling meet in the music of these two Magyar tribes.

If we return to the general divisions of the Hungarian music, we have so far two, the song

and the *Csárdás*, which belongs to the instrumental world. As regards the *Friss* (or quick movement) of the *Csárdás*, its proper delivery requires a very peculiar gradation of the *tempo*. You must not suddenly observe the *tempo* marks in the execution of the *Friss*; only gradually must the player throw himself into a quick time, continually accelerating until the conclusion of a strain. For example, the following pretty *czárdás* passage is played thus:



And only on the repetition is it taken from the beginning fast, and uniformly fast until the end. There is something exceedingly impassioned, unrestrained, fantastical in this style of delivery, and the spirit of the tune itself so perfectly accords with such delivery, that one who deeply enters into this music can never play a tune like the above in any other manner than the one here indicated.

Beside the *Csárdás*, there is a higher kind of dance music, called the *Kös*. Both the music and the dance, as compared with the *Csárdás*, are distinguished by a fineness, an ornate elegance, a grace and grandeur, which are not peculiar to the *Csárdás*. Moreover the *Kös* moves only in the higher circles of the Hungarian nation; it is not by far so old as the *Csárdás*, and the music, in spite of the recent excellent achievements of Travnyik and Bózsavölgyi, has not the real national stamp by which the *Csárdás* stands off in such striking contrast from the dance music of all other nations. A piece of *Kös* music bears about the same relation to a genuine old *Csárdás*, that the modern revolutionary marches do to the old *Rakoczy indulo*.

Among those who deserve mention for original efforts at the composition of Hungarian national melodies, the name of Thern, a piano-forte maestro at Pesth, must not be passed over in silence. He is the author of a now very popular air, called *Fői dal*. (*Dal* means song.) In the conversations which I had with him about the Hungarian music, he showed great interest in it, and also was not without theoretic insight, which for a Hungarian musician is saying much. Of those who have done active service for the music of their nation as good singers of the Hungarian popular melodies, the names of Fűredy, Mikály, and Vorrá are most prominent.

I might proceed to speak of the Hungarian Opera, or of the national music of Hungary, as elevated to dramatic Art. But here my pen stops. The Hungarians to this date have no national opera. If, for example, the new opera by ERKEL, *Hunyadi di László*, is to be called a Hungarian opera, we may just as well call any one of Verdi's operas Hungarian. The opera *Hunyadi*, if we except perhaps some passages in the well-known beautiful Hunyadi march, betrays no trace of the spirit of Hungarian music. It is an arbitrary patchwork of reminiscences from the Italian operatic school; and what has given this extremely weak and insignificant opera in every

respect, whether of counterpoint or melody, so much value for some time with the Pesth public, is in the first place the historical national subject of its libretto; in the next place, the fact that its performance was forbidden for some time after the revolution on account of its subject; furthermore the limited musical taste of the miscellaneous Pesth public; and finally the *bravura* execution of the singer, Madame LAGRANGE. I cannot, with the best will, with the exception of the pretty motives which are brought together in the Hunyadi March, find in this whole opera a single new idea, or even a half ordinary carrying out of an idea. I have a right to judge of it, since I have not only seen and heard it performed in the national theatre at Pesth, but I have also had opportunity to examine the original score attentively.

A far more genial creation is an opera by a certain DOPPLER, first flutist at the national theatre in Pesth; but this too, although far superior to *Hunyadi* in design and execution, is a half-way affair. The opera to which I refer is called *Ilka*, or the "Hussar's Bride," and contains a truly masterly overture, which alone says enough for the uncommon talent of its young composer. In the opera itself too, as well as in the overture, you hear splendid, genuine Hungarian national sounds, which, however, often give way very soon to jingling common-place.

Of the general state of music, as exhibited at Pesth and Ofen in the theatre, the church, in private circles and in families, and of its leading personal representatives, I shall write in a special article, and for the present close. Were I to describe the Hungarian music in general in a few words, I should say: *In the Hungarian music there is more passion than good nature, more fire than heartiness, more softness than tenderness, more sadness than earnestness, more complaining than enduring sorrow, more wildness than efficient energy, more bravura than depth, more piquancy than beauty, more of the grotesque than of the romantic*, and so on. Grief over the loss of a great past, the political condition of the country, these, O unhappy, noble nation of the Magyars, are depicted in thy music! Thanks for the hospitality which thou hast let the stranger find at thy hearth, for so many a cordial pressure of the hand from thy brave sons, for thy precious wines, for thy glorious music, which my soul drank with rapture, for all the beauty which I could enjoy at thy breast! Much that is good and noble, which still sleeps unrecognized in thee, in after times shall ripen, and the yet closed buds of culture in a better future open to the light of day. Thy hour also shall strike, thou deeply bowed daughter of Magyar, and what thou hast a forefeeling of in tones, shall yet on some great morning prove reality; thy grief shall be transformed to joy, thy complaint to jubilation, thy tears into sweet wine!

DR. GUSTAV PRESSEL.

Stuttgart, May, 1852.

Sufferings of a Grand Piano.

What hard lives are led, now-a-days, by piano-fortes! what miserable times they have! and how much they have to undergo! and how shamefully they are abused! Every one must be aware of these facts, for pianos cannot, by any strain of veracity, be classed among the silent sufferers; they cry out, and with a very loud noise, poor things; now shrieking chromatically in their upper octaves, now groaning dismally in the bass,

and sobbing in the tenor. Buffeted, pounded, thrashed, galloped over, hit as hard as possible, by muscular fingers, in all parts, in an instant of time,—really a piano is as badly off as an omnibus horse. We propose the formation of a Humane Society for the protection and Relief of Suffering Piano-fortes; no concert performers allowed in the Board of Directors, they being the most inhuman oppressors of the unhappy instruments. We know of nothing that would tempt us to exchange our editorial condition with that of the finest grand piano in the world: we are not weak, but we could not stand under such treatment as it receives, not even if we had three stout legs and an iron frame. Imagine it; for the moment, we are a grand piano.

We are engaged by the distinguished pianist, Herr Klapperklau, Knight Commander of the Polar Star, Grand Cross of the *Golden Fleece*, &c., &c., for his grand concert; he tries us, he approves of us, he patronizes our maker upon consideration and orders us round to the hall. We are hauled there in a cart swathed in rag carpet, and held up by savoury porters, upon whose lusty shoulders we are conveyed up the stair at a funeral pace. Our legs are screwed on, and we are at length placed on the platform. A tuner appears, we are opened, and all our nerves, (i. e. strings,) are drawn up to their utmost tension. This done, we are shut up, and have a little peace and quiet, just to prepare ourselves for the order of the approaching evening. The gas is lit, the audience gathers, our time draws near. Already we are wheeled into an admirable position, so that when the man opens our mouth we grin, with our row of ivories, in the faces of two thirds of of the assembled auditory. Our lid is removed, we look very new, very shiny, very nice, but we are conscious of a certain string,—an unhappy F,—that has yielded, just a trifle, and will be a little out of tune; it worries us on our maker's account, for we have a high regard for him; but, in all probability, there are not ten persons among the two thousand present, who will be able to detect the flatness of that solitary note, or an harmonic G, in the bass, that has a most delectable burr, and of whose existence we are also perfectly aware, though unable to rectify the defect.

Herr Klapperklau comes out of the retiring room, attired in scrupulous black, relieved by a few rags of ribbon to make the audience believe he is as great a man as can be. He returns the applause of the audience with a polite bow and a seraphic smile; what condescension! He seats himself before us, and while employed in the operation of removing his gloves, he annihilates several young ladies,—otherwise boarding school girls,—by his ribbons, diamond rings, ambrosial locks, and a few more of the before mentioned seraphic smiles. At length the gloves are off, and we expect him to commence upon us. But no! he is off his seat, and is displaying his entire absence of the nonsensical affectations of pianists, by pushing us so as to show our teeth to more of the audience. We are heavy, but he moves us after an effort, and is rewarded for playing porter badly, by a round of applause. Once more he is seated. Now for it. No, there is another young lady to be annihilated; he does it by a little more of the seraphic business, and by cracking all his finger joints in the most rapt and fascinating manner. Now he is certainly ready. Not yet, he has to brush our teeth with his linen cambric handkerchief, and to wipe his hands afterwards.

Our turn has come at last; Herr Klapperklau is all arranged; to use a vulgarism, he is prepared to "pitch into us," the which he does. A grand thumping in our lower regions. Bless the man! he has found that horrid harmonic G already! with both hands he dashes at our teeth like a savage dentist, committing all kinds of aggravated assaults and batteries upon poor, inoffensive us. We tremble beneath his prodigious blows, roar out at the force of his fists. Suddenly he detects our flattened F. Let that alone, most noble commander of the *Golden Fleece*, you are playing in public, and cannot stop. But it seems he has not been playing upon us yet; he has only been pre-luding extempore. He stops. He singles out our unhappy F, and favors it with several private

hits, as if he expected to force it up to the pitch, by exposing it to the public, and bringing it to a sense of its improper situation. His endeavors have not the desired effect; our poor F gets flatter, the more it is pounded, but the ignorant people in the audience are in raptures at the acute ears the Herr possesses under that hyperion mop of black hair.

Having put the F out of countenance and tune the Polar Star again cracks his joints and commences his slow piece, composed, of course, by that prince of pianists Herr Klapperklau. Then we suffer. We are ill used without mercy; he beats us frightfully; he scratches the music out of us; he runs over us prodigiously fast and with prodigiously heavy fingers. We feel as if beaten to a jelly. We begin to form some conception of that ingenious contrivance, a threshing machine. He goes on for ten minutes in this way, and winds up at last with half a dozen terrific thumps; rising and leaving us quivering, vibrating, stunned, speechless. He retires amidst the plaudits of the enraptured auditors, who measure his abilities by the noise he has brought out of us. We fear the fools will have him out again; we dread his appearance. They clap on, they clap him out, they clap him up to us, he plays another composition by the same distinguished individual. He does not beat us long, this time, for he is almost as exhausted as we are.

We have a rest now, while the other performers are singing or tooting on the miserable flute, and then we are Klapperklau-ed again. Again he moves us, although we are just as he left us; again he gives the F a few dabs, to assure himself of its being wrong, and then he is at us again. Four times he is on the programme; four times he is encored; consequently eight times we are obliged passively to sustain our part in a boxing match with the redoubtable pianist.

Oh! who would be a grand piano forte and suffer eight such assaults in one evening, with no police to interfere in one's behalf, and no redress to be hoped for in any shape!

Fitzgerald's City Item.

(From the Massachusetts Teacher.)

The use of the Beautiful in Education.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PUPILS OF A GYMNASIUM.

[From the German of HERDER.]

[We give here a translation of a discourse by one of the noblest, purest, and most religious-minded of Germany's great thinkers. It will serve to show the elevated tone in which the subject is treated in the only country where as yet Teaching has really taken its rank as one of the liberal arts. We think that no teacher, however humble his sphere of duty, can read it without profit and improvement.—A.]

Youth is the age of beauty in human life, the period when we love and practise nothing so willingly as what seems beautiful. The element of beauty in literature, science, and art, is the sweet allurements which attracts us, the Hesperides fruit which enchants us. The most useful and valuable teaching needs only to seem hard, or to wear an earnest and melancholy countenance, and youth flies from it as the talk of dry old age; what is most useless needs only to put on a light and pleasing mien, and it is sought for, loved, and revered.

How then? Is this impulse of our nature, this attraction and inclination for all that is pleasing and beautiful, to be condemned? Did Nature commit a sin when she implanted this tendency in our hearts, and adorned with it the years of our first awakening into life? Did she commit a sin when she clothed so many forms about us with loveliness, and made the first years of life the spring-time also of human feeling? Is it forbidden to prefer the beautiful to the ugly? forbidden, too, in learning and the arts? In these, the ornaments of human nature, why should we not seek the ornament of the ornament, the essence of the attraction?

Nature never errs, and she would least of all be a deceiver where she shows herself friendly, and in what of loveliness she lays in the path of our lives. She acted as a wise and benevolent mother when she surrounded the true and the

good in her works with beauty, and made the first years of our life a garden of pleasant delight. The very novelty of the first objects of our knowledge and activity delights us; the lightness with which our blood flows and our heart beats and our thoughts and desires arise within us, softly allures us up the hard heights of human life, and charms us into its bonds. We learn with pleasure, unconsciously, and as it were in sport, what we hereafter must practise in sadder and more earnest years, and harder and more troublesome relations; an inviting spring leads us on to the summer, the autumn, and the winter of our days. The Apostle not only says, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure," but also, "whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The sciences of the beautiful then belong to the age of beauty in human life, and the Creator has ordained that they should be united in bonds of mutual love.

But what are sciences of the beautiful, and how must we love and practise them, that our practise may be beautiful also? These questions seem to me, on account of their importance and even necessity in our times, to be the best possible introduction to a public examination such as this, that we may secure a noble rivalry between the arts themselves and those who are pursuing them.

The word "beautiful" is commonly made synonymous with "easy," for light and thoughtless youth shun nothing so much as trouble and labor; what recommends itself at first sight, what is comprehended at the first glance, is preferred; what requires thought, zeal, and exercise, though it be of the utmost value, is neglected. Nothing is read but the dear mother-tongue, especially when what is read was lightly written, and is only sugar-plums in the mouth. Perhaps we add the French, partly because it is so easy to learn, and partly because it contains so many sugar-plums. There is the gingerbread of pretty romances, pretty poems, pretty stories, comedies, and plays; the cut of the language is of the latest fashion, its style is easy and to catch the eye; by all means, therefore, be it learned, say they. But the true fountains, the everlasting monuments of the science of the beautiful, the Greeks, and Romans, are passed by, because the knowledge of them costs labor, because the entrance to these shrines is through the fore-court of a learned tongue. Ask many a youth whether ideas of beauty and of intellectual pleasure are associated in his mind with his Virgil, his Horace, Cicero, Homer, Theocritus, and perhaps he will tell you Yes, with an easy-reading translation of them; but in the Greek and Latin, they are Classics, and with most youths the Classics and intellectual pleasure are widely separated notions. Just the very form which contributes so much of their beauty is that which makes them hateful and troublesome to the lazy pupil. The monkey would gladly have the sweet kernel, but he will not crack the hard nut; it breaks his pretty teeth.

Is not the Greek a beautiful language? do not its writers deserve to be learned, if only for the rules and examples of the beautiful they afford?—The present examination will be your answer. Perhaps we shall find as many lovers of the most beautiful of all beautiful languages as once there were reckoned Muses, nine! Perhaps we shall find not nearly so many.

O, it is an idle and a wanton age when that only is called beautiful which is easy, and nothing pleases us but what flies into our very mouths! "I went by the field of the slothful," says Solomon, "and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."

Thine easy knowledge will bring thee neither honor nor bread; not rightly has thou learned; thou hast put to sleep thy spirit, wasted thy best time, the first young power of thy soul. By for-

ever trifling thou hast lost the habit of earnestness; by giving thyself up to sport, labor, without which no work can be accomplished, no glory, no aim of life attained, becomes unsupportable and impossible. Thou hast eaten sweets till they have ruined thy digestion. Soon the beautiful will be no longer beautiful, but wearisome and disgusting, because thou hast enjoyed it to excess, and thou wilt languish like a sick man, at the very fountains of health. O hear, who has ears to hear; for what I say is terrible truth. Pleasure and Beauty when thus pursued become hateful in the end,—Sirens which allure and mislead you, Circes which transform you. You will be a cuckoo to prate miserable verse, a crow to write reviews, or a peacock or a goose in guise of a bombastic or a pleasant-cackling preacher.

Every art and science whether called "fine" or ugly, requires labor, industry, practice; poets and orators, whose works are commonly the only part of literature which is reckoned among the Fine Arts, never become great without industry and labor. The reviver of German poetic art, Opitz, wrote Latin elegantly, was well acquainted with ancient literature, and made as good Latin as he did German verses; the modern reviver of it, Haller, was certainly as great* as a scholar, philosopher, physician, naturalist, and botanist, as he was as a poet. The elder Schlegel translated Sophocles at school, and studied his art in ancient models. In what branch of learning has not Lessing distinguished himself? His poetry and his style are perhaps the least of his excellences. Among the English, Milton was as great a scholar and statesman as he was poet; and who does not reverence the great names of Grotius and Erasmus? Grotius was Theologian, Jurist, Statesman, Historian, Scholar, and Philosopher, to as great an extent as he was Poet, and even national poet. Every one knows the epigram of Lessing.

That you a poet are, good sir, that gives me special joy;
That you no more than poet are, that doth me much annoy.

Every art and science has in it an element of Beauty, but this beauty is only to be enjoyed by the exercise of unconquerable industry. All individuals who have by nature a strongly developed gift for the pursuit of any one of them, illustrate this. What study seems to the common understanding dryer than Mathematics, and yet what great mathematician does not find in them the greatest delight? Galileo in his prison consoled himself with his discoveries as the noblest doctrines of the beautiful, and Kepler declared he would not exchange one of his for a Dukedom. We see with what love a jurist, a statesman, a physician, a naturalist, a historian, a student of mechanics, yes, even a diplomatist, or a student of heraldry, live in their science, provided they are formed for it by nature, have studied it thoroughly, and are in a position to practise it successfully. Every labor accomplished is sweet, every difficulty and obscurity stimulates their zeal; every fortunate discovery—never made without previous labor—is their dearest reward; verily, all these do something besides plucking fading flowers and sucking indigestible sugar-plums. The bees do not get their honey without labor; it is the drones who steal what was gathered by others and does not belong to them.

It is not therefore lazy and superficial facility that creates beauty in the sciences and the arts; what does create it? The ancients called such sciences *artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, ad humanitatem informant*, sciences which form us into men, and perhaps we might best name them formative sciences. What forms the powers of our souls is beautiful; what does not, does not deserve the name, though it be covered all over with tinsel. I know we have in these modern times lost this idea. We oppose the sciences of the Beautiful to the higher, more earnest, more fundamental ones, as though the latter could deserve the name, and yet could be trifling, or low, or flat, or dry, or superficial, or unmanly. Allow me, then, a little space to show the falsity of this

*A good deal greater, we fancy. Herder himself is a better example of the union of scholar and poet than any of those he adduces.—Ta.

† *Ich freuet mich, mein Herr, dass Ihr ein Dichter seyd;
Doch seyd Ihr sonst nicht mehr, mein Herr, das ist mir leid.*

distinction, and to recommend to you the true conception of the beautiful, that is, the formative element in all sciences.

I say, then, that the sciences of the Beautiful cannot be separated from, and set in opposition to the fundamental sciences, for that to which beauty belongs must be fundamental or else it is a false and deceitful beauty. The sciences of the beautiful and the sciences of the true cannot be opposed to one another, for the former are no court jesters: they too have earnest aims, and can only be furthered by strict rules and the earnest use of means. And finally, the sciences of the beautiful and the higher sciences do not stand opposed to one another as though the former were trifling and of lower rank; both have ideals, each after its kind; both require high and richly endowed souls. All these distinctions rest on misunderstanding and misuse of the classification of those barbarous scholastic times whose relics linger in so many places. The first was heard of the so-called seven free arts.

*Gram. loquitur, Dia. verba docet, Rhe. verba ministrat, Mus. canit, Ar. numerat, Ge. ponderat, Ast. colit astrâ.**

Even here we see those most prosaic of studies, grammar, logic, even mathematics and astronomy enumerated among them. Afterwards separate spheres were assigned to grammar, philosophy, and mathematics; what remained became a distinct province of the Fine Arts, and to them was left nothing but the noble art of verse-making, and a bit of rhetoric or the fine art of spinning sentences. The truly fine arts, those namely which inform the soul, which create thought, which give taste and judgment,—in short, all the strength and substance of the spirit were taken away, and now one might indeed distinguish them from the useful, the fundamental, the earnest, the noble—sciences which are, as I view them, the sciences of Beauty themselves—for as the others were left, they were ugly enough. Will any one tell me how we can have a beautiful form where there is no substance—how one can speak beautifully who has no thoughts, or where true, earnest, and serious aim, where true passion and the inspiration of a real purpose ever failed to make one speak well? Even the spider does not spin her web without a purpose; she means to catch flies; but we with most of our fine word-webs of empty rhetoric do not even do that.

What then are the sciences of the Beautiful? and why do we call them so? Either the word must mean that we learn in them what is beautiful, and why it is so; but this we never learn by rules alone, never without materials and examples;—or they are the sciences which supply a beautiful form to these materials, and here the idea of the beautiful is identical with that of the formative. No science can be called a science of the Beautiful when it merely racks our memories, gives us words without thoughts, dogmas and assertions without light or proof or exercise of practical judgment; in short, when it does not form the powers of our soul. As soon as it does this it becomes agreeable; and the more it does this, the more it occupies our fancy and inventive faculty, our wit and taste, our judgment, and particularly our practical masculine judgment; the more powers of the soul it occupies at once, the more elements of culture it has, and every one says the more beautiful it is. Take, for instance, philosophy, which is usually excluded from what are called Belles-lettres. But truth lies at the foundation of all beauty, and all that is beautiful can only lead to the true and the good. I lay it down as a principle, then, that truth, so far as it relates to man, is beautiful; for beauty is only the outward form of truth. Dry ontology, cosmology, psychology, theology, logic, ethics, politics, please no one: but make the truths of all these sciences living; place in clear light their origin, their connection, their use, and application; bring them so near to the soul of the reader that it discovers

* Barbarous mnemonic verses, enumerating the chief studies pursued in the schools of the middle ages—The famous *Trivium* and *Quadrivium*, or course of three, and course of four studies, which together formed the mediæval notion of a liberal education. *Dia.* stands for *Dialectica* or Logic; the rest are obvious.—Ta.

with the discoverer, observes with the observer, judges with the philosopher, and applies and exercises the truth with the good man,—and what more beautiful sciences can there be than these? It is a great attraction to see the connection of truths, a high satisfaction to survey the chart of human knowledge in any province, with its lights and shadows, and to sharpen one's wit, one's inventive faculty and judgment at every step by the truth which one discovered and the error which another encountered. Is there a greater picture in the world than the world itself, as cosmology, natural history, and physical astronomy reveal it? a finer or a more interesting drama than the human soul itself reveals, whether in a wide or a narrow sphere of activity, with its faculties and powers, its duties and relations, passions and impulses? If one cannot speak here, by a true and complete representation of these things, with a living power to the understanding, and effectually to the heart, where can he? This whole newly-discovered and barbarous science *aesthetics*, is nothing but a part of logic; what we call taste is nothing but a lively, quick judgment, which does not exclude truth and profoundness, but rather pre-supposes and requires them. All didactic poems are nothing but philosophy in sensible form, fable nothing but the representations of a general truth present and in action. From whence did Cicero take the most beautiful, the most striking materials for his eloquence, but from philosophy, from the analysis of things themselves, of the human heart, and the human understanding? Philosophy therefore is not only one of the sciences that pertain to beauty, but is the mother of the beautiful. Rhetoric and poetry owe to it all that they have that is truly informing; useful, or agreeable. Next to it is history, so far as it includes the knowledge of countries, men, their governments and states, their manners and religions, their virtues and vices. If these subjects are pursued as we often with astonishment and aversion see them pursued, they are surely nothing but the rubbish of science; pursued as they might be and ought to be, so as to impart interesting, clear, and valuable knowledge, such as informs the student's mind with wisdom, can there be sciences more beautiful than those of geography and history? Who does not willingly read and hear history? What cultivated man does not receive the greater part of his culture through history of others, and experience, which is the history of himself? And are the epic poem and the drama anything more than history, true or fabulous, adorned with the attractions of language, outward representation, and imagination?—and is not many a history truly related and described with beauty more attractive than an exaggerated epic or the false representations of romance? It only depends then on choice, method, and diction, that the teacher make interesting all that he brings forward, offer it in a form to attract the understanding, move the heart, and excite all the powers of his hearer's soul, to turn history into the truest rhetoric and the truest poetry. In the histories of the ancients, history and oratory are united; the finest speeches are incorporated into their histories, and cannot be understood or appreciated without them. The good narrator must follow the same rules as the poet; and if the orator or the poet would not merely give pleasure, but improve, inform, and excite to sympathetic action the minds of those he addresses, he has the same aim as the historian or the philosopher. In short, truth, beauty, and virtue are the three graces of human knowledge, three inseparable sisters. He who would have beauty without truth, grasps at the wind; he who studies for truth and beauty without virtue, which is their use and practical application, pursues a shadow. Beautiful form can only be made visible and living in beautiful substance; the truest, richest, most useful, most informing sciences are ever the most beautiful.

Time would fail me to show how all the rules of beauty are nothing except so far as they serve truth and goodness; how all the flowers of eloquence are nothing, except so far as they favor truth and goodness; how the best part is wanting to all sciences if one robs them of beauty; how every science, each in its own way, can have it

and should have it; how no science need be rude or repulsive, and even the abstractest knowledge has its attraction and its beauty, if only it is pursued in a way to inform and be instructive. Enough for to-day: to-morrow, I trust, will prove that every science here pursued is a science of beauty, because it is made agreeable and interesting, because it is learned with pleasure and love, because it is taught in a natural and attractive manner.

And you, pupils, now passing out of youth and becoming men, cast aside the puppets of childhood, the empty grass and flower garlands which fade so soon and then are so disgusting; love what is worthy of love in every form, but ever in relation to truth, goodness, and usefulness. Love and study the ancient languages; they are the sources and patterns of all that is noble, good, and beautiful. Love philosophy, theology, and history; they nourish the heart, and fill the mind with thought, and thus furnish the material of all that is capable of receiving or worthy of a beautiful form. Shun not labor and toil; as soon as you enter into the spirit of your work, toil will disappear, changed into beauty and enjoyment.

And thou, First Cause and Author of all truth, goodness, and beauty, accept the consecration of this school and the exercises of these days to the pursuit of true loveliness and beauty, which is the true culture of human souls.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 8, 1856.

Italian Opera.

Thanks to the indomitable conductor and impresario MARETZEK, and to his difference with the proprietors of the New York Academy of Music, three weeks of Italian Opera have been vouchsafed to us at the very beginning of the season, instead of coming, as in past years, at the latter end of Spring, after a whole winter's round of concerts and more dissipating and fatiguing pleasures. The series opened, under the disadvantage of a most exciting political struggle to absorb men's minds, (and in this case the minds of women quite as much), yet with a goodly and gay show of numbers, in the Boston Theatre, on Monday evening, Oct. 20th. The piece of course was Verdi's *Trovatore*; for the fashionable world of music, those who are only or chiefly smitten with the love of music on that side that turns to the hot sun of Italian Opera, will know of no work of genius greater than the *Trovatore*. The pieces which have followed on alternate evenings and two Saturday afternoons, have been: *I Puritani*, *Ernani*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Ernani* again, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *L'Etoile du Nord* again, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, *Il Trovatore* again (for Miss Phillipps's benefit), and parts of the "North Star" and *Masaniello* for the benefit of Marezek—in all seven operas, of which only one was new, and all the others of the most worn and familiar order, unless we except the *Puritani*, which had scarcely been heard here before the advent of GRISI and MARIO.

Of the *Trovatore* we can say at least that we never had heard it nearly so well performed, as a whole, as on that opening night. To the music, plot, and whole spirit of the piece our readers know we are not partial, and we doubt not we never shall be. It enjoyed two rare advantages that evening; the inimitable singing and acting of Madame LAGRANGE, and the accompaniment of the fullest, most euphonious and best drilled operatic orchestra which we remem-

ber in any of our previous opera seasons. There was far less braying of the brass than we are used to in the works of Verdi, and a good deal of richness of instrumentation was brought out agreeably in the sweet, well-blended sounds of the reeds and horns, and the good body and precision of the string quartet. But LAGRANGE in Leonora made even a whole evening of the *Trovatore* enjoyable. So consummate an artist is she in whatever rôle she undertakes, so graceful and ladylike in movement and in bearing, so faithful and felicitous in her impersonations, so attentive to every least or greatest demand of every moment of the drama, and withal so exquisite a vocalist, that any part grows interesting in her treatment. If it have a best side, she will surely find and show it; put her whole soul and talent into it. Mme. Lagrange looks better than when she was here before; she has gained flesh, as well as beauty and freshness of countenance; and with her nice taste in dress and graceful ease of movement, she feasts the eye as pleasantly as any prima donna we have had upon our stage; we will not say as magnificently as GRISI in her peculiar characters. After RACHEL, and GRISI in some parts, her dramatic powers impress us more than those of any other. We find her far more satisfying than SONTAG—a more fresh and genuine nature, we should say. Yet we suspect a higher kind of genius dwelt in Boston, which it would seem is now apparent, in a more developed form, to all the musical world of Europe.

Mme. Lagrange's voice, although not naturally a large one, or possessing a great deal of substance, has a singularly musical quality, which is proved by the fact that the charm wears so well. All of power it has is essentially musical; and it is trained to rare effectiveness, in passages of strength as well as passages of elegance or sweetness. Her middle tones are expressive, and have a rich flavor of humanity; her contralto tones are artificial and somewhat dry, yet of a telling strength in her impassioned and denunciatory bursts; but it is in the pure sunshine of the upper octave, in exquisitely finished birdlike ornaments, in soft *staccato* passages, where each note shines with the soft pure lustre of a pearl, that she delights to revel with a wondrous freedom and perfection of grace. Her great *forte* certainly is as a *bravura* singer, but in the least exceptionable sense of the term, since she makes her rare facility of ornament always, or almost always, subserve the dramatic end and character of what she is singing. Strange that nearly all the European reports we read of her before she came here, made her a mere *bravura* singer, a mere throat-machine of marvellous execution, when here we find her so much more and higher! One fault she has, however, in her singing, in common with too many singers of the day, and in so remarkable a degree, that only all her excellencies and various fascinations make it tolerable; and that is the trick of an incessant *tremolo*,—what our "Diast" has quaintly called the "wobble" of the voice. We cannot believe that it is altogether or mainly the effect of weakness, although it were wonderful if such continued and over-tasking exercise as this unrelenting singer has kept up, (never, that we have heard, while in this country missing an engagement,) should not leave her in some degree the worse for wear.

Signor AMODIO and Signor BRIGNOLI shared the honors of the same opera. The big, round

baritone voice of the former, corresponding with his person, is very sure to fill the ear in all parts of a theatre, and to be heard in spite of orchestra and chorus, and for that reason alone it has guaranteed to it the applause of a large number of all opera-goers. We cannot find its quality so musical and sympathetic, as it is solid, smooth and telling. His style of singing is quite cultivated and superior, and he does all earnestly and well, without apparently a spark of genius. His chief fault (as with so many singers) is that which comes of singing in the modern *effect* school of music, particularly that of Verdi, and consists in the habit of relying upon the quite too strong a blow always in the last notes of a strain, accompanied with rhetorical gesture and throwing up of hands, as if to prepare the crowd to be amazed and to applaud tremendously; and the reaction of such applause on the exciting cause, as always witnessed in the trebled intensity of the same trick on the repetition in answer to an *encore*. We do not say that Amodio is worse in this respect, or so bad as most of the male singers of the Italian stage; but it is the more striking with his ponderous voice and seeming lack of really internal enthusiasm or fire of sentiment. BADIALI, even, indulged in it, sometimes to great excess, but he had more to balance it. Yet on the whole, if we leave out BADIALI and MORELLI, we do not know when we have had a better baritone than Sig. AMODIO. It is perhaps our misfortune that we saw and heard him first and have ever since associated him with that ugly character in *Trovatore*. The beauty of BRIGNOLI's tenor voice has grown upon us greatly; it has the through and through golden ore and substance of a tenor in each tone; and in recitative something of the crisp, distinct, ringing utterance of BENEDETTI, than whom he is a much more finished singer, though with less native manly force and genius, less magnetism over an audience by the direct, truthful earnestness of his impersonations. He is awkward, listless, vain and handsome; but so far as singing goes, he has done good justice to this and all his parts. We like him best in recitative and when he sings most simply. He can ring out a few defiant or denunciatory tones with great effect, or sing a *cantabile* melody with much feeling beauty, until he comes to the climactic point, where singers usually make effect, and there he forces out a note with penetrating force and then prolongs and lets it die away, with an excessive sentimental sweetness until all manliness and truth of eloquence are lost, and you are half ashamed of listening, since in such cases to listen at all should be to sympathize.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS was the Azucena—her first appearance in full operatic character in this her native city; and we must pronounce it on the whole a great success. She did not assume the swarthy gipsy complexion, and scarcely disguised her own genial, bright face under the expressions of revenge or terror which the part demanded; yet was her action good, intelligent and free, if not intense. We preferred in fact to hear Adelaide Phillips sing and see her like herself, than to be too closely haunted by the disagreeable conception of that Verdi gipsy, who is a sort of walking, singing *auto da fe*. Her voice was rich and beautiful throughout, quietly filling and pervading the place with an intrinsic music, but never storming the ear with that ex-

plosive force so common with the Italians. At the outset there was a very slight swerving from true pitch, which might have been caused by a sense of strangeness and not at first fully trusting the atmosphere around her. But this disappeared, and in the simple, honest, but yet highly finished delivery of that warm, fresh voice, true always to the music, we found almost unalloyed satisfaction. Certainly her Azucena, vocally at least, was a much more pleasing, true, artistic effort, than VESTVALI's. The *Trovatore* (not her own choice, she preferred *Semiramide*) was repeated for the benefit of Miss Philipps upon Thursday of this week, when we understand her part was marked by more intensity of action. She has appeared in but one other opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*; and it is enough to say that her Maffeo Orsini was one of the best that we have witnessed. She was rapturously recalled in the drinking song, which she tossed off with a fine free *gusto*, executing a long trill with rare artistic evenness and purity.

I Puritani and *La Sonnambula* we have always liked the best among the operas of Bellini, and in both Mme. Lagrange's powers found fine sphere for their best display. *I Puritani* was to Bostonians the freshest, and made truly a delightful entertainment for one evening. It is in Bellini's truest vein, sweet, mellifluous melody of love and tenderness for the most part, with a touch of the martial heroic, as the liberty duet, *Suoni la tromba*, which was roared out as usual to the delight of the many from the stentorian lungs of Signors AMODIO and COLETTI. This is the one hacknied piece of mere *effect*, which disturbs the otherwise simple, quiet charm and unity of the whole piece. Mme. Lagrange held all in breathless admiration by her consummate vocalization, always touched by feeling, in the florid polacca: *Son virgine vezzosa*, and alike in the tender melody and rapturous sequel of *Qui la voce*. The choruses and concerted pieces sounded finely. The quartet: *A te, O cara*, especially, where BRIGNOLI's voice and style, although by no means that of another MARIO, told to good advantage. In the romanza also in the last scene, the chivalrous passage with the Queen Henrietta, &c., he did finely. AMODIO, COLETTI and GASPARDONI filled the three bass parts satisfactorily.

Ernani was brilliantly performed, renewing not a little of its first effect as introduced here for the first time by the old Havana troupe. No prima donna has sung the difficult music of Elvira so well, or thrown so much genuine pathos into the part here as LAGRANGE. For the rest the interest of the hour was concentrated upon the tenor, Sig. CERESA, who confirmed the fine impression which he made here in the same character last summer. He has a high, pure tenor, of great compass, force, and penetrating quality, and he throws himself into the straining passages of Verdi with such fire and *abandon* as to make him cheered through a continual series of triumphs. The wonder was, that exerting his voice to the utmost, its power flagged not to the end; yet this cannot continue always; he who always spends must lose at last,—to say nothing of the artistic beauty of a certain masterly reserve of force; and we learn that on the second night Sig. Ceresa was not able to go through. As to action, what he wants in quiet, solid strength he strives most faithfully to make up for by real Verdi-ish intensity.

Lucia and *Sonnambula* we did not witness; LAGRANGE of course entered into the parts with the same truthful individuality, true at once to whatsoever character and to the high bred lady, and sang till appetite increased by what it fed upon. *Lucrezia Borgia* was a capital performance. We have already mentioned the Orsini. LAGRANGE was wonderfully true to all the terror and the tenderness of her part. It was a masterpiece of lyrical impersonation. BRIGNOLI warmed into more life than usual as Gennaro, and sang delightfully. AMODIO rendered the music of the Duke grandly. The Trio scene was scarcely ever more effective, and there was so much good singing in the secondary parts, and choruses, that the fine opening scene, the quaint "border-ruffian" choruses, &c., told to a charm.

Norma we did not hear. We are a-weary of the opera. All know that it is one of LAGRANGE's greatest parts, and that if she has not all the imposing grandeur of person and impassioned fire of GRISI, her rendering of the part must be quite as consistent and intelligent, while she can sing *Casta Diva* and the other difficult music far more artistically. GASPARDONI was of course a good Oroveso, as he is good in all parts.

All these operas are too familiar to require much detailed notice. The only new piece has been the famous "North Star," by Meyerbeer, and this, having already used up our space, we must defer until next week.

MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.—The Sacred Concert given last Sunday evening by this society, in combination with the orchestra and leading singers of the Opera, drew a large audience to the Music Hall and gave much satisfaction. Orchestra and singers, however, did not always draw well together, owing partly no doubt to the want of more rehearsal under a conductor new to most of them. The Opera people are commonly ill at home under any but their own conductor, yet this concert went far better than has been usual with such combinations, and on the whole did much credit to the musicianship and talent of the young conductor Mr. SOUTHARD. The choruses, by members of the Society, who had enjoyed the advantage of his drill, were remarkable for their precision, spirit, clear, telling quality and balance of voices. The overture to "St. Paul" was tolerably well played by the orchestra; it would surely improve on acquaintance. The opening chorus from the same told with a refreshing vigor. Mme. LAGRANGE's first air, *Ah mio figlio*, was well nigh spoiled by the discordant prelude of the orchestra (owing we are told to blunders in copying, which of course implies lack of rehearsal); but she sang it with great beauty, force and pathos. We need not assure our readers that Miss PHILLIPPS sang Handel's "He was despised," in a voice and style that charmed the ear, and spoke to every heart; it was a beautiful performance. The Prayer from *I Lombardi* was in the main well executed by Mme. BERTUCCA MARETZKE, whose voice at times is rather worn and shrill and sometimes out of tune. Two choruses by Rossini: "The God of Israel," from *Semiramide*, and the Prayer from "Moses," ended the first part.

In the *Stabat Mater* the opening Quartet and Chorus were quite imposing. BRIGNOLI's voice was beautiful in *Cujus animam*, when not completely covered up by the orchestral *fortissimo*;

of this one always has to complain; it is true, the fault lies in the composer's directions, but we should think a conductor ought to take the liberty to suit the case to circumstances. The duet: *Quis est homo*, would have sounded better if Lagrange had sung it with Miss Philipps. Bertucca's voice stood out in too sharp contrast with the mellow contralto. AMODIO made the great hit with the multitude by his sonorous, clear delivery of *Pro peccatis*, and verily he sang it well. The Solo and Chorus: *Eia mater*, is a most effective piece, and had good justice from COLETTI and the Choral members. The best thing of all, the Quartet, *Quando corpus*, was omitted; but the *Fac ut portem* by Miss Philipps, and above all the *Inflammatus*, by Lagrange, were rich treats indeed.

When will the Mendelssohnians give us "St. Paul," as a whole?

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—"Stella" writes in the *Palladium*:

A pleasant concert was given at Brinley Hall on Tuesday evening of last week by Madame Isidora Clark, assisted by Signor Clementi, Henri Appy, and Wm. Dressler. Madame Clark sang "Ernani! Involami!" "La Serenade," and several English ballads, &c, with very good taste, and in a manner that did great credit to her musical acquirements. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of pleasing quality, cultivated apparently in the Italian school. Signor Clementi showed a baritone voice of much richness, in his singing of a romance from *Maria di Rudenz*, a song of Wallace's, and a duet, (with Madame Clark,) from *La Favorita*. His rendering of *La Marseillaise* was quite spirited and warmly encored. Henri Appy proved himself a violinist of almost unrivalled power of execution, and produced such a sensation as very few violinists have ever done here before. Mr. Dressler, proved himself throughout, a good accompanist, and played the popular "Zampa" overture, as well as Gottschalk's Banjo Sketch, with much skill.

The Mozart Society will probably give the first of a series of four concerts on the eighteenth of this month. Romberg's ode, "The Transient and the Eternal;" a number of choruses from the "Messiah;" the *Inflammatus* chorus; with solos, &c., will make up the programme.

NEW YORK.—The Academy of Music will be opened with Italian Opera, under the management of Baron de STANKOVITCH (the husband of Madame LAGRANGE) on Monday evening next. MARETZKY will resume his post as Conductor; and there is every prospect of a brilliant and prosperous season. From the 10th of November until the Holidays, the Opera should be liberally supported. The *Herald* gives the following sketch of the heroic impresario;—M. the Baron de Stankovitch has done the State some service, and has fought under the Russian flag in several severely contested battles, on the shores of the Caspian, in the mountain passes of Circassia, the Steppes of Tartary and on the confines of the Black Sea. He is fit to lead armies; and no doubt competent to assume the baton of Field Marshal of the Italian Opera in America. The *Times* says that the stock-holders of the Academy have generously come to the aid of the Baron by doubling the rent, and clinging to their own right in the best seats for nothing; so that he has to pay about \$2,000 rent per week, and must average that sum each night to meet expenses!

The German Opera does not draw so well with the altered prices. Plotow's "Stradella" was revived one evening to present a new prima donna, Mlle. KRONFELD. She did not succeed. Manager Von Berkel seems to have made an unfortunate selection of vocalists; nearly all have failed to please. Signor GUIDI appeared as *Stradella*, in place of Herr Pickanesser, and was warmly received. "Martha" was sung on Thursday with Mlle. D'ORMY as Nancy, instead of Madame Von Berkel. Last evening (Tuesday) Mr. SCHERRER made his first appearance in Lortzing's comic Opera of "The Czar and the Carpenter." THALBERG's first concert is announced to take place at Niblo's Saloon next Monday evening; his vocal assistants are to be Madame CORA DE WILHELM and Signor MORINI.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The following piece of jolly good-natured criticism of a Parodi concert appears in the *Albany Times*:

We issue an extra to say that this Concert drew a really bona fide

FULL HOUSE!

It being a wonderful thing, we cannot let the occasion pass without saying (and we say it boldly) what a wonderful thing we think it. Yes, and it gives us fresh hope, and may we say a fond hope, for the future, and maybe "Othello's occupation" is not quite gone yet! Strange as it may read, it was with difficulty that we got a seat, and some very excellent persons had to stand up; and to think all this should have happened the week before election! Indeed (as we before remarked) it is quite wonderful. Now for the programme. Well, after the audience had sufficiently admired Boardman & Gray's magnificent new *Grande*, and had got over their surprise at the full house, it was eight o'clock, and then the gas was turned on, and then on came Strakosch (looking as smiling and amiable as ever) and with him Signor Morani, who sang *Largo al factotum* very excellently, which was owing to his having a very good voice, some humor, and then you know the composition is just the thing to please the audience, in case a good voice sings it well. After Signor Baritone had acknowledged (with a very nice bow) the demanded *encore*, Paul Jullien (who is most decidedly an Albany favorite) came dashing on the stage, and so very much grown that he was not recognized by all his friends until he had got half way into his *fantasia*. He plays with all his own charming expression, but we fancy he does not practice as assiduously as he used to when we first knew him in his velvet coat and ruffles. But a few years more and he will be a thinking man, and then he can and will be the violinist of the age. Paul's playing made a great and deserved sensation, and nothing but *encores* for him.

Then the PARODI herself came forward and gracefully acknowledged the warm reception of her friends in the most splendid concert *toilette* of the season. A superb dress it was, (with a train,) point lace trimmings, (now we're in for it,) feathers and diamonds for head dress, and everything *comme il faut*. Parodi's appearance is fine and commanding, and her voice is in character, large, sonorous, firm, ringing and powerful, better suited to the tragic, yet she has much archness, which she used with excellent advantage in Meyerbeer's "Gipsy Song" and Malibran's "Rataplan." *La Marseillaise* brought down the house, and they would not let the *cantatrice* off with the usual obeisance this time, so we had the "Star Spangled Banner," which even pleased better than the other, and oh! didn't the people make a racket, for it is near election, and the country must be saved, and patriotic songs help. But don't let us forget the Signor Tiberini, the Roman *tenore*, whose reputation led very much to be expected of him, and his *roman-tic* history, etc., made him quite an object of interest, (especially to the ladies.) So when the prelude of divine "Spirito gentil" began, we got ourselves up into a seventh "you know what," and we mused of Salvi! Mario! and even Harry Squires, but when the voice also commenced we came right down and were disappointed, even if it was Tiberini; and the way he took upper do did not suit us a bit, and we thought he was sick or had something on his mind; and yet we suppose we ought to call it "extreme expression." In the pretty *aria* from "Rigoletto" he sung finely, displaying a beautiful voice and excellent taste and its *encore* "Come e gentil" was also well rendered; but we are particularizing too much and must hurry up. Strakosch gave us his "Tempest in a teapot," with plenty of "sugar and milk," which was quite agreeable, and for an *encore* his *Grande Sonata in A flat*, otherwise called "variations on Lilly Dale." Paul Jullien also played (for the sake of variety, we presume,) the "Carnival of Venice," and we are happy to say that Strakosch got through the difficult accompaniment with his usual ease. The two concerted pieces were effectively done, and the last was very funny with its hearty ho hos! and ha has! in which the voice of Parodi was particularly jovial, and it was a jolly "good night," as a cheerful *finale* to a concert, which pleased all, and it must have been as profitable to the enterprising manager as it was surprising to

SEVEN OCTAVE.

PHILADELPHIA.—There is but little musical intelligence stirring this week. The first of Mr. BAYLEY's Orchestral Concerts took place last Saturday, but, although, we understand, good in programme and performance, failed to attract. Our talented young townsman GEO. FELIX BENKERT, having returned from a five years residence in Europe, contemplates giving a concert of his compositions, (as we learn from an advertisement in one of the papers) with the aid of Mademoiselle D'Ormy, the Contralto and the orchestra of the Musical Fund Society. We fear Mr. Benkert has committed an error in placing his tickets at a dollar a-piece. Mr. B. is an admirable pianist, and his ability as a composer cannot be well questioned after the success with which his works are reported to have met in Vienna. We have but few American composers, and shall be glad to add his name to the short list.—The Musical Union will give its first con-

cert on December 1st, at Concert Hall; "Moses in Egypt" is an attraction that will crowd the room.—The Handel & Haydn Society is preparing a miscellaneous programme for the inauguration of its new hall and organ. This young association has already a large number of subscribers among the inhabitants of Spring Garden, to whom it particularly addresses itself, being located in the midst of it, and composed mainly of vocalists residing in that section of our city.—The Musical Fund Society does not seem to be in any great haste to commence its series of concerts; it is old, stately, and reserved, and moves slowly. We believe there are subscription lists out.—The Second Concert of the Harmonia Sacred Music Society will be given very shortly, upon which occasion the great oratorio of "Creation" will be produced in a manner far superior to last season's performance, in every respect; with new soloists, a large chorus, a full orchestra and the organ.—*City Item*.

Foreign.

GRAN.—The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* gives the following, we fear rather extravagant, notice of the new Mass by LISZT:

Liszt's *Festival Mass* was performed on the 21st August, on which day the Basilica was consecrated. Although, from the celebrity of Liszt's name, and the respect which, as a man, he universally enjoys, an undeniable amount of interest naturally predominated here beforehand for the musical Corypheus, who appeared among us as the composer of high church music, we will proceed with the utmost impartiality to the consideration of his greatest work, at the rehearsals of which, as well as at the performance, on the 31st August and 4th September, we were present, perfectly free from any preconceived opinion, favorable or unfavorable. The whole paper, for several numbers, would be completely taken up, if, instituting a comparison with other eminent works of the same description, we resolved to prove that, for fertility, originality, and profundity, Liszt stands completely alone—aye, as a priest who has received the inspiration of true devotion, which he breathes forth again in his creations. The "Credo" bears the stamp of the highest mental power, but if we wanted to point out the most brilliant portion in any part of the work, we should, after long consideration, be able to come to no decision. In the "Gloria," the commencement of which mirrors, in tune, the flight of the spirits joyfully rising upwards to the wonderfully imagined and inimitably instrumented "Agnus Dei," we found it a difficult matter to designate any one portion as absolutely the most successful, but it may be especially regarded as a confirmation of Liszt's genius, that both the clergy and those musicians who understand such things, and are competent to deliver an opinion, cannot sufficiently admire the musical characteristic truthfulness manifested in every passage of his peculiar conception of the text. The passage "he shall come to judge both the quick and the dead," produces a most powerful and striking effect, from the power of the thought, the profoundness of which in the spirited instrumentation, also, must exert a spell upon every mind, just as the melancholy in the words "Et homo factus est" appears as a touching point, full of deep feeling in the magnificent work. But if we were to go into details, we should be led beyond the limits of the small space accorded to us, and if the expression used for characterizing persons of genius: He is a light of the church (*Kirchenlicht*), is not completely erased from the lexicon of German sayings, Liszt, by the present estimable mass, so original in truthfulness of character, and depth of thought, has a full right to the title, since his *Festival Mass* is distinguished by clear conception, and fiery devotion combined with warm and deep religious feeling—a magnificent trio. To day, the work was executed, in an exemplary manner, before an immense concourse of people, in the Stadtpfarrkirche, and Liszt saluted with loud *elens* (hurrahs), by the crowd around him. His presence infuses new life in our musical and social circles. The enthusiasm for him is displayed whenever he makes his appearance in the box at the Nationaltheater and other public places. Every evening there is a fresh Liszt solemnity, in one drawing room or the other.

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Translated for this Journal.

Heinrich Heine upon Meyerbeer.

Upon the waves of the ROSSINI music float most comfortably man's individual joys and sorrows; love and hatred, tenderness and longing, jealousy and sullenness, all is here the isolated feeling of an individual. Hence we find characteristic in the music of ROSSINI the predominance of melody, which is always the immediate expression of an isolated feeling. With MEYERBEER on the contrary, we find harmony paramount; in the stream of his harmonic waves the melodies are drowned, just as the special feelings of the individual man are lost in the collective feeling of a whole people; and into this harmonious current our soul loves to plunge, when it is seized by the joys and sorrows of the whole human race and takes sides on the great questions of society. Meyerbeer's music is more social than individual; the grateful present, which recognizes in his music its own inward and outward conflicts, its division of opinions and of will, its trials and its hope, is celebrating its own passion and own inspiration, while it applauds the great maestro. ROSSINI's music was more suited to the time of the Restoration, when men had grown blasé after great conflicts and disillusion, and their sense of their great collective interests had to retreat into the background, and the feeling of their individual self-hood could enter once more upon its legitimate rights. ROSSINI never would have acquired his great popularity during the revolution and the empire. Robespierre would have accused him perhaps of anti-patriotic, Moderatist melodies, and Napoleon certainly would not have appointed him chapel-master to the grand army, where he wanted a collective inspiration. . . Poor Swan of Pesaro! The Gallic cock and the

imperial eagle would perhaps have torn thee in pieces; better for thee than the battle fields of civic virtue and of glory was a tranquil lake, upon whose bank the gentle lilies nodded to thee peacefully, and where thou couldst row up and down in quiet, beauty and loveliness in every motion! The Restoration was ROSSINI's time of triumph, and indeed the heavenly planets, which just then held holiday and troubled themselves no more about the fate of nations, listened to his strains with rapture. Meanwhile the revolution of July has produced a great commotion in the heavens and on the earth; planets and men, angels and kings, nay, the dear God himself, are torn from their state of peace, have plenty of business again, have got to set ja order a new era, have neither leisure nor repose of mind for entertainment with the melodies of private feeling, and only when the grand choruses of *Robert le Diable* or the *Huguenots* rage in harmony, shout in harmony, sob in harmony, do their hearts listen and sob and shout and rage in inspired unison.

This perhaps lies at the bottom of that unparalleled, colossal applause, at which the two great operas of Meyerbeer enjoy throughout the world. He is the man of his age; and the age, which always knows how to choose its men, has borne him up tumultuously upon its shield, and proclaims his dominion, and makes its joyous triumphal *entrée* with him. It is indeed no comfortable position to be thus borne in triumph; by the awkward misstep of a single shield-bearer one may be considerably jolted, if not seriously hurt; the flower wreaths, which fly at one's head, may sometimes wound more than they refresh, if they do not even soil one, when they come from dirty hands; and the heavy burden of laurels may press much sweat of anguish from one's brow. ROSSINI, when he meets such an ovation, smiles all round ironically with his fine Italian lips, and then complains of his bad stomach, which grows daily worse, so that he can no longer eat.

That is hard, for ROSSINI always was one of the greatest gourmands. Meyerbeer is just the opposite; as in his outward appearance, so too in his enjoyments he is frugality itself. Only when he has invited friends, does one find a good table with him. One day when I went to take "pot-luck" with him, I found him over a miserable dish of stock-fish, which made out his whole dinner; of course I precluded that I had already dined.

Many have asserted that he was avaricious. This is not the fact. He is only parsimonious in expenses which concern his person. For others he is munificence itself, and his unfortunate countrymen have enjoyed it to abuse it. Benevolence is a family virtue with the Meyerbeers, especially the mother, to whom I send all that are in need

of help, and never in vain. But this lady is the happiest mother in this world. Wherever she goes the splendor of her son is ringing; everywhere some snatches of his music float about her ears; everywhere his bright glory meets her; and in the opera, where a whole public expresses its enthusiasm for Giacomo with the most thundering applause, her maternal heart beats quick with raptures of which we scarcely can conceive. I know in the whole history of the world but one mother who may be compared to her, and that is the mother of St. Boromaeus, who in her life time saw her son canonized, and in the church, amid thousands of the faithful, could kneel before him and pray to him.

Meyerbeer is now writing a new opera, to which I look forward with great curiosity. The unfolding of this genius is for me a most remarkable spectacle. With interest I follow the phases of his musical as well as of his personal life, and observe the mutual influences between him and his European public. It is now ten years since I first met him in Berlin, between the university building and the watch-tower, between science and the drum, and he seemed to me in this position to feel very much confined. I recollect I met him in the company of Dr. MARX, who at that time belonged to a certain musical regency, who, during the minority of a certain young genius whom they considered the legitimate successor to the throne of Mozart, continually worshipped JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. The enthusiasm for Sebastian Bach, however, was not merely to fill up that interregnum, but was also to annihilate the reputation of ROSSINI, whom the regency most feared and hated. Meyerbeer at that time passed for an imitator of ROSSINI, and the said Dr. Marx treated him with a certain condescension, with a courteous air of superiority, which I now laugh heartily to think of. ROSSINI-ism was then the great sin of Meyerbeer; he was as yet far from the honor of being attacked on his own account. He prudently refrained from making any claims, and when I told him with what enthusiasm I had recently seen his *Crociato* performed in Italy, he smiled with moody melancholy and said: "You compromise yourself, if you praise me, a poor Italian, here in Berlin, in the capital city of Sebastian Bach."

Meyerbeer had at that time in fact become altogether an imitator of the Italians. Aversion to the cold, intellectual, colorless Berlinism had at an early time produced a natural reaction in him; he sprang away to Italy, enjoyed life merrily, gave himself up entirely to his private feelings, and composed there those precious operas, in which ROSSINI-ism is carried to the sweetest excess; here gold is gilded over, and the flower is

MUSIC

Proposes to give

At the a life could not long satisfy a German certain homesickness for the earnest- March, on Sa- fatherland was awakened in him; Subscription reclined among Italian myrtles, there Rooms, and r him a remembrance of the mysterious

TREM of the German oak forests; while ca-

WHEN by Southern zephyrs, he thought of the THERE chorales of the North wind; it was with perhaps as with Madame de Sevigné, who, when she lived near an orangery, amid the continual fragrance of mere orange blossoms, began at last to long for the bad smell of a wholesome dung cart. . . . In short, a new reaction took place; Signor Giacomo suddenly became a German again and attached himself to Germany; not to the old, mouldy, obsolete Germany of narrow-minded old fogysm, but to the young, magnanimous, world-free Germany of a new generation, which had made all the problems of humanity its own, and which bears the great questions of humanity inscribed, if not upon its banner, yet all the more indelibly upon its heart.

Soon after the July revolution, Meyerbeer came before the public with a work which sprang from his mind during the commotion of that revolution; namely, with *Robert le Diable*, the hero, who does not know precisely his own will, who is continually in conflict with himself, a true type of the moral wavering of that time, a time which vacillated betwixt vice and virtue with such torment and unrest, which galled itself in strivings and in hindrances, and never possessed strength enough to withstand the assaults of Satan! By no means do I love this opera, this masterpiece of timidity; I say of timidity, not merely in respect of matter, but also of execution, since the composer does not as yet trust his genius, does not dare to give himself up to its entire will, and tremblingly serves the multitude, instead of commanding it terrified. At that time Meyerbeer was justly called a anxious genius; he lacked victorious faith in himself; he showed a fear of the public opinion; the slightest expression of blame terrified him; he flattered all the humors of the public, and shook hands right and left most zealously, as if in music too he recognized the popular sovereignty and based his rule on the majority, in opposition to Rossini, who reigned absolute king, by the grace of God, in the realm of musical Art. This anxious disposition has never yet left him; he is always concerned about the opinion of the public; but the success of *Robert le Diable* had the fortunate effect, that that concern no longer weighs upon him when he works, that he composes with more confidence, that he lets the great will of his soul come out in its creations. And with this enlarged mental freedom he wrote the *Huguenots*, in which all doubts have vanished, the internal strife has ceased and the external conflict has begun whose colossal shape astounds us. By this work Meyerbeer first won his immortal right of citizenship in the eternal city of the soul, the heavenly Jerusalem of Art. In the *Huguenots* at length Meyerbeer reveals himself without shrinking; with unterrified lines he drew here his whole thought, and all that stirred his breast he dared to utter in unbridled tones.

What most especially distinguishes this work, is the balance that we find in it between enthusiasm and artistic completeness, or to express myself better, the equal height which Art and passion have attained in it; the man and the artist have here emulated one another, and if the former pulls the alarm bell of the wildest passions, the latter knows how to transfigure these rude tones of nature into the sweetest awe-inspiring euphony. While the great multitude is seized by the intrinsic energy, the passion of the *Huguenots*, the Art-connoisseur admires the mastery displayed in forms. This work is a Gothic cathedral, whose heavenward reaching rows of pillars and colossal cupola seem to have been planted by the bold hand of a giant, while the countless, elegantly fine festoons, rosettes and arabesques, spread over all like a stone veil of lace, give evidence of a dwarf's exhaustless patience. A giant in the conception and shaping of the whole, a dwarf in the elaborate execution of the details, the architect of the *Huguenots* is as incomprehensible to us as the composers of the old cathedrals. Standing one day with a friend before the cathedral at Amiens, my friend surveyed this monument of rock-towering giant strength and indefatigably carving dwarf-like patience with sympathy and awe, and asked me finally, how it happened that we to-day bring no such architectural works to pass? I answered him: "Dear Alphonso, men in those old times had convictions; we moderns have only opinions; and it requires something more than a mere opinion to rear a Gothic cathedral such as this."

That is it. Meyerbeer is a man of conviction. I do not refer particularly to the social questions of the day, although in this respect the views of Meyerbeer are more firmly grounded, than we find with other artists. Meyerbeer, whom the princes of this earth load with all possible marks of honor, and who is also so susceptible to these distinctions, carries in his breast a heart, which glows for the holiest interests of humanity, and he unequivocally confesses his worship for the heroes of the revolution. It is fortunate for him, that many northern hordes have no understanding of music, else they would see in the *Huguenots* something more than a mere party-strife between Protestants and Catholics. Yet his convictions are not peculiarly of a political, and still less of a religious order. The peculiar religion of Meyerbeer is the religion of Mozart, Gluck and Beethoven; it is Music; in this alone does he believe; only in this faith he finds his happiness and lives with a conviction, which is like the convictions of the earlier centuries in depth, in passion, and endurance. Nay, I might say, he is the apostle of this religion. As with an apostolic zeal and earnestness he treats all that concerns his music. While other artists are content if they have produced something beautiful, nay, not infrequently lose all interest in their work, as soon as it is finished, with Meyerbeer upon the contrary the severest travail begins after the delivery; then he is not satisfied until the creation of his mind is shinningly revealed to other people also, until the whole public is edified by his music, until his opera has poured into all hearts the feelings he would preach to the whole world, until he has communed with all mankind. As the Apostle thinks neither of toils nor sufferings to save a single lost soul, so Meyerbeer, when he learns that any one denies his music, will expound it to him

indefatigably, until he has converted him; and then the single saved lamb, were it only the most insignificant soul of a feuilletonist, is to him more dear than the whole flock of believers, who have always worshipped him with orthodox fidelity.

Music is the conviction of Meyerbeer, and that is perhaps the reason of all those anxieties and troubles which the great master shows so often, and which not seldom make us smile. One should see him when he is rehearsing a new opera; at such times he is the tormenting spirit of all singers and musicians, whom he tortures with incessant trials. He never can be entirely satisfied; a single false note in the orchestra is a dagger thrust to him, of which he fancies he will die. This unrest persecutes him a long time after the opera has been actually brought out and received with tumults of applause. Still he continues to worry himself, and I believe he never is contented until some thousand hearers and admirers of his opera are dead and buried; with these at least he need fear no backsliding; these souls are secure to him. On the days when his opera is given, the good God can never please him; if it is cold and rainy, he is afraid that Mlle. Falcon will get a sore throat; if on the contrary the evening is clear and warm, he fears lest the fine weather should entice the people into the open air and let the theatre go empty. Nothing is comparable to the painful care with which Meyerbeer oversees the proof-reading; this inexhaustible passion for correction has become a by-word among Parisian artists. But one must consider that to him music is dear above anything, dearer surely than his life. When the cholera began to rage in Paris, I conjured Meyerbeer to go away as quickly as possible; but he had still business for some days, which he could not leave; he had to arrange with an Italian the Italian libretto for *Robert le Diable*.

Far more than *Robert le Diable* is the *Huguenots* a work of conviction, both as regards the substance and the form. As I have already remarked, while the great multitude are carried away by the substance, the idea, the quieter observer wonders at the immense progress of Art, the new forms, which here come to prominence. According to the most competent judges, all musicians who would now write for the opera, must first study the *Huguenots*. Meyerbeer has carried it to the greatest length in instrumentation. Never before heard of is his treatment of the choruses, which here speak out like individuals and have divested themselves of all operatic tradition. Since *Don Juan*, surely, there has been no greater apparition in the realm of musical art, than that fourth act of the *Huguenots*, where upon the top of the dread, thrilling scene of the consecration of swords, and the invocation of a blessing on the thirst for blood, there is still a Duo added, which even surpasses the first effect; a colossal venture, which one could hardly credit in so anxious a genius, but whose success so much the more excites our rapture, as our wonder. For my part, I believe that Meyerbeer has not solved this problem by artistic, but by natural means, inasmuch as that famous Duo expresses a succession of feelings, which never perhaps, or never with such truth, appeared in an opera, and for which nevertheless there burn the wildest sympathies in the minds of the present. For my part, I confess that never at any music did my heart beat so stormily, as at the fourth act of the *Huguenots*; and yet I gladly turn from this act and its commotions and dwell

with far greater satisfaction on the second act. This is an idyl, which in loveliness and grace resembles the romantic comedies of Shakspeare, or perhaps still more the *Aminta* of Tasso. In fact, under the roses of joy there lurks here a gentle melancholy, which reminds one of the unhappy court poet of Ferrara. It is more the longing after cheerfulness, than it is cheerfulness itself; it is no hearty laughter, but a smile of the heart, a heart which pines in secret and can only dream of health. How comes it that an artist, from whom all the blood-sucker cares of life were shuffled off from the very cradle, who, born in the lap of wealth, cosseted by the whole family, which willingly, enthusiastically humored all his inclinations, had far more right to happiness than any mortal artist,—how comes it, that this man has nevertheless experienced those enormous sufferings, which sigh and sob to us out of his music? For the musician cannot express so thrillingly that which he does not feel himself. It is strange that the artist, whose material wants are satisfied, should be so much the more intolerably visited by moral trials! But that is a good fortune for the public, which must thank the sorrows of the artist for its most ideal joys. The artist is that child, told of in the popular legend, whose tears are pure pearls. Ah! the cross stepmother, the world, beats the poor child all the more unmercifully, that it may weep right many pearls!

The *Huguenots* has been accused, even more than *Robert le Diable*, of a lack of melodies. This objection rests upon an error. "One cannot see the trees for sheer forest." The melody is here subordinated to the harmony, and already, on comparison with the music of Rossini, in which the contrary is the case, I have pointed out that it is this predominance of harmony which characterizes the music of Meyerbeer as a humanitarian, modern societary music. It is not really wanting in melodies; only these melodies must not stand out with a disturbing forwardness, I might say egotism; they must simply serve the whole; they are disciplined, whereas with the Italians the isolated melodies assert themselves, I might almost say, in a spirit of outlawry, somewhat like their famous bandits. It is not much observed; but many a common soldier fights in a great battle quite as well as the Calabrian, the isolated robber hero, whose personal prowess would surprise us less if he fought among regular troops, in rank and file. I will not deny the merit of a preponderance of melody, but I must remark, that as a consequence thereof we see in Italy that indifference to the *ensemble* of an opera, to the opera as a complete and rounded work of Art, which expresses itself so naively, that people in the boxes, during the intervals while no bravura parts are sung, receive visitors and gossip freely, if they do not even play cards.

The predominance of harmony in Meyerbeer's creations is perhaps a necessary consequence of his broad culture, which comprehends the realm of thought and of appearances. Treasures were lavished on his education, and his mind was susceptible; he was early initiated into all the sciences, and herein distinguished himself from most musicians, whose glaring ignorance is somewhat excusable, since they have commonly lacked time and means to acquire great knowledge outside of their own profession. What he learned became a second nature with him, and the school of the world gave him the highest development;

he belongs to that small number of Germans whom even France must recognize as models of urbanity. Such height of culture was perhaps necessary for one who would collect and shape with sure design the material which belonged to the creation of the *Huguenots*. But whether what was gained in breadth of conception and clearness of oversight, were not lost in other peculiarities, remains a question. Culture annihilates in the artist that sharp accentuation, that bold coloring, that originality of thought, that directness of feeling, which we so admire in rude, uncultivated natures.

Culture is always dearly bought, and little Blanka is right about it. This little eight years old daughter of Meyerbeer envies the leisure of the little boys and girls, whom she sees playing in the street, and expressed herself lately after the following manner: "What a misfortune that I have refined parents! I have from morning to evening to learn all sorts of things by heart, and to sit still and be proper, while the uncultivated children down there can run about so happy and amuse themselves the whole day long!"

Songs of the Blacks.

The only musical population of this country are the negroes of the South. Here at the North we have teachers in great numbers, who try to graft the love of music upon the tastes of our colder race. But their success is only limited. A few good singers are produced, and some fine instrumental performers, but the thing never becomes general. Music may perchance be the fashion for a winter. But it does not grow to a popular enthusiasm. It never becomes a passion or habit of the people. We are still dependent on foreigners for our music. Italian singers fill our concert rooms, and German bands parade our streets.

Throughout the country the same holds true. Singing masters itinerate from village to village, to give instruction in the tuneful art, but the most they can muster is a score or two of men and maidens to sing in church on Sunday. Brother Jonathan is awkward at the business, and sings only on set occasions. Let him be enrolled in the ranks of the choir, and placed in the front of the gallery, and he will stand up like a grenadier, and roll out lustily the strains of a psalm. But all his singing is done in public. He makes little music at home, or at most only on the Sabbath day. During the week his melodies are unheard. He does not go to his labor singing to himself along the road. No song of home or country, of love or war, escapes his lips as he works in his shop or follows the plough. Our people work in silence, like convicts in a Penitentiary. They go to their tasks, not with a free and joyous spirit that bursts into song, but with a stern, resolute, determined air, as if they had a battle to fight, or great difficulties to overcome.

Even the gentler sex, who ought to have most of poetry and music, seem strangely indifferent to it. Young ladies who have spent years in learning to play on the piano, and sing Italian airs, drop both as soon as they are married. Enter their houses a few months later, and they tell you that they are out of practice; they have forgotten their music, their pianos are unopened, and their harps are unstrung.

Compared with our taciturn race, the African nature is full of poetry and song. The Negro is a natural musician. He will learn to play on an instrument more quickly than a white man. They have magnificent voices and sing without instruction. They may not know one note from another, yet their ears catch the strains of any floating air, and they repeat it by imitation. The native melody of their voices falls without art into the channel of song. They go singing to their daily labors. The maid sings about the house, and the laborer sings in the field.

Besides their splendid organs of can nature is full of poetry. Inferior race in reason and intellect, their imagination, more lively feelings and a more poetic manner. In this they resemble the nations of Europe. Their joy and grief are pent up in the heart, but find instant expression in their eyes and voice. With their "tar," they clothe in rude poetry the incidents of their lowly life, and set them to simple tunes. Thus they sing their humble loves in strains of tenderness. We at the North hear these novelty, only as burlesqued by our Negro Minstrel *toile du* faces blackened with charcoal. Yet even the most uneducated feel that they have rare sweetness and melody.

Mingled with these love songs are plaintive ones which seem to have caught a tone of sadness and pathos from the hardships and frequent separation of their slave life. They are the Songs of their Captivity, and are sung with a touching effect. No song of a concert room ever thrilled us like one of these simple African airs, heard afar off in the stillness of a summer night. Sailing down the Mississippi, the voyager on the deck of the steamer may often hear these strains, wild, sad and tender, floating from the shore.

But it is in religion that the African pours out his whole voice and soul. A child in intellect, he is a child in faith. All the revelations of the Bible have to him a startling vividness, and he will sing of the judgment and the resurrection with a terror or a triumph which cannot be concealed. In religion he finds also an element of freedom which he does not find in his hard life, and in these wild bursts of melody he seems to be giving utterance to that exultant liberty of soul which no chains can bind, and no oppression subdue. As hundreds assemble at a camp meeting in the woods, and join in the chorus of such a hymn as

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,"

the unimpassioned hearer is almost lifted from his feet by the volume and majesty of the sound.

No voices of well trained choir in church or cathedral, no pealing organ, nor mighty anthem, ever moved us like these voices of a multitude going up to God under the open canopy of heaven. Blessed power of music! that can raise the poor and despised above their care and poverty. It is a beautiful gift of God to this oppressed race to lighten their sorrows in the house of their bondage.

Might not our countrymen all learn a lesson from these simple children of Africa? We are a silent and reserved people. Foreigners think us taciturn and gloomy. So we are, compared with the European nations. The Germans sing along the banks of the Rhine. The Swiss shepherd sings on the highest passes of the Alps, and the peasant of Tyrol fills his vallies with strains wild as the peaks and the torrents around him. But Americans, though surrounded with everything to make a people happy, do not show outward signs of uncommon cheerfulness and content. We are an anxious, careworn race. Our brows are sad and gloomy. Songless and joyless, the laborer goes to his task. This dumb silence is ungrateful in those who have such cause for thankfulness. Americans are the most favored people on earth, and yet they are the least expressive of their joy. So that we almost deserve the severe comment of a foreigner, who on seeing the great outward prosperity, and yet the anxious look of the people, said that "in America there was less misery, and less happiness, than in any other country on earth."

Let us not be ashamed to learn the art of happiness from the poor bondman at the South. If slaves can pour out their hearts in melody, how ought freemen to sing! If that love of music which is inborn in them, could be inbred in us, it would do much to lighten the anxiety and care which brood on every face and weigh on every heart. The spirit of music would beguile the toilsome hours, and make us cheerful and happy in our labor.

Nor would this light and joyous heart make us too gay, and so lead to folly and frivolity. On the contrary, it would prove a friend to virtue

he sour and morose spirit, when its oppressive gloom, is apt to
MUSIC worst excesses. The absence of
 buoyancy is one of the causes which
 Q to vice and sin. If every family
 Proposes to gather at early morn, that lingering
 At should render their spirits more elastic.
 during the children's voices in his ear, the hard-
 March, on Sepan would go more cheerfully to his
 Subscription those melodies would make his spirit
 Booms, and joyous through the day.

Common domestic joys, home, health and
TREEM love, can thus fill the heart with happi-
 and cause it to break forth into singing;
 W When that heart is bounding with immortal
 The, it may rise to the highest strains of exulta-
 tion and of ecstasy.

"Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad."

Evangelist.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE PREACHING OF THE TREES.

[From the German of GAUSE.]

At midnight hour, when silence reigns
 Through all the woodland spaces,
 Begin the bushes and the trees
 To wave and whisper in the breeze,
 All talking in their places.

The Rosebush flames with look of joy,
 And perfume breathes in glowing;
 "A Rose's life is quickly past!
 Then let me, while my time shall last,
 Be richly, gaily blowing!"

The Aspen whispers: "Sunken day!
 Not me thy glare deceiveth!
 Thy sunbeam is a deadly dart,
 That quivers in the Rose's heart—
 My shuddering soul it grieveth!"

The slender Poplar speaks, and seems
 To stretch its green arms higher:
 "Up yonder life's pure river flows,
 So sweetly murmurs, brightly glows,
 To that I still aspire!"

The Willow looks to earth and speaks:
 "My arm to enfold thee yearneth;
 I let my hair float down to thee;
 Entwined therein my flowers for me,
 As mother her child adorneth!"

And next the wealthy Plum-tree sighs:
 "Alas! my treasures crush me!
 This load with which my shoulders groan,
 Take off—it is not mine alone;
 By robbing, you refresh me!"

The Fir-tree speaks in cheerful mood:
 "A blossom bore I never;
 But steadfastness is all my store;
 In summer's heat, in winter's roar,
 I keep my green forever!"

The proud and lofty Oak-tree speaks:
 "God's thunderbolts confound me!
 And yet no storm can bow me down,
 Strength is my stem and strength my crown;
 Ye weak ones, gather round me!"

The Ivy-vine kept close to him,
 Her tendrils round him flinging:
 "He who no strength has of his own,
 Or loves not well to stand alone,
 May to a friend be clinging."

Much else, now half forgot, they said;
 And still came creeping
 Low whispered words upon the air,
 While by the grave alone stood there
 The Cypress mutely weeping.

O might they reach one human heart,
 These tender accents creeping!
 What wonder if they do not reach?
 The trees by starlight only preach,
 When we must needs be sleeping.

C. T. B.

Thalberg.

The notice of the great pianist's first New York concert in the *Tribune* of Tuesday, is chiefly a general appreciation of what he has done for the piano, and of what he is as an artist. It is in Fry's best vein, and we must give our readers the substantial parts of it, as follows:

* * * Rightly to appreciate him, we must look at his antecedents, and the antecedents of piano-forte writing when he first came before the European world some twenty years ago.

The piano-forte is no longer considered a luxury to the great run of dwellings, large and small, but a necessity. The improvements on it have been so great, and especially the rapid and brilliant advances made in the manufacture of square pianos in this country, or of that kind whose moderate cost puts it within the means of families in ordinary, that the development of the resources of this instrument constitutes matter of more interest, greatly more, than that of any other musical instrument. The manufacture of pianos in this country is a prodigious branch of artistico-mechanical industry; and, according to an estimate we made two years ago, it amounted to nearly about one fourth of the value of the entire cotton crop—that crop which is considered the pivot of international resources and courtesies, and which goes so far toward making Presidents. The piano being so improved and diffused, it is of the last importance that the genius should be found to develop to the fullest extent its resources, and the want was supplied when the youthful Thalberg, twenty years ago, rose like a star of harmony, and delighted all Europe.

To understand, likewise, adequately Mr. Thalberg's position, it is necessary to look into the nature of musical ideas, as distinct from the peculiarities, or the ism, so to speak, of the piano-forte. The origin of musical ideas, may safely be attributed to the singing voice, in its alliance with poetical metre. The regular measure of the poetry shapes the musical phrases, gives them symmetry and renders them memorable. Take away the real or quasi division of musical phrases according to poetical metres, and the music becomes illogical, or at best incapable of impressing the memory. Metrically speaking, there is generally no difference between the music of the dance and that for the voice—the dance requiring divisions of eight measures, and the voice eight, or regular fractions of eight; that is, four or two. This metrical arrangement permeates, likewise, the longest compositions—the opposite to it forming the exception to the rule. In regard to what may be called a musical statement—in the same way we would apply the word statement to oratory—the humanities and the limits of the voice seem to underlie all instrumental music. The largest musical statement can be made within the limits of the musical voice, which is two octaves, and generally within ten or twelve notes. A statement with the speaking voice generally ranges within four or five notes, sometimes rising to an octave. Intensities of declamation, the draughts made on a speaker in addressing muster meetings, may cause him to exceed the octave, but it is still an excess and not a rule. Now as regards this power of musical statement pure and simple, the piano had illustrious champions, Mozart, Clementi, Kalkbrenner, Herz, Weber, Beethoven, Ries, Steibelt, Hummel, Himmel and others, varying in degrees of mind and originality. Their works abound in passages which are clearly vocal, and can be sung within the range of an ordinary voice. We find it recorded, too, that Beethoven declared, after he had heard Dragonetti play on the double bass, that he knew for the first time the vocal resources of the bass, and his bases accordingly, whether in his stringed quartets, his symphonies, or his piano-forte works, have much of this new quality of vocality—this individualism of statement, viewed apart from the inherent old-fashioned mode of treating the bass, as a foundation upon which rests the melody of a part above. Beside this vocality in the higher parts, and afterward in the bass itself, we find very markedly in the piano works of C. M. von

Weber, the large arpeggio-reaching. Ideas, too, passionate, transcendent, mysterious, dramatic, there were for the piano. But still something was wanting. The resources of the instrument were not fully brought out. Orchestrally viewed, its relations between treble and bass were frequently so wide apart that the effect was beggarly. As regards combination, there was a want of association between primary ideas, or statements as we have ventured to call them, and the musical intercalations, the addenda, the outpourings, the spray of which the strong fibre of a clearly-defined vocal melody is capable. If we look at the works of the masters up to the time of Thalberg, whatever leanings we may discover toward the new school, we find no realization of the problem, that with certain ingenuities of fingering two hands may be made to do almost the work of four on the piano-forte, and that the sonorosity of the instrument may be doubled over the older masters, and its *délire*, its passion, its impetuosity, its eloquence, its grandeur, increased in even a greater ratio. There is certainly something mightily akin to the whole vast looming of the age—to the new telescopic drag-net used for the skyey depths bringing out the "gems of purest ray serene" which have slept there for billions of years—to the locomotive engine, burning to ashes all old journey measurements and crushing miles in moments—to the electric telegraph, which turns into dazzling, immortal fact the wildest poetry or prophecy of the Arabian Nights—there is something mightily akin to all these in this wide world of new octaves, these fresh continents of sounds, and the master grasp which can hurl them together in genial contrast. This has been achieved by Thalberg. Twenty years ago he made a Columbus voyage of discovery into new regions of piano-forte possibilities. He bridged over the separated lands of the piano. He created a school.

Taking the ideas given in Rossini's opera of "Moses," he arranged them as musical statements had never been arranged before. He left out the lumber of scales which play so large a part in the sonatas of the great old masters, and keeping the personalism of the vocalist—the declaimed melody—ever uppermost, he wove around it the boldest heroics of arpeggios, or rapid addenda of notes dealing in intervals of thirds, etc.; the most manly of thick-heaving reduplications of chorals at various octaves; the most intrepid of adventurous leaps and iterations. We consider the ism engendered by M. Thalberg the last resource of the piano. Since he composed his *Mose* piece we have not discovered anything of value added to the resources of the instrument; and in making this assertion we do not include a discussion of the genius contained in the ideas of Chopin and Doehler, and some of the best works of Herz, but merely treat of the matters of increased executive grasp and increased largeness and sonority of tone and effect contained therein.

The means by which M. Thalberg arrived at his new school came chiefly of the use of the thumb as an expressive member of the finger-singing school. This being inveigled into feats hitherto unattempted, the remaining fingers of the hand are left free and easy to do "things unattempted" in musical verse.

Happily for M. Thalberg, nature consigned to him the hand to execute what his head designed. He is equal to his works. His playing is impeccable. He never misses a note. He performs with ease worthy the creator of a new school. He delineates a melody like a dramatic artist, and darts his arpeggio-spray like Apollo.

Musical Correspondence.

ALBANY, N. Y. Nov. 10.—According to my promise, made some time since, I will endeavor to give you some idea of the musical condition of this city—not that it will be at all interesting to your readers, for Albany is rather an unmusical place. Yet those of our citizens who do love Art, love it hugely, and so I accept your invitation without further hem-ing.

In the way of materials for music, we are doing exceedingly well, for we have a large number of Piano Forte Manufactories (for the size of the place); and to have a Piano and then a "Bertini" is the groundwork of all American musical education, in most people's minds. Some very excellent Pianos are made in Albany, and Boardman & Gray, the leading builders, are even making *Grands*, which is a good sign for the future. Barhydt & Morange, Reed & Co., and Marshall, James & Traver, also produce some really fine instruments; and the old firm of Meacham & Co., (so well known in old times) still make good pianos and in the same quiet way and on the same premises that they did thirty years ago. As an evidence of our good taste, very many Chickering Pianos have been and are sold by the agent, Mr. J. Collier, who is a hard working man, and a very successful salesman. He is also a musician and knows what a piano should be, and therefore customers have confidence in his selections, and in no instance have they been disappointed. In addition to the regular sale of *Squares*, Mr. Collier has already sold ten of those charming *Parlor Grands* (we call them *Cecilians*) and three full *grands*, all of which have found their way to appreciative parlors, and a square piano is not now considered the instrument *par excellence* it used to be, and that's a good thing.

We have some very good Organs in our city, and some of them are very well played. The largest Organ was built by Erben for the Cathedral, which is one of the finest churches in the country. This organ is a first class instrument in size, power and quality, and Mr. Carmody, the musical director, illustrates its variety and many beauties in a most capital manner. His choir (a large chorus, mostly Germans) sing quite effectively some of the best Masses in use, and they are now busily preparing for a grand Sacred Concert, to take place the end of the month.

The next organ in size is in Dr. Sprague's Church, and is one of Hook's best. It is large in variety, and possesses great sweetness of tone, but not much true power. There are three or four more Hook organs and some of Appleton's, but not remarkable enough to be noticed at this time. Wm. A. Johnson, of Westfield, who is fast winning his place in the first rank of builders, is making a very large instrument for the only Congregational Church in the city, and judged by his other organs, a superb affair may be expected. Mr. Johnson's abilities are not at all known in Boston; but I can assure you, from my own hearing, that he is bound to be known, and his organs will now compare favorably with those of any American builder.

The Episcopal churches have the smallest and oldest organs in the city, and it is a shame, when their beautiful service is so much enhanced by proper musical effect. Yet the singing in some of these churches has been much better than the ordinary style of choir performances. At St. Paul's for many years the music has been a leading feature, and for the last year service has been sung antiphonally by an excellent quartet at one side of the organist, and a choir of twelve boys at the other. Quite a number of singers, of a great deal more than ordinary ability, have been engaged at St. Paul's. Mrs. Lucy Eastcott (who is now an acknowledged European *prima donna*) was their *soprano* for two years, and Mr. Henry Squires, now a leading *tenore* in London, was in the same choir at the same time. Their *soprano* of last season, Miss Isabella Hinkley, has a voice of remarkable beauty, and her talent is to be further cultivated and perfected by a thorough musical education in Italy, for she goes to Florence next May. But choir matters have been through a constant series of changes this season. George William Warren, for eight years director at St. Paul's, resigned and accepted at Dr. Sprague's; Albert Wood resigned at St. Peter's and accepted at St.

Paul's. The choirs of these and some other churches also changed and exchanged, and it would hardly be fair to report the degree of excellence in either at present; but be assured, a deep interest is felt to have good church music, and excellent salaries are paid to our best organists and singers, and it will not be the fault of our people if the good is not attained. I would also state (as the missionaries say) that the price of piano and voice teaching is much improved.

As we are but a few hours ride from New York, our musically minded citizens all attend the opera there, and the ever popular *Trovatore* is almost as well known and whistled here as if we had the regular article on the spot. We *did* have a very shocking attack of German Opera here about three years ago, and the Pyne and Harrison Troupe occasionally call on us; but as one aside, let us say that the whole of that troupe (vocally) consists of Miss Pyne, who is a charming singer; but excuse us from the troupe!

Albany is ashamed of its concert rooms, the best of which is very small and inconvenient; and I do believe if we had a smaller edition of the "Boston Music Hall," good concerts would receive better attention here.

Twelve years (or more) ago Joseph Burke, the talented violinist (then a resident of Albany) was the conductor of a fine Amateur Orchestral Society, named the "Concordia," which unfortunately only lived while Burke was with us. In old times we had fine vocal societies; and I can remember hearing the "Messiah" and "Creation" as well done as could be desired, with good soloists, powerful chorus, and a fine orchestra under Burke, who was a great favorite with us. Since that time many and many other vocal associations have sprung into existence, but six months (or less) always finished them, which I attribute to the extra quantity of legislation which had to take place at every rehearsal. Every meeting must be called to order by the president, *a la* Congress even, and it was all talk, until too late in the evening to do anything for divine St. Cecilia. At present, then, there is no regular "Philharmonic," or anything of like style in Albany; but sundry choir leaders have sundry gatherings, which are no doubt named up strong enough, but I do not know any particulars of them.

The Albany music store is Hidley's. A Mr. Scovel has just opened what he calls a "Temple of Music," which name is ahead of any establishment devoted to "sweet sounds" yet heard from. Mr. Hidley is building up a large business, and has already published quite a quantity of sheet music, such as it is, good, bad and indifferent.

Concerts generally go a begging in Albany, and those who have lately suffered while honoring us were Miss Pyne, Adelaide Philipps (with Wm. Mason and Mr. Adams), and Gottschalk. Madame Isadore Clark is threatening a concert, but we hope she will not be so reckless as to make the attempt. Yet Parodi and Strakosch make money here, and Ole Bull used to. Charity concerts are exceptions, and several hundred people were unable to attend George Warren's last "concert for the poor," which was a "perfect jam."

So much for general musical matters in a city which is certainly large enough to do much good for the "divine art"; and there is a hope that that good will yet be done, for we are decidedly improving (as an instance, they are beginning to subscribe for the "Journal of Music"). If your readers are willing, I will write again and speak of the "Pride of Albany," our great sculptor, E. D. Palmer, who has just accepted a most flattering invitation to exhibit some of his beautiful "marble poems" for the first time in New York. Also the superb pianism of Gottschalk and the singing of Miss Philipps, and many other things will, with your permission, be excellent food for a more able pen than that of your

DUTCH FRIEND.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 15, 1856.

Italian Opera—"The North Star."

In our review of the brief spell of opera at the Boston Theatre, which closed last Saturday, we deferred what we had to say of the only novelty, the comic opera by MEYERBEER, *L'Etoile du Nord*. This drew a full house for a single evening, and a house more than half full on a Saturday afternoon. It should have been played oftener to be appreciated, for it was a work of Meyerbeer, and of course crowded full of matter as an egg of meat, whether of the inspired kind or not. Our general impression was, that it was over-ingenious music, a great labor to the writer, and a labor to the listener who sits it through. And yet full of curious, pretty, sometimes beautiful conceits; of cunningly elaborated brilliancies and Meyerbeerish quaintnesses, not to say grotesquenesses; of interesting and inspiring combinations, well studied dramatic or melo-dramatic effects and contrasts; striking individuality in its little scraps of melody which run into the concerted harmony, but tame lack of individuality in the more prominent, developed melodies; all manner of original and curious arts of instrumentation, &c., &c. On the whole a very talented and scientific French work of effect, almost inseparable from the Grand Opera, and depending equally on scenic spectacle, the pretty platoons of girl soldiers, uncouth Cossacks, &c., as on the music for success. But *here* it depended chiefly and most successfully on Mme. DE LAGRANGE, whose exquisite acting and ringing of the principal part quite filled the mind and made one uncritical to all the rest.

We propose to look into this opera a little—not very profoundly or minutely, but just enough to do our duty to a new work. Plot and spectacle and music are inseparable, so we will trace them along together. First we have an overture, opening with a military movement, which is worked up into a good deal of activity and noise, and then passes or melts by means of a prolonged trill on the dominant of the coming key into a minor dance melody, which is exceedingly piquant and pretty, with its broad rhythm, and is lusciously instrumented. The march returns, and then, through a gauzy veil of harp accompaniments, appears a leading cantabile melody, which we shall meet more than once in the course of the opera, it forming one of the three or four *motives* which mechanize and give unity to the whole. A common-place, Balse-like sort of melody we must consider it, for one made so important. Fragments of the march again, and then for a close some trumpet touches of a livelier cavalry air, resembling one sung in the second act. On the whole a brilliant and effective overture, of whose rich instrumentation we could form a tolerable idea from MARETZKE's fine orchestra, although it required half a dozen harps instead of one, and all things in proportion.

The curtain rises on a gay scene, a village on the Gulf of Finland, water in the background, a chapel on the right, the rustic house of Catarina and her brother George on the left. Workmen (carpenters, for it is a new version of the story of

Peter in the ship-yards of Zandaam), are resting from their labors, while their wives and daughters bring refreshments; Peter alone (AMODIO) is busy at his bench pushing the jack-plane. We shall see what keeps him. A tenor coryphæus (our veteran friend, in all the operas, who sings always flat) leads off with a couple of bars, to which the chorus answers in a minor strain of innocent gayety, quaint and fresh, and justifying what HEINE says of the individuality of Meyerbeer's choruses. Next comes the tenor air of Danilowitz, the pastry cook (BRIGNOLI), who makes much ado about his hot pies, and appeals most wooingly to the young maidens, singing that his cakes are as warm as his own heart, whereat the damsels jeer and laugh in comical mocking strains. There is nice fitting of tone-figures to sentiment and situation in all this. In scraps of recitative, expressively instrumented, inquiries are made for Catarina, who has not appeared; hints are thrown out that Peter is in love with her and waiting for her; and then master Peter develops himself, surly, passionate fellow that he is, in a muttered, growling strain of bass, which occurs afterwards often enough to pass for a type of himself, expressing the surly fellow and no more, while musically his part has little interest. A drinking chorus follows, charmingly wild and Northern, and also in the minor, the orchestra after each strain dashing down a precipice of chromatic triplets, with a recklessness that contrasts with the touch of sentiment there is in the tune. It changes to the major, as they drink to Charles XII. of Sweden, and then, as they all kneel, it passes into a prayer. This strain, like the whole first scene indeed, suggests analogies with the first scene of "William Tell," like situations and materials being employed for a great ensemble. With Rossini there is more of the freshness of nature, and more spontaneous *naïveté*, with all his art; while Meyerbeer achieves a less complete success by ingenious calculation of effects. We find this whole first act, however, full of interest, and of invention at least, if not of inspiration.

They challenge Danilowitz to drink the toast. He drinks only to the Czar, the enemy of Sweden! They resent it as an insult; carpenter Peter (who is the Czar) defends him, and a promising fight is only interrupted by the bell calling them off to work (an awfully harsh bell, by the way), and lets its steam off musically instead of fistically.

Now comes a bit of melodrama. Peter lingers behind, watching for Catharine. A flute strain from the house! 'Tis George, his "professor of the flute," and he takes up a flute and answers. This flute business is another of the little *motives* which pin the whole opera together—a hint here of what is completed in the last act. They drink together. Catharine has gone, it seems, to ask the hand of the inn-keeper's daughter for George in marriage; and now trips in LAGRANGE in jaunty *cantiniere* costume, and sings about the most comic piece of music in the opera, her account of her interview with the old inn-keeper, the music being somewhat descriptive of that important, burly, gruff-voiced, smoking individual. Madame does it to a charm, extorts praises for her ambassadorship, and goes off with a slight of high soaring triplets, in which her voice revels as exquisitely as few but Lagrange can. Catharine is wise; she lectures her lover, whom she has

caught drinking, and surly Peter mutters out that angry strain again. She recalls her dying mother's prophecy about her star, the North Star; and here come in the harp figures and a part of the *cantabile* (noticed in the overture) which is the typical air of Catharine, another recurring *motive* of the piece.

As Peter is about to go, smarting with wounded pride under the moral lecture of his lady love, in rushes Prascovia (Mme. MAREZKE), the betrothed of George, in great alarm, announcing the approach of the Calmucks and Cossacks. Peter is very brave, but Catharine, true to her star, is wise and ready for emergencies. Leave it to her. They retire, and in creep a grotesque band of shaggy warriors, headed by Gritzenko (COLLETTI), a dandy ruffian, who makes the buffoon of the play, and figures afterwards as corporal and what not under Peter. They shout out their song of blood and pillage, and proceed to charge upon the house, when they are met upon the steps by Catharine, clad as a gipsy, with a starry robe and a tambourine, who with imperious gesture bids them back, appealing to the superstition of their race, of whom her mother was one. She tells their fortunes, and then sings the spirited gipsy rondo of JENNY LIND memory, the Cossacks lifting their feet the while in uncouth accompaniment. Without the vigor of Jenny's voice, Mme. Lagrange executed it with almost the same perfection, as she does all such bravura pieces. The savages are gone, good riddance! and Catharine has risen to the third heavens in her Peter's admiration. One of the most charming, ingenious, naïve, expressive passages in the whole opera is the dialogue which follows between the lovers, in which Catharine asks the seeming carpenter's history, divines his destiny, and kindles anew the prouder aspirations in his breast. The music is in the happiest vein of Meyerbeer; in Catharine's part it has here and elsewhere a wise, wholesome, encouraging sound, revealing a fresh, generous, affectionate nature, witty withal and self-possessed. There is really an individuality in the music of Catharine throughout—least of it in the bravura pieces which most captivate the crowd; whereas Peter's music is but tamely characteristic, or only characteristic of an ordinary, self-willed and irritable person. There is a touch of tenderness, however, in a strain here which he sings aside, as he thinks of "her noble voice, noble and proud." The duet ends of course with a strain of martial and heroic resolution and self-dedication.

Now comes a very odd duet between Prascovia and Catharine. Poor Prascovia! worse trouble than before! Her George, her lover, just as they were to be married, is enrolled a conscript by the Cossacks. Catharine comforts her; another moral inspiration; she shall be married; a substitute shall be provided, one who looks just like George—(the heroic girl will don the uniform herself). So there are alternate showers and sunshine, smiles and tears for the simple-hearted maiden. All this is expressed in an imitative duet, full of sobbings and cooings on the one part, and high, cackling laughter on the other, which reminds one of a concert of hens and chickens in a barnyard. Yet it is exquisitely ingenious and funny, and the glad strain in which the voices join at the end is extremely pretty, flute-like and florid, taxing the flexibility and

compass of both voices quite severely. Mme. Maretzek ably seconded Lagrange in this, her voice telling clearest in the highest notes, but betraying some pinched and nasal tones in the middle region. This droll conceit was vociferously encored. This duet might pass for a burlesque on the one in *Freyschütz*, also between a sad and a merry maiden. But that has *soul* in it.

And now for the finale of this first Act, a wedding scene in the foreground, with soldiers in the background marching off the conscripts. A band of rustic musicians appear, and the orchestra is made to imitate the tuning of their instruments, striking hard fifths, winding off with a rude trumpet flourish;—farcical enough. The pretty chorus of young girls and workmen; the rapturous couplets of Prascovia the bride, accompanied by the *la, la*, in octave intervals of the girls swinging hands girl-like; the smart quickstep chorus of the soldiers; the bacchanalian *glou, glou*, and *zon, zon* of the men, mingled with the heart-beating *tic tac* of the lovers, &c., make an ensemble full of variety and zest, in which of course the orchestra plays an important part. A few bars of religious music as they all kneel before the chapel, while Catarina appears at the top of the steps, disguised as a recruit, and sings her farewell prayer of blessing on the marriage. This prayer, with harp accompaniment, is nothing but the full development of that sentimental Balse-like melody, which we have met twice before. Interpolate it into the "Bohemian Girl," and we fancy few would suspect the difference of authorship, so far as essential melody is concerned. Musically, Catharine's strong parts are her weakest. The real music of her part is in those incidental, dialogue scraps of melody, of which we have spoken. She ends with a florid barcarole, as she is rowed off in the boat, whose echoes die away among the rocks with the most silvery purity and sweetness of Lagrange. Her singing of the prayer too was full of pathos, and better than the melody deserved.

So much for the first, which is the longest, and it seems to us by far the best act of the three. The conclusion of our sketch must give way for this week to other matters.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The article on the first page by HEINE, on MEYERBEER, we translate, not because we think its opinions true, but as a matter of curiosity, now that attention is called to the subject by the "North Star," as indicating the strange enthusiasm which this acute satirist shared with all Germany for Meyerbeer, about the time of the first success of *Les Huguenots*, (1836—40). Heine had sharp things enough to say of Meyerbeer in some of his later writings.

At length we are to have a beginning of classical music. Our mouths water, and we have waited long. Our young townsman, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, who has the true tone and culture of an artist, is to lead off this evening in a nice little Soirée at Chickering's saloon. He has made a careful study of some of Beethoven's earlier piano works, wisely and modestly reasoning that he must do a good service, while things more formidable and brilliant are so common, by keeping us familiar with these. He will play to-night the second of the three Sonatas dedicated to Haydn, and (with aid from the Mendelssohn Quintette Club) the Trio No. 1, in E flat; also smaller pieces by Bach, Chopin and Mendelssohn.

The Club will play with him the famous Schumann Quintet; Mr. Ryan's clarinet will discourse that sweet *Andante Pastorale* by Crusell; and Mrs. Long will sing an air from Mozart and Mr. Parker's music to Tennyson's "Come into the garden, Maud." Who will resist so choice a feast? . . . And then, to follow up the supply of chamber music, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will commence their *eighth annual series* next Tuesday evening. Mr. AUGUST FRIES has happily recovered, and they will begin strong, with two new pieces for the first part, viz: Mozart's Fifth Quartet, in A, and Beethoven's Piano Trio, Op. 70, No. 2, in E flat. Part second will include an Adagio from a Clarinet Concerto by Spohr, a Polonaise by Chopin, and Mendelssohn's third Quartet, in D. The pianist will be Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, a talented young artist, recently from Leipzig. . . . There is comfort in the fact that, if the great public is not ready to sustain Orchestral Concerts, there will be plenty of choice chamber music for the few! But we do not despair of symphonies under the statue of Beethoven yet. If it cannot be done in one way, it may be in another. Of the 1500 season tickets necessary to guaranty eight concerts, barely 700 were subscribed for. Now we throw out a hint: Who is there of the 700, who would not gladly be held for the same amount for say five concerts, with the privilege of attending one rehearsal to each (making it equivalent in fact to ten concerts for \$3 00!), and with the understanding that the series shall be extended to eight, should they prove popular enough to warrant it?

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—The musical event of the week has been the concerts of THALBERG, of which he has already given three. In the absence of our expected correspondence, we extract from the *Courier & Enquirer's* notice of Tuesday evening:

Niblo's Saloon was filled to its utmost capacity last evening on the occasion of Mr. THALBERG's first Concert in America, by one of the most elegant audiences ever assembled in New York. The concert was quite a model in its arrangements: There was just enough of it:—a rare merit,—the 'not too much' appearing to be the most difficult lesson for public amusement to learn. . . . In every respect, then, Mr. Thalberg's first appearance was unexceptionable. He came before the American public without humbug of any kind, relying solely upon his established position as an artist of the highest rank, and merely saying: 'I have come to you; hear me if you will.' His success—we mean, of course, his American success, and a success commensurate with his great fame—was established beyond a doubt at the end of the first part of the concerts. He rose from his instrument confessed by every hearer the master of all the masters who had preceded him.

When he began to play, the first impression was that we had heard all this before, and heard it very much to our satisfaction; but after a while, even the dullest ear began to perceive that in addition to something that it had heard, there was something that it had not heard before; and this went on increasing until finally the new revelation eclipsed the old and familiar knowledge, and Mr. Thalberg was listened to as if he were beginning the revolution in piano-forte playing which he triumphantly completed in Europe several years ago. For Mr. Thalberg, young as he is, is the father of the present school of piano-forte playing. . . . Mr. Thalberg's compositions generally consist of what might be called variations upon an air; variations of an air they certainly are not; for his literal faithfulness to the simplest theme that he may take as his subject is no less remarkable than the crowd of brilliant, fantastic, musical thoughts with which he adorns and illustrates it. You hear this theme constantly; it goes steadily and inexorably on; its bold steady march distinctly audible amid the musical tumult of arpeggios, scale passages, octaves, and fanciful outbursts and freaks of sound, which his magic raises around it. This was particularly remarkable last evening in the Fantasias upon themes from *La Sonnambula* and in the grand variations on the air from *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

As to Mr. Thalberg's playing we omit as entirely superfluous, if not impertinent, all praises of its mechanical merits, and go not into particulars, or into raptures, about his wrist at once strong and flexible,—his touch at once firm and delicate, crisp and easy,—his thumbs all fingers instead of his fingers all thumbs, and his fingers all first and second—his having two right hands instead of one right and one left;—he is beyond all this sort of commendation. It became necessary for others to attain those things because he had them, and discovered how to use them: they were not much needed before; some of them, not at all. His execution seems absolutely perfect; and his style,

remarkable for every excellence, is chiefly so for its brilliance, its elegance, and its precision. His accuracy is marvellous to the verge of the miraculous; and we do not wonder at the story told, that one of those used-up Englishmen who travel about in search of a sensation, having followed him in vain for three years in the hope of hearing a false note, blew out his brains in despair. Of this characteristic he gave a splendid example last evening in the Etude with repeated notes. He played this like a machine with a soul. There is nothing to be said after such a performance as that, especially by musicians; mute admiration and wonder are the tribute which it exacts, if we except outbursts of applause; but there is really very little to be said about absolute perfection. We have no space for further remark, however, at this time, and can only add that Mr. Thalberg's success with his audience—one of the most cultivated ever assembled in this city—was complete, triumphant. He was called vociferously after each performance; but complied with the demand for an encore but once.

Not the least attraction of the evening was the singing of Madame CORA DE WILHORST, who with Signor MORELLI assisted Mr. THALBERG. Madame DE WILHORST in voice and method ranks high among the best vocalists whom we have heard of late. Her voice is at once sympathetic, powerful and flexible; and her style and method are of the best Italian school, in which she has studied with a success which indicates unusual artistic capabilities. Her singing last evening of *Dunque io son* and of the Air from *Il Trovatore* was very charming; and after the latter, she was deservedly recalled with an enthusiasm hardly inferior to that elicited by the hero of the evening.

Signor MORELLI's noble and purely delivered voice we always listen to with great pleasure, and never with more than last evening. He is, with the exception perhaps of GRAZIANI, first among the baritones who have visited us.

The Academy of Music was opened under the management of Baron Stankovitch on Monday night with *Il Trovatore*, which has been followed by *L'Etoile du Nord*. A strange scene occurred the first night, of which we find the following account:

Quite a scene of confusion took place on Monday night, when Kreutzer, the new conductor, vice Maretzky, (excommunicated by the stockholders,) took his seat. A storm of hisses, shouts of "Maretzky! Maretzky!" &c. arose from all parts of the audience, and it was in vain that the orchestra endeavored to make it itself heard. Kreutzer turned to the audience, bowed and smiled, and received some applause, but the confusion did not cease until the unpopular conductor quitted his official seat, and handed Maretzky into it, amidst the acclamations of the revolutionists. Kreutzer took his usual place as first violin, and the performance went on. It was of course a preconcerted arrangement, in order to mortify the stockholders, who had stipulated in the arrangements with Mad. de Lagrange, that Maretzky should have nothing whatever to do in the Opera House. At the end of the third act the audience insisted upon Max making a speech, which he did in a very few words of very broken English. The revolution, speech and opera, went off in grand style, although Amodio had a cold; so that the opening was a complete success.

The Academy is rented for six weeks only, and at less than half the rent stated by the *Times*. A new tenor is expected from Europe, when Verdi's (*toujours Verdi!*) *Traviata* and *Sicilian Vespers* will be brought out. . . . The German Opera, we regret to learn, has failed. . . . The new contralto, Mme. ANGRI, arrived last Saturday.

Foreign.

MANCHESTER, ENG.—The Free-Trade Hall Choral Concerts were inaugurated Oct. 30th by a performance of the "Creation." The vocalists were Miss LOUISA VINNING, ("remembered as the Infant Sappho,") "Mr. HARRI MILLARD," and "Mr. HENRI DRAYTON," under which Frenchified style familiar American names may possibly be recognized. The *Manchester Examiner* says:

Mr. Millard, a young American tenor, made his first bow to a Manchester audience on this occasion. He has been singing with great success in London, during the past season; and in the highly descriptive air, "Now vanish," at once gave evidence that he possessed a voice of remarkable and beautiful quality. The lower notes of his register are, indeed, at present comparatively weak and wanting in resonance, but his style is masterly, and we have seldom had to chronicle a more favorable debut. Indeed, we never remember to have heard the beautiful air, "In native worth," sung with such a rare appreciation of its innumerable beauties, and with such chaste and judicious feeling. We regretted to notice, however, that he would not allow Haydn to speak always for himself; the more so, as an innovation was attempted in a recitative held sacred in the remembrances of all the lovers of oratorio singing.

Mr. Henri Drayton is not unknown to the amateurs of Manchester, though this, we believe, was his first appearance here in sacred music. His ponderous voice and dramatic style, more suited to the stage than the orchestra, nevertheless told well in the fine bass airs which form so prominent a portion of the oratorio. We were hardly prepared for the chaste style and deep feeling manifested in the duetto of the third

part. "By thee with bliss," we have indeed seldom heard surpassed.

HANOVER.—The following extracts are from a letter to the London *Musical World*, Oct. 25:

The traveller in North Germany will do well to pass some time both at Hanover and Brunswick, on his way to the capital of Prussia. At Hanover he will find a spacious and beautiful theatre, devoted to alternate nights to drama and opera. Marschner, the composer, is music-director, and his latest opera, *Hans Heiling*, has maintained, if not raised, his fame as a dramatic composer. The performance of this work, which I heard recently, was remarkable in many respects, more so on the whole, however, for the ensemble than for any special excellence in the principal singers, who all sang in the ultra-German manner, and practiced exaggerations both of voice and gesture. The story of *Hans Heiling* is a little in the *Der Freischütz-Vampyr* style; and the music (although exhibiting the highest measure of cleverness) is little more than an ingenious compound of Spohr and Weber—or rather of Weber and Spohr, since Herr Marschner (who has no originality) finds it easier to counterfeit the wild peculiarities of the first than the gorgeous harmony and elaborately-finished orchestration of the last. The best parts of the opera are those in which the situations require the music to be comic. The *diables*, where the supernatural personages are directly concerned, is labored and feeble; but where their influence is merely suggested, a certain vein of the Hoffmannesque becomes apparent, which is uncommonly genial and attractive. *Hans Heiling* appears to be popular; and, although Herr Marschner is neither a genius nor a great master of instrumentation, his music is sensible, fluent, nearly always effective, and not seldom interesting. The band at Hanover is capital, and performs duty on the dramatic as well as on the operatic nights. Between the acts of *Klytämnestra*—a new tragedy parodied from the *Agamemnon* of Euripides, and recently imported from Berlin—I was much pleased with the admirable execution of several fine overtures, among others, Mozart's to *La Clemenza di Tito* and Spohr's rarely heard *Macbeth*. The theatre may be described as imbedded in gardens. It is built in the handsomest part of the city; and the exterior is more than worthy of the interior, presenting the appearance of a really magnificent public edifice. The charge of admission to what are esteemed the very best pieces is only one *thaler* eight *groschen*—less than four shillings; but I should recommend English visitors to repair to what is entitled the "*parquet perron*," where, for twenty *groschen* (about two shillings) they can be as genteely and comfortably accommodated as in the stalls at either of our London Italian operas. And then, too, how refreshing, how sensible, a performance which begins at seven and is over before ten! You get for your money only one piece, it is true—opera, play, or ballet—but upon that one piece the greatest care is bestowed, and neither the performers nor the audience are tired at the end. The Königliches Hof-Theatre was commenced by the late king, in 1845, and finished in 1852 by the reigning monarch of Hanover. It is large enough to hold nearly 2,000 people, and both as an edifice and as an institution it is worthy of a much larger empire than the petty region which, once a dependence of the English crown, is now governed (almost despotically) by the afflicted cousin of our gracious Queen.

The theatre, however, is not all that Hanover presents of interesting to the amateur or professor of music. Joseph Joachim resides here, for six months out of the year, in his capacity of *concert-meister* to His Majesty the King.

Joachim is playing more grandly than ever—of which I had recently an opportunity of judging, at his own apartments, where, in association with three members of the theatre-orchestra—Herrn Eyert (brothers, second violin and viola, and Lindner, violoncello—he performed the 11th quartet (in F minor), the C sharp minor (posthumous), and the extraordinary fugue, Op. 135, originally composed as *finale* to the B flat posthumous, but afterwards published alone. I believe that to read these works more deeply, or to execute them with more brilliant effect, would be impossible. The fugue, for the first time (to me at least) revealed an intelligible design and a logical form of development. Certainly the most daring, extravagant and original specimens of fugue the art can boast are the two which Beethoven composed in the key of B flat—the one immediately under notice, and the *finale* to his pianoforte sonata Op. 108. While paying the first tribute to Joseph Joachim, I must not omit to acknowledge the eminent talent displayed by Herrn Eyert and Lindner, who showed themselves worthy companions of their distinguished *concert-meister*.

Joachim has been composing a good deal—but still not enough. He has written, among other things less important, four orchestral overtures, only one of which (that to *Hamlet*) he has had the courage to produce at the concerts he directs. This is mistaken modesty. If Joachim does not take advantage of the position he has mainly won by the exercise of his own ability how is the musical world to know what he is doing? Besides it is of very little use composing for the orchestra unless he can gain experience by judging of the effects at which he aims, *otherwise than upon paper*. He has the opportunity, and should use it. There is in Joachim the element of *originality*—a great matter.

BERLIN.—The Royal Academy of Fine Arts celebrated the birthday of their patron, the King, on the 15th inst., in the large room of the Sing-Academie. The Festival-Cantata for the occasion was composed by Herr A. W. Bach, *Musik-director*, and member of the Senate of the Academy.—There is nothing new at the Royal Opera House, where Mlle. Johanna Wagner is still the great attraction. She has been playing Romeo, in *I Montecchi e Capuletti*.

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The Works of Chopin.

[The following is the substance of a little pamphlet published in London some years since, without date or name of author, entitled "An Essay on the Works of Frederic Chopin." It is written in rather a high-flown and extravagant style of eulogy, although it is in the main appreciative. It is in fact an uncommonly clever music-seller's puff, issued by the London publishers of Chopin's music. Retrenching some of its most transcendental superfluities, we think it will not be uninteresting to those who are curious to know the extent and character of this poet-pianist's compositions.]

The prevailing tone of the most popular piano-forte music of the present day is unhealthy and vicious in the extreme. Morbid sentimentality has usurped the prerogatives of tenderness and of passion, while passages of mere finger dexterity preside over what was once the dwelling-place of pure melody and ingenious contrivance. The love of beautiful and unaffected harmony seems wholly dead in the bosoms of modern composers, who, influenced by the clever trickery developed in the music of M. M. and a host of others, think of nothing but new modes of showing how an idea, in itself absolutely phantasmal, shall be presented in new forms of clap-trap—shall be arpeggiated into fresh showers of triviality. With the exceptions of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Henri Reber, Stephen Heller, Adolph Henselt, Charles Mayer, William Sterndale Bennett, and the subject of the present essay, there is scarcely an existing piano-forte composer who does not repeatedly mistake and substitute inflation for energy—maudlin mock sentiment for true feeling—rapid roulades, for natural brilliancy. * * *

To begin then with Frederic Chopin, an illustrious instance of pure and unworldly genius, of true and artistic intelligence—unbending to the polyhedric wand of motley fashion—devising the hollow popularity awarded by an ill-judging and unreflecting mob—laughing at the sneers of shallow critics, who, unable to comprehend "the subtle-souled psychologisms" of real genius, lay bare to the public their plenary ignorance, and, ill fitted to appreciate the unvitiated motives of

exalted merit, expose the dullness of their feeble capacity to the contempt of the ill-natured, and the pity of the wise. On surveying the entire works of Frederic Chopin, we find their grand characteristic to be—a profoundly poetic feeling, which involves a large degree of the transcendental and mystic—is essentially and invariably of passionate tendency, of melancholy impression, and metaphysical coloring. Chopin does not carry off your feeling by storm, and leave you in a mingled maze of wonder and dismay; he lulls your senses in the most delicious repose, intoxicates them with bewitching and unceasing melody, clad in the richest and most exquisite harmony—a harmony which abounds in striking and original features, in new and unexpected combinations. The first works which Chopin presented to the world, though, of course, not endowed with the decisive and individual character of his now perfected style, clearly pronounced themselves the offspring of a vigorous intellect—of energetic origination genius, untrammelled by conventionalities, unfettered by pedantry. As he has progressed, his style has grown up and expanded like some goodly tree, which casts the shadow of exuberant foliage over a labyrinth of untrodden paths; a refuge for all beautiful and fantastic shapes—children of his ethereal fancy, of his plastic and glowing imagination. The extent and variety of his works, which are almost wholly devoted to the piano-forte, plainly indicate the unequalled fertility—the overflowing luxuriance of his invention—the endless diversity—the unprecedented abundance of his resources.

His CONCERTOS—only surpassed, if indeed they be surpassed, by those of the great Beethoven—are vast in their conception, bold in their outline, rich in their motives, minutely and dexterously finished in their details. The first, in E minor, Op. 11, (dedicated by Chopin to his friend and fellow-artist, Kalkbrenner, whose enthusiastic admiration of him and his works is as well known, as it is frequently and ardently expressed) combines all the passion and intense excitement of the great modern schools, with the distinct plan, and clear development, of the old masters; the learning of a Sebastian Bach is joined to the ideality of a Mendelssohn, the untiring melody of a Rossini, the mystic grandeur of a Weber, and the dreamy restlessness of a Sterndale-Bennett—the whole colored with the delicious peculiarities of Chopin's own piquant and charming manner, seasoned with the infinite and captivating graces which distinguish and place him apart from, and beyond the reach of all other modern composers. * * *

The second Concerto, in F minor, has, in addition to the above named enviable characteristics, an originality so marked, as to place it beyond the pale of all ordinary compositions of the kind. Its difficulties, though enormous, are amply compensated by the fascination of its melody, the richness of its harmonies, and the ingenious management of its orchestral accompaniments. * * * Next in importance to the Concertos, must be ranked those inimitable STUDIES, which have effected more for the rapid advancement of pianoforte playing to the uttermost limits of perfection, than any elementary works that are extant. The universal reception of these, at all the great musical schools throughout Europe, is an irrefutable argument in favor of their intrinsic excellence. They comprehend

every modification of style necessary for the attainment of a thorough mastery over the piano-forte; from the grand to the playful—from the grave to the gay—from the elaborate to the simple—from the sublime to the beautiful—every shadow of sentiment is depicted—every mood of passion—every diversity of phrase—is not merely touched upon, but thoroughly and effectively accomplished. To obtain an entire command over these splendid studies, (which command involves an undoubted mastership over every difficulty that modern or ancient piano-forte music presents,) it is advisable to commence with a careful practice of the twenty-four PRELUDES, through all the keys, (Op. 28,) which are evidently intended by the composer as a preface to his more elaborate work. These charming sketches might be easily mistaken for some of the lighter effusions of Sebastian Bach, from the remarkable adherence to the severe diatonic school of progressions, (smacking so strongly of the manner of the old masters,) for which they are distinguished—suggesting one proof among a hundred, of the large range of Chopin's musical reading, which evidently has been directed to the works of every composer whose labors are worth knowing. One thing is certain, viz.—to play with the proper feeling and correct execution, the preludes and studies of Chopin, is to be, neither more nor less than a *finished pianist*—and, moreover—to comprehend them thoroughly, to give a life and a tongue to their infinite and most eloquent subtleties of expression—involves the necessity of being in no less degree a poet than a pianist—a philosophical thinker than a musician. Common-place is instinctively avoided in all the works of Chopin—a stale cadence, or a trite progression—a hum-drum subject, or a worn-out passage—a vulgar twist of the melody, or a hackneyed sequence—a meagre harmony, or an unskilful counterpoint—may in vain be looked for throughout the entire range of his compositions, the prevailing characteristics of which are, a feeling as uncommon as beautiful—a treatment as original as felicitous—a melody and a harmony as new, fresh, vigorous and striking as they are utterly unexpected and out of the ordinary track. In taking up one of the works of Chopin, you are entering, as it were, a fairy-land, untrodden by human footsteps—a path hitherto unfrequented but by the great composer himself; and a faith and a devotion, a *desire to appreciate and a determination to understand*, are absolutely necessary to do it anything like adequate justice. As Coleridge remarks, in reference to the inspired truths of Holy Writ, "There are more beautiful things that *find us*, rather than are *found by us*, more great ideas that *come to us*, rather than *we go to them*," in the compositions of Chopin, than in those of almost any other author existing or dead, if we except, perhaps, Bach, Beethoven and Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Among the lesser compositions of Chopin, the "MAZURKAS," those "cabinet pictures," as Liszt has happily designated them—those green spots in the desert—those quaint snatches of melancholy song—those outpourings of an unworldly and trustful soul—those musical floods of tears and gushes of pure joyfulness—those exquisite embodiments of fugitive thoughts—those sweet complaints of unacknowledged genius—stand alone and unrivalled. These are wholly and individually creations of Chopin, which none have

dared to imitate, (for who, indeed, could aspire to imitate that which is inimitable?) portraying in vivid colors the patriotism and home-feeling of the great Polish composer, (we need hardly remind our readers that Poland boasts the honor of having given birth to Chopin,) affording vent in passionate eloquence to the beautiful and secret thoughts of his guileless heart. Of these there are eight sets, all of the rarest loveliness, sparkling with genius, redolent with fragrant thought—very nosegays of sweet and balmy melody. If we have a preference, where *all* is beauty unsurpassed, it is for the first and sixth sets, which for quaint and happy melody, rich and delicious harmony, ingenious and novel treatment, are unrivalled since music was an art. How often have we turned our laughter into tears, our tears into laughter, by the aid of these delicate idealisms, these sweet glimpses of a world far from our own, "Where music, and moonlight, and beauty are one!"

these dear confessions of a bashful mind, retiring within the mantle of its own loveliness, from very modesty of its rare deserts! * * *

Another interesting feature among the miscellaneous works of Chopin, is comprised in the NOCTURNES, a species of composition which he has carried out to a greater degree of perfection than any other author. On these elegant sketches, all the *finesse*, all the coquetry, all the infinitesimal delicacies, all the minute and barely perceptible graces, which, conglomerated into a whole, form what is termed *style*, must be lavished, in order to interpret fairly their infinite meaning—to develop completely their manifold beauties. They are triumphant answers to the aspersers of Chopin, who, from inability to seize his intentions, by reason of their intense subtlety—who, from incapability of bringing out his phrases, owing to a lack of the *legato* quality in their playing, are bold enough to accuse him of a deficiency in melody, a requisite which, strange to say, he possesses in a more remarkable degree than any other living composer for the piano. To hear one of these eloquent streams of pure loveliness delivered by such pianists as J. Rosenhain, F. Liszt, E. Perkhert, Wm. Holmes, or H. Field, a pleasure we have frequently enjoyed, is the very transcendancy of musical delight. Every one of these is a perfect gem; we would not disparage the rest by giving a preference to any one of them; they are, without an exception, veritable *chef d'œuvres* of their kind, and would have placed Chopin in the first rank of modern composers had he indited nothing else. There are fourteen of them, all of which are as dear to us as close relationship can make them. * * *

In his POLONAISES too, of which he has written seven, of various lengths and forms, Chopin has marched many strides beyond the vulgar track of the generality of such things. These are remarkable for a boldness of phraseology, a decision of character, a masterly continuousness of purpose, and a sparkling brilliancy of passage, which are entirely out of the reach of second-rate thinkers, as is amply manifested by the failure of one and all the attempts to ape their peculiarities, which are daily issuing from the hands of the engravers, and die as soon as they are born, causing the shelves of the publishers to groan under excess of corruption and decay. Chopin, in his Polonaises, and in his Mazurkas, has aimed at those characteristics which distinguish the national music of his country so markedly from that of all others—that quaint idiosyncrasy—that identical wildness and fantasticality—that delicious mingling of the sad and the cheerful, which invariably and forcibly individualize the music of those northern countries, whose languages delight in combinations of consonants, *novclif, hlzwrbms*—wise, such as the Russian and Polish. As mere pieces of display, they are equal, if not superior, to those noted compositions of the same class which have proceeded from the inspired pen of Weber, and from the marked effect they always produce on a mixed auditory, are admirably calculated for drawing-room display. * * *

The WALTZES of Chopin are distinct from those of any other composer, by reason of their more fluent melody, their greater length, their

superior elaboration, their ampler resources of harmony, and other characteristics of an elegant and cultivated mind. Of these there are five, all of extreme beauty and singular originality, and far superior to anything else of the class extant. If we may be allowed to entertain a preference, we should select that exquisitely plaintive morceau in A minor, (No. 2 of "*Trois Grandes Valses*," Op. 34) which from the first bar to the last is of most unspotted loveliness, or that animated torrent of exultation, "*L'Invitation pour la danse*," which, for continued and energetic brilliancy, for fresh and invigorating melody, has scarcely a parallel.

Besides these, there are the BALLADES (three of them), a species of songs without words, equal in their way to those of the celebrated Mendelssohn, though in no way whatever, be it understood, an imitation of them. They require an infinitude of varied expression in their performance, a delicacy of touch, a sureness in the execution of passages, and a *singing* tone, of which only *intellectual* pianists can boast, but which are stringently imperative in order to their entire appreciation. They will not endure a slovenly, scrambling, uncertain mode of playing; the performer must think as a poet, and possess the power of giving a reality to his impulses through the medium of remarkable manual dexterity. We have frequently met with instances of very remarkable musicians, who have been excluded from the comprehension of Chopin's music simply from inability to render it exactly according to the intentions of the composer, by reason of a want of those finger-requisites, which are at least half the battle in the formation of a perfect pianist; laboring under this deficiency, they have rashly denied Chopin that rare distinction with which the first authorities in Europe have endowed him, until, chance favoring them to the hearing of one of his compositions, correctly and thoroughly mastered by some *pianist de la première force*, they have immediately, and with the ready frankness and liberality only appertaining to *real talent*, owned the error of the impression under which they had been laboring, and ranked themselves thence-forward among the crowd of his most enthusiastic admirers. We mention this especially, because the BALLADES, more so almost than any others of the works of Chopin, absolutely insist upon a finish of performance, only attainable by severe study, and a strong desire to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."—He who enters upon the study of Chopin's poetical music with the heartlessness of an infidel, or the indifference of a sceptic, will be at a discount for his trouble; let him cease his endeavors to attain, what, to him, FROM LACK OF FAITH, is unattainable; let him descend from the loftiest clouds of ideal sublimity, and grovel amid the mire of the mindless mummeries of the popular composers, and the unmythical in Art—Chopin is beyond him. He, on the other hand, who approaches him with a veneration, and a faith, and a love, pre-created by the coupling of anticipation and desire, will find, to his delight, his most extravagant preconceptions realized, and will at once declare, that Chopin is by far the most poetical, by many degrees the most purely intellectual of modern piano-forte writers.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary of all the works of Chopin, both on account of its exceeding originality, and its strangely fantastic structure, is the grand SONATA, in the sullen and moody key in B flat minor. This wild and gloomy rhapsody is precisely fitted for a certain class of enthusiasts, who would absolutely revel in its phantasmagorical kaleidoscope. * * *

In his TRIO, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, Chopin has had to contend against the popularity of the lighter effusions of Reissiger, which are almost the life and soul of the great body of amateurs—and—a harder task still—against the gorgeous imagination of a Beethoven, the oriental elaboration of a Spohr, the mystic playfulness of a Kalliwoda, the graceful melody of a Dussek, the wild unearthliness of a Weber, the pure classicality of a Reber, the earnest intensity of a Mendelssohn, and the flowing facility of a Hummel;—yet, we feel bound to say, he has succeeded in producing

a work which steers clear of the peculiarities of each of the schools—the flimsy, the poetical, the strictly classical, &c., as above eminently represented—a work of a mixed kind, that, were it more generally known, would be hailed with delight by the lovers of this most interesting and thoroughly domestic species of chamber music. Its superior attraction to the *trios* of Reissiger depends mainly on the higher beauty of the materials of which it is composed—since, as a matter of mere execution, it is perfectly within reach of the great mass of *trio* players. Its profound thoughtfulness will conduce to the elevation of the common feeling for music of the general amateur, and raise him in his own estimation, by the mere consciousness of his being able to feel and appreciate music of so grave and lofty a character—while, on the other hand, it will facilitate his powers of execution from the novelty of its forms of passage, and the freshness of its combinations, which place it wholly apart from any work of the kind hitherto produced. It is by no means so abstruse as the *trios* of Beethoven, (the great ones,) still less does it emulate the deeper intricacy of those of Mendelssohn, and further off than ever is it from the enormous complexities of the *trio* in E minor, of Spohr—the only work of the kind which has proceeded from the fertile pen of that great master. A tolerable pianist—a good second-rate violinist—and a moderately-skilful violoncellist—may easily master this *trio*, with satisfaction to themselves, and pleasure to the hearers; and its excessive beauty cannot fail of conducing to its extended popularity, when once it shall become known. * * *

We must next speak of the SCHERZOS, of which there are three, each deserving individual notice, both on account of rare merit and distinct character. The first, in B minor, known in England as "*Le Banquet Infernal*," has a wildness and a *grotesquerie* about it, which, in addition to its immense difficulties, will prevent its *immediate* appreciation by any but thorough musicians. A careful investigation, however, of the materials of which it is composed, cannot fail of inducing a comprehension of what, at first, might have appeared almost incomprehensible, and that once obtained, the path is open to the hearty admiration which must inevitably follow. With Chopin's music, the intellect must be satisfied ere the heart can be touched;—but once obtain the sanction of the intelligence—once render clear the artful labyrinth which the philosophical composer has imagined—one catch a sight of his design and encompass his meaning—and enthusiasm immediately usurps the place of frigid analysis—the heart sits on the throne but now occupied by the judgment. We know no better instance of what we have often asserted to our musical friends—viz.—that in Chopin's music, what frequently appears dryest and most uninviting on a first and superficial acquaintance, becomes, on a closer intimacy, matter of such evident and undeniable beauty, that you are astonished how you could ever have presumed to question its supremacy, or doubt of its transcendent excellence. And so, this *Scherzo* in B minor, which at first appears crude and obscure, in process of time comes out as clear as the noon, without a speck or flaw, without, in fact a single blemish of any kind; and we venture to predict, that those, who at first will hardly be persuaded to look into it, terrified by its seeming vagueness and complexity, will, in the end, make it a stock-piece for performance, either at home or abroad. The second *Scherzo* in D flat, though not a whit less mystical and abstruse, is infinitely less sombre than its predecessor, and is likely to encounter a larger number of admirers, both on a first acquaintance and after a longer intimacy. It is in the brilliant style, and for pure effect is equal to any of the most popular pieces of Thalberg, besides being immeasurably superior, in a musical point of view. The third *Scherzo*, in C sharp minor, is the most *recherché* of the three, and altogether one of the most extraordinary of the works of Chopin. For wild and unearthly grandeur, it may vie with the best movements of the same kind that have proceeded from the pen of Beethoven, and though extravagantly rhapsodical in its outline, and almost catachrestical in

the strangeness and rude texture of its motives, it lacks none of the essentials of classical and fine music, being symmetrical in its wandering, appropriate in its oddity, (for it will be admitted that a grotesque subject must require grotesque handling—and here both subject and handling are grotesque,) continuous in its mysticism.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SHELL AND KERNEL.

[From the German of GRUEN.]

A tavern, small and slight of build,
A withered wreath for sign!
Within, a matchless cellar, filled
With cool and golden wine!

A window full of broken pots—
With blooming roses crowned!
Within, grave pates, with happy thoughts,
The table sitting round!

A little church, half gone to dust,
The gate-way choked and low;
Within, devotion, hope and trust,
And music's heavenly flow!

A coachman blind, with horses lame,
And, dragging through the sand,
A rickety coach, and in the same
The fairest maid in the land!

A naked, hoary, rocky vale,—
Within, fresh fountains leaping!
Old ruins, desolate and pale,—
Within, green ivy creeping!

Ay, look at me, the traveller, here,
With wind and sunshine tanned,
My cap and coat this many a year
All gray with dust and sand!

Yet in my breast spring-breezes blow,
And wake life's morning-hours,
With blue of heaven, fresh green, and glow
Of music and of flowers!

Kernel and shell are two things, then—
This truth has travel taught!
Crack nuts or travel, gentlemen,
If you believe it not!

O. T. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Country.

NATICK, Nov. 15, 1856.

It snows. The weather is growing breezy and freezy, and making poor mortals wheezy and sneezy. Mr. Frost has been hard at work o' nights, and with the aid of *Eurus*, *Notusque*, and him whom one of my neighbors calls "Old Borax," has ruined the Great Painter's picture, of which I wrote you in my last. I did not think then that I should keep the world so long waiting for farther news from this metropolis. The delay may be attributed to pressure of business, or to preoccupation with the affairs of the nation, or to an alarming state of health, or to a failure on the part of the post-office; in short, to any cause but indolence and forgetfulness of duty.

Doubtless it will be gratifying to the public to learn that on the 15th ultimo, the morning after I sent you my letter, the labor upon our common began, and now all is reduced to its primitive flatness; the hillocks and mounds have been laid low, and all the rough places are smooth. Our bosoms are filled with hope that this event is but a precursor of all those improvements mentioned in my catalogue, and if so we shall never rest until the school-house has a bell, and the church has its stone and chain fence finished.

We have had exciting times. Politics have raged rampantly. Speeches have been made, and truths uttered, and arguments enforced; but alack! truth is now, as eighteen hundred years ago to the Jews, a stumbling block, and to our "Greeks" foolishness. But still we have had glorious moments. One eve-

ning a Demosthenes from Lowell addressed the "Greeks" in the school house—a realization of Raphael's cartoon, "The school at Athens"; and as by that time the new band had achieved a tune, sonorous metal blew us martial sounds. It was a great occasion!

This tune was one of the most neutral tunes I have heard. It was at all times ready—*semper paratus*—and spake in encouraging strains to every party in succession. It must not be inferred that our men of brass have not added to their list of pieces—that their repertory consists of but one tune all told; by no means; they practice like heroes, and what with their public performances and private rehearsals, I have grown anxious lest the sad fate overtake them of the man immortalized by Hood, who blew his face to a point! Upon consideration, however, I think Hood's man must have been a performer upon some reed instrument, and that the blowers of brass are rather bound to blow themselves away body and breeches, until nothing is left of our brass band but a row of heads with spherical cheeks, like so many cherubim from old tombstones, barring the wings. If this event occurs, I will send you word. Will not brass bands take this subject into serious consideration?

One of my neighbors informed me the other day that Natick is getting to be one of the most "popular" towns about. I thought of this election day, when more than eight hundred votes were cast, where I can remember thirty-five or forty at the most as the usual number. This is indicated too by the constant use of our school-house hall o' nights; one night a fair to assist a feeble religious society; another night a fair for the Methodist organ purchase; then a political meeting; then a lecture for some benevolent object; next a series of lectures on "Biology," with special reference to the ology of the pocket; and so might the list be quite indefinitely extended. Then again there are our weekly police reports, in which the names of my old schoolmates figure as justices and counsel. I went in to hear a trial the other day, and it seemed for all the world but another of the moot courts our old debating club used to hold, as I looked upon Justice Morse and the lawyers, until the anxious faces of the culprits showed me that it was not boys' play. Then I felt, "I am growing old, John," alas and alack-a-day! and that the children already sit in the seats of their fathers. Speaking of children, the little ones, whose name is legion, are a constant marvel to me. I know that in the order of nature, children, like offences, must needs come, and that there is no woe denounced against those by whom they come. But when they go trooping by in squads, and I inquire: "The fathers, where are they?" and learn that they for their pa and ma-ternity go back only to the boys and girls of my school days, here comes in the wonder. You remember the pious epitaph upon the infant:

"She sprang up as a hoppergrass,
And was cut down as a sparrowgrass!"

The multitude of little folks seems to me to have sprung up like the "hoppergrasses." Heaven forefend that they be cut down like the sparrowgrasses!

You know what exquisite weather we had on Wednesday. I used up the afternoon in a walk. We have beautiful walks here, if they are not yet known extensively. Our ponds and hills, if destitute of grandeur and sublimity, have as much quiet and rural beauty as you will often find. My walk was to the hill country. In the eastern part of the town we have four beautiful, smooth, rounded hills, in a perfect line from North to South—Pegan, Carver, Broad's, and a fourth, whose name is yet unknown to the historic muse. It was to the summit of Broad's that I made my way, and a delightful hour I had there. To the passenger on the railroad, which follows the depression dividing Broad's from

the hill Nameless, the elevation is not at all mark-worthy; and yet when you are there, there is a wide extent of country in view, and a high degree of beauty to reward the ascent. To the northwest the eye overlooks the two or three hundred houses of our village, catching a glimpse of Cochituate Pond beyond, and wanders away over Framingham, until it rests upon the blue mass of Wachusett; and to the North a line of dim and misty points in the horizon, we recognize as the Monadnock and other hills of New Hampshire. Extensive tracts of woodland add a peculiar charm to the entire view to me, and it is a serious cause of regret that I had not strength to visit this spot when, not brown, but brilliant-hued Autumn was here in all her glory.

South-easterly I have the valley of the Charles spreading out, immediately after passing between Pegan and Carver, into a broad and beautiful vale, and giving me an uninterrupted view, away to the high hills of Milton. That part of the South village of our town which is spread out upon Eliot plain is in sight just far enough below and at just the right distance to be picturesque. The river, which is excessively winding, peeps out here and there from the woods along its shores, and from the brown remains of the foliage of deciduous trees rise glorious masses of the dark green pines. Perhaps the view down this vale is a little better when taken from Carver. When I was a child Carver was covered with a noble forest of chesnut, hickory and pine; and I can recall as distinctly as the events of yesterday, the strange and then inexplicable feelings with which, after filling my basket with nuts, I used to stand and gaze upon the villages, the winding river, the beautiful swell of Pegan, the dark woods, the farm houses away in the distance, silent as the abodes of death, and the heights of Milton clad in robes of deep blue, while the autumn winds whispered solemnly to the pines or chatted cheerfully with the other trees, and the sound of the rushing of the water at the milldam came up the hill, swelling or dying away with each change in the intensity of the breeze. Several times, after long periods, even years intervening, I have ascended the dear old hill, and making all due allowance for the influence of early association, I still find the view so beautiful, that I can understand now what I then but felt.

But we will go back to Broad's.

The spirit of speculation is now rife in our town. A has bought this farm, B that; C is laying out house lots here and D there; E stands ready to invest, and F is equally willing to sell, and so it goes. While on the hill I too began to speculate. Not in the same manner though; all the money speculations in which I engage take place when I am on the committee of ways and means, speculating how to settle my board bills. I began to speculate upon a point, which just now is creating great division in our "Natick Society of Antiquaries," which association, counting all the active, honorary and corresponding members, consists of two persons—Austin B. and a certain correspondent of Dwight's Journal of Music, who may as well not be named. Now this question upon which such opposite opinions have been advanced, to the great benefit of archaeological science and the manufacturers of ink, is, as to the route which the apostle Eliot, of blessed memory, that devout servant of God, was wont to take upon his Thursday visits to the Indian plantation, which then occupied the beautiful hills and valley of which I have been writing. You must know that "Ye Indian plantation" at Natick was originally a part of the town of Dedham, and I had always taken it for granted that Mr. Eliot's road hither was by way of that town and through a part of the present town of Dover, by which route he would first reach "ye street on ye south side of ye river Charles, so called by ye famous Captaine John Smithe, in honor of ye most high and mightie Prince Charles." My oppo-

ment, however, at a meeting of our society, suggested that this was wrong, he being of opinion that the way from Roxbury led through what is now Newton, and crossed the river "att ye great fording place," now the Lower Falls, in the town aforesaid. Considering the great importance of the question at issue, I may affirm that its discussion has thus far been carried on with all due decorum, and that no very severe personalities have been uttered—at all events not in comparison with what we have become habituated to in discussing politics. Now, from the summit of Broad's the whole country concerned is before one, and I find, on the most careful examination, that it could make but very little difference in distance which course the reverend preacher adopted, and the other party has as much to favor his position *a priori* as I. But who ever heard of a member of an antiquarian society admitting such a thing to his opponent? No, sir! though convinced, I shall argue still. My long argument is well under weigh and will occupy half the next volume of the society's proceedings. [I mention this as literary intelligence from Natick.] I will not go into the matter now, as your Journal is not particularly devoted to such discussions, but leave you to read the entire controversy, when printed, or the review of it, which of course will appear in the North American, as you may choose. I assure you it is very clear to my mind that Mr. Eliot came the Dover route, or that he might have done so had he wished, which is sufficient ground for the argument. There may be a spice of vanity in the confession, but fancy sees in some future edition of "The Quarrels of Authors," a large space devoted to a history of the great controversy on Rev. John Eliot's road to Natick plantation!

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sacred Music at Nazareth, Pa.

Nazareth Hall has just completed its hundredth year, and as the celebration of this centenary epoch is signalized by sacred music, some particulars respecting it may not be devoid of interest to you.

The Hall, which now is, and has been for the greater part of the past century, a boarding school, was originally built for the purpose of accommodating Count Zinzendorf, who was expected to remain and occupy it on his second visit to America, an event which never took place. The Hall was subsequently used as a place of worship, and the upper apartments for school purposes. The whole building is now appropriated to the use of the school, and the religious services are performed in a new church of modern construction.

On the present occasion the interior of this edifice was tastefully decorated, and much labor had been bestowed in decking the altar with hemlock wreaths and various floral devices. On the sides of the altar were transparent inscriptions in German, being select and appropriate passages from Scripture. The whole appearance of these decorations, intimating to the observer, as he entered the chapel, that one hundred years had just elapsed, and that a second century was about being entered upon, was interesting and suggestive. This mode of adding the designs of art to the observances of the festival is one of the marked peculiarities of the Moravian *cultus*, and on every special occasion the boughs of the perennial hemlock, the evergreen laurel, and the trailing mosses are called into requisition to lend their aid to the sacred joys of the festival.

All that is poetical in religion is resorted to, to

make the occasion truly festive in its character and an event of spiritual pleasure.

The early matutinal service was opened by the usual choral on trombones, which was then followed by a full orchestral anthem of old classic composition, a species of music of which the Moravians possess a large fund.

The well-known quartet of trombones upon nearly all occasions ushers in the solemnities of the festival, and as the old German choral, with its perfect harmony and divested of all superficial attire, falls upon the ear through those long-drawn wind notes, a feeling of pleasant and solemn composure invests the soul.

The services of the first day's celebration of this centenary, including the evening performances, were all blended with orchestral and choral song. In this last description of music the old German choral is that which is still chiefly in vogue amongst us. The tunes in use at various periods among the Moravians number more than five hundred, although those most generally sung do not exceed one hundred. These chorals having their origin during and before Luther's time, have been handed down, with various improvements in the arrangement of voices, to the present generation. Many of the chorals are of Moravian origin, having been composed by eminent organists of an earlier day, among whom were Jaeschke, Cröger, and others.

The choral in the opening of Mendelssohn's *Paulus* is also found in the depository of Moravian hymns, and is frequently sung in church services.

Respecting the pure tendency of this species of sacred music, there never appears to have been any difference of opinion. The Moravian choral, as sung by a whole congregation, with a good intermixture of bass and tenor voices, is altogether inimitable; and although it would seem necessary that the mind should be educated and led upwards into this kind of harmony, it is certain that when once there it will never depart from it. The merit of this sacred music is found in its undying nature; those who have been educated in it never forsake it, and the melody heard in youth grows sweeter in old age.

The organ is nearly always used in accompaniment, but there is a solemn beauty in the four-voice choral, without the organ, that almost gives it the preference. In all the open air performance, this effect in pure vocal harmony is sensibly observed.

In the memory of all the older Moravians, the trombone is an endeared instrument. Its harmonious tones, sent forth in the quiet evening from the belfry, tells you invariably of the departure of some earthly spirit, and the well-known chorals that are chosen for this occasion, become the recorded poetry of the heart.

The jubilee was extended to a second day, and closed in the usual manner of the higher Moravian festivals, with the Love Feast and Sacrament.

As regards the former ceremonial, I have to observe that it received its origin from the *Agape* of the early Christian church, and has been held in strict observance since the days of Count Zinzendorf. As to its import and the feeling this simple rite inspires, little can be said in the way of description. As an old institution of a people and a church, it stands far above criticism. The love feast is always rendered a joyous occasion

by the usual good old classic music, performed in full chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, and by the singing of the time-honored choral. Without this adjunct, indeed, it (as well as all other festive solemnities) would seem uninspiring and cold, and though poetry and music are not religion, yet they prove in many instances the avenues to spirituality and the guide to heavenly hope.

The century just past has been the first of the existence of Nazareth Hall, although the Moravian history itself has already progressed far into the second century. The primitive institutions of its people are still in some measure retained, although, being of exclusively German origin, they are beginning to give way to and blend with American feeling and modes of thought.

The poetical ground work of such a *cultus* as that of the Moravians originates altogether among a different people from our own; and although it has been for more than a century transplanted and nurtured among us, the age we live in, with its false pretences, is making inroads upon its genuineness and threatens to destroy it.

To preserve intact the religious rituals of a regularly organized Christian life, such as the Moravian communities have exhibited, the smaller rural villages and towns are the most appropriate places. Here, where a moderate share of musical talent can easily be found, cultivated and preserved, and where the rites of a refined culture can be enjoyed without running into conflict with conventionality and the false glitter of society, a picture of the Zinzendorffian mode of life and worship is only really found.

Here every sacred occasion, every memorial day, is sanctified and enlivened by the choral and the anthem; the former being the music of the Bach and the old Moravian composition; the latter, in addition to many original pieces, consisting of selections from Haydn's "Creation," Handel's "Messiah," and sometimes Mozart and Beethoven.

When Christmas comes round with its evergreen decorations amid the snows, the sacred eve with its emblems, its rejoicings, its love feast and its dramatic and poetical portrayings of an event which renders the close of the year precious to the Christian world, you may hear from me again on the subject of a Nazareth and Bethlehem Christmas.

Yours, J. H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 22, 1856.

Italian Opera—"The North Star."

We conclude our hasty sketch of this comic opera of Meyerbeer, having already despatched the best part of the music with the first act.

The second act is purely military—the parade and pleasures of the camp, the Russian camp. There is rebellion ripening here against the Czar, our old friend Peter, the irritable, drinking, and yet it would seem not good-for-nothing lover, here present in disguise, ready to declare himself in the right moment, shame the rebels back to loyalty, and lead on to victory. His Catharine, unbeknown to him, as he to her, is here also in the disguise of a simple soldier, the recruit in her brother George's place. But the history is a

mere contrivance whereby to string together a series of military tableaux, full of pretty puppet-show effects on a large scale, with music corresponding. The curtain rises on a scene of tents and soldiers, some in line, some carelessly grouped, some dancing, while the orchestra plays a succession of quaint dance measures. Corporal Gritzenko, more of a dandy than ever, figures with grotesque importance in the foreground, drilling the young recruits, a pretty squad of young girl soldiers. Indeed half the army are women in warlike habiliments, which lends a French piquancy to the scene. A song in honor of the cavalry, a lusty bugle strain, is sung with painful fidelity by that knight of the rueful countenance, the tenor ARNOLDI, in the character of commander of the Cossacks. The corporal's pride is touched, and he must sing a glorification of the infantry, drilling the young recruits while the orchestra preludes. The song is accompanied by all the chorus bands with regularly recurring *t-r-r-r-rums* in imitation of the drum-roll, two jauntily dressed vivandieres leading off at the head of either regiment (Mme. SIEDENBURG and Miss PYNE.) It is a very ingenious piece of musical and puppet-show effect, sparkling and droll enough, and just the thing to take with an audience who want only to be amused. The next music is full of muttered thunder, as of coming storm, a chorus of conspirators; death to the tyrant Czar! &c.

The troops defile before their general and leave the stage, when a tent is set up, which enter Peter as simple captain, with Danilowitz, his faithful follower, as his lieutenant and boon companion. They are in for a jolly carouse. Catharine the while has been stationed sentinel outside the tent. Our two heroes drink and chant a bacchanalian stave, which has a certain charm of wildness, what with the instrumentation. The duo becomes a trio as the young sentinel's curiosity expresses itself about what is passing within. She peeps through the folds of the tent, and judge of her surprise when she sees her Peter, her old carpenter friend and lover, in epaulettes, and with him the pastry cook! Of course some fine bursts of roulades and cadenzas here for Mme. LAGRANGE. The two challenge each other still to drink; alas! the old sin of her Peter—she marks it too well. The two pretty vivandieres, who have caught Peter's eye, are marched in to grace their carouse. This introduces an elaborate Quintet and Sextuor, which includes first a *Chant Bacchique* by Peter, then some very piquant couplets by the vivandieres, about soldier life, in which voices and instruments keep up a prolonged imitation of the rattling of dice and other soldier-like accomplishments, the two men joining in the laugh. Both parts of this duet run high and are full of florid execution, to which the ladies were equal, save that the Siedenburg lacked power of voice. Poor Catharine must peep again. She has been revelling in melodious raptures over the presence and glory of her lover; but now what does she see? the faithless knight caressing those vivandieres! A change comes o'er the spirit of her dream and o'er—the orchestra, and her outraged feelings make out a quintet with the others; Peter and Danilowitz wooing, the vivandieres coquetishly struggling, Catharine alone in earnest, Mme. Lagrange gives great force here to a low declamatory monotone passage, in which every

note trembles with rage: *Dans ma haine profonde Qu'ici je les confonde!* and then to the freer outburst of lightning-like soprano in *Que le ciel seconde*, while the *charmant badinage* of the others goes on. Corporal Gritzenko comes round to relieve guard, and detects our sentinel peeping; a quarrel follows and a smart slap on the corporal's face; the culprit is dragged before Captain Peter; but his brain is clouded with the fumes of wine; he recognizes nothing, will not be importuned, and commands that the offender be shot. In vain the pretty recruit calls upon her Peter; in vain the music of that sentimental air of her's (referred to several times before); she is hurried off and supposed shot. We should mention before this the sextuor occasioned by the entrance into the tent of Ismaeloff, the Cossack chief, with a letter of grave import, apparently, to which Peter is insensible. This sextuor is chiefly remarkable for the difficult unison passages of the three sopranos, in broken chords, continually modulated, and ranging to the upper C.

Peter recovers his senses and recalls the fatal order just too late. The rest of the music is all military. To the sound of the "Sacred March," (a common-place, noisy affair enough) the conspirator generals and armies take the oath to kill the Czar. He overhears all, warned by a letter found upon Catharine, who is supposed to have escaped the fusilade and plunged into the river and been drowned. (There is no lack of devices to make the story hang together.) Peter reveals himself, brings them all to their knees, and turns their arms against the foes, whose distant march is heard approaching to help them against him. Here we have a large, bewildering combination of all sorts of bands, from all sorts of regiments, playing all sorts of marches, *fanfaras*, *pas redoublés*, &c., the effect of all which is a showy, but decidedly heavy finale, more "stunning" than it is edifying.

Act III. is eked out with a transparent poverty of musical material. For the most part the old ideas rehearsed. After a symphony of some length, not very interesting, the curtain rises on a rich apartment in the palace of the Czar. Peter, in all his power and splendor, still pines for Catherine. The sentimental monarch has even sought relief in practising in an amateur way his old labors of the saw and plane. He commences with an audante strain of melancholy reminiscence, which gives AMODIO an opportunity, almost his only one in this opera, to do himself some justice. There is a buffo trio, where Gritzenko enters, trembling before majesty, claiming promotion for the—slap he got on duty in the tent scene; *le soufflet, honorable, remarquable, favorable, inpayable!* This is somewhat funny, but not so funny as it is long. Now enter the bridal couple, Prascovia and George, who sing *naïvely* enough of their long foot journey from Finland, made so light by love and happy union. The corporal recognizing the real recruit, frightens them with announcing that he must be shot, which makes another grotesque duo between Mme. MARETZK and Herr QUINT (called QUINTO).

We pass on to the entrance of Catharine, who has lost her senses. Of course one of those interesting mad scenes, *a la Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, *Elvira*, &c., &c., in which the music is full of reminiscences out of the first act. The Czar has contrived an outward machinery to meet her mind's spontaneous workings. He has even built a min-

iature Finland village, as in the first act, with the house and the chapel, and the carpenters at work, and so on, and has had her old associates imported into Russia for the purpose, all which is disclosed at the withdrawing of a curtain at the back of the stage. You hear the tenor coryphæus again lead off the opening chorus, and you hear the pastry cook's song, and the wedding chorus, her consciousness the while returning and expressing itself in florid and varied bits of fragmentary song, much of it with harp accompaniment. Allusions to the camp scene come back too in the music. And finally a florid prelude on a flute sounds from within; the old air which George and Peter played; she echoes it, two flutes come in, to which she sings the brilliant and arduous bravura piece, made so familiar by JENNY LIND, as a piece from the "Camp of Silesia." How exquisitely this was done by Mme. Lagrange, how her voice revelled in those flute-like passages, and what rich tenderness its middle tones had where contrasted with the flute, we will not undertake to describe. It ends with recognition and Peter making her his Empress,—the orchestra for finale repeating the opening military passage of the overture. We should mention also a cantabile tenor aria by Danilowitz, with pleasingly novel accompaniment of harp and flutes running through octaves in thirds,—a piece of which we find nothing in the piano score, and which, but for the quaint accompaniment, we should say was certainly an Italian interpolation,—but in which BRIGNOLI showed the sweetness of his voice and cultivated style to much advantage.

Such is the substance of *L'Etoile du Nord*. As a work of curious invention and contrivance in the art of imitative phrasing, in the first place, and still more in the art of brilliant and unique orchestral framing, it offers much to the critic who is mainly curious in such things. But as a lyrical drama, as a product of creative imagination, it does not appeal very strongly. The plot is absurd; its comedy, what there is of it, painfully labored. We can scarcely call it a comic opera, for there is no genuine spontaneous humor in the music. In point of humor and of spontaneity of any kind compare it for a moment with the operas of Mozart or the immortal "Barber" of Rossini! There is the natural play of genius, here the hard effort by will and skilful calculation to contrive things that shall seem funny. Plainly it is the comedy of a very sober man; it did not come out of a humorous nature. If it is not intended to be taken seriously, it is a very serious attempt to be playful. It is neither comedy nor tragedy, but rather melodrama, to which Robert Schumann might, were he here, apply the term "puppet-show music" with at least as much reason as he did to Donizetti's *Favorita*. What a relief is the naive, gushing melody of a Rossini after all these curious and in detail often captivating contrivances! The absurdity of the plot (by SCRIBE), however, is accounted for by the fact that it was necessary to work up fragments of earlier half-finished operas, "Vielka," the "Camp of Silesia," and what not—savings up of earlier ideas, meteor fragments of demolished planets—into the new "Star."

One proof that it falls below the standard of a true Art creation is the fact that the freshness of the music and the interest of the whole degenerate from act to act. In this respect, too, how it

contrasts with the immortal masterpieces! In *Don Juan*, even supposing for the moment that its plot is equally absurd, how the inner meaning grows and grows, and comes out in the music, newer and richer and grander to the end! With all its wealth of matter, its curious variety of contents, its pretty, quaint conceits, its striking combinations and orchestral settings, the "North Star" betrays a painful lack of the imaginative fusing quality of genius. Nothing develops itself as it were spontaneously, by an inward necessity of nature, out of the rest, but all is there by will and make-shift calculation. It is, as we have said before, the music of *effect* and not of genius. It is over-ingenious and not inspired. How HEINE could ever characterize the author of such *effect* music as a man of "conviction," beyond all composers, is more than we can understand. There may be earnest, indefatigable will, without much deep conviction, which implies faith, of any kind. One who is so very earnest about the shows of things, rather betrays his lack of deep conviction of the unseen realities. And such being the case, it is not to be wondered that *L'Etoile du Nord*, by its very succession of interminable brilliancies, became fatiguing before it was half done, and left one with uninspired and jaded senses at the end. We could not but be reminded at last of an interminable torchlight procession.

The opera closed on Saturday afternoon with a mangled and indifferent performance of *Masaniello* and some of the "gems" of *L'Etoile* for the benefit of conductor MARETZKE. The parts of Mme. MARETZKE and of BRIGNOLI were well sustained in the former, and Mlle. LAVIGNE was graceful and expressive in her pantomime as Fenella. But the music of Auber's work seemed very tame and common. By far the best parts are those which have been so long whistled in the streets. Mme. LAGRANGE made amends in her scenes from *L'Etoile*.

Chamber Music.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S SOIREE, at Chickering's, last Saturday evening, was a very pleasant affair, and we wished there were more people to enjoy it. Here is the programme, quite a choice one:

PART I.

- 1—Trio No. 1, in E flat,.....Beethoven.
- 2—Aria from *Le Nozze di Figaro*,.....Mozart.

Mrs. J. H. LONG.

- 3—Piano Solos: by.....
{ Bach.
Chopin.
Mendelssohn.

PART II.

- 1—Andante Pastorale, for Clarinet,.....Crusell.
THOMAS RYAN.
- 2—Sonata No. 2, in A,.....Beethoven.
- 3—Serenade, from Tennyson's "Maud,"
J. C. D. Parker.

Mrs. J. H. LONG.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

- 4—Quintette in E flat, for Piano and Stringed Instruments,.....Schumann.

The Trio was interesting as being the first of the numbered and published works of Beethoven.

It is less original in matter and in treatment, more in the vein of Mozart and of Haydn, and the composer's individuality is less pronounced in it, than in the works by which he is now most known. But knowing that great genius chiefly as we find him in the thick of life's hard battle, in his profounder, sadder, and yet gloriously triumphant works, it is pleasant for once to trace back his stream of life to where it sparkled in the sunshine of young, wholesome impulses and faculties, joyously eager for exercise; pleasant to have him where he knew joy, without going through Titanic spiritual trials to find it. A cheerful grace and elegance and melodious flow of strong, full harmony, characterizes the quicker movements, while the Adagio breathes a deep and tender sentiment. It is wonderful for an *Opus 1*, to say the least, and indicates those rare peculiarities which were developed later. Mr. PARKER played the piano part with great neatness, precision and delicacy. So he did the Sonata (one of the three dedicated to Haydn), save where a little nervous embarrassment caused him to miss a note or two in the first part. His chief want for a player of Beethoven, is the want of fire and energetic accent, and also of steady *tempo* movement; there was sometimes a little dallying; and the second movement (*Largo appassionato*) was taken a little too quick, and had not quite that grand and solemn tread, nor quite that nervous staccato in the short notes of the bass, which the character of the piece has seemed to us to require. A little too much tendency also to break the chords, which weakens the impression, and impairs the Beethoven-like decision. There were such great excellencies in Mr. Parker's playing, and the pieces had been so faithfully and intelligently studied, that it is but due to the young artist to confess these deductions.

Of the three smaller piano pieces, that by Bach, one of his innumerable happy little fancies, called, we believe, an *Echo*, which we never heard before, was to our mind the most satisfactory in the rendering. It was indeed exquisitely neat and clear and finished. Mr. Parker has all the delicacy and fineness for Chopin, but needs to make it more alive, to put more fire into it. The Song without words by Mendelssohn, a rapid movement from the posthumous set, was finely played. The great feature of the concert was that glorious piano Quintet of Schumann, in which he was accompanied by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The inspiring energy of the Allegro, and the wild, dirge-like character of the slow movement, made their mark as deep as ever. It is a composition which we shall count it loss not to hear once at least in every winter.

The Andante by Crusell was highly relished. We like the rich, vivacious tones of the clarinet, and enjoy Mr. RYAN's playing of it. But in the quintet accompaniment to that song of Mozart: *Voi chi sapete*, the whole seemed drowned in excess of clarinet sound; the whole accompaniment was heavy, compared with Mozart's light and delicate instrumentation; a mere piano-forte would have been better. Mrs. LONG sang it very pleasingly, but wanted more life. In Mr. Parker's song from "Maud," she was warmly encored, as well as the song itself, which is graceful, and in the setting of the last verse, especially the last two lines, happy; but the principal melody seems to us too light, and not to have seized the spirit of the words.

The Concert as a whole gave generally great pleasure, and we trust that Mr. Parker will not be discouraged by the smallness of his audience from giving more such evenings. He is an artist of a true and earnest spirit, and is constantly improving and deepening in artistic character and power.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The first concert of the eighth season came off in Chickering's rooms on Tuesday evening, before quite a numerous and appreciative audience. The members of the Club were warmly greeted. They consist, as last year, of Messrs. AUGUST FRIES, first violin, CARL MEISEL, second do., GUSTAV KREB and THOMAS RYAN tenors, and WULF FRIES, violoncello. The programme was a very fine one and just long enough, as follows:

PART I.

1. Fifth Quartet in A, (first time).....Mozart
Allegro—Minuetto—Andante—Finale, Allegro
2. Piano Trio, op. 70, No. 2, in E flat,.....Beethoven
Andante and Allegro non troppo—Allegretto—Allegretto non troppo—Finale, Allegro.
Messrs. LEONARD, MEISEL, and W. FRIES.

PART II.

3. Adagio from the Second Concerto for Clarinet,.....Spohr
THOMAS RYAN.
4. Piano Solo: Polonaise, op. 68, in A,.....Chopin
HUGO LEONARD.
5. Third Quartet in D, No. 1, op. 44,.....Mendelssohn
Molto allegro vivace—Minuetto, Allegretto—Andante con moto—Finale, Presto con brio.

The new Mozart Quartet made a delightful impression, played so smoothly as it was, and with such spirit, just blending and individualizing of parts, and nice regard to light and shade. There is a most genial, spontaneous ease in the whole movement of the composition, which makes it seem simple, while it is a masterpiece of science, and comes over us as a breath from a pure, intellectual height of experience, remote from all that can be common-place or vulgar. The variations of the Andante are wonderfully imaginative and singular, especially one in which the whole strain is accompanied throughout by a mystical sort of drum-beat, first on the violoncello and then on the viola, till the second and finally the first violin get possessed by its rhythm.—The Mendelssohn Quintet in D took one back to the early days of the Quintette Club, and was always a prodigious favorite with the *habitués* of their concerts and rehearsals. It is one of the most characteristic works of Mendelssohn, full of fire, and rich in ideas marvellously well developed. The clarinet Adagio was one of the richest and most enjoyable productions of Spohr that we remember to have listened to. The fresh reed tones relieve in a measure the peculiar monotony of Spohr.

Mr. HUGO LEONARD, the young pianist from the Leipzig Conservatoire, a pale youth, with intellectual countenance, the long hair of "Young Germany," and a look of nervous energy, made his debut to great advantage as a player of Beethoven. He plays with rare distinctness, fire and firmness, tenderly sparing and exhibiting at the same time all the delicate little flowers of feeling and of fancy that lie scattered along the bold, exulting course of the inspired Titan. He has it in his head first, and brings it out with a will and with a sympathy. He seems to carve each musical idea out of his instrument with the sharp and positive, yet delicate outline of a sculptor. There is remarkable breadth and fulness in his touch and execution. Yet we should say his playing is more from the head than from the feeling. There is nerve in his playing, but he seems happily free from nervousness. In that

bold, heroic, thoroughly Polish *Polonaise*, too, the pianist seemed to have chosen the side of Chopin most congenial to him. How he would be in the dreamy, poetic reveries and love yearnings of that master we cannot tell; but we have rarely heard one of the strong and fiery pieces executed more effectively. The execution was admirable, and it tasks execution to the utmost. We trust Mr. Leonhard will give us more of his artistic quality, and that the coming concerts of the Club will prove as satisfactory and enlivening as this good beginning.

New Music.

We have before us a large pile of the recent issues from our various publishing houses, among which are not a few of real permanent value. We have only time to mention some of the more important now, reserving them for fuller notice.

Messrs. G. ANDRE & Co., of Philadelphia, send us three posthumous works of MOZART, now for the first time published. (Mr. G. André is one of the Andrés of Offenbach, Germany, who own the larger portion of the Mozart manuscripts.) The three pieces are:—1. A Litany (*Litania di venerabile altaris*), for four voices, with organ or piano accompaniment. Orchestral parts may be had. This was composed in 1776. 2. One of his earlier operas, called *L'Oca del Cairo* (The Goose of Cairo)—of course an *opera buffa*—in two acts; vocal and piano score. 3. Another early opera, called *Lo Sposo Deluso, ossia: La rivalita di tre Donne per un solo Amante* (The De-luded Husband, or the rivalry of three ladies for one lover); *opera buffa* in two acts, vocal score, and also a piano-forte arrangement for four hands. If not among the greatest of the author's works, these cannot but be interesting to every lover of Mozart. We shall give soon a more minute account of them, as well as of other useful publications from André & Co.

From Mr. F. MEYER, Buffalo, N. Y., who is connected with the house of Meyer in Brunswick, Germany, we have a very neat and serviceable piano and vocal score of *Don Giovanni*, with Italian and German words. The book is in 180 pp. of oblong form, clearly and handsomely engraved, and costs the very moderate sum of \$2 50. By his card in another column it will be seen that the same gentleman is agent in America for the sale of the same Brunswick editions of the seven principal operas of Mozart, which we can commend after considerable use of them.

OLIVER DITSON, of our City, issues weekly and daily an incredible variety of music of all forms, styles and qualities, from the most popular clap-trap to the immortal classics and true living works of genius. Among the most important of his recent issues are *The Well-tempered Clavichord* (*Clavecin bien tempéré*) of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, being the celebrated forty-eight Preludes and Fugues in all the major and minor keys;—a work which all true pianists and indeed all musicians, who lay claim to true musicianship, for many years have made the foundation of their studies. One who has mastered the "Well-tempered Clavichord" is equal to almost any difficulties within the legitimate sphere of piano music. Nay even a Liszt and a Thalberg have this culture quietly underlying their own modern, freer seeming and more dazzling peculiarities. They will not all be found merely dry and scientific things for the curious scholar; many of them are exquisite tone-poems, full of the light of fancy, and such as dwell sweetly in the mind through all one's life. No. 1, containing Preludes and Fugues in C and in C minor, are already out. The whole 48 will make two volumes, each \$3; complete, \$5.—Mr. Ditson has also ready several more numbers of those

wonderful Chorales harmonized by BACH, of which we have before spoken.—Also selections from the new oratorio of "Eli," by COSTA, now in rehearsal by the Handel and Haydn Society. Two numbers we already have, viz: a Solo, *The Morning Hymn*, and Duet, *Wherefore is thy soul cast down*,—both beautiful and chaste compositions, considerably Mendelssohnian in style.—Mr. Ditson's catalogue is really a curiosity. It fills 204 closely printed pages, and contains thousands upon thousands of pieces of sheet music, besides eight pages full of titles of books, including operas, masses, oratorios, sonatas, symphonies, Songs without Words, treatises on harmony, and instruction books for voice and every kind of instrument in use,—all of his own publishing.

Musical Intelligence.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The first of the series of Orchestral Concerts came off last evening, and was a complete success, in every particular. The house was filled, half an hour before the performance was announced to commence, and all seemed eager to hear the first chord, which was struck at eight o'clock. Miss DOANE did her part of the programme to the entire satisfaction of all present, and was loudly encored. She seems to be a particular favorite, and why shouldn't she be? She is certainly a very finished singer.

Mr. KREISSMANN proved himself (if it need be proved,) a thorough bred musician, and sang his songs with much expression; the duets with Miss Doane went off finely.

What can we say of the Orchestra? We surely have never heard such a complete and well drilled band in this city before. The Overture to "Don Juan" opened the Concert, and was well played, as far as we are a judge, and it being one Mozart's best, it would be almost folly for us to say it is anything but a great piece. The Polkas and the March were good, and pleased the little ones much.

The Concert overture, No. 1, of Mr. STRATTON's, brought down a storm of applause, and had to be repeated; this was served the same way the first time it was played, (last year,) and seems to lose nothing by repetition; all considered it the best piece of the evening, [what! better than *Don Juan*!] and no doubt would like to hear it played at every concert. We understand Mr. Stratton's Overtures already number three, and we hope to hear the others during the series. Great credit is due Mr. Stratton for giving us such an interesting concert.—*Manchester Mirror*, 19th.

PHILADELPHIA.—The *City Item* has the following notice of the concert given last week by Mr. BENKERT, a young Philadelphian, who has just returned from musical studies in Germany:

Mr Benkert was assisted by Mlle. D'Ormy, the contralto; Mr. Berner, the new tenor; Mr. Preiser, the violoncellist, and a large deputation of the Musical Fund Society's orchestra, which, under the baton of Leopold Meignen, performed with unusual excellence the work assigned them, doing full justice to Mr. Benkert's overture to *Richilde* and to its part in the Concerto Irlandaise. In Mlle. D'Ormy's voice there are some notes very good and some very indifferent; her style is not of the purest, but in opera her acting is said to atone for all her vocal deficiencies. Mr. Berner sang two German ballads, composed by Mr. Benkert, with much feeling and taste. Mr. Preiser performed a violoncello fantasia from *Robert le Diable*, arranged by Kummer, the piano-forte accompaniment being played by Mr. Benkert. Mr. P. overcame some startling difficulties and was warmly applauded; we think, however, we have heard him to greater advantage in other solos; the limited size of the audience may have chilled his usual ardor. Mr. Benkert played several times; his manner is very easy, and devoid of all the nauseating affectations of modern pianists. He does not belong to the brilliant school of performers; his attributes are neatness, clearness and delicacy, and had the instrument, upon which he performed, possessed any tone or excellence, these characteristics of his playing would have been heard to much greater advantage; unfortunately the piano was of that muffled description with which nothing can be done, under any circumstances; it must have left its tone on the other side of the Atlantic. He seems to us a performer likely to show to more advantage in private than in public.

It is of Mr. Benkert's compositions that we would rather speak. His concerto, for piano and orchestra, appeared to us to be the best; it is extremely well written for the solo instrument and the accompaniment is full of beautiful harmony and combinations. It may be justly called a classical work, and shows that the young composer has not only studied in a good school, but has profited by his studies. The overture to "Richilde" is solidly and carefully scored, modelled upon Lindpainter, as no one could fail to notice after the "Vampire" overture by that master, which opened

the concert. He was the director of Mr. Benkert's studies during the greater part of our young townsman's European residence, and it is but natural that the pupil's style should resemble that of his instructor. The first movement is full of rich harmony, the second abounds in good violin passages and skilful scoring, but there is a want of a strongly marked subject. This want we felt in some other of his compositions. Mr. Benkert's style is exclusively German, and gave great satisfaction to the audience, which was composed mainly of representatives of that nation. He has evidently been a close student of the theory of musical science, in all its branches, and possesses in himself fully as much, if not more, knowledge than is divided among the majority of American "composers."

Foreign.

PARIS—A letter in the *Courier & Enquirer*, dated Oct 30, describes the hearing at the Italian Opera, of the American cantatrice, Miss JULIANA MAY.

Some weeks since I referred to this young lady as having brought with her from Italy a high reputation, not only as possessing one of the very finest voices (a *soprano sfogato*) in Europe, but as having profited by her two or three years stay in Italy, to perfect herself in her art. Her *début* (as it may be termed) at "the Italians" was, therefore, looked to as an event in the musical world, and you will see by the brief report of that remarkable audition, to which I am unfortunately obliged to confine myself, that neither expectation nor the desire to hear the finest music conveyed by the sweetest organ were disappointed.

Among the auditors of this delightful musical treat, were two persons deeply interested in the result, which, if favorable, would raise up a rival Prima Donna, with (from the youth of the fair aspirant) a probability that if she did not positively supersede them, she might divide with them the favors of the dilettanti of Europe. They had, however, this consolatory circumstance to mitigate any such feeling of apprehension, namely:—a rumor that an arbitrary call from her own country, imperious and irresistible as the ukase of a Czar, had arrived to compel her to appear on her native scene. Whatever that fact and whatever their feelings, Miss May presented herself at the Italian Opera last Friday, accompanied by her mother and some Parisian friends, and was received by the popular proprietor of that establishment, Signor Calzadò, and his son, with kindness and respect.

Resolved, it would appear, to place her pretensions in the fullest evidence, Miss May selected for her opening morceau the prayer in Verdi's Opera, the *Duo Foscarei*—a piece which from its difficulty and variety, and its consequent demand upon all the powers of the singer, whether of voice or of execution, is—where the débutante is meant to be treated with severity,—chosen as the test of capability. I think I need offer no further proof of Miss May's unqualified success in this most trying effort, than that, in the course of her performance, it elicited from the gentleman who presided at the pianoforte, and who was, in fact, no less a personage than the *chef d'orchestre*, of the Theatre des Italiens, repeated cries of "Brava!" In these M. Calzadò concurred, but Alboni "made no sign," which may fairly be interpreted as a favorable sign for her young rival in perspective.

The next piece, a totally different one in construction and object, "*Di piacer mi balza il cor*," from Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, was given, by Miss May, most beautifully and effectively, thus proving the versatility of the cantatrice. The first, impassioned and almost violent, required all the resources of the performer for its development, and seemed, in truth, the identical proof she sought for, to display the immense compass, flexibility, and power of her voice, and her brilliancy of execution. The second, so well known to all lovers of music, demanding for its presentation, in the spirit of its immortal composer, voice, grace, sweetness, and finished education. I know not how far it would be Miss May's interest to accept an engagement at the Italian Opera of Paris this season,—crowded as is the list of its Prime Donne—for she would have no fewer than six competitors for public favor, including Grisi, Alboni, Frezzolini, and Piccolomini, and Catinari, who from their precedence in point of engagement, would assert the prescriptive right to the principal roles of the repertoire of the Italians.

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Translated for this Journal.

Alexander Winterberger and the Modern Organ-playing.

[From the 'Neue Zeitschrift für Musik,' Leipzig, July 1, 1856.]

The time when virtuoso-dom could be content to stand upon its own clay feet, lies happily behind us. The satiety and consequent indifference and estrangement of the public will have the good effect of considerably reducing the number of "*prestidigitateurs*" speculating on applause. Certainly it can do no harm to the more genuine and artistic virtuosity, which finds its real merit in subserving higher aims, to have the ground too long usurped by weeds entirely reclaimed. If America can still feast for some time on these leavings of the European table, it will be a poor justification of the name "New World," in an artistic point of view. The wanderings of our left-behind European virtuosos into the most uncivilized countries, whence there is scarcely an exotic "order" to be brought away—an actual selling out—go to contradict this reproach. With in a short time virtuosity in the new world, also, will have to take that transition step, which we already witness here in the appearance of a more or less respectable, more or less conservative humbug of classicality, which in its awkward dullness is very far from reaching the future ideal of virtuosity. This humbug costs far less exertion in technical matters, and even in *mind*, since but a moderate musical instinct is required for the interpretation of universally well-known matter; one simply pays due homage to the improved taste of the age, lays claim to serious and sterling achievements, and lends all possible brilliancy of instrumentation to that which formerly would have won a *succès d'estime*. Classicism has become the fashion: let us not overestimate what is

a virtue of necessity and therefore not without stain.

Far be it from us to fail to recognize a relative progress in all this. The public has learned to discriminate between false and genuine virtuosity; nor will it rest satisfied with this first gleam of recognition. "Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue;" the public will soon also learn to feel the distinction between *rightly professing* and *intrinsically true* virtuosity. Then these desperate grimaces, these affected spasms in the rendering of the most popular and hack-nied of the Beethoven Sonatas, which give a man the air of a snobbish (*verphilisterten*) Western dervish, will produce nothing but a ludicrous effect. To us it is impossible to have faith in the conversion of the false virtuoso. The true, artistic virtuosity has no need, on the one hand, to abandon the technical problem. That would be unartistically convenient. On the other hand it presupposes a thoroughly reformed artistic culture and development. The difficulties, the exertions it requires are more many-sided, and in view of the new demands none of the old (mechanical) ones are intermitted. But in this terror to uncalled practitioners he that is chosen will hardly find discouragement.

What FRANZ LISZT has effected practically for this reform of virtuosity in the domain of the piano, will scarcely be questioned by competent and impartial judges. No other could have done it; the initiative required genius. The piano has not only assumed, but conquered for itself the sovereign position in the present world of music; it has become the concert instrument, the wrestling ground *par excellence* of virtuosos; and it was just here that the *reform* (we choose this expression instead of one more ambiguous) was the most necessary, as being most decisive and establishing the law for other instruments. JOSEPH JOACHIM, who in a certain sense may call himself a pupil of Liszt, might perhaps have achieved alone a similar reform in violin-playing. Liszt himself has not limited himself to the principal achievement—an *ordinary* human life would not have sufficed for this—he has extended this reform of virtuosity to the instrument most nearly related to the piano, to the Organ, whose importance in these latter times was threatening to fall into undue neglect on account of its supposed stiffness and one-sided dignity. Liszt's recent organ compositions, and the young organ virtuoso, his pupil, thus far the only one who has been raised up for this mission, Herr ALEXANDER WINTERBERGER, are the living evidences of this new act of Liszt. The Erard of the organ seems to have been found at the same time. Our readers have already been informed about that

masterpiece in the cathedral at Merseburg, the new organ by Herr LADEGAST. The perfectibility of this instrument in the modern spirit is now clearly proved; the "stiffness" of the organ is broken, and this experience may also react upon the instruments of older construction to modify our views of what may be expected of the organ as such. Every person who was present at either of the concerts got up by Herr Music-Director ENGEL in the Merseburg cathedral, must still remember the astonishing impression. The most experienced connoisseurs could not trust their ears; Herr Winterberger's performances filled the stationary gentry with that strange awe, which a German Concert-master may have felt on first hearing Paganini. In fact the boundary, within which professional jealousy or the envy of colleagues could have stirred, was completely overstepped.

Let us first cast a hasty glance upon the organ virtuosity of the most recent times. We cannot indeed give a complete review of meritorious organists. * * * From the very nature of the instrument we count among the virtuosos on the organ, who have gained notoriety by travels, far fewer tares, as well as far less wheat, compared with other instrumental virtuosos. The late Herr Orgel-Kloss (organ-blockhead?), as well as a pair of Italian vagabonds, to whom we may add perhaps an unconfirmed discovery of M. Fétis in Belgium, represent the chaff of organ-virtuosity. The prominent true virtuosos of the instrument, in our experience, have been at the same time greater or lesser masters of piano-playing. Above all we remember here with real enthusiasm MENDELSSOHN, whose gentle constitution only seldom allowed him to afford this pleasure to his admirers, the less so, since he, once before the instrument, in his artistic self-forgetfulness lost utterly all due regard for his own nerves. His playing had a decidedly modern character, quite as interesting and poetical as that of organists who cannot play the piano, whose style is hard without energy, in short dry and leathern. Next to Mendelssohn, we may name ADOLPH HESSE, in Breslau, one of the most distinguished pianists of the Hummel school, but who succeeds excellently well too in the performance of Chopin's compositions. With him, too, one forgets the "stiffness" of the instrument, and his own works for it have an unquestionably higher value than any juiceless productions of a THIELE, who is so extravagantly glorified by some organists. As important virtuosos on the organ we may further mention from our own personal hearing: Professor HARTMANN in Copenhagen, and TH. KIRCHNER in Winterthur, both composers of talent, and good routine piano-players.

If we had not facts enough in the examples of living artists to establish the assertion, that only a remarkable pianist can achieve anything remarkable upon the organ, and that the modern organist must first mount up on the shoulders of the piano-player to the "Pope of instruments" (as Liszt calls it), we should not shrink from proving it *a priori* by pointing to the relationship as well as the distinction between the two instruments, enumerating the required technical studies and preliminary exercises. In fact, this relationship is so evident, that we need not enter into details. Parallel epochs in piano and in organ playing present themselves. If Hesse represents the school of Hummel, so has Alexander Winterberger made the first successful advance in introducing the Liszt school into organ playing. What a rich gain this is for the future, cannot be set forth in a word. The *historical* clique may murmur to the contrary, as they have always done: but it is certainly not the least characteristic feature of the Liszt school, that it has taken up into itself all that did not deserve to go to the bottom, all that does not belong to the past and to oblivion, all that is justified by any organic vitality, and upholds it with the superiority of its own individual stamp. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH's works, a music of the future as much as any other, will first meet with a worthy execution through the impulse and progress gained by means of the Lisztian epoch, both on the piano and the organ.

Herr Alexander Winterberger had originally educated himself for a piano-player, and completed his studies to that end under Liszt's direction. The results which he attained were brilliant; his virtuosity qualified him for the solution of the most difficult problems both in the classic and romantic masters. As a *salon* or as a concert-player, he could be sure of an honorable rank. Already at that time he felt a distinct impulse towards the study of the organ; the character of this instrument seemed to harmonize with a certain chord of his musical thought and feeling, which was destined soon to be the ruling chord, when he went to pursue his theoretical studies at Berlin, where he could enjoy Prof. MARX's instruction in the art of composition. After his return from there, he devoted himself with all his energies and with almost exclusive zeal to organ playing, in which he soon did such astonishing things, that his master, Liszt, decidedly advised him to make this his speciality, since, harmonizing with his inward calling, it promised him externally also an important future, by the certainty of distinguishing himself as one of the first in point of rank and time in a sphere which is in a certain manner new. Already, during his pupilage at piano-playing, he made continued pedal studies on a chamber organ constructed by a Prussian officer in Erfurt. The facility which he acquired in pedal playing surpasses the feats of the organists of the old school in quietness and certainty, in energy and fluency, to the same degree that his finger execution is superior to theirs. He represents the Liszt school both with hand and foot. The rapidity and clearness of his trills, his scales, his precision and dexterity in the execution of the most various rhythmical figures on the pedal, are quite as unheard of as the invincible firmness and endurance of his touch upon the manuals. His performance of the wonderful fantasia on the choral from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*

by Franz Liszt, is unquestionably the most extraordinary thing ever done upon the organ. Few pianists would be able to reproduce to us a fragment of this mighty work upon a piano of easy action. With equal perfection Herr Winterberger plays Liszt's transcription of Nicolai's festival overture upon the Choral: *Ein feste Burg*, as well as two more recent organ compositions of Liszt (still in MS.): a Prelude and Fugue on the name BACH, and an organ piece full of a mystical and searching spirit, based upon the Choral: *Aus tiefer Noth*. It was this Merseburg organ, which Herr Winterberger after Herr Music-Director Engel has inaugurated by his surprising talent, that first moved Liszt to the composition of a number of church works, of which the series, we trust, is far from closed. Meanwhile Herr Winterberger has acquired a numerous repertoire of older and newer pieces for the organ, which will bring his extraordinary achievements into deserved notoriety. The incomparable genius of his master in the discovery of new combinations of sound, in the choice and mixture of the appropriate colors for the representation of an idea, has paved for the young organ virtuoso the right way to a thorough practical knowledge and command of registration.

Herr Winterberger is intending soon to commence his first artistic tour as organist, and has selected Holland as the first field. Holland is confessedly rich in master-works of the older style of organ-building, and has a good musical reputation, which it is to be expected will not suffer by a hospitable reception of the young artist. He unites in himself everything which stamps the virtuoso a true artist, and makes him qualified to work for his own and his master's honor.

HANS V. BUELOW.

The Works of Chopin.

[Concluded.]

We now come to the TARANTELLA, Op. 43, which, for sparkling animation and deliciously characteristic gaiety, has no competitor among the smaller works of Chopin. * * * This piece is in the key of A flat major,—of itself a new feature—for, till now, we never heard of a *Tarantella* in other than a minor key. However, Chopin shows us that he can render the major mode as supple and bendable as the minor—as *Tarantellish* and twist-about-able—as mournfully gay and sparkingly melancholy—the true characteristics of that singular national dance. The time is *presto*, and the theme, in melody as simple as the first axiom in mathematics, is rendered piquant and *Apician* by the assistance of the most tasteful, savory, and palate-tickling harmonies conceivable. The course of this simple *motto* lies through a world of evolving progressions—among the intricacies of which it is conducted on the supple shoulders of a rolling accompaniment of light-footed triplets, which bear away their delicious burden, with all the delight of a lover carrying his mistress to the world's end—anon caressing it, and kissing it tenderly—anon coquetting with it, and leaving it to its own guidance. * * *

The IMPROMPTUS of Chopin, of which there are two, are remarkable for the *laissez aller*, which should invariably characterize compositions partaking in a great measure of the *essence* of improvisation. They also present, in an eminent degree, another feature, no less necessary in the structure of such pieces viz.—a continuity of feeling, distinguished from monotony by the skillful manner in which the artist develops his resources. Thus a certain subject is given out, and is diversified, transmogrified, modified, beautified, abstrusified, simplified, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*—not through the medium of fugal treatment, but simply by the artful management of its progressions, and the

varied contrivance of its harmonies. Nothing can be more delicately playful than the first *improvisu*, in A flat, with its graceful episode in F minor, wherein Chopin, by the happy usage of the *ornamental*, shows himself a perfect master of this, as of all other modifications of style—and nothing more glowing and impressive than the second—in F sharp major, an unusual key, but rendered wonderfully effective in the hands of Chopin.

Of the RONDOS and lighter effusions of Chopin, in the purely brilliant style, we shall merely state, that they possess all the requisites for effective display, which are the prepossessing charm of the great majority of the writings of Herz and his school, in addition to those more solid qualities that appeal to the understanding, and afford that improvement to the mind, which in such music is ordinarily confined to the fingers. The *Rondo*, in C minor, Op. 1, (known to us in England as the "*Adieu à Varsovie*,") is an admirable specimen of the brilliant and solid styles, most felicitously combined, and, in the hands of a tolerably skillful pianist, can hardly fail of producing a powerful effect; since, in addition to the brilliant flow of its passages, it possesses a most exquisite and ceaseless vein of melody, which pervades the entire composition—directly in the *motivo*—indirectly (but not the less apparently) in the passages. The *Rondo à la Mazurka*, in F major, Op. 5 (known in England as "*La Polonaise*") is remarkable for the most picturesque and striking character—and the "*Krakowiak*," or *Grand Rondeau de Concert*, in the same key, Op. 14, is one of those surprising feats of digital agility, which, in the hands of Chopin, are rendered so piquant and enticing, as to induce the most scrutinizing critic to lay aside his cynicism, and listen with unfeigned delight. The *Bolero*, in A minor, which has been somewhat aptly christened "*Souvenir de l'Andalousie*," is a delicious specimen of that *melee* of the sad and cheerful, in which none have so frequently and so happily indulged as the subject of this notice. The *motivo* is rife with the peculiar feeling of that quaint national dance, and in its treatment the thoughtful composer never once loses sight of the character which is indicated by the first eight bars of his work, continuing it to the close with masterly ingenuity and untiring fancy. How few there are happy enough to possess this enviable power of *continuity*, those who do possess it best know; and those who do but know, provided they also know the works of Chopin, must admit, without hesitation, his supremacy in this, the highest attribute of the musician.

Among the miscellaneous pieces of Chopin which we have not individualized in detail, not one has afforded us more gratification than the "*GRAND FANTASIA*," in A flat major, Op. 49, dedicated to the Princess de Sonzoo, one of the last of the published works of Chopin. This is a complete concert piece, and its effect under the hands of a finished pianist, must be transcendent. All the modern difficulties are here in rife abundance—are here exemplified, and consummated to perfection—are here increased and multiplied, as the locusts under the rod of Moses. Thalberg, himself, the licensed concoctor of passages unplayable, may hide his diminished head;—Liszt, his giant rival, may cry *peccavi*! for one and the other are fairly beaten at their own weapons.

If the *intellectual* be the highest order of music—if the *poetical* be an essential in Art—then it must be allowed, by all who know enough of the works of Chopin, that, among modern writers of piano-forte music, he reigns pre-eminently without a rival. The present vitiated hankering after mere mechanical difficulties cannot by any possibility last—it must of necessity wear itself out, for it has nothing substantial enough in its *materiel*, to preserve it from decay—nothing tough enough in its texture, to be enduring. The popularity, once so widely extended, of Herz—is now only a name—a thing which was, but is not—a mere memory of the past. Thalberg is at present where Herz was of yore—at the head of the "*manual dexterity school*." * * * But really fine music cannot be imitated—much less equalled by those who attempt to mimic its character. For example, who ever heard of an attempt to imitate the *Pastorale*, or any one of the symphonies of

Beethoven; and who ever dreamed of an imitation of one of them equaling its model in merit? And so it is with the music of Chopin—to endeavor to equal which, by aping its most manifest characteristics, were an utterly profitless experiment. Chopin is a vigorous and original thinker, and to write like Chopin involves the necessity of being endowed with the invention and impulses of Chopin, without which, a mere effigy—a mere plaster-of-Paris imitation of life is the result. In fine, Chopin is a composer of decided and individual genius, and cannot be mimicked by the children of mediocrity. * *

Chopin has the peculiar gift (so rarely granted to musicians) of attracting the attention and exciting the admiration of philosophers and poets, as well as of the votaries of his own art; it would be difficult to name a writer of any note in Paris, who is not an intense worshipper of his genius; indeed, one can hardly turn to a romance of the present day, without finding some allusion to him, or his works. In the fine *roman de Province*, "*Ursule Mirouet*," one of the latest works of the celebrated De Balzac, the creator of the Rastignacs, the Gobsecks, the De Marsays, the De Trailles, those types of distinct races, all true, though all ideal; the master of French fiction, whose "*Peau de Chagrin*," "*Père Goriot*," "*Eugenie Grandet*," "*Maitre Cornelius*," "*César Birotteau*," and other *chefs d'œuvres*, have gained for him so lofty a place in modern literature—in "*Ursule Mirouet*," one of those exquisite pictures of provincial life, which only De Balzac can draw, we find the following highly complimentary allusion to Frederic Chopin:—"*Il existe en toute musique, outre la pensée du compositeur, l'âme de l'exécutant, qui par un privilège acquis seulement à cet art, peut donner du sens et de la poésie à des phrases sans grande valeur. Chopin prove aujourd'hui, pour l'ingrat piano, la vérité de ce fait déjà démontré par Paganini pour le violon. CE BEAU GENIE EST MOINS UN MUSICIEN QU'UNE ÂME QUI SE REND SENSIBLE ET QUI SE COMMUNIQUERAIT PAR TOUTE ESPÈCE DE MUSIQUE, MEME PAR DES SIMPLES ACCORDS.*" * *

Chopin himself is, to our knowledge, the most modest and retiring of beings; though fully conscious of his superiority over the great majority of his contemporaries, by his excessive reserve and marked retiredness of demeanor, he has won the suffrage of all his brother artists, who look up to him as a star for wise men to follow, as an idol for universal worship.

The philosophical and poetical tendency of the writings of Chopin is so manifest, and its consideration, in passing judgment on them critically, so enticing, that we are apt to forget, what, to the multitude, is of infinitely more importance—viz.—their usefulness in the development of the hand, and in the production of that finished execution necessary for the formation of a perfect pianist. First, then, it is an admitted fact, even by such as dispute his supremacy as an intellectual composer, that the works of Chopin effect more for the enhancement of pure finger dexterity—do more towards producing equality of touch—lend more assistance towards the attainment of flexibility of the wrist, if studied with undiminished assiduity—than those of any other master whatsoever. Thus they are eminently serviceable, even to inexperienced performers; while to the finished and well-read pianist, from the startling novelty of their progressions, and the original *tournaire* of their passages, they present a totally new field for practice—an altogether unexpected channel for the development of powers hitherto latent and unexercised. It is quite certain that any one who possesses sufficient command over the instrument, to enable him to execute the works of Chopin properly, and with the feeling intended by their composer, has it in his power to play whatever else, of whatsoever difficulty, of any other author, that may chance to be placed before him. The compositions of Chopin leave no species of difficulty unprovided for—no peculiar figure of passage unexplored—no cunning twisting of an antique cadence untried—so that in matter of execution their utility is universal, and a careful practice of them is of consummate importance. To show how various is their tendency, and how

general their applicability to the purpose of attaining universality of style and infinite diversity of executive power, we will, merely for the convenience of our readers, endeavor to throw them into classes and sections, so that those wedded to peculiar species of music may all know where to find something to their taste, and that something, of the highest order of merit.

CLASS I.—FOR PIANISTS OF THE FIRST FORCE.

- § 1. *The Brilliant and Bravura Style.* Op.
'Homage to Mozart' (variations on 'La ci darem') 2
First Concerto, E minor, dedicated to Kalkbrenner 11
Fantasie Brillante, sur des airs Nationaux Polonais 13
'Krakowiak,' Grand Rondo de Concert, in F major 14
Second Concerto, in F minor21
'Grande Polonaise Brillante,' in E flat.....22

These have all Orchestral Accompaniments; the remainder of this Section are Solos.
Second Grand Polonaise, in F sharp minor.....44
Allegro de Concert, in A major.....46

- § 2. *The Metaphysical and Poetical Style.*
First Scherzo, in B minor20
(Known in England as 'Le Banquet Infernal')
Second Scherzo, in D flat.....31
Third Scherzo, in C sharp minor.....39
Grand Sonata, in B flat minor35
Grand Fantasia, in A flat49

These are not a whit less difficult than the preceding Section, but are of a more grave and thoughtful character, addressing themselves principally to the imagination and the intellect.

CLASS II.—FOR PIANISTS OF THE SECOND FORCE. (Still difficult, though much less so than the first class.)

- § 1. *In the Bravura Style.* Op.
'Adieu à Varsovie,' Rondeau, in C minor.....1
'La Posiana,' Rondeau à la Mazurka, in F major...5
Rondeau Elegant, in E flat, dedicated to Mlle.
Hartmann16

- First Ballade, in G minor.....23
(Known in England as 'La Favorite')
Deux Polonaises.....26

- Deux Nocturnes (Fourth Set of Notturmos).....27
(Known in England as 'Les Plaintives')
First Improptu, in A flat29

- First Grand Waltz, in A flat.....34
Second Improptu, in F sharp major.....38
Second Ballade, in F major.....36

- (Known in England as 'La Gracieuse')
Deux Polonaises, dedicated to Jules Fontana.....40
Third Ballade, in A flat47

- Nocturne, in C minor.....48

- § 2. *In the Expressive and Legato Style.*
Trois Nocturnes (First and Second Set of Notturmos) 9
(Known in England as 'Les Murmures de la Seine')
Trois Nocturnes (Third Set of Notturmos).....15

- (Known in England as 'Les Zephyrs')
Deux Nocturnes (Fifth Set of Notturmos).....32
(Known in England as 'Il Lamento,' and
'La Consolazione')
Deux Nocturnes (Sixth Set of Notturmos).....37

- (Known in England as 'Les Soupirs')
These last two Sets of Nocturnes are more difficult than any other items in this section, requiring intense expression, united to great command over the instrument. Their difficulty is not however sufficiently remarkable to admit of our placing them in the 1st Class.

- Prelude, in E major.....45
Nocturne, in F minor.....48

- § 3. *In the Characteristic Dramatic Style.*
Tarentelle, in A flat.....43

- First Set of Mazurkas.....6
Second ditto.....7

- Third ditto.....17
Fourth ditto.....24
Fifth ditto.....30

- Sixth ditto.....33
Seventh ditto.....41
Eighth ditto.....50

- These are all known in England under the denomination of 'Souvenirs de la Pologne'; the Seventh Set is more abstruse and difficult than the rest, and the Eighth is comparatively easy,

CLASS III.—FOR PIANISTS OF ORDINARY FORCE.

- § 1. *In the Brilliant Style.*
Introduction and Polonaise, in C major.....3
(Known in England as 'La Gaîté')
Bolero, in A minor.....19

- (Known in England as 'Souvenir d'Andalousie')
Grande Valse, in A flat.....42

- § 2. *In the Light and Amusing Style.*
'L'Invitation pour la Danse,' (Grande Valse Brillante, in E flat).....18

- Grande Valse, in A minor (No. 2 of 3).....34
Grande Valse, in F major (No. 3 of 3).....34

- The TWENTY-FOUR GRAND PRELUDES, Op. 28, through all the keys, and the TWENTY-FOUR GRAND STUDIES, Ops. 10, 24, 25, form a complete class of themselves, of great utility, nay of absolute importance to pianists of every calibre, as being the most perfect school of execution and expression in existence. They illustrate every

conceivable difficulty, and besides embracing all that had been previously (but much less comprehensively) enforced, in the studies of Cramer, Steibelt, Woelfl, Clementi, Moscheles, Hummel, Czerny, Herz, Bertini,—and later—in those of Thalberg, Döhler, Liszt, Hiller, Henselt, Mayer, Kessler, Wolff, Dreyschock, Moscheles, and Sterndale Bennett—they touch upon peculiarities, which have since become embodied in modern piano-forte playing, but were unthought of until the appearance of the studies of Chopin. In short, we think few will be inclined to deny the unequivocal supremacy of the studies of Chopin over all others that have preceded or succeeded them.

Original Manuscript of the "Magic Flute."

HOW IT LOOKS.

[The New York *Musical World* translates the following description of Mozart's original manuscript of the "Magic Flute" from a very interesting article recently communicated to a Leipzig Music-Journal, by the celebrated Schnyder von Wartensee.]

Before me lies the entire opera of the Magic Flute in Mozart's own handwriting. The paper is square, untrimmed and of so bad a quality that an elegant composer of our day would deem it unworthy of being touched by his pen. The staff-lines are regularly and handsomely ruled by Mozart, comprising, however, but twelve on a page, on which account he was compelled, when many instruments were employed, to put the flutes, clarinets, trombones and drums upon separate bits of paper; as in one instance, where he wrote "detached wind-instruments of the second finale."

Mozart first sketched the opera from beginning to end with evidently astonishing rapidity. All that this comprised, however, was written with very black ink, just sufficient to prevent his forgetting the idea. This sketching is confined to the voice-parts and the text, almost without exception, until toward the close: very rarely is it the case with the orchestration, and then sometimes with one instrument, sometimes with another. The subsequent completion of the score was with pale ink; so pale, that many instrumental parts in the overture are now nearly illegible.

The introduction: "To help, etc." is generally richly spiced with trumpets and drums. But these are entirely crossed out by Mozart, and allowed first to come in where the ladies sing "Die, monster, by our might. Triumph! triumph!"—seven measures only. It is certainly not wise that immediately on the rising of the curtain the ears of listeners should be paralyzed with a devils' din: they are then no longer susceptible to tender passages; and how were a subsequent climax possible, without the help of cannon—at least of gongs? In the entire first act of *Don Juan*, even during the tremendous excitement at the close of the finale, no trumpets are introduced, Mozart saving these to augment the horror in the grave-yard scene. To be sure, the more accomplished music-directors improve in this respect on wise old Mozart, and very generally—as has happened here in Frankfort—apply trumpets not only to the finale, but to other passages of the first act.

When the hero Tamino flies before the monster, and, fainting, and almost beside himself cries for help, Mozart has written beneath the notes, the words "to the furious lion a sacrifice chosen." The lion is afterward crossed out, and Mozart writes with pale ink over the same notes, "to the treacherous serpent." Now, one must suppose that Mozart and Schikaneder (author of the libretto), had diplomatic conferences, haply, as to the peculiar *genre* of murderous monster (whether hair-beast or reptile) and that a snake was chosen, because in the "Magic Flute" only tame and well-behaved lions (ditto monkeys) might make their appearance. No—Mozart had evidently made a zoological blunder in writing; for his music at this point paints, with wonderful truth and beauty, the sinuous windings of a serpent—not the cat-leaps of a lion. Another possible supposition I will not overlook, that Schikaneder, with his immense Shakespearean talent, wishing

to paint the terror of the flute-y Tamino, which had reached the swooning point, causes him to see a snake for a lion.

In the last movement of the introduction, (C major, allegro,) there is still another important alteration. When, finally, each of the three ladies has determined to hasten to the Princess and announce to her the arrival of the beautiful youth, each takes leave of him: "Youth, handsome and captivating, fond youth, farewell, until we meet again," and here, Mozart, probably as *donatio ad pias causas*, in order to give the ladies opportunity to exhibit their art of trill, introduces a cadenza. This reminiscence of an earlier opera-habit, in which the yielding composer gave way to the *tel est notre plaisir* of almost every singer, was cancelled by his better genius before the production of the opera. Thirteen measures are entirely rejected. The passage includes, in addition to the stringed instruments and vocal parts, two hautbois, two bassoons, two horns in C, two clarinets in C, and drums. The instruments which I do not find in the score, the tenor violins for instance, Mozart did not fill out, and everything that I have named is written with black ink; it belongs evidently, therefore, to the first sketch. In the eighth measure there is an evident omission of the syllable *le* in the word *lebe*, the slur of the G having no antecedent. After the cadence come the twelve measures which close the piece.

In the duet, *Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen*, the whole composition, according to the first sketch, is thrown into an entirely different measure. It began with the down beat, therefore with the first quaver instead of the fourth, as we now know it. In completing the score with pale ink, Mozart crossed out all the former bars to the measures from beginning to end, and drew new ones for the aforesaid fourth quaver, sometimes a few in each part, and sometimes continuing them through the entire score, and carefully adding, as well, whatever the new division required. This change is proof to us of Mozart's fine instinct for accent; for the reason of the change is purely a dynamic one; and we can easily appreciate it by performing the composition first in the old and then in the new way, with marked accentuation.

It is remarkable, that Mozart, who otherwise never forgot anything, omitted, after the first four notes of the ritornel by the stringed instruments, to write the response in the wind instruments. This was caused probably by his zeal in correcting the bars above alluded to.

In the first finale, at the words of Sarastro, "Yet will I not give thee thy freedom," between the double bass and the vocal part, there is a very evil sounding place, which is always disagreeable, and which those who would not willingly ascribe anything of this kind to Mozart, have regarded as a sin of the copyist; but yet have not known exactly how to correct it. This dissonance really stands precisely thus in Mozart's score, and, still more—very plainly. The passage, nevertheless, is very un-Mozart-like, and he may possibly, in the great haste with which the "Magic Flute" had to be produced, have over-hurried himself; for his fine taste and his delicate musical instinct preserved him from such harsh harmonies as we sometimes find in Beethoven, as for instance in his Opus 132. This Titanic tone-ocrat, who often made light even of the physiological possibilities of human voices, thought nothing of such things.

In the great bravour aria of the Queen of the Night, where the D minor vengeance is throbbing in her heart, is a spot, which has often been pointed at as a proof of the unconscionable manner in which our language was sometimes abused by Mozart: it is the following:—



This is often seen in piano scores of the opera. Sometimes persons have wished goodnaturedly to better Mozart's blemish, and say, *So bist du, du meine Tochter nimmer mehr*. He wrote, however, *So bist du nein! meine Tochter nimmer mehr*. This correct reading appears in the piano score now in press at André's in Offenbach. Mozart's

"nein!" is of course a patch-word: just as many composers (in order to make the rhythm very piquant) throw in an exclamatory *ja!*—and, in this case, the sublime metre of Schikaneder does not suffer thereby. Of this great Shakspearean genius, I will here give but another specimen:—In the finale of the second act, two boys put the enquiry, *Wo ist sie denn?* (Where is she then?) meaning Pamina: whereupon the first boy replies, *Sie ist von Sinnen*. (She is from her senses.)

Such a reply could never have occurred to any ordinary intellect.

While in Prague in 1832, I made the acquaintance of Capellmeister Trübensee, who has been dead now some years, and who told me that he served in Schikaneder's Theatre in Vienna as second hautbois, and played in the orchestra on the first performance of the *Magic Flute*, under Mozart's direction. The opera at first did not please. The overture, the introduction, etc., were a palpable failure, and the gentle Mozart, who had depended greatly on the success of the *Magic Flute* to better his pecuniary condition, grew deadly pale. The duet, *Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen*, first met with marked favor, and from that moment the brilliant success of the opera was certain. Trübensee further told me, that one of the two compositions of the duet, which, as is well-known Schikaneder rejected, was written in very grand style and was still in existence; that in the many subsequent performances of the opera it was the custom to alternate with the two compositions; and there stood generally upon the opera poster,—With the old duet, or the new duet. I begged a friend of mine in Vienna to hunt up this grand duet for me, but it was not possible to find it; for Schikaneder's Theatre, with its entire inventory, since that time had passed through many hands. Perhaps Herr Capell-M. Spohr might know something of this; for he told me that he had conducted the *Magic Flute* at Vienna from the same score as Mozart.

In conclusion, let me record a proof that Mozart possessed no dramatic talent, which during the earlier history of the *Magic Flute*, appeared in a very prominent literary journal:—

"Mozart, in the duet, *Bei Männern*, etc. has expressed the loves of Pamina and Papageno by the same Cantilena: this is nonsense; for an accomplished Princess feels very differently from a rude peasant and sings differently. Wherefore—Mozart has no power of delineating character."

One sees that Art-Agriculture began to flourish even in that period.

The Manuscripts of Mozart, which were purchased by Hofrath André, were a short time since distributed among his seven heirs, and Dr. Julius André is now the happy possessor of the *Magic Flute*. For his kindness in entrusting this treasure to my hands for several weeks, I herewith tender him my heartiest thanks.

Berlioz on Instrumentation.

[From the London Athenæum, Nov. 1.]

A Treatise upon Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration, &c. New Edition, Revised, Corrected, Augmented, &c., by Hector Berlioz (Op. 10). Translated from the French, by Mary Cowden Clarke. (Novello.)—This treatise on instrumentation by M. Berlioz has been again and again pointed to as the great work which was to justify and assure his supremacy among modern composers, which has long been, is still, and, we fancy, will be forever contested. It is here given, in an inexpensive English form and clear type, as the seventh volume of the "Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge,"—in most points neatly translated, with one exception. To print the English meaning to the French text of the examples quoted by M. Berlioz, is superfluous at the time present,—but if rendered, the examples should show less indifference to euphony, elegance, and musical accent than in the case here.

We confess to have turned to this book with more than ordinary expectation, but we have left it with disappointment. A careful perusal satisfies

us that, showy as it seems, and not without its share of acute definitions and picturesque suggestions, it is ill-proportioned and remarkable for the difference, not to say inaccuracy, with which certain subjects are treated—more novel and amusing, in short, than profitable. M. Berlioz, it is easy to see, has certain instruments of predilection,—of these, the Harp is one. This will be clear to every one who reads his specification for a great concert orchestra,—in which, among other essentials, four harps are numbered. Now, with the exception of the compositions of M. Berlioz himself, the overture and music to "Athalie" of Mendelssohn, the overture to "Struensee" by M. Meyerbeer, and two of the choruses of Signor Costa's "Eli," we cannot call to mind a single concert composition in which the harp is, save as a *solo* instrument, wanted. It has no place, we think, in any work by Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart or Weber. If this chapter on the Harp be compared with the chapter on the Organ, the character which we have given will be fully illustrated. In his dashing way, M. Berlioz describes a great organ as including five manuals, besides the keyboard for the feet, or pedal board. Now, it is impossible to avoid perceiving that M. Berlioz can know very little of the instrument for which he thus prescribes beyond the music-lofts of *Sainte-Sulpice* and *Saint-Roch*. If there be yet a few of the ferocious, shrieking old French organs in existence, with five ranks of keys, such are only so many curiosities, and they must have been always so many French exceptions to the general rule of the great organs in Holland by Müller and Batti—in Germany by Silbermann and Gabler—in England by Smith and Harris—in Switzerland by Aloys Mooser. We have "travelled" the foreign organs of repute fairly well, and have never yet fallen on a single five-manual monster, such as M. Berlioz in a treatise coolly takes for his type. In another matter connected with the instrument, he is somewhat French and trenchant, we apprehend from insufficient knowledge. This is his wholesale abuse of the organ as forming part of an orchestra of accompaniment. Now this amounts, virtually, to an abuse of Handel's great effects,—since in his grand performances the organ played a grand part; not, it is fair to presume, indiscriminately stuffed into any and every part of every chorus (as has been the fashion of coarse and clumsy modern players), but in some places binding the mass of voices and orchestra together, enriching the harmony, and not seldom, we fancy, entrusted with those independent yet pertinent designs which an organist, with a score before him, was in old times expected to produce from a figured bass. But from the first to the last page of the volume, even when M. Berlioz treats of choral writing, not a single example from Handel, not even his name, will be found. In truth, we suspect the author's acquaintance with that sublime writer to be on the French scale, which amounts to no acquaintance whatsoever. At the *Conservatoire*, they get through 'Chantons victoire' ('See the conquering hero'), and they have heard of 'Le Messie' (which, indeed, in company with "La Laitière Suisse," figures within a wreath on the ceiling of the *Opéra Comique*),—but 'Samson,' 'Saul,' 'Acis,' (above all 'Israel') are seldom heard of, and we have reason to think are virtually unknown. It is not from such a measure of experience that the great treatise of instrumentation of the nineteenth century is to be written.

As a further illustration of the partiality in selection and partiality of knowledge shown by M. Berlioz in this treatise, we may refer to his depreciating and insufficient description of the Serpent. This instrument, though accused by him (as here translated) of "frigid and abominable blaring"—probably from his experiences of it as coarsely abused in French churches,—when it is at the mouth of a refined and accomplished player, has a rich, grave, and unctuous tone, giving it a peculiar value when it is employed to bind and to blend together a mass of voices. Compare this superficial and unjust character with the space admirably devoted to the Drum,—illustrated by the publication of many pages of the score of the 'Tuba Mirum' from the writer's 'Requiem,' in

order to show how a group of eight drums and ten drummers may be portentously used. For one student who will emulate such a specimen of combination pushed to its utmost limit, a hundred would be glad to hear the average instruments, or attainable groups of instruments, intelligently discoursed on.

Throughout the book, indeed, the individual fancies and feats of M. Berlioz are too largely allowed to supersede facts. His chapter on Vocal Writing is meagre, deficient in depth and knowledge. Indeed, were it otherwise, no temptation could have made him include among his examples the excerpt No. 17 from his 'Cinq Mai' *Cantata*, with that wondrous and repulsive leap of a ninth on the words "*O gloire!*" Nor is this the only case in which an eccentricity is pushed into the place of a precedent or a model. In the directions to an orchestral conductor, it is curious to see the minute pains taken by M. Berlioz to show how certain very difficult passages in his own Symphonies are to be handled—difficulties the frequent recurrence of which is utterly improbable, since when conquered there is no effect.—His citations are mainly confined to the works of five authors,—Gluck, Spontini, Weber, Beethoven, and Berlioz. There are three examples by M. Meyerbeer, one by M. Halévy, two from 'Guillaume Tell,' but no reference to Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Dr. Spohr and M. Auber, through each one of these four composers had a manner of instrumentation so marked and distinct as to merit mention, at least, in a book devoted to the subject.

On the whole, no one who writes concerning music is more brilliant in rhapsody than M. Berlioz. No one describes or analyzes what he knows and delights in with better grace; but his brilliancy seems unaccompanied by patience in examination; and he writes concerning the things he knows little, with as much freedom and resolution as he exercises on his own ground. He is good for a monograph; he is bad for an encyclopædia. We desire nothing better than a history of harpers and harps from his hands, or a panegyric of the 'Orgue Alexandre,' or a careful "study" on the operas of Gluck; but we do not consider him complete, calm and self-postponing enough to be of high value as a teacher.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE SOLITARIES.

[From the German of ANASTASIUS GRUEN.]

Stood a gray rock, solitary,
In mid-ocean's billowy moan;
Almost I that rock could envy,
Standing there so firm, alone.

On the gray rock, solitary,
Proud and bold, a tree was seen;
Almost I the tree commended,
Standing there alone, so green.

And a lark went, solitary,
Wheeling round the rock and tree;
Almost I could call her happy,
Singing there alone so free.

Rock and tree and lark! no longer
Envy do ye wake in me!
For a blast, that tree uprooting,
Hurled it to the hungry sea.

Weary sank the lark in ocean,
Ere she reached the sisterhood;
And the waters sapped and swallowed
E'en the rock that proudly stood.

Ah! of you I then bethought me,
Poets of my native land,
Who alone, apart, unloving,
Clutch your wreaths with selfish hand.

To the Northward, Southward, Eastward,
Bent with yearning gaze ye stand,
All, alas! your backs are turning
On your patient mother-land!

Solitary rocks in ocean,
Solitary trees are ye,
Solitary larks that warble
To lone space lone melody.

Haughty rocks, draw near together;
Wandering larks, assemble ye!
Stately trees, your roots and branches
Twine in sweet society!

Be a wall of rocks, my brothers,
Be a dike that proudly braves,
In its massive, close-knit union,
Vulgar passion's restless waves!

Let us be of trees a forest,
Doubly green in unity;
O'er whose interlacing branches
Impotent the storm sweeps by!

Let us be of larks a choir,
Then our music doubly fair
From a hundred throats shall warble,
Soaring up the sunny air!

C. T. B.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 24.—The great event of the week has been the first concert of our PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, which took place at the Academy of Music, Saturday evening. The concerts had been previously given at Niblo's, but that building being found too small, the Academy has been engaged for the present season. Long before the hour of commencing, every seat in the house was occupied, and chairs were brought in and hired to those who were fortunate enough to get them, at the rate of a quarter of a dollar apiece. Never has the Academy of Music presented a more splendid sight; the immense audience filled it to the very farthest nook, and the "lamps shone bright on fair women and brave men." THALBERG was there—GOTTSCALK was there—MASON was there—MARETZEK was there—Mlle. ANGRI was there—Mrs. EMMA BOSTWICK was there—the Opera Company was there—while the Orchestra included every resident instrumental musician of note in the city. HENRY C. TIMM, the President of the Philharmonic Society, was distinguished by his red rosette, even while modestly engaged in the background with making crashing noises, at proper intervals, on the cymbals: THEODORE EISFELD is the leader this season in place of CARL BERGMANN, who is now almost lost to sight under the shadow of a mammoth violoncello.

The programme of the Concert embraced:

PART I.

- 1—Grand Symphony in C minor, Beethoven.
- 2—Aria: "Non mi dir," (sung by Mme. Lagrange), Mozart.
- 3—Solo for Violin: from Schubert's "Praise of Tears,"
(Performed by Wm. Doehler), F. David.
- 4—Piano-forte Solo: a. Arpeggio Study, Chopin.
b. Morceau from Mozart.
c. "La Cavalcade," Goldbeck.
(Performed by Mr. Robert Goldbeck.)

PART II.

- 5—Overture: *Medea*, Cherubini.
- 6—Rode's Variations, (sung by Mme. Lagrange), Rode.
- 7—Overture: "In the Highlands," Gade.

The Symphony of Beethoven was the *piece de resistance* of the evening, and its performance elicited merited applause. The immense orchestra exhibited a perfection and care in light and shade, that reflects the greatest credit on the able conductor.

MADAME LAGRANGE volunteered her services in place of Mlle. JOHANNSEN, of the late German opera troupe, who had been engaged, but was indisposed. Lagrange was received with great favor, and her marvellous execution in Rode's Variations excited the liveliest approbation, drawing forth a hearty *encore*.

Mr. WILLIAM DOEHLER is known in musical circles as an effective member of our operatic orchestras, but as a soloist he cannot take a first rank. He plays with neatness and precision, but does not throw into his performance that sympathetic expression that infuses itself into the performances of a true genius. Mr. GOLDBECK, the pianist, is a very young man, recently arrived from London, and originally from Berlin. He exhibits rare talent, and his deli-

cate, crisp touch reminds the hearer frequently of Gottschalk; he also plays with refined taste, and will in time take a prominent rank among pianists. He was enthusiastically *encored*.

The Cherubini overture was finely performed, and the concluding piece was wholly ruined by the noise made by those who left, to avoid the final rush, regardless of the inconvenience to which they subjected others.

At the Opera, they are repeating old operas, while Verdi's *Traviata* is in active rehearsal. The greatest interest is manifested in regard to this opera, which has been tabooed by the London *Times*, and other English journals. ADELAIDE PHILLIPS appeared as Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Friday night, and was *encored* in the drinking song. The critics agree in the opinion, that she has greatly improved of late.

THALBERG recommences his concerts on Thursday, assisted by the new contralto, Mlle. ANGRI.

TROYATOR.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 25.—Now for a few "jottings" of what is moving in the musical atmosphere of the "Monumental City." Baltimore is not eminently a musical place; we are indeed much behind the other large cities; still I hazard nothing in saying that I never found more of modest worth and individual merit in any place than in this same Baltimore. What we most lack in the mass is public spirit, and an acknowledgment of the claims of the "divine Art." We need some brave general to marshal our forces, march into the affections of the people, and win their hearts at the point of the baton; then, it may be, a change will come over our fair city, and what the police cannot do, Music will—i. e. preserve order.

The item of the week is the Opera, by the PYNE and HARRISON troupe, at Holliday Street Theatre. They are here with the smallest possible orchestra and chorus. Miss Pyne is as pleasing as ever, and "long may she wave"; some think her *passée*, but I cannot concur. With the exception of GUILMETTE, the basso, who is really enjoyable, the rest are beneath criticism; for we are "nothing if not critical."

Our Mozart Society, which is more of a success than anything of the sort since the "Philharmonic," for it is now entering upon its second year, has in active rehearsal the 42d Psalm, "As the hart pants," of Mendelssohn, which they will shortly bring out. It is whispered that "Moses in Egypt" will be next attempted. This society is under the able conductorship of Mr. HARMAN. We have many hopes built on the "Mozart."

Our Episcopal choirs are thrown into a state of excitement by the letter from the house of Bishops, wherein they deprecate the prevalence of operatic music in the church, and call upon the clergy to assist in putting down the evil. They are on the *qui vive* to see how the clergy are going to make the congregations join in singing simple tunes, as advised by the bishops. I hope you and I may live to see congregational singing successfully practised in this country, but we are a long way from that—farther than we are from Germany.

Pease's Hall was last night crowded by an admiring and appreciative audience to listen to Mr. ALLEN's second *soirée*. Here is the programme:

PART I.

- 1—Overture: *Jean de Paris*.
- 2—Trio: *Don Juan*.
- 3—Quintet, Onslow.
- 4—Chorus: *St. Paul*.

PART II.

- 1—Duo: *Der Freischütz*.
- 2—Duo: Piano and Violin, *Vieuxtemps* and Wolf.
- 3—Aria: *Don Juan*.
- 4—Chorus: *Semiramide*.

It is hard to particularize where all was so good; but the Quintet by Onslow, and the Aria from *Don Juan*, deserve more than a passing notice: in the former, Mr. HENRY A. ALLEN played the first violin

with great effect. Mr. A. is one of our first musicians, and I am inclined to think no stranger to you. He is deserving of much credit for getting up such delightful soirées. The aria was sung by Mrs. BUCKLER, who has a voice of singular sweetness and much cultivation; her style is unexceptionable, and she may feel flattered that the rule, "No applause," was broken only for her. But I am getting lengthy, which may be excused in my first essay. More anon. Fraternally, TRUMPET.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 29, 1856.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE.—There is food for reflection in the concluding passage of the New York *Courier and Enquirer's* notice of the first Philharmonic concert, from which we quote under our head of Musical Intelligence.

The assembly, though so very large and fashionable, was very cold and unintelligent. We never saw BEETHOVEN's masterpiece fall so flat before a Philharmonic audience before. The performing members of this Society are now erring as much on one side as in former years they did on the other. They now seem to be attempting to turn the association into a money-making concern. This will end in its ruin as a Philharmonic Society. Its tone will inevitably become low—musically first, and socially afterward—and then it will become no better than a promenade concert, which, however good in its way, is not a Philharmonic concert. There was not one person in twenty of that vast concourse on Saturday evening who understood or enjoyed the music, or who went to the concert for the music's sake.

We fear there is too much truth in this, and that we shall have to take the same truth home to ourselves here in Boston also, inasmuch as the falling off of our once immense and eager audiences for Symphony concerts exposes us to like temptation. Must then a Philharmonic Society be Barnum-ized before it can succeed pecuniarily? If so, we had far better have it understood that classical concerts are for the few, and keep them up to the true standard, lest all real taste for music, in the highest sense of Art, die out for lack of any opportunities for any one to hear it. It is better that only a few hundreds, or ever so small a circle of persons in each large community should learn to appreciate and love the masterworks of genius, than that none at all should. Is not Shakspeare the proud possession of the race? And yet, at any given moment, it is only the few, in any city, who so appreciate and love Shakspeare, that they are drawn to read or witness his creations in preference to inferior works. It is one thing to go to music as a careless, thoughtless evening's amusement (*a Musâ*), and another thing to love music as music (*con Musâ*), and embrace it with one's whole soul. It is one thing to play with it, in pretty much the same sense that one would dance to it, not bound to listen, and still less to think about it, and another thing to be in earnest with it. Now the great orchestral music, the Symphonies and other compositions in which the master spirits like Mozart and Beethoven have embodied the best results of their lives, demand an earnest audience. Not necessarily a *very knowing*, but an *earnest* audience. They must be listened to at least with respect and with desire to learn and enter into more and more deep acquaintance; and this

desire, with decent opportunities, is almost sure to ripen into enthusiasm, till the listening to great music becomes a truly edifying soul's communion,—the answer of what is deepest in us to music which appeals thereto out of the deepest life of genius greater than our own, yet representative for all of us.

The theme is forced upon us by the discouraging result of the effort to procure enough subscribers to warrant the usual series of Orchestral Concerts here in Boston. That only seven hundred tickets for the series, at the fabulously low price of three dollars for eight concerts, should be taken up, among a people who for twenty years have had so many opportunities of hearing the great symphonies, is something which no one three years ago would have supposed possible. Such a suggestion would have seemed an insult to the fair fame of our music-loving city. Alas! we fear we shall have to come to it, and to acknowledge that after all Boston is *not* so very musical a city. That it contains many truly musical persons, there can be no doubt; but a musical *public*, in any really high sense of the term musical, is quite another thing, and possibly a thing which does not exist to the extent that has been imagined in any city on this discordant little planet. Musical *entertainments* are like other entertainments, things of fashion and the moment, things of impulse and caprice, now all the rage, and now put aside in favor of some other idle fancy. Musical *progress* is not perhaps to be expected of the public; it is found with the few, like good society (by which we do not mean fashionable, but—*good*). Of such progress there are plenty of evidences in Boston. There is more good music in private houses; more circles drawn together by the love of what is best in music; more purchases of the best compositions, vocal or instrumental; more private quartet parties, and so forth, among our people than there ever were before, or than can be found in many cities.

The advent in the history of music of the modern Grand Orchestra, with its many-voiced eloquence, would seem to indicate the period when Art in its highest utterances should be brought home to men in masses; nor do we yet despair of the arrival of that happy time. But meanwhile it is best that all we do be genuine; that we do not mistake the excitement of fashion for the enthusiasm of sincere response to Art; that we do not make brilliant and crowded audiences and all sorts of external *éclat* the *sine quâ non* of concerts, and so lend the name of Art to what is only clap-trap, in order to secure such questionable triumphs. We did, to be sure, a few years since, have reason to suppose that "classical" music (by which we mean nothing formal and traditional, but music of *genius*, and thereby bound to live) could be made "popular" among us. Recent experience must make us all less sanguine. Let us not lose faith that the best there is in Art, as in all other revelations of the highest, is meant for all mankind, and will eventually reach and inspire all; but let us not be too anxious to make music "popular." There will always be a plenty of popular things—we need not trouble ourselves about that. But *good* things demand our efforts and our sacrifices. Let us see to it that we do something really good, and popularity will follow—when it will. It is time to be suspicious,

when a Philharmonic Society seeks first of all to make its concerts "popular" and fashionable. Then its truest friends speak out in language like that of the *Courier & Enquirer*.

Some compromises we know must be made, to put ideas into practice. "Mixed programmes" and appeals to secondary motives may be useful in enticing listeners or *quasi* listeners to music which is above them; and some who go to be amused, may come away with a new and deeper chord in their own natures touched. But it is always important that we preserve somewhere a pure "well of (Music) undefiled"; that we establish *en permanence* at least one set of concerts which shall always faithfully and truly point the audience upward in the direction of true Art. Such concerts have usually borne the name of "Philharmonic." Here we may call them "Orchestral Concerts," "Beethoven Society Concerts," or what not; their end has always been essentially and should be the same. Shall we not manage to support, even if it be on a more modest scale than we have been used to, one genuine society of this kind? We shall return to the subject again, but we wait first to see the result of the new experiment of offering but four concerts instead of eight, with opportunity to subscribers to attend one rehearsal of each concert. We hope and trust this will succeed. The disinterested labors and risk of those who offer us this opportunity, deserve to be cordially met and crowned with full success. If there are a thousand people who love great orchestral music, as much as they love balls and suppers, they will not resist the "economical fever" to the end of all the rest, and only give in when the music comes.

Four-Part Songs by Robert Franz.

Good additions to the stock of short four-part pieces, suitable for choirs and singing clubs, are among the most desirable of musical publications. We have already had a rich mine opened to us in the four-part songs of Mendelssohn. Those who have had opportunity to know and love the songs for single voice by ROBERT FRANZ, will be glad to find him entering the same field. That his talent for part-writing, (trained in the strictest science and in the spirit of Sebastian Bach,) is almost as remarkable as his rare gift for wedding poetry to song, has been already proved by his *Kyrie*, his *Psalm*, and other sacred compositions. He has now issued his op. 24, entitled: "*Sechs Lieder für gemischten Chor* (Six Songs for mixed Chorus, i. e. composed of male and female voices); *Leipzig: F. Whistling.*" The *Neue Zeitschrift* has this to say of them:

"These new compositions contain in a high degree the many peculiar excellencies of their author, although the free unfolding of his individuality was hindered by the limitation of means and especially by the nature of this kind of composition. The instrumental accompaniment, in which a great deal of Franz's mastery lies, is wanting here entirely; nor are those finer *nuances* of individual moods, by which the composer has so often compelled our admiration, so happily practicable in chorus songs. Yet all these wants we do not feel in the songs before us, since they are sufficiently covered by the most brilliant peculiarities. The intelligent choice of poems, not one of which even in small details resisted a polyphonic treatment; the declamation, excellent as

ever, and the capital manner in which he hits the mood and character of the whole; the strict independence of the single voices, (the result of a thorough, fondly pursued and richly rewarded study of Bach and Handel, the lyrical style of both of whom is not so far off as it might seem from our's of to-day); the rich harmonic beauties everywhere abounding, without giving cause for frequent complaint of useless dissonances: all these are excellencies seldom found united in compositions of this sort. Especially seldom, when associated, as they are here, with simplicity and nobility of invention, with marked and constant euphony, and easiness of execution.

"The first of the songs (in A minor, 2-4 measure, Andantino,) has for its poetic substratum the people's song: *Es ist ein Schnee gefallen*, is kept in a simple and heartfelt tone, especially in the third stanza (A major): *Nun Lieb' lass dich's erbarmen, dass ich so elend bin*, and interests by characteristic peculiarities. We give the highest place to the second: "At parting," by Osterwald, (Con moto, B flat major, common time.) It has a *Volkslied* character, which is fully justified by the poem, is especially distinguished by the above mentioned independence of the voices, and enchains us by its strong simplicity of conception and single beauties of harmony of a surprising freshness. In the following fine song of Martin Luther's: *Die beste Zeit*, (B major, 6-8 time, Allegretto,) we could have wished a little less of reflection and modern conception, although the music in itself excites great interest. At the same time we cannot get rid of the thought, that much in it is far-fetched and that the peculiar *naivete* of the poem has not found its corresponding musical expression.

"On the other hand, Uhland's famous *Frühlingsglaube*, (Spring faith,) (Allegretto con moto, A flat major, 6-8 measure,) is admirably composed, in regard to feeling, ideas and technical working up. Particularly beautiful in this piece is the passage: *O frischer Duft, O neuer Klang*, (O fresh fragrance, O new sound,) expressed by the chord *f, b^b, f, c*, and *a^b, a, f, f*, which diffuse over it a poetic breath, and have a wonderful effect. Osterwald's "May Song," (Allegretto con grazia, A major, 2-4 time,) breathes the loveliest grace, and is masterly in the carriage of the voices. Geibel's "Morning Stroll," (Con moto, E flat major, 4-4 time,) has an earnest, inspired mood, and is equally distinguished by technical excellencies, especially by the climax so full of poetry in the fourth verse, to the words: *Und der Morgenröthe Schein stimmt in lichter Glut mit ein*.

"If Franz's compositions needed any recommendation, we would not fail to urge these six songs upon the attention of *Sing-akademien* and *Liedertafeln*, and make it a duty with them to procure and study them."

There is a prospect that they will soon be republished here with English words.

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—Of the first Philharmonic concert on Saturday evening, the *Courier & Enquirer* says:

The performances were all creditable, and some of them very much so. The most important of them was the famous Symphony in C minor, by Beethoven, which was played in fine style, under the direction of Mr. EISEL, who had given it the benefit of very thorough rehearsal, and had so far resisted the

temptation to make concerts of the Saturday afternoon rehearsals as to cause certain passages of it to be repeated again and again, almost bar by bar, instrument by instrument. The consequence was a very accurate performance in all respect. We noticed no point missed nor effect lost. But the performance, though correct, was somewhat deficient in spirit. The forte passages of the superb *Andante* lacked grandeur and diffusive power; the notes of the brass and wood bands were not given with sustained force, and the unity of effect was consequently broken by a too great prominence of the triplets and groups of four notes, with which the violins here run through the harmony—the accompaniment overpowered the melody. The *Scherzo* was better, the trio being more cleanly given by the basses than we remember to have heard it before, and the *Allegro* best. Its grand effects were produced with great breadth and vigor.

Madame DE LA GRANGE appeared to less advantage than usual in the execution of MOZART's exquisite *Nom mi dir*, which is of a little too severe a style for her; and the remaining solo performances were not particularly noteworthy.

Thalberg's new series takes the form of "Grand" Concerts, although they are held in the same place, Niblo's Saloon. The programme for Thursday evening contained Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, overtures by full orchestra to "Oberon" and "Tell," a couple of Thalberg's fantasias, and vocal selections (chiefly from Rossini) by the newly arrived contralto Mlle. D'ANGRI and by Sig. MORELLI.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Mozart Society gave their first concert of the season on Tuesday evening of last week, before a large audience, in the City Hall. The first part consisted of selections from the "Messiah," the choruses, "And the Glory," "O, thou that tellest," "Lift up your heads," "Behold the Lamb of God," "All we like sheep," and "Their sound is gone out," which were sung, for the most part, in good time and with good expression. The air, "O thou that tellest," was sung by an alto voice of remarkable depth, possessing much of the pure contralto quality of tone. Miss Fiske's singing of "Come unto him," was a most satisfactory performance, creditable alike to her taste and skill. The air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "How beautiful are the feet," were wisely allotted to a lady whose musical talent needs only to be appreciated to enable her to stand at the head of our resident singers. On this, her first appearance in public, some natural want of confidence was visible; but every candid listener must have noticed the silvery sweetness of her upper tones, and the mellow, reed-like quality of the lower ones. We hope to hear her again. Mr. Hamilton's bass recitative and air were among the best things of the evening. Romberg's ode, "The Transient and Eternal," with the solo and chorus, "When thou comest," formed the second part of the programme. The different solos, &c., were without exception, very well sustained by Misses Whiting, Wilder and Fiske, and Messrs. Hamilton, Hapgood and Holmes; while Mr. B. D. Allen's masterly piano-playing added much to the performance. Between the parts, songs were sung by Miss Whiting, who is a decided acquisition to the society, and by Miss Fiske. "The Dearest Spot," and a song of Abt's, as sung by the former, were loudly encored, as was also the latter's rendering of Schubert's "Erl-King," which was impassioned and true to its wild, weird beauty. As a whole, the concert was remarkably successful, reflecting much credit upon the society and its esteemed conductor.—*Worcester Palladium*.

Foreign.

BERLIN.—On Thursday, the 16th ult., Herr Liebig, the indefatigable *musikdirector*, commenced his *soirées* for classical orchestral music, at the Singacademie. The first piece was Mendelssohn's magnificent overture to *Alhalla*, which was followed by a symphony in C major by Haydn. The second part began with Bennett's *Naiads'* overture, and concluded with Beethoven's symphony in B major.—A comparatively little-known quartet in A major, by Robert Schumann, was executed at the last Quartet-Soirée of Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach.—The Count von Redern, who accompanied Prince Friedrich Wilhelm to the coronation at Moscow, has brought back with him a large number of Russian sacred songs, which are said to date from the earliest period of the Christian era. Kriger's Gesangverein are getting up a performance in memory of Robert Schumann. Among other works of this composer, which are not generally known here, will be the Requiem from *Manfred*, the introduction from the opera of *Genoveva*, and the "Adventlied."

DRESDEN.—Professor Rietschel is at present employed on a large statue of Carl Maria von Weber, which will be erected near the Theatre.

AIX-*LA-CHAPELLE*.—A new opera, *Das Osterfest*, by Dr. Alois Schmitt, has been successfully produced.

HEIDELBERG.—Mme. Clara Schumann is living here with her children in the greatest privacy.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THE HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are making a very thorough study, under the directorship of CARL ZERRAHN, of Costa's oratorio "Eli." The rehearsals go on in good earnest; the conductor is indefatigable as he is able, and commands the unanimous attention of his great choir. We have never heard so good a balance of the four parts, and all so effective, in the society, as they exhibit in these rehearsals. Of the music, judging from such portions as we have heard, we must confess that it far exceeds our expectations. Some of the choruses are very beautiful, even without the orchestral accompaniments, which we are told are very rich. We feel that the oratorio is destined to make an impression here, as it has done in England. It is really remarkable that so German a work should proceed from an Italian composer. But Mr. Costa has been for years conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts, and of Mendelssohn's and Handel's oratorios, as well as of the Opera, in London, and has always had the reputation of a master in all the technical secrets of composition.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, finding it a losing business to give Oratorios as they have done, have adopted a new plan. They propose to enlist the aid of all the lovers of great sacred music as "Associate Members." We copy from their circular:

The privileges of an Associate Member are, two admissions to all the Rehearsals and Concerts of the Society, upon payment of five dollars annually.

It is proposed to give six musical entertainments during the season, viz: upon the last Tuesday evenings of December, January, February and March, for associate members only, at Messrs. HALLET, DAVIS & Co.'s Rooms, 409 Washington St.; also a grand concert, with orchestra, upon the anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth, consisting entirely of selections from his works; and another of Haydn's works, comprising the "Mass in D," "Passion," &c., with piano-forte or organ accompaniment.

Here will be an excellent opportunity, at moderate cost, of becoming acquainted with a good deal of good music, and we trust that applications for Associate Membership will flow in freely to the Secretary of the Society, Mr. WM. STUTSON JR., 350 Washington St.

Don't forget the second concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, which takes place next Tuesday evening. Mr. LEONHARD will play again that Trio by Beethoven.

Our friend the "Diarist," Mr. A. W. THAYER, has prepared a very interesting and instructive lecture on the lives and music of the five great composers: Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, which he will be glad to read before Lyceums, Musical Societies, &c. The lecture contains much information that is new, and presents the whole subject in an original and vivid light. Wherever music and these great names are held in respect, there ought to be an audience for such a lecture. Places like Worcester, New Bedford, Salem, Providence, &c., where are so many music-lovers, would do well to secure a chance to hear it.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mozart's "Twelfth Mass."

Some forty years since Simrock of Bonn published a Mass by MOZART, both in score and for piano-forte, arranged by Zulehner, and numbered VII. In October, 1821, a criticism of the work appeared in the *Leipzig Mus. Zeitung*, by which it seems that the people had doubted its authenticity, and had said hard things of it, as being a work in which "a church style similar to that of the *Requiem* had been sought, but not, even in the slightest degree, found." As to the authenticity of the Mass, the writer of the notice says that "he had owned it already some thirty years, and had obtained it at the most truthful source, Salzburg, where Mozart wrote it and had it performed several times." Most of the article, however, is devoted to an explanation of the fact that the piece is not written in church style, by a historical notice of the state of music in the cathedral of his tyrannical, brutish eminence, the then Archbishop of Salzburg, and the influence which the taste of that man (whose treatment of the great musician has "damned him to everlasting fame,") or rather which his want of taste had upon the compositions of that musician. The writer therefore decides that the work is really what it pretends to be—a posthumous Mass by Mozart.

After a due lapse of time the newly found work reached Vienna and came into the hands of SEYFRIED, the great Mozart man of the thirty years succeeding the master's death. He scrupled to accept it as authentic, and wrote a letter, humorous in form, but not in substance, in which he made known his objections as: "First scruple, second scruple," &c., which I give in as small space as possible.

First Scruple, on page third: "*Adagio quasi andante*." *Quasi*, he says, is a word never used by Mozart.

Second Scruple, is the heterogeneous manner in which the keys of the different movements follow: G major, C major, F major, C minor, C major. In Mozart's time, says he, it was not the custom to mingle the keys in such manner; most of the movements were in the key selected as the principal one; the first and last were always the same; and nobody had any conception of such a succession as G and F. He concludes, then, that if the various hymns of this Mass be really of Mozart's composition, still they were never put together by him in such a manner.

Third Scruple—that the *Et incarnatus est* is a solo, with *Crucifixus*, spoken by the choir *sotto voce*, "just as in *opera buffa* one hears *zitto, zitto, zitto—taci, taci, taci*."

Item, the triplets and thirds, which on certain pages accompany the long-continued four-part chord, "with which now-a-days," says he, "Rossini and consorts overfeed us with most liberal generosity."

On page 47 he finds a "splendid consecutive fifth," and in the *Dona* "a most charming consecutive octave." He copies the two passages, and wonders what Christian soul can attribute them to Mozart.

He finds other scruples, in the tedious length of the *Kyrie*, in the "vulgar, silly" *Quoniam, Et incarnatus, Benedictus* and *Dona*; also in the false scanning of the words, as *Kyrie, giontām, sēc-ūti, vēntūri*; also in quite a large number of instances of want of taste and the like in the music.

This letter was printed in the first volume of the *Cæcilia*, and two or three numbers later Simrock inserts in the same periodical his reply. He states that he had received the work from CARL ZULEHNER (as great an arranger of vocal music as CZERNY of instrumental), and had considered him sufficient authority. Moreover he remembered that in the days of the Elector of Cologne, the fugue: *Cum sancto spiritu*, had occurred in a Mass by Mozart, sung in the electoral chapel. The hand in which the MS. was written was much like Mozart's, though, says Simrock, it could hardly be his. How it came in possession of Zulehner he did not know, but doubted not Z. would explain it. Simrock supposes the work in question to be one patched up out of things old and new for some abbey or convent in which the composer, while still quite young, happened to be staying. This hypothesis, he thinks, explains many queer things in this Mass, and it must be looked upon as a mere occasional piece, which Mozart never thought of publishing. It is clear that Simrock considers

the work as a very weak one, though, publishing it himself, he does not say so directly. "It is well known," says he, "that in those days there were often very good instrumentalists and singers in the abbeys and cloisters, who wished for a solo to sing or play at the Mass, which demand the master according to circumstances might well be disposed to meet; and this may have been the origin of the *Benedictus*, which Herr von Seyfried declares to have been a minuet theme, without taking into consideration, that in those times roudades were much in vogue, and a bass solo like that in the *Benedictus* would have passed for very beautiful."

Here the matter seems to have rested. I do not find that Zulehner took any notice of the public request for information, nor do I find the work mentioned directly either by NISSEN or HOLMES.

But now in the winter of 1855-6 appears the first volume of JAHN'S "Life of Mozart," in the Appendix to which he discusses the master's early church compositions, and decides that "the arguments of Seyfried against the authenticity of the work have been overthrown by neither the critic in the *Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, nor by Simrock."

But why have I spent so much time upon this matter?

Because this "Mass for four voices, No. VII.," of which I have a copy of Simrock's edition, is, note for note, that which in our country is so popular under the title of *Mozart's Twelfth Mass*!

A. W. T.

Operas in Paris.

[The following article, from the London *Athenæum* of Oct. 4, probably presents a fair view of the general condition of opera in the various Parisian theatres.]

That the principal musical theatres in Paris are not in their most satisfactory state just now we fancy few French musicians would dispute. For this many reasons could be given: the dearth of composers, the want of executive artists (tenors especially) able to satisfy the highly-wrought expectations of the day, and the abuse of those indirect influences which, after a time, so vitiate opinion that the public loses faith, the weak artist due incentive to strive honorably, and the strong one to hope for justice. Without personally visiting the scene of action, accurate information on any musical subject in Paris seems unattainable. To begin with the Grand Opera—what person at a distance has any chance of knowing "the rights and wrongs" of any matter concerning the new prima donna, Madame Borghi-Mamo? The critic who is understood to write under a *nom de guerre* in the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French government, of which the Grand Opera is now a strict dependency, distinctly stated the other day, in another journal, in which he writes with his own signature, that Mme. Borghi-Mamo would not come out while he was absent from Paris. Her début was actually or accidentally postponed till M——'s return;

and of course when she did come, she was stupendously praised as a Phoenix among débutantes at the Opera. The fact would matter little were the Grand Opera not a state machine, or were the Parisian press free; under the circumstances, the interference works towards the maintenance and encouragement of corruption, unblushing in its cynicism, and towards ruin to Art, as a certain consequence. Persons of high nature will not "eat dirt"; persons of a less high nature, who consent to eat dirt, provided it be disguised with a sugared or piquant sauce, by partaking of such dainty dish, are thereby weakened, impregnated with fever, and made incapable of wholesome action. These are harsh constructions and considerations, it may be said, to figure in a mere theatrical report; but they belong to the time, to the present state of Art, and to the significance of "the fourth estate" in Paris. Should any Grimm *redivivus* be now writing the memoirs of the world of French Fashion, Art, and Diplomacy, for the edification of some far-off friend, they will figure largely in his letters, to come to light among other strange illustrations when this generation shall have raved and fretted itself into its long sleep. To return:—Madame Borghi-Mamo's success in 'Le Prophète' is agreed to be a great success—by the journals. But we question the measure of its greatness from having been present at the lady's fourth performance in 'Le Prophète.' Madame Borghi-Mamo is doubtless in some respects a valuable acquisition. As a voice and as a singer she stands midway betwixt Madame Tedesco and Madame Alboni. Her organ is rich, powerful, and smooth; but she has not the natural power and splendor of the first lady, nor does she as yet command the vocal delicacy and grace of the second, though she sings correctly and has improved, we think, since her first appearance at the Italian Opera in Paris. Madame Borghi-Mamo is as little of an actress as either predecessor:—a performance more essentially lifeless than hers is rarely to be seen. Her face says nothing: her limbs merely execute some of the motions established as traditional by Madame Viardot. This seems to be already felt or found out by her audience:—at all events, the effect made by her on the evening when we heard and saw 'Le Prophète' was confined to that well-known spot in the *parterre* with which every one versed in Parisian theatricals is familiar. M. Roger was singing with refreshed voice, and acting with all his known intelligence, but with more grandeur and simplicity than formerly. Mlle. Poinot, too, the Bertha, was in her best tune; and by her dramatic energy carried off the honors in the duet in the fourth act. Madame Medori is shortly to appear as heroine in 'Les Vêpres' of Signor Verdi. Of a new opera the only whisper heard is an announcement that Signor Biletta's 'Rose de Florence,' having been shortened, is again about to enter into rehearsal;—and indeed there are now only two French sources from which anything may be expected,—these being MM. Halévy, and Gounod. M. Meyerbeer has left Paris, so that, according to his usual rate of proceeding, if 'L'Africaine' is to be given by him, the opera may hardly be expected before the Carnival of 1858. But it is said that the long-talked-of, reconsidered edition of M. Auber's 'Cheval de Bronze' is preparing for performance; and, further, a version of 'Il Trovatore,' to which Signor Verdi has undertaken to add an overture, a duet, a new finale, and some ballet music.

At the Opéra Comique few, if any, of the novelties which have been lavished there during the past twelvemonth seem new enough to keep the stage; and M. Perrin has had recourse to a solemn revival of 'Zampa,' with Madame Ugalde and M. Barbot as heroine and hero. The music suits neither precisely, nor is the work, in spite of the fire and fancy which it contains, a great work, so much as an opera meant to be grand, but (with small exception) virtually written in the style which is comic—a style of brisk measures, sharply cut rhythms, tunes that suggest dance rather than song, and an instrumentation fatiguing by its uniform glitter. Our remark, it might be urged, applies to M. Auber's 'La Muette,' but then that opera has melody in a quantity and of a quality

which Hérold had not reached when he died. The next revival talked of at the Opéra Comique is that of 'Jean de Paris,' for the débuts of Mlle. L'Héritier and M. Stockhausen. This, if well carried through, should prove very interesting. Boieldieu was as much fresher in style and subject than M. Auber, as M. Auber is than Hérold. The first finale to his 'Jean,' beginning with the entry of La Princesse, is a masterpiece of elegant and lively writing,—the 'Troubadour' ballad in the second act is delicious among romances.—Meanwhile, the new opera alternating with 'Zampa' at the Opéra Comique is M. Auber's 'Manon Lescaut,' with Madame Capel as its heroine. That this is a veteran's work every one must feel who hears it; but a thoroughly bred and thoroughly trained old courtier of the *ancien régime* will seem—nay, will be—y younger than many a "fast" young man of the present day who has neither youth of manner nor youth of mind:—and so it is with this music. If it contain less to enjoy than 'Le Domino' or 'Fra Diavolo' does, there is throughout something to remark, something to learn,—a lucid grace, variety, and ingenuity in the orchestra,—everywhere sly touches of flute, oboe, harp, or viola talking to the purpose,—which does more for the scene than the most profound or preternatural combination ever piled up by the Wagnerites. In the first finale, too, where Manon sings at the tavern to pay for her dinner, M. Auber has broken out, as he might have done thirty years ago, into a laughing, irresistible inspiration. Madame Cabel plays the first two acts of this opera with great archness (up-hill work it must be to play to such an unsentimental looking Des Grieux as she has been here paired with), and she sings the aforesaid laughing song to perfection,—throughout the rest of her part, which has been loaded with vocal audacities for her display, she is more dashing than scrupulous in her execution, and less excellent than some of her predecessors in the florid style. M. Faure, who is the Marquis, the courtly persecutor of the thoughtless *grisette*, has made progress, and is now one of those excellent bassi at home alike in figurative or in expressive music, able to act and to talk, as well as to sing,—who seem only to be met with at the Opéra Comique of Paris. But the theatre seems deplorably in want of a tenor,—a want which is not new. Or it may be that the classification of voices and the art of singing were less understood in France formerly than they are now,—for we shall find the best elder writers perpetually employing mixed baritone voices with a few notes of high *falsetto* (of which Herr Pischek is, perhaps, the only modern specimen): hence, since these are not common now-a-days, an inevitable difficulty and loss of effect in reviving many of the old French operas. Whether the Ellevous and Martins themselves sang in a manner which even a Frenchman, as devotedly national as M. Berlioz himself, would in these days accept as singing—may be doubted, without cruel scepticism.

The Théâtre Lyrique is said to be prospering,—thanks to the reign there of the wife of its manager, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, one of the most accomplished vocalists of her class that has ever appeared. People still crowd to 'Fanchonnette' for her sake, and not for the story of the opera, which is absurd, still less for M. Clapisson's music, which is "dry as a remainder biscuit," without any extraordinary cleverness to carry off the dryness. No matter—as the young heiress who has chosen the life and calling of a street-singer, in order that, after the fashion of one of Lady Morgan's heroines, she may watch over the disinherited relation whom she unrequitedly loves, Madame Miolan-Carvalho works marvels with M. Clapisson's poor score. She plays with the difficulties of her long and fatiguing part, by displaying an amount of spirit, brilliancy, accent, and expression for which even those who, like ourselves have always rated her highly, were not prepared. Her voice has gained in power and body, without losing in delicacy or expression,—her acting in intelligence and readiness. She has profited, for a wonder, by removing from the second to the third opera-house in Paris, and now ranks among the most fascinating, as well as the

most finished, singers before the public.—It seems generally agreed that M. Maillart's 'Les Dragons de Villars'—which has been at least produced at the Théâtre Lyrique—has little style or invention to recommend it. "The successor of Auber (to quote a contemporary) seems as far as ever from presenting himself." There is a chance, say some who should know, of Mr. Balfe bringing out a new opera here; and, if so, a chance that its libretto may be one of semi-English origin. Should the tale prove true, it will not be the first time that our allies have had assistance from our island in the manufacture of their comic opera. D'Hèle (as the name is spelt in Grétry's Memoirs), who furnished several books to that delicious and intelligent melodist, was a countryman of ours.

Last and not least, we must speak of M. Offenbach's little theatre,—which has just removed from the Elysian Fields to its winter quarters in the Passage Choiseul. Certainly, never had singers such a cage of gold and garlands and velvet curtains to sing before as has been here arranged for the delectation of their audience. A theatre belonging to a Petit Trianon might be fancied, in better taste, but it could hardly be more sumptuous than this. Light, slight, and bright are the wares set by M. Offenbach before the public,—allowance being made for the proportions of his stage, which make his actors look somewhat of the largest. Here every sort of farce—every sort of folly within the limits of decorum—is permissible; *bergeries* after Watteau—buffoneries, whence or where got Momus knows!—La Fontaine's fables moralized into dramas of speaking, singing life, such, for instance, as 'La Financier et le Savetier,' the most recent of the souffles served up at the Bouffés Parisiens. The dialogue to this, with all its pertinence and impertinence (meant, apparently, to hit as hard in high places as Polichinelle or Pasquin have leave to hit), is by M. Hector Cremieux,—the music by M. Offenbach himself. The relations betwixt the vulgar financier and the light-hearted cobbler, who must sing or he will choke—the "ups and downs" by which the one suddenly becomes poor and the other rich—also, how the cobbler loves and is loved by Aubépine, the financier's daughter—are neatly and merrily set by M. Offenbach, and whimsically said and sung by his three actors. His tiny orchestra claims more serious praise—the manner in which this is used in the overture to set off a pretty phrase, and the perfect pianissimo obtained in execution, could hardly be exceeded as a clever example of legitimate miniature music. Of M. Offenbach's endeavors, by offering prizes, to encourage composers to be simple, gay, and ingenious, the *Athenæum* has spoken. It may now be added, that the jury impanelled from the first musicians in Paris has expressed itself surprised by the amount of original talent revealed on the occasion,—no less than six candidates having presented themselves,—all of high merit,—and who are now to compete in setting a libretto, with the certainty that the most successful work will be crowned with honor and pay. Let us hope that good will come of this. In Paris, as everywhere else, the cry is for composers, not for opportunities. Whether our age is one in which composers are nourished is doubtful. The combinations of Music are not yet exhausted; but the comparative ease of life and luxury of manners operate as a heavy disadvantage upon those born with a certain fluency of creative power. The energetic fling themselves into an antagonistic ruggedness; the industrious addict themselves to antiquarian puerilities; the sybaritic produce such commonplaces as most readily find a market. But this is too grave talk for the threshold of M. Offenbach's temple of innocent follies.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—Here is a good specimen of the astuteness of that rather numerous class of critics who are most positive and dictatorial when they are the most ignorant of what they are writing or speaking about:

Several years ago in York, England, the performance of the "Messiah" was advertised to take place with Mozart's instrumentation, at a grand musical festival. When the managers, who

came from London, were about to lay out at the first rehearsal the music for the various instruments, they discovered, to their great dismay, that they had left the parts behind, and they were not to be procured in York. As there were no railroads at that time, the good managers were in no little trouble, until at length a clever fellow suggested that they should take Handel's original parts in place of Mozart's, adding that no one in the place would detect the change. The name of Mozart, however, stood in large characters upon the bill. After the concert the Duchess of York approached the conductor in a most cheerful and satisfied manner, and said, "she felt most happy that she had at length heard the 'Messiah' with Mozart's accompaniment, after having heard it so many times with Handel's. The latter was in her opinion stiff and thin, while the work under Mozart's hand had been much improved." The conductor of course felt much pleased, and could scarcely conceal his smiles; but the lady had scarcely left him, when Mr. Tempelwest, a very well known amateur in England, and a man who intensely disliked anything new, advanced impatiently towards him, and greeted him as follows: "Sir, are you not ashamed to mar on this classical ground a masterpiece of Handel in such a manner? Mozart's treatment is a piece of bungling, and everything he may have written cannot atone for it. O, I have listened intently; there is not one bar which the miserable Mozart has left untouched."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"And for our tong, that still is so empayred
By travelling linguists,—I can prove it clear
That no tong has the muses' utterance heyred
For verse, and that swete music to the ear
Brook out of Rhyne so naturally as this."—CHAPMAN.

Give me of every language, first my vigorous English,
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines,
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household
employment—

Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of a man.

Not from one metal alone the perfectest mirror is
shapen,

Not from one color is built the rainbow's aerial bridge,
Instruments blending together yield the divinest of
music,

Out of a myriad of flowers, sweetest honey is drawn.

So unto thy close strength is welded and beaten to-
gether

Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the South;
So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents born in the
mountains

Rush, and the rivers pour brimming with sun from
the plains.

Thou hast the sharp clean edge and the downright
blow of the Saxon,

Thou the majestic march and the stately pomp of
the Latin,

Thou the euphonious swell, the rhythmical roll of the
Greek;

Thine is the elegant suavity caught from the sonorous
Italian,

Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace of
the Norman—

Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural strength.

Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by open-
ing vowels,

Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the air.
Over thy feudal battlements trail the wild tendrils of
fancy,

Where in the early morn warbled our earliest birds;
Science looks out from thy watch-tower, love whispers
in at thy lattice,

While o'er thy bastions wit flashes its glittering sword.

Not by corruption rotted, nor slowly by ages degraded,
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from
our words;

Virgin and clean is their edge, like granite blocks
chiselled by Egypt,

Just as when Shakespeare and Milton laid them in
glorious verse.

Fitted for every use, like a great majestic river,
Blending thy various streams, stately thou flowest
along,

Bearing the white-winged ship of poesy over thy bosom,
Laden with spices that come out of the tropical isles,
Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and fluttering
pennons,

Logic's frigates of war, and the toil-worn barges of
trade.

How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker,
When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he trans-
lates;

Caught on the word's sharp angles flash the bright
hues of his fancy—

Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good horse-
man his steed.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to
hailstones,

Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a
shower—

Now in a twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Tro-
chee,

Unbroke, firm set, advance, retreat, trampling along—
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in trip-
licate syllables,

Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on,
Now their voluminous coil, intertangling like huge
anacondas,

Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

Flexile and free in thy gait, and simple in all thy con-
struction,

Yielding to every turn, thou bearest thy rider along;
Now like our hackney or draught-horse serving our
commonest uses,

Now bearing grandly the Poet Pegasus-like to the sky.
Thou art not prisoned in fixed rules, thou art no slave
to a grammar,

Thou art an eagle uncaged, scorning the perch and
the chain.

Hadst thou been fettered and formalized, thou hadst
been tamer and weaker:

How could the poor slave walk with thy grand free-
dom of gait?

Let then grammarians rail, and let foreigners sigh for
thy sign-posts,

Wandering lost in thy maze, thy wilds of magnificent
growth,

Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of reason de-
fiant:

I, in thy wildness, a grand freedom of character find.
So, with irregular outline, tower up the sky-piercing
mountains,

Rearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous steeps,
Spreading o'er ledges unclimbable, meadows and
slopes of green smoothness,

Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their peaks
in the clouds.

Therefore it is that I praise thee, and never can cease
from rejoicing,

Thinking that good stout English is mine and my an-
cestors' tongue.

Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modu-
lation—

I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek,
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and
stately,

French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and
harsh.

Not while our organ can speak with its many and won-
derful voices—

Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud trumpet
of war,

Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full
diapason,

Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals
and stops.

Poems by W. W. Story.

Three Weeks in Berlin.

(From the Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

If Berlin is not the most musical city in the
world, it is probably, London excepted, the city
at which you may hear the most and the best
music. The orchestras are not, it is true, better

than our own—nor is the best of them—that of
the Symphony Concerts over which M. Taubert
presides—so good as the band of the Société des
Concerts in Paris, or as the Festival orchestras at
Birmingham, Bradford, and Norwich. But, on
the other hand, there are several distinct bodies
of instrumental performers in Berlin, which have
no connection with each other, and all of which
are more or less efficient.

The Opernhaus of the Königliche Schauspiele
—the largest theatre in Berlin, and perhaps the
most beautiful in Europe—has been to me the
greatest of attractions. Not because the perform-
ances are superior in many respects to what I
have heard elsewhere. On the contrary. With
one exception (Mme. Köster) the singers might
be easily overmatched; while the chorus and or-
chestra, numerous and efficient as they are, can
by no means justly be denominated perfect. But
the charm is in the *ensemble*. . . . Everything
is cared for, from the first lady and gentleman,
to the last "super;" and the result generally
leaves a satisfactory impression of completeness.

There are two conductors at the Opernhaus—
MM. Taubert and Dorn. M. Taubert is a sound
musician, and a composer of "distinction," al-
though without genius or originality. Mendels-
sohn—who has influenced one great department
in the art quite as much as Rossini another—is
the type which haunts M. Taubert both in his
symphonies and his piano-forte music; but it is
Mendelssohn's form (diffused)—or perhaps rather
Mendelssohn's shadow, without Mendelssohn's
substance. M. Taubert conducts more effectively
at the Opera than at the Symphony Concerts
(about which more anon); but he is always more
or less spasmodic, and, if I may so express my-
self, rhythmically capricious. M. Dorn, the other
chef-d'orchestre, is more precise, and easier to
follow, though he lacks the fire which his fellow-
conductor (given as M. Taubert is, nevertheless,
to take the music of Mendelssohn too slow) to
some extent possesses. M. Taubert (to revert to
the eternal topic) is *anti-Zukunft* to the death.
So was M. Dorn, until one fine day M. Liszt
brought out the opera of *Niebelungen* (Dorn's,
not Wagner's) at Weimar. From that time
Tannhäuser was considered worthy to be pro-
duced at Berlin.

There is another important feature connected
with the Opernhaus at Berlin—viz., the great
variety of works to be heard there which can
rarely be heard elsewhere. A condition insepar-
able from its constitution ordains that the great
composers dead are to be treated with the same
consideration as if living, and their memory hon-
ored by frequent revivals of their masterpieces.
Thus the operas of Gluck, owing to this just and
wholesome rule, are familiar to the Berlin public,
while the *Titus* and *Idomeneus* of Mozart, though
not played so often, are no more laid upon the
shelf than *Figaro's Hochzeit* and *Don Juan*. The
operas of Spontini, too, appear at intervals; and
for all who entertain any curiosity about the lyric
drama, the music of that composer must possess a
special interest. Weber's *Euryanthe*, a period-
ical visitation, is welcome to all admirers of the
gifted composer of *Der Freyschütz*. Not to enter
further into particulars, however, or to cite other
instances of great old operas, which, by authority,
constitute part and parcel of the repertoire, I may
add simply that the works of living composers are
not by any means neglected. Meyerbeer, Auber,
even Richard Wagner, (as I have elsewhere
suggested) and indeed the modern school in the
persons of nearly all its most brilliant representa-
tives, are called upon in due succession. Of
course, under these circumstances, the system of
giving the same operas often in succession, or at
intervals, is out of the question. And this confers
upon Berlin a vast superiority over Paris, where
the revival of any of the classical chefs d'œuvre is
an occurrence of the greatest rarity. At Berlin
the same opera is very seldom performed two
nights consecutively. To give you some notion
of how much can be heard owing to the enforce-
ment of this regulation, I may just mention that
but lately, within a period of less than three
weeks, I was present at the performance of six
operas and three ballets. The operas were Boiel-

dieu's *Die Wiesse Dame* (Oct. 13); Mozart's *Titus* (Oct. 14—the anniversary of the King's birthday); Auber's *Carlo Broschi* (Oct. 19); Wagner's *Tannhäuser* (Oct. 22); Spontini's *Fernando Cortes* (Oct. 24); and Mozart's *Don Juan* (Oct. 28). The ballets (in all of which the popular Marie Taglioni was the heroine) were *Satanello* (Oct. 14); *Der Seerauber* (the *Corsair*—Oct. 17); and *Ballanda, oder der Raub der Proserpina* (Oct. 21). These were ballets of action, in three acts, on a grand scale, produced in a style of lavish magnificence, and occupying the entire evening, without even a *lever de rideau*.

In the same three weeks six representations were given at the Opernhaus by Mad. Ristori and her troupe, of which I was satisfied to witness one, being rather curious to visit the Schauspiel, or Comedy, than to witness what I had already seen so often in Paris and London. At the Schauspiel, then, where there is an admirable company (which made the puppets that Mme. Ristori drags about with her hide their diminished heads), I saw Schlegel's translation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with the whole of Mendelssohn's music; Michael Beer's tragedy of *Struensee*, with the music of Meyerbeer; and three plays—viz.: Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer's *Die Waise von Lowood* (the "Orphan of Lowood," founded on the novel of "Jane Eyre"); *Donna Diana*, a four-act comedy from the Spanish of Don Augustin Moreto; and *Graf Essex*, a tragedy by H. Laube, in five acts, the subject of which may be guessed from its title.

But I have not said all. In the same apparently inexhaustible three weeks I was able to attend the first of the Symphony Concerts, which are held in the large and spacious music room connected with the Schauspiel-Haus. The Berlin Symphony Concerts—like those of the Society of Concerts in the Paris Conservatoire—are extremely difficult of access; so much so that it is a privilege highly valued to be a subscriber; and the right of possessing an annual subscription ticket is bequeathed by will, as a sort of real property. I must confess that with the one concert which I heard I was greatly disappointed. The following was the programme:

Overture in C, Op. 126,.....Beethoven
Symphony in A major,.....Mendelssohn
Variations ("God save the Emperor").....Haydn
Symphony in F, No. 8,.....Beethoven

Beethoven's overture is the very long fugued one, generally known as the "Consecration of the House." It is grand, but (for Beethoven) occasionally dry and labored, and with themes unusually trite. It was, however, the best performance of the orchestra, except perhaps the first *allegro* of Mendelssohn's symphony, the last three movements of which were taken at so slow a pace by M. Taubert, that the spirit of them entirely evaporated. This habit of ruining Mendelssohn's music by disregarding the intentions of the composer, seems inveterate in certain German conductors. * * * I was much surprised to find an imitation of the Conservatoire French clap-trap at staid and classical Berlin. I allude to the variation movement from Haydn's quartet, which was played (as in Paris) by the whole body of stringed instruments, and produced an effect the composer never dreamed of, and with which, had he heard it, I question whether he would have been altogether pleased. In the Beethoven Symphony the *obbligato* in the trio of the minuet was played by all the violoncellos, instead of one, as Beethoven intended. But for this week—*salus*.

Mr. Thalberg's Concert.

(From the *Courier & Enquirer* of Nov. 28th.)

It is a long time since we had a concert of so high a grade as that which Mr. THALBERG gave last evening, to an audience which filled Niblo's Saloon to the last inch of standing room, and which was distinguished by the well known taste and culture of persons thickly scattered through it. A small but very effective orchestra directed by CARL BERGMANN's precise baton, a baritone of

Signor MORELLI's high standing, a cantatrice of the first class—Madame D'ANGRI, and Mr. Thalberg himself—without a superior, if he have his peer—in a programme *ten* of the twelve pieces on which bore the name either of Rossini, Weber, Beethoven, or Mozart—and what more could the most exacting musical taste demand? The concert was chiefly distinguished from those which have just preceded it by the first appearance of Madame D'ANGRI (think of the melancholy puns upon her name which are imminent in the future!) and the performance of Beethoven's Concerto in C Minor by Mr. Thalberg. Mr. Thalberg was the giver of the concert; but—*place aux dames*.

Madame D'Angri—a dark haired, dark eyed dame, with a meaning look, a winning smile, and a plenteous person—is a vocalist of the first rank. Among the contraltos she has had no equal here, except ALBONI. A glance at the music which she had selected, which included the cavatina from *Semiramide*, and the rondo from *Cenerentola*, showed either conscious power and assured success, or ambition—to be miserably disappointed. But she had but uttered *Eccomi alfine in Babilonia!* when her success was attained. The noble voice, the large and simple style of musical elocution, the air of quiet confidence, and the expression of reserved power, betrayed at once the first rate artist. Madame D'Angri's voice is an absolute contralto, very full and powerful in the middle and lower register, and much less attenuated in the upper than is generally the case with voices of this quality. Its capacities for passionate expression are unlimited, and these are developed by a dramatic, declamatory style, of the best Italian school. Her enunciation and pronunciation are matchless, and her accent the purest Roman; and how much this aids the pure delivery of the voice, free vocalization and distinct musical articulation, only those know who have carefully observed the difference between singers who possess and those who do not possess it. Madame D'Angri delighted her audience by the mingled passion and dignity which she threw into the first movement of the cavatina from *Semiramide*, and hardly less by the brilliancy and fire with which she gave the last. So in the rondo from *Cenerentola*, it required the full flowing flexibility with which the rondo itself was sung, to eclipse the effect of the tenderness with which she sang the introductory slow movement *Nacqui all'affanno, al pianto*. But perhaps it is in recitative that Madame D'Angri is greatest; there the inflections of her voice and her accentuation are charming indeed, and her ear for rhythmical elocution, which recitative so severely tests, appears almost faultless. Her voice lacks the smoothness, and the luscious richness which we have heard in contraltos; it might also be more purely delivered; but where there is so much and so great excellence, we are unwilling to see slight blemishes. Mme. D'Angri brings a new sensation to musical America.

Mr. Thalberg played only the first movement of Beethoven's concerto. The performance was a great one, we need hardly say. We do not think the union of the piano-forte with the orchestra a very congruous one, or the happiest for the piano-forte. The instrument, from the quality of its tone, and the manner in which that tone is produced—percussion, appears better either in solo or accompaniment than in concert with the various qualities of tone which are produced by the orchestra. They blend with or relieve each other by harmonious contrast; but with no one of them, nor with all of them, does the piano-forte seem to have sympathy. Besides, the power, variety, and richness of the orchestra are more than the monotoned piano-forte—limited as its power is, even in the hands of the greatest master—can successfully contend with. But to work out great ideas satisfactorily, and to attain large effects for the concert room, an orchestra is necessary; and so we have some of the finest thoughts of the great composers in the form of piano-forte concertos, to which we listen and are thankful. Especially do we acknowledge the claim upon our gratitude when the thoughts receive such interpretation, and, we may add, such illustration as those of Beethoven did last evening at the hands of Mr. Thalberg. Every phrase of that graceful

movement, the theme of which, simple as it is, bears the stamp of a master mind, was given by the performer with absolute precision and most delicate appreciation of its significance; and at the close he gave a cadenza of his own; and such a cadenza! It was itself a concerto. It was based upon the counter theme of the movement, which was worked up in a style so elaborate and yet at the same time so consonant with the spirit of the music to which it was an addendum, as almost to raise the performer to the rank of the original composer. Its brilliancy and its intricate difficulty were no less striking; and as Mr. Thalberg performed it, Carl Bergmann and his fellow musicians listened with bated breath. It was a splendid combination of fancy, learning and executive skill. Yet Mr. Thalberg in playing the air of "Home," which he did on receiving a merciless encore, showed himself no less a great master in his art. The thing was so simple, that he could have played it as well asleep as awake; but the purely vocal style in which he gave it, the tenderness which he threw into its unadorned phrases, and the manner in which he made the piano-forte sing it, made the performance of it a great piece of art. We can only add that the concert gave the greatest delight to the audience.

Musical Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent. Too late for last week.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—On Saturday night the Academy of Music was so crowded, at the first Philharmonic concert of the season, that even the amphitheatre was graced—for the first time probably—by the presence of ladies. It was difficult to realize that not ten years ago, when these concerts were given at the Apollo Saloon, down town, that hall, which holds about five or six hundred people, used to be only comfortably full, while at the rehearsals (which have this season nearly filled the Academy) there were generally hardly a hundred persons assembled.

The Academy is certainly a splendid house for hearing. Never did music sound more beautifully than the Fifth Symphony from the second tier, where I sat that night. It was admirably played; and those who may have preferred Mr. BERGMANN's leading and training last year, could say nothing against the result of Mr. EISENBERG's conductorship, as shown in this number, and indeed throughout the evening. The other orchestral pieces were Cherubini's Overture to *Medea*, and one of Gade, denominated "In the Highlands." The former is one of the composer's best, in point of instrumentation, working up, and flowing, pleasing melody. But it seemed to me too pretty for the grand, awful subject of which it treated; I could find nothing in it characteristic of the name it bears. Gade's composition did not strike me as very remarkable. In fact, Gade seems to have exhausted himself in a few of his first works. His Symphony in A minor is beautiful, and his "Sounds from Ossian" have much merit; but this attempt at rendering the spirit of the "Highlands" is not far from a failure. It is not Scotch enough to be very characteristic, and yet too much so to be good for anything else. Besides this, it is extremely Mendelssohnian—a fault which even the composer's best works have in a slight degree.

Madame LAGRANGE was the singer of the evening, having consented, ever ready and obliging as she is, to perform that part at very short notice, instead of Mlle. JOHANSEN, of the German Opera, who was indisposed. She sang the grand aria from *Don Giovanni* and Rode's "Variations." The latter is a style of vocalization in which she excels at all times; the former I have heard her sing better in the role of Donna Anna, though she would have done very well on this occasion without the unfortunate "wobble" in her voice. But, as a friend said, "she would not be Lagrange without that."

There were two more solo numbers—one for the violin, by Mr. WM. DORHLER, a member of the orchestra, whose extreme youth and very unassuming demeanor excused any want of force and character in his playing. His stroke was almost too soft and tender, though indeed the piece which he played, a *Fantasia* by David on Schubert's "Praise of Tears," seemed to require that. The pianist was Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK, "from Berlin, and just arrived from London," as the programme said. He played the *Arpeggio Etude* of Chopin, from Op. 10, a Rondo in E flat by Weber, and an *Etude* of his own. His performance gave more evidence of a sound, sterling school than of great force or brilliancy of execution. He was encored, and played a pleasing trifle, suited to the occasion—probably also his own work.

Nov. 26. One could almost believe in "bad luck," considering the bad weather which poor Mr. EISELDT invariably has for his concerts. Yesterday, too, a very fine morning changed into a drizzly day, and a most unpleasant evening, so that there was but a very small audience present. Those who were there, however, enjoyed the treat held out to them none the less. It consisted of a Quartet in C, No. 6, by Mozart, one in F, Op. 18, by Beethoven, Schubert's first Trio in B flat, and a couple of songs from Miss BRAINERD. The quartets were very well played, though we noticed in the first violin the old tendency to flat, in a considerable degree. The Quartet of Mozart was not one of his finest, but has still enough food for enjoyment in it; that of Beethoven, one of his earlier works, savored strongly of Mozart and Haydn, yet the strong individuality peeped out every now and then. The Adagio appassionato was particularly beautiful. Schubert's Trio made on me the same impression as when I heard it played, two years ago, by Mr. SATTER, although Mr. HOFFMANN (the pianist on this occasion), while he played with all his usual excellence in every respect, still lacked the peculiar fire and spirit which characterized Mr. Satter's playing. The Trio is exquisite throughout, in the rollicking, sparkling Allegro, the deep, mournful Andante, the Scherzo such as only Schubert can write, and the Finale, with its quaint melodies, and the wondrous working up of the whole. Mr. Hoffmann did it full justice, and remained true to his character of an earnest, vigorous, healthy artist in his rendering and whole conception of it. Miss Brainerd was not in as good voice as usual. She should hardly have attempted Mendelssohn's *Zuleika*; her voice has not enough of the mournful element in it for that song, which is so expressive of the deepest, tenderest longing. The other song, "The Streamlet," by Kalliwoda, an old-fashioned and very tedious composition, was better suited to the singer's organ, but was too indifferent in a musical view to please much.

Why does not Mr. Eiseltd introduce some of Franz's songs at his concerts? I think they would find appreciative hearers among the music-loving audiences who are gathered together on these occasions.

(From another correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Mr. THALBERG's new series of concerts commenced last Thursday evening at Niblo's Saloon, before the largest audience that has yet greeted the eminent pianist. He performed Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, with full orchestral accompaniments, and his own *Lucrezia* and *L'Elisir* fantasias. The Concerto was very well received, though the greater portion of the piano playing was completely drowned by the orchestra. In the other pieces Mr. Thalberg sustained his well-earned reputation.

One great feature of the concert was the debut of the new contralto, Mme. D'ANGRI. Her name has been for some time before the British public, and her

fame preceded her to this country. In person the new comer is highly favored—magnificent form, splendid black eyes, dark hair, and with a certain air of *abandon* that evidently will make her a much better opera than concert singer. Her voice is a pure contralto, rich, full and deep, and capable of considerable expression. Her execution is but tolerable; she attempted a set of variations by Vaccaj, a specimen of those vocal gymnastics in which LAGRANGE so peculiarly excels, and in which she surpasses every other living singer. The unavoidable contrast between D'Angri and Lagrange in this style of music, is by no means favorable to the former.

But it is in the passionate, declamatory style that Angri cannot fail to meet with eminent success; in her aria from *Semiramis*, she gave us a taste of her true powers, and also in an inferior English air from one of Macfarren's operas. Her pronunciation of our language was very good, but the absurdity of the words, repeated in the Italian manner, was amusingly apparent. For instance, she sings:

My Hassan, he—*is gone, is gone,*
And I—and I—I am left—and
I am—left—left—alone, and I
Am left a-a-a- (long trill) lone!

These, with such interjections as "What see I?" "An empty ch-a-a-a-ir!" &c., made the piece sound more like a burlesque than anything else. However, this had little to do with the merits of the singer, who received the greatest applause, and was honored in the *Non piu mesta* of Cenerentola with a hearty encore.

Mr. Thalberg's concert on Saturday night attracted another fine audience, although the weather was extremely unpleasant. He played *fantasias* from *La Sonnambula* and *La Figlia* with his usual success. Mr. Thalberg's performance is the perfection of Art; there is no affectation, no snobbery, no clap-trap about him; he has arrived at the topmost rung of the ladder of musical fame, and needs no extraneous stimulants to success. But notwithstanding all this perfection, this elegant, gentlemanly manner, this marvellous command over the instrument, he does not appear to be himself touched by the divine spirit of musical inspiration. He is never carried away by his own music, but on rising from the piano, with the plaudits of delighted listeners bursting upon his ear, he is the same quiet, respectable, self-possessed, middle-aged gentleman that he is at the dinner table of his hotel. His playing reminds one of a poem of ROGERS—elegant and polished almost to excess, as if a little more fire and even brusqueness, would add to its charm. But then it should be remembered that Mr. Thalberg is no longer young; he has passed that glorious age of youth when Genius cries out the loudest and impels her gifted sons to "deeds of high emprise." I can only compare his career to that of the day: in the morning tinged with the golden and ruby clouds, that in a few short hours lose their variegated brilliancy in the fuller effulgence of the increasing sunlight. So youth is touched with the fires of Genius, and thus they fade before the fuller light of knowledge, and we know not whether to rejoice or mourn that they are departed.

The industry of Mr. Thalberg is equal to his musical talents. His engagements for this week include for yesterday (Monday) a concert at Brooklyn, this morning a gratuitous concert before the public school children at Niblo's, a regular concert this evening, a concert at Philadelphia to-morrow, and at New York again on Thursday. He will visit Boston in about three weeks, and there is little doubt that the Bostonians will give a hearty welcome to the king of pianists.

THEODORE EISELDT commenced his Classical Soirées last Tuesday evening, with his old quartet party, and the further assistance of RICHARD HOFFMANN, pianist, and Miss BRAINERD, vocalist. The

soirée was but poorly attended, but gave satisfaction to those present. The chief novelty was a beautiful trio by Franz Schubert, performed by Mr. NOLL (violin), Mr. BERGNER (violinello), and Mr. HOFFMANN (piano-forte.)

Signor BAILINI, a young Italian tenor, formerly of the Astor Place troupe, and for several years a teacher in this city, took a benefit the other evening, LAGRANGE, BRIGNOLI and others assisting.

APTOMMAS, the harpist, commences to-night a series of monthly Soirées, at which he will perform classical music on the harp, with miscellaneous selections. He will be assisted by several artists from the opera, and by a host of resident talent.

All the musical world is waiting with anxiety for the production of Verdi's *Traviata*, which will positively take place this week. Rossini's *Semiramide* is in rehearsal, with Miss PHILLIPS as Arsace. I should be happy to say more of this estimable young artiste, who is rapidly becoming a favorite here; but as this communication is already rather voluminous, I must wait, and withhold the vast stores of musical gossip, which during the past week have come to the ears of

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 6, 1856.

To Correspondents.

We go to press on Friday morning. Communications of any length should reach us by Thursday morning, and even by Wednesday, to be sure of insertion.

Will "TROVATOR" oblige us with his real name?

Mr. A. W. THAYER may be addressed at Natick, Ms., or at this office.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The audience at the second concert, on Tuesday evening, was moderate in numbers, but composed, as usual, of the most musically cultivated persons. The programme contained the following pieces:

PART I.

- 1—Quartet in G, No. 66, (first time),..... Haydn.
Allegro con brio—Minuetto—Adagio sostenuto—Finale, Presto.
- 2—"Songs without Words," for Piano-forte,..... Mendelssohn.
Hugo Leonhard.
- 3—Quintet in C minor, No. 1,..... Mozart.
Allegro—Andante—Minuetto—Allegro.

PART II.

- 4—Morceau de Concert, for Violoncello and Piano, (first time,) composed and dedicated to Mr. W. Fries, by T. Ryan.
Wolf Fries and Leonhard.
- 5—Adagio and Canonet, from the Quartet in E flat, op. 12,..... Mendelssohn.
- 6—Piano Trio, op. 70, No. 2, in E flat,..... Beethoven.
Andante and Allegro non troppo—Allegretto—Allegretto non troppo—Finale, Allegro.
Messrs. Leonhard, A. and W. Fries.

In the rendering of the Haydn Quartet the players did not do their best. There was neither the usual smoothness nor precision; and the first bars of the Allegro failed to convey a clear, intelligible statement to our ear; the figure there and afterwards at times was a little blurred. We suppose there is a luck about these things, even with accomplished artists. But we fear that the very familiarity of Father Haydn's music betrayed into undue confidence and neglect of nice rehearsal. Yet it grew better as it went on. The tender Adagio and the dancing Presto made a very pleasant impression. The whole Quartet, though in a lighter and more common vein than Beethoven or Mozart or Mendelssohn, had the peculiar Haydn elegance and ever-youthful freshness and naiveté, and was worthy of careful treatment.

The Quintet by Mozart went much better, as

the composition itself is far more rich and full of meaning, the product of a deeper inspiration and a deeper nature. This awakened the right feeling, and really transported us into the free heaven of music. The selections from Mendelssohn's quartet music were of the very best. There is profound feeling and beauty in that Adagio, and the "Canzonet" movement is as characteristic of the author as anything could be, beginning in a wild *Volkstied* vein, like some of his songs without words and some of Schumann's little Album pieces, and ending with that little elfin hum and flutter of pervading sounds, which occurs so often in his works, and in which you always hear the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn's fancy oscillates continually between these two poetic elements.

Mr. LEONHARD's rendering of the two "Songs without Words," was unfortunate. In the first, that musing, hymn-like strain which forms the first number of the first set, he showed to be sure a good conception of its meaning; but whether from embarrassment or some other cause, he struck wrong notes and blurred over passages. The other piece, (No. 3 of the same set) a brilliant, fiery movement in A, whose quick, buoyant rhythm reminds one of the Allegro in Beethoven's Symphony in the same key, was taken quite too fast, or faster than he could well scramble through. Perfect execution, to be sure, might have justified so swift a tempo. We thought, too, that for once the Chickering piano was less sympathetic in its tone than usual and less encouraging to the performer. But the pianist more than made amends by his clear, spirited, intelligent and effective rendering of the Beethoven Trio. He played it even better than in the first concert, and confirmed the impression that we have in him one who, though wanting much to be gained only by experience, has many of the essential qualifications for a player of Beethoven's concerted music. And what more useful sphere can a pianist fill?

Mr. RYAN's concert piece for 'cello and piano proved a pleasing piece, but rather too long. It leads off with a flowing *cantabile* melody, tender and gracefully rounded, not very original, and then its unity crumbles away into rather an indefinite, protracted medley of dramatic *scena*-like passages. The melody was beautifully sung on Mr. WULF FRIES's violoncello, to which it is always a great pleasure to listen.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—A new prospect opens for Orchestral Concerts, and to our mind the most hopeful that has dawned upon us yet. Plan number two having been abandoned, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, relying on his own tried energy and knowledge of the thing we want as well as of the ways and means, has determined to try the experiment of a series of concerts in a hall of medium capacity, namely, the old Melodeon, which was always a good room for sound, and which will be thoroughly renewed internally, and made sweet and clean and handsome. It will seat about 1200 persons. To be sure it is somewhat mortifying to go away from our noble Music Hall and the Beethoven statue, but it may only be to return there after a little while in triumph. It is certainly best, after our recent experience, to begin on a modest scale. If only six or seven hundred persons can be relied on for a series of concerts, who will risk the expense of a hall that

holds four times that number?—to say nothing of the chilling influence of a hall not one half full. Let us fill the quart measure first, and then we may overflow into the gallon.

Full particulars of place, prices, number of concerts, &c., will probably be announced next week. It is Mr. Zerrahn's intention to make the programmes altogether of the highest order of orchestral music and avoid all clap-trap. If solo talent be at all introduced, it will be only that of the most artistic character. For since he will rely for audience almost entirely on subscribers to the whole series,—that is to say, upon the sincere lovers of great classical music,—there will not be the usual necessity of throwing out cheap glittering baits to miscellaneous outsiders, at the expense of that true artistic tone and unity which one has everywhere a right to demand of "Philharmonic" concerts. We believe Mr. Zerrahn means to adopt this name, in the sense that has become established in New York, London, and many European cities.

We would earnestly advise all of the six or seven hundred subscribers to the concerts which have been abandoned, to transfer their subscription to Mr. Zerrahn, feeling assured that they will more than get their money's worth, and will be aiding a wholesome experiment which promises to lead (if anything can do it) naturally and safely back to the glorious heights from which we have fallen. Beginning in this sound and modest way, we may yet, before the winter is past, go back in triumph to the Music Hall, and celebrate that triumph with the Choral Symphony—chorus and all—with the statue of the Master who composed it rising in the midst of its interpreters!

P. S.—The first concert will be on the 10th of January. Subscription lists will be circulated in a few days.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Country.

NATICK, Dec. 2, 1856.

In the olden time, what is now our South village was a right famous place—indeed, quite the blarney stone of the Massachusetts colony. Without delaying to discuss the great question first propounded to an inquiring generation in my last letter—whether Mr. Eliot's route hither was by the back way or not—the discussion of which topic, I am credibly informed, has rendered divers persons irate—persons who evidently have no due appreciation of the great value of the labors of our antiquarian societies—be it sufficient to state that he did come, and that, on sundry occasions and oft, the wise, the learned, the curious, the high, mighty, and lifted up of the colony joined him in his visits. Was there not a grand visitation of the Indian plantation here in 1651, in which the Rev. Mr. Wilson of Boston, and the worshipful Mr. Rawson, some time Secretary of the Colony, and sundry others took part? And some hours after they had arrived and had already viewed the two fair streets upon 'ye north side of ye river, and the long street upon the other bank, and the foot-bridge built archwise, and the circular stockade in which was the house built after the English manner, did not His Excellency the Governor, the worthy Mr. John Endicott, come up from Dedham, where he had spent the night, with his sergeants and others to the number of about twenty persons, and make a like view, after which there was a lecture or sermon in the fort?

And more than a score of years afterward did not the facetious Mr. John Dunton, bookseller, of London, ride on horseback twenty miles through the woods from Boston, with Madam Brick, the flower

of that city, behind him, who in this case proved but a beautiful sort of luggage, as he says, to witness the wonder-workings of Providence among the natives? And were not such visits described in glowing terms and printed in books, so that the name of Natick came even into the ears of the Lord Protector, and of that famous poet, Mr. John Milton, Latin Secretary to his highness?

And did not the great controversy carried on by Mr. Allen, of Dedham, on the one part for the inhabitants of that town, and by Mr. Eliot on the other, in behalf of the "poor Indians of the plantation of Natick," respecting the disputed territory on the south side of the river, divide the counsels of the Great and General Court for a series of years?

I say no more; only let him who disputes the importance of our town in the history of the universe study the documents and be silent forever!

Standing upon one of the hills which overlook the valley of the Charles, the other day, I carried myself back in imagination to one of the Thursday lectures of Eliot. The whole view, even to the hills of Milton, was that of a dense forest—a view which, as I have seen them from the mountains near Lake Superior, fills me with a sense of solitude and sublimity, not surpassed by the ocean. Here and there below me, along the sides of the elevations, wreaths of smoke arose from the few small openings made in the forest for the wigwams and maize fields of the Indian converts; but these were not numerous nor extensive enough to form any contrast to the grand expanse of the wide spreading woods. It is a beautiful October morning, and all these woods save the dark pines and firs are brilliant in Autumn's gayest colors. Deer bound by me; the wild, solitary cries of the loons reach me from Bullard's Pond; squirrels chatter; partridges whirr-r-r by me, as I move along the hill-top to find some better point of observation. It is the middle of the forenoon, and now a new sound comes up from a distant point of the plain below, growing each moment more distinct, as you may to-day hear it in the Adirondack or Ontonagon woods, far away, the clatter of horses hoofs upon the soft, leaf-covered earth. Mr. Eliot and two or three companions, preachers perhaps or members of the General Court—at all events, men of importance. They started early, and have had a ride of some three or four hours, following the Indian path from Roxbury, at a slow pace, for the roots, stumps and decaying timber of the original forest are not favorable to rapid equestrianism. Of course the all-engrossing topic has been the great work of God among the Indians; but there has been time enough for other conversation, and in those days subjects were surely not wanting. The last vessel that came from "home" had brought out not only an abundance of news in relation to Cromwell and the progress of the saints, but the latest publications from the theological and political presses. Mr. Milton's new book in defence of the Revolution, the last treatise of Mr. Richard Baxter, anything which may have just appeared from the pens of Sir Henry Vane and Hugh Peters, would possess special interest. It is no difficult matter to weave conversations out of such materials, and I find myself debating many curious questions of church and state in the persons of my visitors to the settlement below.

But the preacher and his friends have reached the old oak, under which in my childhood I played so often. Their horses are tied, and are munching hay which the Indians have gathered along the banks of the river and meadows. And now the roll of the drum "pierces the fearful hollow of mine ear"; but in this case it is the sound of peace. Its sharp tone reaches the recesses of the forest, and in a few minutes I hear the sound of voices from the woods below, but the speech is in an unknown tongue. I comprehend nothing of it. The Shenæs, the Wahans, the Trags, the Pegans, Monequassun the

schoolmaster, Nataous, Tothorswamp, Ponantum, perhaps Cutshamakin the sachem, and many others are coming from hill and pond, from corn-patch and hunting-ground, to the place of worship, built with their own hands, save the two days assistance of the English carpenter. The voices die away in the distance, and soon another roll of the drum, and all draw into the circle of the palisades. One part of the service rises on the still air, and falls sweetly upon my ears. It is the psalm which Mr. Eliot has translated into metre in the Indian speech, and which, abounding in vowel sounds, swells sweetly and smoothly as the stanzas of Metastasio, and withal is worthy of Mr. Wilson's testimony: "all the men and women sang it together, in one of our ordinary English tunes, melodiously." Mr. Endicott, the Governor, records that "they sang cheerfully and pretty tunable."

Now this matter of their singing has been a subject of infinite speculation to me.

Daniel Gookin, Gentleman, Captain General of the Colony, and guardian of the Indians, speaks of the singing of the uncivilized Indians, but gives us no means of judging of its excellence. Being thus thrown upon my own resources, I think of the Chinese music (?) which I have heard, of the Indian music of the wandering tribes I have seen at the Saut St. Marie, of the descriptions of travelers among savage nations, and conclude that the singing of the Pow-wows in the woods of Massachusetts must have been of like character. How could they have learned to sing otherwise? The historians of music quote Juvenal's opinion that man learned to sing from the birds. But birds do not sing,—they whistle. I have taken lessons in whistling from our bluebirds and thrushes; never one in singing. Suppose, however, Juvenal be right; were there any singing birds here before the destruction of the forest, and introduction of civilization? Are not singing birds almost unknown, in our latitude, until the woods are cleared away? The little experience I have had in wild wood life leads me to this idea, and I think I have seen remarks to the same effect in the course of my reading. The loon, the wild goose and duck, the partridge, the king-fisher, the wild turkey, pigeons, and sundry such like birds of passage were certainly here, but did the Indian know the thrushes, the bluebird, the mocking-bird, and the like? Who will inform us? I take it that anything like melody, like harmony, like musical expression, was utterly unknown among the natives until in the meeting-houses of Plymouth, Salem, the New Town, Watertown, Boston, &c., they listened to "the common English tunes" of that day; such as you may find in Ainsworth, and Ravenscroft, and Sternhold, and Hopkins, in the College Library at Cambridge.

What are our pleasures as we hear for the first time a chorus of Handel, or a symphony of Beethoven, compared with the feeling of the red man, as with wonder and delight he stood fascinated at the door of that church with a bell upon it, which in 1651 was erected in "the New Town," hard by where the Dane Law School now stands. York and Old Hundred, and Canterbury, and other good old solid chorals, formed the staple of the musical feast, and they stand the test of experience to this day. And when under Mr. Eliot's zealous instruction and care, the new converts in their own meeting-house, and in their own language, first joined, men and women, in marrying sacred verse to immortal strains, though on a mean and feeble scale, were not their souls touched with feelings which Handel or Mozart might envy?

When I fall into reveries upon the aboriginal inhabitants of Natick, no scene is more prominent than this in which Monequassum "deacons off" the psalm from Mr. Eliot's manuscript, the eager eyes black as night, of sachem, sanop and squaw, fixed upon his face, and then the voices of all bursting into old "York," melodiously and pretty tunable; and Mr. Eliot sits in his place, now joining lustily in the tune, and now brushing a tear from his eye, with the mental thanksgiving: "Father, I thank thee that thou hast revealed these things unto babes!"

A. W. T.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THALBERG will not visit Boston before January. . . . The habitués of the New York Academy of Music stood aghast this week at the sudden announcement that the Italian Opera would positively come to a close on the 10th of this month, LAGRANGE, MARETZKE and all having accepted an engagement at the Tacon theatre in Havana. ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, too, goes with them, having given the Salem people a flying concert first. So there is small hope of opera for any of us this winter. . . . The HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY will perform the "Messiah" at Christmas. After that will come the long and thoroughly rehearsed "Eli." We learn there is some hope of securing Fraülein JOHANNSEN, the successful prima donna of the late unsuccessful German Opera in New York, to sing the principal soprano part.

Is it not a pleasant and a rare thing to unite the votes of both contending parties? A musical warfare has been raging between the *Musical Journal* and *Fitzgerald's City Item*, both of Philadelphia, from which we have the vanity to cite a passage on each side—indeed we owe it to such friends. The *Item* winds up a spirited rejoinder thus:

"A word more and we are done, as this article is already much longer than it should be. We take this paragraph from the *Philadelphia Musical Journal*:

"From the first we have never disguised our relationship to the *N. Y. Musical Review* (if it pleases the *Item* better, say "likeness," to that paper); for we candidly esteem it as the most strictly musical paper of any standing in this country; not excepting others, which may contain weekly tedious literary articles and translations, that interest none save the sensitive novel reader or the chaffed critic."

We would merely say to this, that the writer does not strengthen his praise of the *Review* by adding the concluding uncalled-for, ungenerous, and untrue fling at the *Boston Journal of Music*. It shows him to be unable to appreciate its selections, translations and editorials, which abound in information of the most useful and interesting description, and to be too prejudiced and self-sufficient to avail himself of the labor of one of Boston's most capable, theoretical, and practical professors, who acts in the capacity of musical editor to the musical paper so unkindly and unnecessarily alluded to by the author of the paragraph above quoted."

To this the *Musical Journal* pleads off in the following:

"MISREPRESENTATION CORRECTED.—The *City Item* of the 15th inst. does us injustice in its closing paragraph. We have been in the receipt of more than one weekly musical paper, and in our writing had no allusion to the *Boston Journal of Music*, which, we trust, (notwithstanding the *Item's* severe insinuation) we are able, in some measure, to appreciate as a most excellent exponent of the art."

While here in this famed citadel of classical music, where stands the statue of Beethoven, there are no symphonies to be heard this winter, and while here, after some twenty years of symphony concerts, we have not yet a permanent society for classical orchestral music, it is curious to turn to the young city of Milwaukee, where the sixty-eighth concert of its "Musical Society" was given on the 26th ult. with the following programme:

PART I.
Symphony in C minor, by Beethoven, consisting of: 1. *Allo. con brio*. 2. *Andante con moto*. 3. *Allo. assai*. 4. *Allo.*

PART II.
1. Song of the Pilgrims at their Return—chorus for male voices from Opera "Tannhäuser," by Wagner
2. Song for Soprano with Piano accompaniment.
3. "Good night,"—serenade for male voices.
4. Song for Tenor, with Piano accompaniment.
5. Overture to "Der Freyschütz."

The New York Philharmonic Society have in rehearsal for their next concert two overtures never before given in this country: one to the drama, "Uriel Acosta," by L. SCHINDLMEISSER, and an *Overture characteristic*, "Faust," by RICHARD WAGNER. The Symphony will be Mozart's "Jupiter." The orchestra of the Philharmonic numbers

eighty-one performers: 31 violins, 11 violas, 9 violoncelli, 10 double basses, &c. . . . A friend, in whose judgment we have great confidence, writes us: "Mme. D'ANGRI is a great singer—style at once very grand and highly finished—voice a little *mannish*, however. Stands next to Lind and Alboni; lacking, however, the genius of the former entirely." Our old friend ARDITI, the conductor of so many Italian operas in this country now occupies, it seems, the same post in the orchestra of the Italian Opera at Constantinople. *L'Eco di Italia* says: "He was eagerly sought for by the impresarii on his arrival in Italy, and might, if he had chosen, been director of the grand orchestra of Parma or of the royal theatre of Turin. But the Ottoman capital snatched him away from Italy. It is thought that Arditi will occupy the post of the deceased Donizetti, director in chief of the military bands in Turkey. It would be fine to see our friend created a Pasha of three tails!"

Among the passengers lost in the ill-fated steamer *La Lyonnaise* was Mr. T. FRANKLIN BASSFORD, a young American pianist and composer, who had won the approval of good judges by his concerts in New York. . . . Mr. APTOMMAS, in the programme of the first of his Harp Soirées, in New York, announces that he will play, with harp, violin and 'cello, Beethoven's piano-forte Trio in C minor; also the celebrated Fantasia on the Prayer in *Moise*. Query: Does he mean Thalberg's, or that which some say is the prototype of Thalberg's, composed originally for the harp by Parish Alvars? . . . Miss MAY, the American cantatrice, has postponed her return home, having been engaged by Mr. Lumley to appear in London at Her Majesty's Theatre during the coming season. . . . JULIEN's concerts at the London Opera House are triumphs in their way. His *prima donna* this time is CATHERINE HAYES, who has been the most enterprising of concert-givers in extreme foreign parts, and has carried home much gold from Australia. . . . Signora STEFANONE has appeared in Paris, as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, with unqualified success. She "turned up" to the relief of the despairing manager, on the occasion of the sudden indisposition of Mme. FREZZOLINI, and the result was her engagement for two months, instead of departing for Vienna.

In the article translated in our last number about a new Lisztian style of organ-playing, which has broken out at certain spots in Germany, there was rather an obscure allusion to somebody called "Orgel-Kloss." Kloss is the German for clod, block-head, or more commonly *dumpling*. It seems there was an organ virtuoso by the name of Kloss, who cut a rather sorry figure six or eight years since, and to whom the writers of the *Neue Zeitschrift* in Leipzig gave the nickname of "Herr Orgel-Kloss," or Organ-dumpling. . . . The Worcester *Palladium* follows up our hint to lecture committees. We copy, to keep the ball in motion:

One word in the ears of our music-loving citizens. Would not a lecture on the lives and works of the five great musical composers, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, given by an accomplished scholar, and one of the best critics in the country, be something enjoyable and worth striving to attain? Mr. A. W. Thayer, the able "Diarrist" of Dwight's *Journal of Music*, has prepared such a lecture, which he would deliver before any lyceum or musical association. He was recently well known in New York as the musical critic of one of the leading daily papers of that city, and has since been spending a year or two in Germany, collecting the materials for such a life of Beethoven as has not yet been written. Probably no one in this country is better qualified to deliver such a lecture, and no one certainly could make it more interesting. Who will move in this matter?

STELLA.

But "Stella" is under one erroneous impression. Our friend's position in the New York daily was not that of "musical critic." His modesty forbade him to stand forth in that formidable character, and he preferred to whisper his shrewd observations in some quiet corner in the shape of Diarristics.

COLOGNE.—The first Gesellschafts concert for the season took place on the 21st ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The great feature of the evening was Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*. It was admirably performed.

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Musical Instruments at the Eighth Exhibition Of the Mass. Charitable Mechanic Association.

FULL REPORT OF THE JUDGES.

HENRY K. OLIVER, OTTO DRESSEL, J. C. D.
PARKER, GEORGE MINOT, L. P. HOMER, WILLIAM
REED, GEO. WM. WARREN, Judges.

The following instruments were offered for examination, in competition for awards:—

Forty-eight Piano-Fortes, subdivided as follows:
Nineteen Grands.
Three Semi-Grands.
Two Parlor Grands.
Thirty-three Squares.

Also,

Two 'Composing-Desk' Pianos.
Twenty-three Melodeons.
One Chime of Twelve Bells.
One Drum.
Two Violins.
Two Bells, (not of the 'chime'.)
Seven Flutes, five 'common,' and two 'octave.'
Two Clarinets.

All of which instruments, eighty-eight in number, were carefully examined by the Committee.

The Piano-Fortes were offered by the following manufacturers:

136 and 145. Chickering & Sons. Six Grands.
Two Semi-grands. Two Parlor Grands. Six Squares. Two "Composing-Desk" Pianos.
W. F. Emerson. Two Squares.
194. Hallet, Davis & Co. One Grand. One Semi-Grand. Four Squares.
871. George Hews. Three Squares.
1510. James W. Vose. Three Squares.
1522. A Newhall & Co. One Square.
1527. Timothy Gilbert. One Grand. Four Squares.
1630. A. W. Ladd & Co. One Grand. Five Squares.
1605. Lemuel Gilbert. One Square.
1680. Brown & Allen. Three Squares.
1680. Jacob Chickering. Two Squares.

In the department of Piano-Fortes, the Committee, uniting into one class, as is obviously correct, the Grands, Semi-Grands, and Parlor Grands, recommend the following awards:

Chickering & Sons, for their Grands, Semi-Grands and Parlor Grands, for most decided and meritori-

ous improvement, and particularizing specially Nos. *17,524, *17,673, and *17,590, a *Gold Medal*.

Timothy Gilbert & Co., for their Grand Piano-forte, No. *6731, a *Silver Medal*.

Hallet, Davis & Co., for their Semi-Grand Piano-forte, No. *6,895, a *Silver Medal*.

Chickering & Sons, for the two best Square Piano-fortes, of Seven Octaves each, *17,671 and *17,674, the first *Silver Medal*.

James W. Vose, for his Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *162, the second *Silver Medal*.

A. W. Ladd & Co., for their Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *1,630, the first *Bronze Medal*.

T. Gilbert, for his Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *6,349, the second *Bronze Medal*.

Hallet, Davis & Co., for their Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *6,895, the third *Bronze Medal*.

Brown & Allen, for their Seven-and-quarter Octave Square Piano-forte, *6,581, the first *Diploma*.

George Hews, for his Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *1,667, the second *Diploma*.

Jacob Chickering, for his Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *938, the third *Diploma*.

William P. Emerson, for his Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *1,174, the fourth *Diploma*.

Of the "Composing Desk" Piano-fortes, the Committee speak in terms of commendation, as articles of convenience to the composer, who, after he has written a musical phrase or passage, may desire to realize its effect upon the ear. They do not, however, intend to say that they are of indispensable use, for the accomplished and talented musician ought to hear all the effects he intends to produce "in his mind's" ear, without the aid of any such convenience, and it, moreover, can hardly be possible, in the torrent and rush of his musical ideas, and when "in a fine frenzy rolling," that he should be willing to run the risk of checking them by stopping to test effects. There would be great danger that, by such delay, his thoughts would be "thrown off the track," and he find it very hard to get them back again. It is said of an ancient Greek warrior, of great bravery, and who had achieved all his deeds of prowess in hand-to-hand encounters, man against man, and foot to foot, that when he first saw the Ballista, a contrivance for killing, by throwing large stones from a distance against the enemy, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Farewell to all courage." Might not the "mighty masters of song," with equal feeling, say, in view of these "aids to musicians," "Farewell to genius"? The great Haydn once wrote what he called "a Philharmonic Game," (printed in Boston in 1834, by Comer & Ostinelli,) a most ingenious and extraordinary production, so arranged and subdivided that, by means of a figured table of directions, anybody, whether musician or not, with ears or without, deaf or dumb, or both, can invent, (no, not invent—can string together,) a countless number of melodies, without the mental parturition of a single original idea! With the aid of the "Desk" and the "Game," what might not toddling geniuses hope to achieve in the yet unexplored regions of Apollo's great domains?

Among the Piano-fortes from the manufactory of Chickering & Sons, was one, No. *17,675, having connected with its bridge an apparatus which its inventor, Mr. A. G. Corliss, calls the "Swell-mute Attachment," by which the swell effects of Crescendo and Diminuendo are produced, and in Arpeggio passages a really harp-like effect is secured in a pleasing and truthful manner. These results are brought about by a peculiar application, which, placed on both sides of the bridge, from the bar to the outer end of the bass strings, compresses and releases the bridge at the will of the player, by means of a system of leverage, resting upon the inside of the bottom of the case, and by a let-back movement of a spiral spring; the whole being under the control of one of the pedals. Of this new feature of a

piano-forte the Committee speak favorably, because the effects produced seem to them to be legitimate to the instrument, and apparently calculated to enlarge its capabilities, and widely differ from those appliances which, within a few years, have attempted to reduce the piano-forte to the illegitimate condition of an unhappy hybrid between a stringed and a wind instrument. The Committee awarded for it a *Diploma*.

The Committee, in coming to a decision upon the merits of the several instruments of which they have just determined their award, were of entire unanimity. They did not hesitate for a moment in deciding that the Grand Piano-fortes from the justly celebrated house of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, were not only altogether manifestly superior to all competitors at the present Exhibition, but were an equally manifest and greatly advanced improvement over the well-commended productions of the same establishment offered at anterior Exhibitions. And the Committee not only feel it to be a pleasure, but an obvious duty, to congratulate the present heads of this long-established house, that they have so well sustained its high repute. The memory of the good name, and of the good deeds, and of the great skill of its founder, shall long be cherished; and it is a matter of equal satisfaction and pride that the garment of praise he so fairly won and wore, has fallen upon shoulders worthy to receive and able to honor it.

To determine which of the two (*17,524 and *17,673) is the superior instrument is somewhat difficult. One is more clear and brilliant; the other has more depth and body of tone. One is more distinguished in its power of action, and the other in its elasticity and delicacy of touch. They are both of unsurpassed excellence, and the owner of either may rejoice in his purchase.

The Grand Piano-forte of Messrs. T. Gilbert & Co., No. *6,731, is a very good instrument indeed, and highly creditable to the manufacturers. There was some slight defect in the certainty of response to the finger, in rapid repetition upon the same key, resulting, probably, from inaccuracy in the adjustment of the leverage. The tone was very clear and satisfactory. There were no other Grand Piano-fortes from other factories worthy of special mention.

The Semi-grands of Chickering & Sons, and a Parlor Grand by the same firm, were superb instruments; and this last, had the several varieties of Grands, Semi-grands, and Parlor Grands been kept distinct in class, would have been justly entitled to a highest award, both for its own intrinsic merit and as a new and meritorious invention. But all these were united into one class, and the award was made accordingly. The Parlor Grand first emanated from the house of Chickering & Sons, and made its appearance at the Exhibition of 1853, and the Committee of that year awarded to it a *Gold Medal*; but inasmuch as the late lamented head of the firm was a member of the then Government of the Society, the award could not be confirmed consistently with the laws of the Association. It would afford the Committee great satisfaction could this award be now confirmed.

The Semi-grand of Messrs. Hallet & Davis, No. *6,895, is an instrument of merit, and far better than their Grand, which last is inferior to that presented by the same firm in 1853.

That the judgment of the Committee may be distinctly understood, they now repeat their awards on the class of instruments under discussion. They put the several varieties into one class, and they award to Chickering & Sons the first premium, to cover the three varieties offered by them—*Gold Medal*.

To T. Gilbert & Co., the second premium—*Silver Medal*.

To Hallet & Davis, the third premium—*Silver Medal*.

Before leaving the subject of Grand Piano-fortes,

the Committee desire to say, that in their judgment, while very much, nay, wonderfully much, has been achieved by the American manufacturers in the production of so desirable a class of instruments, there is yet a great task to be accomplished by them, and that is, to make these instruments of such price as will bring them within the reach of purchasers whose means are limited, and who are therefore compelled to content themselves with the ordinary square instrument, which is, after all, not the genuine reality of the Piano-forte, but only a convenient (or as some decide, a poor) substitute for the original and true article, the Grand. The prices charged operate as a prohibitory tariff to many a family and many a student at his first start. The fact that Grands have been imported from Germany into the United States at prices from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. lower than our ruling rates for the same class, seems to indicate that something in the way of reduced prices might be accomplished with us. One direction which might most happily be attempted by us, and which is peculiarly the direction that good taste suggests, is to avoid all meretricious ornaments in the case. The gewgaws of pearl keys, (a positive nuisance), elaborately carved legs and trimmings, tawdry and tinsel bedeckings about the front boards and other parts of the instruments, should be at once and forever done with. A sensible and prudent man will never pick out a partner for life for the tawdry rigging of her personal dress; nor will a sensible and true musician select an instrument for its gay ornaments and dazzling appendages of pearl and paint. Pearls and paint may, in either case, be but adroit adornment of charlatanry, to dazzle the eye and cheat the heart. Pearl keys may please an ill-disciplined taste; but compared with ivory, the whiteness of which contrasts so well against the ebony, they disappoint a refined taste, and they are positively and extremely unpleasant to sensitive fingers.

In the class of Square Piano-fortes, the awards of the Committee were made with equal unanimity. The instruments of Chickering & Sons are at the head, and next to them comes that of J. W. Vose, No. 162, of seven octaves. Its tone is musical and noble; the high treble notes are particularly fine, and the action is satisfactory. It has one fault, in a certain, though slight deficiency of resonance from the blow of the hammer, produced by a looseness of the upper coat of hammer felt. This may have been caused by the temperature of the room, which, being always crowded, was always hot, and the air close and vitiated, though too many manufacturers fail in drawing the felt sufficiently close over the hammer-head.

It is not necessary to discuss the merits of the other Square Piano-fortes in detail. Those to which awards have been assigned are placed in the order of their merit, as adjudged by the Committee, and those of which special mention is not made, are passed by as not coming up to a just standard of excellence.

Before leaving this class of instruments, the Committee would refer to a model of piano-forte action, exhibited to them by Mr. D. H. Shirley, of which the Committee can only say, that, while in the model it operated well, and appeared effective and to possess obvious advantages in securing rapidity of reply to all rapidity of finger-action, it did not produce in the Piano-forte which contained the action, the expected result. The inventor explained this want of success to be caused by some want of accuracy in the position of the fulcrum. It would be more just to the inventors of similar improvements to refer them to a Committee of practical Piano-forte makers, than to a Committee of musicians; and to a similar Committee should be referred specimens of Piano-forte legs, music stools, canterburys, *et id omne genus*—"all that sort of thing." One may reasonably be a good judge of tonal effects, and an indifferent judge of furniture. *Bronze Medal.*

Your Committee next proceeded to examine the Reed Organs, represented by a variety of instruments, called by the manufacturers: Melodeons, Organ Melodeons, Model Melodeons, Organ Harmoniums, &c., amounting to twenty-three in number, and exhibited by the firms of

Mason & Hamlin, Boston.
S. T. & H. W. Smith, Boston.
Nichols & Gerrish, Boston.
S. A. Ladd, Boston.

And one Tremolo attachment, exhibited by the inventor, is attached to one of Mason & Hamlin's Melodeons, by

L. Louis, Boston.

As the Committee of the Association are well aware, the amount of capital invested in the manufacture, and the extent of trade in these instruments

has within a few past years reached such a magnitude, that whatever may be the individual judgment of musicians as to their proper rank among other musical instruments, the propriety of encouraging, by every proper means, the efforts of the different makers to improve them, and, above all, whatever tends to do away with the harshness of tone which, from the mode of obtaining it, has hitherto seemed to be inseparable from reed instruments, should be met with the utmost encouragement and favor.

In this respect your Committee are happy in being able to report a great and manifest advance upon the results of former exhibitions. Not only does there seem to be a spirit of invention, and a determination to extend the capacity of these instruments, among the various exhibitors, but the superior workmanship of some of them, and the smoothness of tone obtained by the great pains evidently taken in "voicing" the reeds, give proof of great skill in their department, and argue well for the future excellence of this much-decried kind of instruments. One instrument in particular, from the establishment of Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, stands out so preëminently amongst all on exhibition, that a more detailed description is here given, as well to inform the public what has been attained, as from its intrinsic value it was thought worthy of being thus noticed. The Committee refer to the Organ Harmonium, of which two were contributed by the same firm.

One of these has a pedal bass, the other has none; and both have two banks of keys.

The latter has eight stops, viz.: Dulciana, Flute, Hautboy, Bourdon, Diapason, Principal, Expression, Coupler.

Of these the first four are speaking stops, and each of them extends through the entire compass of the keyboards, which are five octaves in extent. The Dulciana and Flute act upon the upper bank of keys, and the Hautboy and Bourdon upon the lower. From this it will be perceived that there are four complete sets of reeds in the instrument, each extending through its entire compass. These four sets of reeds are voiced in such a manner as to give to each a quality of tone peculiar to itself, and imitate so closely the organ stops, whose names they bear, that the ear can with difficulty distinguish between them—a result which obviates the great objection which has heretofore been urged against reed instruments.

The Dulciana and Flute are voiced quite soft, the Hautboy louder, so that when combined, a full organ-like tone is produced, of great power and effect. The Diapason and Principal are swell stops, acting respectively upon the Dulciana and Flute. The "Expression" stop is peculiar to this instrument, and is the invention of the makers, by whom also it has been patented. Its effect, when drawn, is to shut the main or receiving bellows, so that the slightest motion of the feet upon the pedals operates the two exhausting bellows and affects the power of the tone produced, enabling the performer to get every gradation of tone, from PP through crescendo and diminuendo to FF, and back again. By means of this also, all the effects of *sforzando*, tremolo and *affettuoso* can be produced at will. This is an entirely new and valuable improvement, and under the control of a skilful performer must be a desirable addition.

The Coupler, as its name implies, connects the two banks of keys together, so that they act as one, precisely as in the Organ. By this arrangement of stops, coupler, &c., every grade of power can be produced, and when all are in operation, a volume of tone is obtained which makes the instrument worthy of being classed with Organs of moderate size, while the cost of an instrument constructed upon this plan being very much less, will render them, as they become more and more known, formidable competitors of that kind of instruments.

In the "Harmonium" with pedal bass, the general mechanism, as regards stops, coupler, &c., is the same as that already described, but the "Expression" stop is left out, and a "Pedal Coupler" substituted. The compass of the pedals is two full octaves, from CC to c, for which there is an independent set of reeds, so voiced as to resemble, as nearly as possible, the sub-bass of the Organ. It has, in addition, a swell pedal, and the bellows is worked by a lever at the back of the instrument, and a tell-tale is put in a conspicuous place, so that the blower is kept informed of the quantity of wind in them. By means of the couplers the pedals can be connected with any one or more of the stops of either or both key-boards. From this description it will be seen that this instrument is altogether different and far in advance of any that have been heretofore manufactured of its kind. It comes very near in tone to the Church Organs of moderate size and power, while in

volume of sound and extent of combination, it more than equals them. Whether the enterprise of those engaged in their manufacture will carry them as far ahead of their present degree of excellence as the results of the three past years have brought them remains to be proved. With all the foregoing in view, and without discussing the question whether reed instruments can ever be made to equal the Organ in its best qualities, the Committee recommend that to Mason & Hamlin, for their great and valuable improvements in the Organ Harmonium exhibited by them, be awarded a *Gold Medal.*

To Mason & Hamlin, for their Melodeons of superior quality of tone, a *Silver Medal.*

To S. T. & H. W. Smith, Boston, for their Melodeons, a *Bronze Medal.*

To Nichols & Gerrish, Boston, for their Melodeons, a *Diploma.*

To L. Louis, Boston, for his "Tremolo Attachment," by which many and very beautiful effects are produced, and the use of which, while they would not be considered as deciding upon its ultimate value, the Committee think, in the hands of a competent and judicious performer, is capable of being made a very expressive and pleasing feature of any performance, a *Diploma.*

To Nichols & Gerrish, for a Melodeon, *Diploma.*

The attention of the Committee was next directed to a Chime of Twelve Bells, ranging from D below the staff to G above, including two F's sharp, and one C sharp, and so representing the two keys of D and G, as in the table following:—

Pitch of Bell.	Diameter.	Weight.
D	55 inches.	3,148 lbs.
E	47 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	2,096 "
F sharp	42 $\frac{5}{8}$ "	1,432 "
G	40 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	1,348 "
A	35 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	841 "
B	32 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	727 "
C	31 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	613 "
C sharp	29 "	494 "
D	27 $\frac{5}{8}$ "	436 "
E	25 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	375 "
F sharp	22 "	231 "
G	20 "	198 "

Total weight, 11,939 lbs.

This Chime was contributed by the widely known firm of Henry N. Hooper & Co., the sound of whose "tongues," spread far and wide over the land, makes vocal many a hill and valley, on the blessed day consecrated to rest and to worship—calls many a laborer to his daily toil, and gives him note to rest, when the day's toil is done. How could man live without bells? And how full of interest must be the history of bells, whenever it shall be well written, beginning with the little golden bells that adorned the hem of the Jewish High Priest's robe, taking up that of the *codones* of the sentries round the Greek camps, and those of the Greek fish markets; that of the petasus and tinnabulum of the Roman baths, and coming down to the larger bells of merry England, the "Guthlac" of the Abbey of Croyland, with its associates, "Bettelin," "Turketul," "Tatwine," "Pega," and "Bega;" a ring of bells, of which the venerable Bede says, about the close of the seventh century, "that no such chime of bells could be found in all England;" and down further to those monster bells of Moscow,—that of St. Ivan's towers, weighing 128,000 lbs.; that of the Cathedral, weighing 288,000 lbs.; and that of the Empress Anne, weighing 432,000 lbs., and standing 19 feet high, and being 21 feet in diameter! Into such a history must come the musical history of bells, and this, not its least interesting department, must be complete in the "Chapter on Chimes," and give us complete illustrations of what mean the single bob, the plain bob, the grandsire bob, the bob major, the bob royal, and the bob maximus, and all the varied bobs of a complete and perfect chime! But the Committee are wandering, and must return to the "chime in hand," and do so by saying that, after a long and very careful examination, testing each bell separately and in the progressions of the chime, both melodically and in harmony, they recommend that there be awarded for their goodness of tone and adaptation to each other as a chime, a *Silver Medal.*

There are two other Bells, not of the chime, from the same excellent establishment, both possessing good tone and clear resonance.

The Committee next examined the remaining musical instruments submitted to them, consisting of—

A Musical Rocking Chair.

Four Flutes, by Berteling, being

One in B flat,

Three in D.

Two Octave D Flutes, by same maker.

Two Clarinets, by same maker,
One in B flat,
One in E flat.

These were all well made instruments, and some of them uncommonly good. One of the D flutes was very excellent. An award is recommended for the whole, of a

Silver Medal.

The "Musical Rocking Chair" was, certainly, a unique novelty. Within the seat was arranged a sort of compact set of reeds, so adjusted that when one sat down and rocked to and fro, he "discoursed most excellent music," and might easily rock himself "to sleep, perchance to dream," to the music of his own fundamental harmonies. Or, viewing it in the light of "a blessing to mothers" who cannot sing "their fondlings to repose," it commends itself as a means of rock-away lullabies, never till now made vocal in nursery realms. Its ingenuity justifies a

Diploma.

One of the Violins contributed by J. H. Arey, was a newly-made instrument, of very fair quality of tone, for which the Committee recommend a

Diploma.

The attention of the Committee was lastly directed to specimens of Sheet Music, entered by Nathan Richardson, of the "Musical Exchange," Boston. The designs were of superior style and finish, and the whole appearance of the printing, from engraved plates, executed under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Richardson, was eminently clear and excellent.

Examination was also made of Mr. Richardson's "Modern School for the Piano Forte," entered by him as a specimen of music printing from electrotype plates, it being the first musical work ever printed by the common letter-press method, from such plates. There was a uniformity and clearness of impression in an uncommon degree, and, throughout the work, an evenness of appearance and execution rendering every note on every page, perfectly plain to the eye of the player. This is a great merit in music printing, and one not always nor easily attained. The work, itself, as a system, is most highly recommended, by the leading composers and teachers of music, at home and abroad; and by musical journals in Boston and New York; and, although the Committee entertained doubts whether it were strictly within their province to adjudicate upon any "system of instruction" for any instrument, yet, as this had been received by the government of the society, and admitted for competition as such, and had been thus brought legitimately before them, and as it had received the high sanction and recommendations of most eminent Pianists, three of whom were members of this Committee, they decided to award to it a

Silver Medal.

82. E. G. Wright, Boston. Silver Bugle. This Bugle seemed upon trial to be a very satisfactory instrument, and quite correct in intonation; and the workmanship was good.

Bronze Medal.

1592. White Brothers, Boston. Violins and Guitars. The Guitars were good instruments, of more than common power and richness of tone. The Violins were highly creditable to the manufacturers as specimens of work, but were unattended with the usual accompaniment—a bow, so necessary to produce the proper vibrations and prove their quality. For these instruments, the Committee award a

Bronze Medal.

Gluck and Lavater.

At the time of Gluck's first efforts in the lyric drama, he had occasion to make a journey to Zurich, where Lavater, who was then laying the foundations of a school since so celebrated, was residing. The German musician had heard vaguely of Lavater's physiological labors, and, without precisely believing in the infallibility of his doctrines, or without putting implicit faith in his observations and prognostications, Gluck's ardent spirit and mind, so enamored of the marvellous, had become warmly interested in all that was elevated, new, daring, and brilliant in the hypotheses of the learned innovator. He profited, therefore, by his sojourn at Zurich to pay Lavater a visit.

The founder of the School of Physiognomy was in his study, a perfect museum, containing casts, moulded with the most fastidious exactness, of all the illustrious personages of the time. He was engaged in terminating the voluminous correspondence to which he was accustomed to devote the greater portion of his mornings. He did not so much as appear to perceive the arrival of the musician, and, carried away by his ideas, continued writing his letters, without even turning his head towards the new-comer. This had lasted for upwards of half an hour, and the *maestro* was

beginning to grow tired of waiting so long, when Lavater, suddenly casting upon him his blue eyes, full of intelligence and tenderness, said:—

"Whom have I the honor of addressing, sir?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied the musician, smiling. "Excuse me if I do not answer the question you have asked, and if I leave to you the task of doing so. There is no doubt with your penetration and sagacity the task will be an easy one. Allow me, therefore, to ask you who I am, and what I am?"

Gluck's intention was evidently to embarrass the illustrious savant, but the latter was accustomed to challenges of this description, and, on more than one occasion, had come forth triumphantly from these difficult ordeals. Without appearing, therefore, at all shocked at the *maestro's* answer, he began to study attentively Gluck's features and physiognomy, terminating his examination by exclaiming, at the expiration of a few minutes—

"No—I am not mistaken. You are a musician."

"That is true," replied Gluck; "but it is a very vague qualification. Could you name the musical speciality which I particularly cultivate?"

At this fresh question Lavater was silent, and appeared to be plunged in profound reflection. Suddenly he interrupted his meditations.

"Yes, that is it," he said. "You are a composer—yes, a dramatic composer. The qualities distinguishing you are—vigor, energy, daring, elevated sentiments, grandeur of ideas, and—there," he continued, taking down from one of the shelves of his bookcase a volume, magnificently bound, "I would lay a wager you are the author of that score."

Gluck cast his eyes upon the work and recognized one of his operas, entitled *The Fall of the Giants*, which had just achieved a colossal success all through Germany. The astonishing and prodigious sagacity of his interlocutor both amazed and terrified him.

"This is not all," continued Lavater, while his face gleamed with inspiration, and his voice assumed, from minute to minute, a more solemn accent: "this is not all. You are destined for great, for magnificent things—you will leave behind you a luminous track in the career you pursue. You will be the founder of a great school, for there is within you an immense power of creation, and, moreover, that eagerness for the struggle and the combat which render chiefs illustrious, and victory certain."

Three years subsequent to the interview we have described, Gluck was in France, where he brought out his *Iphigénie en Tauride*, that *chef-d'œuvre* of inspiration and genius, and which imparted fresh youth to the forms of the lyric drama. On this occasion, the musical world divided itself into two camps, and the name of Gluck, rendered greater by the contest, has come down to us, glorious and respected. Thus Lavater's prediction regarding the celebrated German composer was realized in every particular.

GEORGE F. BENKERT.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* has the following account of a young American composer, who is exciting attention in that city.

George Felix Benkert was born in Germantown, (Philadelphia) April 11th, 1831; his father, a bootmaker, a man of energy and honorable ambition, with no small streak of the ideal running through every action of his life. The mother, quiet and industrious, looked upon her first-born as only mothers can look, in hope—days and months passed on, and as years succeeded years, the child grew up,—thoughtful, modest, and quiet in the extreme. The fun and folly that produced uproarious laughter in his schoolmates, painted on his face only a quiet smile, mingled with melancholy. George was blessed with parents such as other children usually have, and many discussions were held as to what trade George should be put to, and as the business of the father is considered good enough for the son, it was proposed that at some future day, he should be a shoemaker, and although quite young, he was taught to hammer a piece of leather, and at other times to stitch a little, but it was all of no use. He who loved to

gaze at the beauties of a new born day, and could see something in a leaf as it trembled in the evening breeze, was but poorly fitted to make shoes for the bad formed feet to travel in the mud. However good and useful boots and shoes may be, George had no turn for this kind of work, so he began to scribble music and would sometimes forget the harmony of surrounding things to listen to the sounds of a piano, whose keys were touched by the fingers of innocence in a house hard by. He listened and his fingers moved. The spirit said write—and an overture came forth. He wrote again, and an oratorio was there. Yet George was but nine years old. At this time, our young composer was placed under the care of a teacher in the city, Mr. Joseph F. Duggan, who was instrumental in developing still further this talent for composition. He soon began to be known in Philadelphia as the writer of some pleasing songs, whose grammatical correctness, (we speak in a musical sense) was surprising in one of such youth and limited experience. He also made for himself a name as a pianist while while presiding over the orchestra at Barnum's Museum, and was known among musical people by his remarkable facility in reading music, no matter how complicated or difficult to perform at sight. Not long after this, he was sent to Germany to study, and became the favorite and only pupil of that most distinguished German composer, Lindpaintner, who had the pleasure, before long, of presiding at the performance of a Grand Mass, composed by his pupil, and brought out in a church in Stuttgart, which won for our native artist the approbation of the select audience of the occasion, and the favorable notice of the press, and the musical critics of the place.

The same Mass was brought out in Vienna, under the skilful direction of Helmesberger, assisted by an orchestra and chorus of one hundred performers. The triumph of George F. Benkert in Germany was now complete; the multitude as they poured from church expressing their hearty approval of the Mass, as being calculated to awaken feelings of the sublimest kind, while every critic of Vienna was warm in his applause, and such newspapers as the "Wanderer," the "Allgemeine Zeitung," and "Monatschrift für Theater und Musik," noticed with flattering comments, the productions of "the young American musical composer."

After five years of absence and study he returned to his native city, gathered together a good orchestra, and presented a selection of his instrumental and piano-forte compositions at the Musical Fund Hall, on the evening of November 6th. The favor with which they were received, and spoken of by the press and critics, has induced him to prepare another, which will shortly be given. It is Mr. Benkert's intention to reside in Philadelphia, and pursue his profession as composer and instructor; that he will succeed in establishing himself among our best musicians, no one can for an instant question: for his works entitle him to be at once enrolled among them, and likewise prove that his name has just claims to stand on the list, in a high place over those of some, who with more pretensions and far less real merit than he, have managed to be ranked with the truly deserving.

Street Organs.

(From the Boston Atlas.)

We are not of those who palpitate with pain at the revolutions of the inharmonic crank. We have never pretended to be auricular epicureans, desperate and despairing at the sharp squeals from the windy barrels. We have never showered down from our attic window, upon the poor, peripatetic chapman of cheap quavers, the same oburgatory donations which we bestow upon sentimental cats and upon faithful dogs, who have failed to accompany their masters to heaven or home. The music may be immelodious and strident; but from the vexed interior of the machine is emitted a reminiscence. It is something to have coming through your windows, when the evening gas is lighted, whiffs of old-time song, puffs of pathos which melted you at the opera.

and little snatches of the waltz which put mercury into your heels at the last assembly. Breaking clearly, if not sweetly, upon the thin, delicious air of these winter nights, we hear the death-song of Edgardo, the lunar prayer of Norma, the great duo from *Favorita*, the hop-and-go devilifications of Strauss and Labitzky, and the touching tribute to Dog Tray. We close our eyes, and remember once more the metallic, rattling Laborde, the quiet Truffi, the robust Benedetti; we see again Grist the queenly, and Albou, the corpulent, and Mario, handsome, but slim; we recall Jullien, in unexceptionable pantalons and immaculate cravat, his locks redolent with Macassar, his gloved hand guiding the armies of harmony. So much conjuring is there in the organ! It were easy to shrug one's shoulders and play the connoisseur. We had rather be thought honest than tasteful. Pardon the confession—we do like hand-organs! We know that the conservators of society, ancient people, with whom, of course, wisdom will expire, pronounce our bumpy friend in the velvet jacket to be a vagrant. Pray let us be a little charitable. The grinder, after all, is not a bold-faced beggar. He gives us music for our coppers, and if we do not want music, he will, for a consideration, leave us, and tune his pipes in more appreciating quarters. Surely, his work is not easy; surely, his burden is far from light. Baron, as he may have been in his own sunny Italy, and cradled as he may have been in song; born under infinite blue skies, in climes where the very commonest people sing the choruses from Auber's *Masaniello*, and matured upon maccaroni and music, hard misfortune has driven him from his ancestral villa, to wander about with one hundred pounds of bad harmony strapped upon his back. Virtuous in misfortune, in niveous or in pluvial weather, he sticks to his business. He resists the blandishments of his vocation. Music may be the food of love, but no one ever saw an organ-grinder in love. Music is a notorious provocative of inebriety, but no one ever saw an organ-grinder full of Bacchus. Yes, we remember one. He had succumbed to the hot weather and beer, and did slumber upon a door-stone. Wicked boys turned the abandoned organ until it was taken, with its owner, into the charge of a policeman. But this unfortunate only strengthened the rule; his brethren go about sober and sad. And what a life! To play Norma until the oak-crowned priestess grows into a diabolic, dogging, ugly-visaged familiar; to play waltzes until waltzing becomes a torture. Let the ancient conservator of society think of such a daily fate! How would he like organ-grinding?

Music in New Orleans.

[The *Picayune* puts forth the following claims for the Crescent City,—not without reason. But to the charge that Northern musical journals have ignored them, we at least must plead not guilty. Our columns for these five years have contained frequent, if they have been necessarily brief, notices of French opera, &c., in New Orleans. The musical taste of that city has seemed to us, at this distance, to be quite a remarkable reflex of the taste of Paris.]

Beyond all question, there is no city in the United States in which there exists a decidedly musical taste—we mean a taste that eminently and practically characterizes the people as a community—with the single exception of New Orleans. What it costs an expensive and vexatious struggle in other places to keep up, is with us a fixed and time-honored institution. New York has an Academy of Music, and Boston a Music Hall, while Philadelphia is in the throes of gestation with an Academy of Music, the birth of which is among the most problematical of future events. The opera is a thing of fits and starts in all these cities, and may be truly said never to have settled down, at all, in either of them; but only occasionally alighted, with its wings nervously quivering, like a bird on a sprig, not knowing how speedily a puff of idle wind may dislodge it from its resting-place, and send it off capering to other regions. With us the opera is a fixture, and as stable as

anything can be that has its foundations in the hearts and tastes of a homogeneous population.

It is amusing to one who has been in the habit of seeing operas produced at the French theatre in this city, to look over the musical periodicals of the North, and mark how utterly their sapient and well informed conductors ignore the very existence of such an establishment here. When, in the course of the last season, the academicians of New York produced the "Etoile du Nord," (and translated it on their posters, "The North Star!") of Meyerbeer, they told the Gothamites, in the biggest kind of type, that it was the first production of the opera in America. And yet it had then been a stock piece at the Theatre d'Orleans for two seasons. So with "Le Prophète," the good people of the North were felicitated upon the assurance that they were hearing that for the first time in this country, when, in point of fact, it had been a regular stock piece at the French opera here, ever since the 1st of April, 1850, which was less than a year from its original production in Paris.

Good concerts, and all deserving musical entertainments, as well as the opera, are always liberally patronized in New Orleans, as Parodi, Strakosch, Vestvali, and other adventurers in this way, will readily attest. And, besides those for which we are indebted to strangers, (whom, by the way, we are proverbially always glad to welcome to our city,) we have occasionally others, made up of indigenous materials, and appealing to our social sympathies for support.

We are convinced that in no other city of the Union is there, in proportion to its population, so much attention shown to the cultivation of music, as an accomplishment, as in our own. We can point to young ladies, not yet graduated from our schools, whose singing would shame many a concert prima donna the North has sent us; while in private society, it is not an uncommon thing to hear performers on the piano, who would maintain an equal rank with many of the highly celebrated and much bepudded public executants upon that instrument we have had amongst us.

These reflections have just occurred to us with peculiar force, in connection with the receipt of a polite invitation to attend a concert, to be given to-morrow evening, at Odd Fellow's Hall, by the amateur musical association, called, "L'Athenée de la Nouvelle Orleans." This is an entirely private society, and is composed exclusively of amateurs, resident in this city. To it belong some eighty ladies, all accomplished musicians, and a proportional number of gentlemen. They give concerts occasionally, during the season, whereto those only are admitted who are subscribing members, and such others as they may invite. In what other city of the land could such concerts as these be given?

New York may say, behold our Philharmonic! Boston may point to her Handel and Haydn, and Mendelssohn, and Philadelphia to her Musical Fund. But these do not square with the case we have put: an association, of ladies and gentlemen, from the circles of private society, giving first class concerts, and in first class style.

And while this is doing in the vocal way, we are pleased to hear that our new "Cecilia Music Society" are determined, this season, to give four grand instrumental concerts, and that they have already commenced their regular rehearsals, with such a view. In the same way which has proved so successful in the management of the New York Philharmonic, seeking no pecuniary benefit for themselves, they have resolved to ask the coöperation of a music-loving community, and to invite honorary memberships on these very liberal terms: One gentleman and lady, per annum, \$5. Family tickets, (five tickets to each concert,) \$10, the subscribers, on these terms, having the privilege of attending all the rehearsals.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9. The manager of our Italian Opera is a shrewd observer of human nature. He knows that people now, as in the days of Father

Adam, hanker after forbidden fruit, and so he offered them the *Traviata*—not on account of its musical merit, but simply because it had attained a certain doubtful reputation, which would arouse curiosity, and for the satisfaction of which curiosity people would pay. The anathemas hurled upon this opera by the English press have been re-echoed and commented upon by the American Press, and it is amusing to notice the difference of opinion expressed by our musical critics. Mr. Seymour, the critic of the *Times*, treats the contested point of the immorality of the opera in his usual light, facetious style, considering it as of no special moment. Mr. Fry of the *Tribune* ignores the suggestions of the story altogether. The critics of the *Courier* and *Evening Mirror* apologize for the opera, attribute any disapprobation to excessive and false prudery, while the *Post*, *Express*, and *Day Book* condemn the work as unfit for public presentation.

And I must agree with these latter critics, for certainly the career of a prostitute is not a fit subject to be brought into public notoriety, and especially in a manner that arouses for the guilty creature not merely pity, but a lively sympathy. The opening scene of the opera is one which it is improper even to name, and indeed no extended critique on the plot can be written, without introducing language unfit to appear in your columns. The *Express* gives the following synopsis of the plot, which is taken from Dumas's "*Dame aux Camelias*," translated into English under the title of *Camille*:

Violetta, the heroine, is a youthful beauty, who, in the elegant language of the libretto, has been "thrown by circumstances, and the loss of her parents in childhood, into a course of voluptuous living." In a gay company she meets with Alfred, a young gentleman, who falls in love with her, and whose affection she returns; they retire to the country to live in seclusion; but shortly their rural felicity is invaded by Germont, who, in Alfred's absence, announces himself to Violetta as his father, represents to her the ruinous consequences of his son's present course, and with amiable generosity urges her to leave him (Alfred) forever. In her anxiety for his welfare, she immediately departs for Paris, and, plunging again into the vortex of dissipation, in the course of time again encounters Alfred. He, unaware of the cause of her desertion, flings her miniature at her feet and upbraids her as the cause of his misery. Violetta, broken-hearted, seeks her home to die, but on her death-bed a gleam of joy shines on her troubled career; she receives a letter from her lover's father, telling her that, moved by her noble self-sacrifice, of the extent of which he was not at first aware, he cannot resist her sufferings, and is about to bring his son again to her feet. While reading this letter, Germont and Alfred arrive; but it is too late; the guilty woman, overcome by sudden rapture, dies in her lover's arms.

The music is really very pretty, though not equal to Verdi's more celebrated works. It appears to be hurriedly written, and the instrumentation is poorly worked up; but there are a number of airs easily caught by the ear. Most of the opera is written in waltz time, and has a light, pleasing effect, though seldom rising to dignity, except in the closing scenes and the finale of the third act, which is one of those effective concerted pieces that will rank with the finale of the third act in *Ernani*, the Quatuor in *Rigoleto*, and some other of Verdi's finest inspirations. The opera is plentifully sprinkled with drinking songs and Bacchanalian music, and there is a very curious gipsies' chorus, sung with an accompaniment of tambourines, strangely suggestive of the Tambourine song in the "Star of the North." And indeed there are very many passages in the opera that sound familiar to the ear—faint echoes of *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, and even of operas of other composers.

One peculiarity of Verdi, and one which other composers would do well to imitate, is, that he always works his operas up with a view to climactic effect. The last act is always the finest; and whatever the former portions may have been, there is no disappointment in the *finale*. So it is with *La Traviata*, the last act being one of the most effective

in some respects that I now remember. The scene is in the private apartment of Violetta, where the poor "lost one," deserted by her lover, and loaded with his reproaches, is lying broken-hearted on a bed of sickness. With the assistance of her maid she rises, and in a delicate scena bewails her hapless fate, while a strong contrast to her swan-like song is heard in a Bacchanalian chorus outside her window. Alfred then rushes in, assuring Violetta of his forgiveness, and in a sweet duet they fondly sing of future joys. But a death-like pallor overspreads the countenance of the fair and frail *lorette*; her last hour is at hand, and even the joy of forgiveness cannot wholly heal the broken heart or restore the wasted frame. With a last request to her lover to reverse her memory and forgive her crimes, the death-rattle overcomes her voice, the flushed cheek loses its color, the bright eye becomes glazed and dim, and with one last gasp, she dies in her lover's arms.

Each representation of this opera has attracted crowded houses, and it nightly becomes more popular; the immorality of the story is wholly overlooked in the beauty of the music.

As I have occupied so much of your space with *La Traviata*, I cannot dwell upon the other musical attractions offered to us. THALBERG continues his successful career, and leaves us this week for Boston (?). The PYNB and HARRISON Opera Troupe commence an engagement at Niblo's next week, and our Italian Opera troupe leave us for Havana.

TROVATOR.

Musical Intelligence.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Mr. STRATTON's Second Orchestral Concert took place last week. He had the vocal aid of Mr. and Mrs. Mozart, of this city, and of the "German Trio," (Messrs. Gartner, Hause and Jungnickel.) Mr. Stratton's Overture No. 2 was well received. So was of course the "Wedding March." The *Mirror* says:

The concert, as a whole, gave perfect satisfaction to the large audience, and won new laurels for Mr. Stratton as a musician and conductor. He has his orchestra under complete control, and everything goes like clock-work. One of the Boston performers remarked that "there could not be found (out of Boston) in this part of the country, an orchestra so well drilled and complete as this," which, no doubt, is true.

(The following items were crowded out last week.)

PHILADELPHIA.—Fitzgerald "cannot find words" (yet does find them, glowing and good ones, too,) "to express the perfect satisfaction and fullness of delight" which he experienced in hearing THALBERG. Of course the *material* and *personnel* of his Philadelphia concerts are the same as in New York. He was to give three, oscillating back and forth between the two cities.

There have been plenty of concerts in the Quaker city this past fortnight. On Monday the Musical Union performed Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" before a large audience. Mr. Henry Thunder presided at the organ; the principal singers were the Misses Heron, Mr. Rudolphsen and Sig. Cortesi....Mr. John Bayley has given several morning orchestral concerts, (at the hour of 12 M.); the programmes light and miscellaneous, the orchestra "well drilled, very large, and in its character of tone reminding one of the old Germania Society."....The Handel and Haydn Society last week inaugurated a new Music Hall with choruses, organ performances, and the particular attraction of Gottschalk's brilliant pianism. The special object was to try the organ, one of Appleton's, purchased from a society in Boston. Of the new Hall Fitzgerald says:

It is not very large, about thirty-six feet wide, and a hundred in length; a gallery at the south end adds a hundred seats to the capacity of the room, and we should think that the entire saloon could be made to accommodate, by crowding, nearly a thousand persons. It could not have been fuller than it was last night. The ceiling is twenty-five feet high, and handsomely decorated; the walls are tastefully frescoed, and the appearance of the room would be beautiful were it not for the windows, which are much too tall for their

width. The organ of the Handel & Haydn Society occupies the northern end of the Hall, standing on the floor, reaching to the ceiling, and wedged in between the private boxes, so that the sound is completely boxed up.

The *City Item* says: The first public rehearsal of the Germania Orchestra took place on Saturday afternoon at the Musical Fund Hall, and we are happy to say, for the credit of Philadelphia, that it was largely attended by the best people of our city, and that the music was listened to with care, the rehearsal being regarded as a concert, rather than as a *conversazione*. The selection of music was of a popular character, and the excellence of the orchestra was well displayed by the varied character of the pieces chosen. The members are nearly all solo performers, and, inspired by a true love and appreciation of the art, they give correct, feeling interpretations of the music they play. The overtures to *Zampa* and *Martha* were given with great spirit and effect. A waltz, by Lanner, was warmly applauded, and quite a sensation was created by the splendid manner in which a transcription of the Anvil Chorus, from *Il Trovatore*, was performed. The celebrated Terzetto from *Attila*, was played with much expression, by the first Horn, Bassoon, and Clarinet. At the second Rehearsal the choice of pieces was admirable. We were too late to hear the "William Tell" Overture, but were too much gratified with the selection from Lucrezia Borgia, which was played with great spirit. An allegretto from one of Beethoven's symphonies afforded some idea of the manner in which the Germanians can play classical music; and we hope to hear the C Minor or some parts of it, at some of these rehearsals. The "Anvil Chorus" was repeated, by particular request, and was encored of course.

The First Concert of the Musical Fund Society was given at the Hall, last evening, (Tuesday) and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a very large audience assembled to enjoy the programme prepared. The concert was perfectly successful, and passed off with spirit. Madame De Lagrange was received with much applause, and sang with her usual brilliancy, although it seemed to us, as though her voice had been somewhat over-exerted of late. Brignoli was encored in the beautiful romanza from *L'Etoile du Nord*, which he rendered with much good taste. The orchestra, which was strong and effective, performed the overture to *Robert le Diable*, and one of the three composed by Beethoven, for his opera of *Leonora* (*Fidelio*). It also sustained its part in Weber's concerto for orchestra and piano, Gottschalk presiding at the latter, and adding to his well-earned laurels by his excellent reading of this classical work. Indeed, it appeared to us that we had never heard this pianist to such advantage as at this concert; he performed Henselt's "Si l'oiseau j'étais," a Nocturne by Chopin, this Concerto, and several of his own compositions, so that by the various styles, his facility of execution and his expression were unusually well exhibited.

NEW ORLEANS.—Our opera has commenced in good earnest and with the promise of good success. Mr. Boudousquie has now shown us his resources, and they have been proved to be equal to our most exacting demands. We have a good prima donna, in grand opera, in Mlle. Muller; another, in comic opera, in Mme. Colson; two fine tenors, in Messrs. Delagrave and Moulin; a fine baritone, in Mr. Magne; and excellent basses in Messrs. Junca and Guillot; while the bulk of the operatic company, including the orchestra and chorus, are equal to any emergency.

English opera has a good beginning, too, at the Gaitey, where Mr. Crisp has produced Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," Auber's "Fra Diavolo," and Brougham's burlesque of "Po-ca-hon-tas," in very acceptable style. Rosalie Durand, Georgiana Hodson, Messrs. Frazer, Stretton, Lyster and Trevor have proved themselves adequate to the performance of operas in admirable style, and we are to have "Midas," "Freischütz," "Daughter of the Regiment," and other lyric pieces, in convenient succession.—*Picayune*, Nov. 16.

Foreign.

LONDON.—Don Giovanni was brought out on the 16th ult. at Drury Lane. GRISI, as Donna Anna, "looked, acted and sang with all the power and beauty she has ever displayed at any period of her career." M. GASSIER is pronounced a really good Giovanni, handsome, gentlemanlike, and a truly admirable singer. Mme. GASSIER's Zerlina and Mme. RUDESDORFF's Elvira, too, are highly praised. HERR FORMES was the Commendatore, and Signors LORINI and ROVERE (well known on this side) took the parts of Don Ottavio and Leporello. The latter seems to have given great satisfaction.....JULIEN continues his mammoth miscellanies at Her Majesty's Theatre. The second half of the last concert we find noticed, was composed of selections (instrumental of course) from Verdi's *Traviata*. Among his recent assistants have been Miss CATHARINE HAYES, Miss DOLBY, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD the pianist, and "Signor MILLARDI."....The Sacred Harmonic Society, Nov.

23, performed Handel's "Solomon.".....Handel's "Israel in Egypt" opened Mr. Hullah's winter season at St. Martin's Hall.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—(*Corr. Lond. Mus. World*).—The Opéra-Comique is quite in vogue just now. *Jean de Paris*, one of Boieldieu's most popular works, has been brought out for the debut of M. Stockhausen (well known in the concert-rooms of London) in the part of the Sénéchal. He has a baritone voice of considerable range, and he sings with taste. As an actor M. Stockhausen is awkward and stiff—faults that may be attributed to inexperience. Mlle. Boulart, in the part of the Queen of Navarre, showed herself an agreeable vocalist. In the air, "Beau troubadour," she was warmly and deservedly applauded. M. Delaunay Riquier was not quite "the thing" in the part of Jean; the music is much too high for him. M. Lemaire was very amusing as the Aubergiste. The opera altogether was successful.

Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has nearly accomplished its two hundredth representation. A new "sensation" is experienced by the *blasi* Parisians in witnessing the charming performance of Mme. Cabel in Catarina, and the Opéra Comique is crowded every night the *Etoile du Nord* is played. The parts in which the acting of Mme. Cabel is seen to the best advantage, are in the finale to the second act, when, condemned to death by the inebriated Peter, she endeavors to recall herself to his remembrance and fails. The intense grief expressed in her countenance, as she is led away by the soldiers to be shot, is natural in the extreme. In the last act, when Catarina, almost bereft of her senses, is recalled to reason by the encounter with her brother, &c., Mme. Cabel is equally effective and charming. In the first act, her physical capabilities are less manifestly equal to her "good intentions." The singing of Mme. Cabel throughout the opera is perfect. Her vocalization, and the ease with which she overcomes all sorts of difficulties, place her in the first rank of those who have made the Opéra-Comique one of the greatest attractions of the "metropolis of amusements."

The "star" at the *Italiens* lately has been Alboni, who, as Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra*, has made a positive *furor*. It is unnecessary to describe her performance of a part in which she has been heard and admired so much in London. Suffice it that the incomparable *cantatrice* was enthusiastically applauded throughout the opera, and recalled at the end with acclamations. There is no "claque" at this theatre. Mario has arrived, and it is expected will make his *rentrée* in the *Puritani*. The next novelty will be Mlle. Piccolomini in the *Traviata*. The greatest excitement prevails among the *dilettanti*, and every place has been bespoken, although the precise night of her *debut* has not yet been fixed. Quite the talk of the town is the visit paid by the little vocalist to the Vaudeville to witness the *Dame aux Camelias*, the original of the *Traviata*. Piccolomini was so affected by the performance of Mlle. Doche, that she "wept like a child."

At the Académie-Imperiale the long expected opera, *La Rose de Florence*, by M. Biletta, composer of *White Magic*, was produced on Monday night in presence of the Emperor and Empress. The piece is not worthy a place in the *répertoire* of the grand opera. It would suit the Vaudeville and theatres of that calibre; or it would make a very good ballet. Indeed it bears some resemblance to a ballet produced some time since under the title of *La Jolie fille de Gand*. M. Biletta's music does not make us forget the poverty of the *libretto*. It is a succession of dance-tunes. The length of time this opera has been in preparation, and the frequent delays in its production, caused a great deal of curiosity to hear it, but "the mountain brought forth a mouse." The theatre was crowded, and the "claque" in great force.

Nov. 22.—One of the most brilliant audiences of the season was attracted to the Theatre-Italien on Saturday last, to witness the performance of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with ALBONI as Rosina, and MARIO as Count Almaviva, (who made his *rentrée* on this occasion.) Alboni was in splendid voice, and sang magnificently. In "Una voce" she was rapturously encored, and in the "lesson scene," her wonderful execution of Hummel's variations excited the audience to a degree of enthusiasm seldom given way to by the aristocratic *abonnés* of the Theatre-Italien. Mario has seldom been in better voice than he was on Saturday. His reception was very cordial, and after he had been encored in "Ecco ridente," which he sang to perfection, he was recalled, to receive again the applause of the audience. Sig. Corsi made a very intelligent Figaro. Signors Zucchini and Angelini, as Dr. Bartolo and Don Basilio, assisted materially in strengthening the ensemble, and the opera has rarely been better played in the ancient Salle Ventadour than on the present occasion. Sig. Bottesini presided in the orchestra.

BERLIN.—Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach, have announced a new quartet, by Herr Voigt, at their next Quartet Soirée. Herr Voigt was a pupil of the Academy of Music here, and carried off several prizes. Herr B. Klein's oratorio of *Jephtha* was lately produced, under the direction of Herr Frantz, in the Nicolai-Kirche. It was pretty well received, and tolerably executed, although the performers were selected from different Gesangvereine, and co-operated for the first time, probably, with Herr

Frans's orchestra. The first Quartet Soirée of Herren Laub, Radecke, Wüst, and Brauns, took place on the 29th ultimo, in Arnim's small room. The principal features in the programme were Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, and Beethoven's in E major. On the 30th ultimo, the members of the Singacademie, with the assistance of Liebig's orchestra, performed Sebastian Bach's grand mass, in B minor. The execution, however, of this fine work was far from being all that could be desired.

Nov. 22.—The principal event, this week, at the Royal Opera-house, has been the *début* of Mlle. Jenny Bauer from London. The part she selected for her first appearance before a Berlin public was that of Susanna, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Her performance gave great satisfaction to a very numerous audience, and she was called on during the fourth act.—*Iphigenia in Aulis* was performed on the 19th inst., in celebration of Her Majesty's birthday.—Concerts have been most numerous lately. The little Arthur Napoleon gave one, his last, in the Engliches Haus, on the 4th inst., when he played, with Herren Espenhahn, Bial, and Wendt, a quartet in G minor, by Mozart. He also performed Schulhoff's "Airs Bohémiens," Chopin's Notturmo in F minor, and A. Schmidt's Allegro Scherzo.—On Thursday, 6th inst., Herr Liebig gave his third *soirée* for classical orchestral music, in the Singacademie. The programme included Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*, Haydn's Symphony in F major, Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture, and Mozart's symphony in C major with fugue.—On Friday, the 7th, Herren A. Grünwald and R. Radeke gave their first *soirée* of Chamber Music in the Engliches Haus. They were not particularly successful in Mozart's sonata in A major, for piano and violin, but Herr Radeke made up for this by his artistic execution of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111. The same composer's serenade, for violin, viola, and violoncello, was splendidly played by Herren Grünwald, Wendt, and Espenhahn, and greatly applauded. On Saturday, the 8th inst., Herren Zimmermann, Ronneberger, Richter and Espenhahn commenced their Quartet Versammlung in the Singacademie with a quartet of Haydn in B major, cah. 11, No. 3. This was followed by Mozart's quartet in A major, and Beethoven's seventh in F major. The last was certainly the great attraction of the evening. A concert in memory of Mendelssohn has been given by Stern's Gesangverein in Arnim's Rooms. Herr Stern himself accompanied on the piano. The ninety-fifth Psalm was first sung. This was followed by the "Walpurgisnacht," and Herr Laub performed the celebrated violin concerto in a masterly style. Billert's Gesangverein will perform two grand oratorios this winter: on Friday, the 6th December, Ferdinand Hiller's *Zerstörung Jerusalems*, and on Friday, the 20th February, 1867, Dr. Louis Spohr's *Letzte Dinge*. Liebig's orchestra will furnish the accompaniment.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 13, 1856.

"WHY PUBLISH THAT?" is a question often asked us with regard to certain articles, which we translate or copy, and which do not always accord with the opinions of the querist, and possibly seem even to conflict with well-known tastes and convictions of our own, which give what may be called the tone to our Journal. Pray, gentle reader, do not delude yourself with the idea that we endorse whatever we put into our miscellaneous reading matter. Many things we copy for no better reason than that they are curious or amusing;—many things which are not even amusing to ourselves, nay, positively dull and almost insignificant, but because they form a part of that great musical world whereof we are expected to report;—many things from which we utterly dissent in principle, and which to our mind indicate a false direction and false taste, but which it is well for all of us to note now and then, as signs of what is going on.

In a recent number two long articles provoked the query. One was an article, which we took perhaps too much pains to translate, giving an account of an effort lately made by Liszt and one of his remarkable pupils to introduce in Germany a Lisztian style of organ-playing. This questionable phenomenon, or "notion," as we say in Yankee land, was exciting not a little attention

in Young Germany. It could do no harm to let our readers see the monster and judge for themselves. We do not always in such cases feel that we need add our comments, when the whole tone and direction of our paper in the long run yields the comment. We might have condensed the story to an item of ten lines. But the article was a glowing one, spirited and well written, and contained some excellent ideas about *virtuoso*-players, and about the humbug of "classicality" affected by such virtuosos. At any rate it told in quite an amusing way of queer things going on in high quarters of the world of Art; and as we are bound to furnish a certain amount of pleasant reading to offset our own dullness, we are sometimes tempted to present such a thing in full.

Another offense was the copying of the *Athenæum's* review of Berlioz's treatise upon Instrumentation. When such an important work appears, do we not do well to let our readers see how it strikes eminent critics of various leanings, and from various points of view? And have we not all seen enough of the peculiar crotchety humors of Mr. CHORLEY, (when he denounces Schumann, for instance, in his wholesale way,) to make allowance therefor, while we enjoy the real vigor of the man, and profit by his learning and acumen? We had long waited in the hope of seeing and judging of the work for ourselves. Meanwhile what better than to show our readers what is thought of it in higher quarters, we all of us reserving our own criticism? Chorley came first, and we took him. He shows us possibly the worst side, all the faults which a fault-finding mind could pick out. Now we are prepared for the best criticism on the other side, and we shall be happy to present such to our readers when we find it. Still happier to report at first hand of our own impressions, since, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Novello's agent in New York, the book, in English and in elegant form, now lies before us;—although we should not for a moment dream of measuring our capacity to fathom such a work with Mr. Chorley's. Yet we may judge of the opinions of our betters.

The objects of a musical Art journal—a weekly journal, which partakes imperfectly on both sides of the miscellaneous hurried daily newspaper and the deliberate Review—are more than one, and not confined to the advocacy in every page and paragraph of certain all important doctrines and opinions about Art. One object is simply news; and this we give not only in the condensed form of news, but sometimes also by letting other writers, who stand in a different relation to a matter from that we chance to occupy, speak for themselves: just as a political newspaper may publish without comment an opponent's speech. One important function of a journal is simply to mirror all that it can of the great multifarious world, and of the ways in which masses, parties, or single representative minds, view it. And it is a comfort sometimes to enjoy or hate the picture, without having the exhibitor interpose his comments.

Another object, as we have said, is simply to amuse; by pleasant and piquant varieties, not in themselves uninteresting, to attract and reconcile to other earnest matter. A certain quantity of gossip is not to be despised. Even rumors must be noticed, though they should turn out unfounded as the idle wind.

Again, what we pride ourselves upon is a certain hospitality to others' thoughts and tastes.

In our own person, in an editorial article, of course, we speak our own tastes and convictions; we can speak no other; we cannot by any force of will affect a preference or a liking which we do not feel. But there are large classes, whose tastes are to be respected, who attach much higher consequence to certain schools or certain artists than we find it in us to do. To these we would be just and even hospitable. Again and again have we invited such—for instance, those who think Italian Opera the crowning flower of music—to set forth their own views (within certain obviously necessary restrictions) in our columns. We invite upon our platform those who differ from us, so they be courteous, reasonable, and not dull. Our friends to whom we are indebted now and then for correspondence, often write from quite another standpoint, both of taste and culture, from that with which we most sympathize; yet not the less have they our thanks, for helping us to make our paper useful and acceptable to many readers.

We have said more than we intended, and yet not enough. We shall have to return to this matter and make a fuller exposition of our theory and (we would we might say more confidently) our practice of musical journalism.

New Music.

From OLIVER DITSON, Boston, we have:

1. Several more numbers of the German Chorales, as harmonized by JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, with English words, nearly completing the promised twelve. Choral societies will do well, for themselves, and for the cause of a high, pure taste in music, to avail themselves of such excellent material for practice. Their beauty does not wear out with their novelty, which is more than we can say of many of the new pieces sent us every week.

2. *Thirty-six Vocalists for Soprano or Tenor voices*, in modern style, by MARCO BORDOGNI; Book second; pp. 49. The name of the author, the late master of singing in the Conservatoire of Paris, is warrant enough of the excellence of these exercises. Simply as music, they are more interesting than half of the newest Italian melodies which just now enjoy an ephemeral favor.

3. *Favorite Songs, Duets, &c. of MOZART*, arranged by WESLEY. Two more of the forty odd promised; namely, the Serenade: *Deh vieni*, from *Don Juan*, for baritone, and the pretty duet for soprani from the "Marriage of Figaro": *Sull aria*.

4. Selections from Verdi's later operas, including two of a series from *La Traviata*, one of which, a minor Aria: *Ah! forse è lui*, is quaintly Verdi-ish; a Barcarolle for four voices from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, which is light and Epicurean, hardly redeemed from commonplace by some modulations in the latter part. Also a Quatuor from "Macbeth": *Sanguis a me*, translated and adapted by T. T. BARKER—this last forming one of Ditson's long series of concerted pieces, under the title of "The Harp of Italy."

5. *Twelve Two-Part Songs* by KÜCKEN, ABT, MENDELSSOHN, &c. No. 2. "O how sweet the Hunter's Song," by Kücken.—*Eight Four-part Songs for men's voices*, by Abt. No. 3. "The Huntsman's Song." Both simple and spirited, but not in any way original or striking.

6. Easy Piano-forte pieces for four hands. a) *Morceaux Elegantes* on favorite operatic themes, by THEO. OESTEN: No. 3, from *La Sonnambula*, 11 pages. b) *Revue Melodique*, by F. BEYER, another collection of little operatic fantasias; No. 3, from *Norma*, 11 pages.

7. More difficult, for two hands. a) *Raymond, ou la Secret de la Reine*, brilliant Fantasia by H. ROSELLEN, op. 130, on themes from the French opera by AMBROSE THOMAS, pp. 15. b) *Music on the Waters*, a salon piece, being one of three grouped under the title of "Chimes and Rhymes," by ALBERT LINDAHL,

a sort of song without words, *Allegro agitato*, in continuous semi-quavers, which require a practised hand to render evenly and neatly.

8. a) *Never Give Up*, by GEO. J. WEBB, words by TUPPER. The melody is simple, and seizes the spirit of the words—well calculated to be popular. b) *Wayside Flowers of France and Italy*, translated and adapted by T. T. BARKER: No. 5. *La Stella d'Amore* (Star of Love), a pretty Barcarole by COSTA.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We are happy to learn that Mr. ZERRAHN finds, so far, great encouragement in his efforts to secure subscribers to his proposed Orchestral, or as he calls them, "PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS," of which we spoke last week. To save time and decide the question quickly, he now invites music-lovers (at the same time that a canvasser is going round) to call at the music stores, where they may read the terms and subscribe for the series. See advertisement..... The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB at their third concert, next Tuesday evening, will have for pianist that modest, sterling artist, Mr. TRENKLE, who will play in a Duo with 'cello by Mendelssohn, and a couple of solo pieces by Chopin. A new string Quartet by the young Rubenstein and Beethoven's Septet will be leading features in the programme. We trust that Chickering's beautiful saloon will be very full.GUSTAV SATTER, the pianist, will give another series of his "Philharmonic Soirées" this winter, at Hallet, Davis & Co.'s rooms, as formerly, and probably commencing on the 27th of this month. See his first Programme in another column; it is quite novel. The Quartet by Willmers is said to be his best composition. We should be glad to find it giving us a higher idea of the composer than the showy, pretty, sentimental concert pieces for the piano, to which we have been treated now and then by Jaell and others. Mr. S. is to be assisted from time to time by such artists as WILLIAM MASON, B. J. LANG, and a lady pupil, pianists; Messrs. SCHULTZ and ECKHARDT, violins; JUNGNIKKEL, violoncello, &c.....The GERMAN TRIO will commence their third season of six concerts at Chickering's rooms on Saturday evening, Dec. 20th, with the assistance of the "Mozart" Quartet of singers (Mr. and Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWICHELL and Mr. ADAMS). Messrs. HAUSE, GARTNER and JUNGNIKKEL will play two Piano Trios, one by Beethoven (Op. 97), and one by Rubinstein, besides each a solo....Thus there will be no lack of Chamber Concerts; yet we shall sadly miss our OTTO DRESEL, who has so far yielded to his sensitive, Chopin-like dread of concert-giving as to resolve to play no more in public, but find a purer pleasure, and, as he thinks, exert a more genuine artistic influence, by discoursing music in congenial private circles. In this he plainly sacrifices interest to a conscientious ideal. We cannot but hope, for the sake of all true lovers of music, that he will one day see the matter in a different light....Christmas comes and we have not yet heard an Oratorio or a Symphony in Boston! But the signs indicate a better time at hand. We only fear too furious a reaction in the latter part of winter. Why must it always be either a dearth or a glut of music? This does not indicate a healthy, genuine appetite.

Our German Männerchor, the "ORPHEUS," will give a series of subscription concerts in the Mercantile Library Hall, commencing early in January. Good German choruses and part-songs, solo songs by their conductor Mr. KREISSMANN, and others, piano and violin pieces by Messrs. LEONHARD and SCHULTZ, &c., will combine to furnish forth a pleasant feast.

There is no lack of musical activity in the towns and cities within easy hail of Boston. Indeed we hear of concerts—series of concerts—vocal and instrumental, classical and miscellaneous, Chamber Quartets and great Oratorios, all around us. In Lowell, Providence, Salem and Worcester there are concerts on foot. In Manchester, N. H. there is Mr. Stratton's orchestra. In Cambridge, Jamaica Plain, and we know not how many places, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and the German Trio are giving Classical

Soirées in private houses. This musical appetite in the "rural districts" keeps the best singers and instrumentalists of our city busy. That excellent singer, Mrs. J. H. LONG, seems to be in demand everywhere. On Monday she sings at the annual concert of Gillmore's Band in Salem; on Tuesday at Stratton's third Orchestral Concert in Manchester; at Christmas in the first of a subscription series at Lowell, and so on....See NOVELLO's advertisement for a rich assortment of Christmas music—anthems, carols, &c., by the most esteemed authors, published in a style at once economical and elegant. Mr. G. W. WARREN's "Christmas Carol" for children, too, published by Hildley in Albany, is a lively, pretty thing, to be sung in four parts, and beautifully got up, with vignette title.

The following extract of a letter, dated at Paris, is from the pen of the eldest son of the late EDWARD SÉGUIN, a promising young American artist, who has received musical instruction at the best schools abroad: "My departure to Florence has been delayed in consequence of Mr. Panzeron advising me, by all means, to sing as his pupil at the Conservatoire examination. There were ninety aspirants, ten of whom were to be chosen out of that number. We had to be judged by Auber, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Caraffa, etc., etc.; and you will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that I sang a song from *L'Etoile du Nord*, a trio from 'G. Tell,' etc., with great success; was highly complimented by the professors, and was elected an 'Elevé du Conservatoire Imp. de Musique, Paris.' I was afraid, on account of being an American, that I should not get it; but Auber, Halévy, etc., expressed themselves greatly pleased with me, and the next thing I hope to inform you of, will be my first appearance in opera. I have had the pleasure of singing with Miss May, who leaves here on the nineteenth."

The Opera in New York closed on Wednesday evening, of course, as it begun, with *Il Trovatore*. There was a benefit night appended, however, for Mme. LA GRANGE, on Thursday, when she appeared both in *La Traviata* and the "Barber of Seville." The troupe are off immediately for Havana, and now, if never before, the semi-French city of New Orleans may boast itself the only city in the Union which supports Opera as a permanent institution. Of Verdi's *Traviata*, the *Courier & Enquirer* says: "The music is as poor as Verdi can write; that of *Rigoletto*, even, shines by contrast. At the end of the third act there is a careful piece of concerted writing, but as to the rest—*niente, niente, niente*." As to its alleged immorality, the same journal justly says:

It is true that *La Traviata* is a young lady whose relations to some members of the other sex are not very clearly defined; but those relations are not obtruded by the action, and would not be known to one in a hundred of the audience, were it not for the translation of the libretto which Mr. Darcy has published. Still, the story having got out, the lady must be considered improper and frowned out of good opera society, although many of those who maintain their position are no better than—she is; for instance Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, Leonora in *La Favorita*, Mrs. Norma, Mrs. Borgia, and Thisbe in *Il Giuramento*.

Still we are inclined to think that in the matter of moral censorship, *La Traviata*, taken as a whole, both musically and dramatically, is fair game, as palpably appealing to a corrupt appetite in both regards.

A marriage took place last week in one of the principal Bristol churches, (says the *Musical World*), which attracted great numbers to see it, owing to a report having got abroad that the bridegroom was twice before on the eve of happiness, and had gone half way to the altar, but owing to a singular nervousness, had, upon each occasion, turned heel, and made a speedy retreat from the church, not having sufficient resolution to go through the celebration. Aware of his weakness, he, it is said, candidly declared that, unless some means were adopted to give him courage, he would be sure, in spite of himself, to levitate the third time, as in the two previous instances, and suggested music as the most likely agent to sustain his self-possession. The lady's friends acted on the hint, and engaged the organist, who played vehemently during the whole ceremony. It had the desired effect; he did not run away, much, apparently, to the annoyance of the crowds assembled in and outside the church, who confidently looked out for a scene.—Everything, however, passed off as it should.

In the New York correspondence of a religious paper, the *Christian Watchman and Reflector*, of this city, we find a definition of Italian Opera, which is charming for its simplicity, to say the least. For instance:

What is the Italian Opera? We cannot speak from our own personal knowledge and observation. We never witnessed it. But we have witnessed incidental fragments, thrown into concerts, and we should describe it somewhat in the following manner. One dozen men and women on a stage, each with a sheet of music in their hand, and each striving to scream louder than the other, flourishing the music, and accompanying the strange sounds with violent gestures and contortions of the body, hands and head, while behind them a company of musicians make a desperate assault upon their instruments, pounding pianos, beating bass drums, tearing violins, and blowing up French horns, as if they intended their utter destruction. With a few lulls and returns, the storm finally subsides, and the performers, apparently exhausted with the laborious effort, take their seats to rest five minutes and then repeat this singular performance. Now many admirers of fine music will call all this a caricature, and charge it to our want of taste. We certainly plead guilty to the want of taste. But it is dreadful to call such performances music, and somewhat amusing to see people try hard to appreciate and pretend to admire them.

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Theodore de Witt.

(Translated for this Journal, from the Supplement to the
Conversations-lexicon.)

THEODORE DE WITT, a descendent of the famous family in the Netherlands, to which belonged the two patriots murdered by the people in the time of Louis XIV., was the son of John de Witt, a music teacher and organist yet living in Niederwesel. Under his father's instruction he made such remarkable progress that he ventured in his seventh year to let himself be heard in public. Gifted in his childhood with really striking beauty and with a wonderfully fine soprano voice, he exercised a rare attraction upon everybody. Without having studied counterpoint, he composed pieces in which not an error could be found. A musician, who would not believe that the boy was able to do such things without help from others, gave him one day a theme and shut him up with it. In this solitude Witt set a piece of music, of which the most thoroughly-trained musician would not have been ashamed. His first proper instruction in the theory of music he received through Bischof, the (to musicians) well-known director of the gymnasium of Wesel. His attention had been attracted to the boy in a concert, which he gave in his own name at the age of eleven years.

At the age of seventeen Witt conceived the resolution of going to Berlin, there to educate himself as a musician. Without means and without friends, he relied with the naive confidence of youth on good men, who should make his hard way easy. He was commended to Felix Mendelssohn; but all the aid he got from him consisted in an earnest dissuasion from the musical career; and he even refused his request for a free ticket to one of his oratorios. Piano-forte

teaching, too, by which he sought the means of living, would not go at first, the extreme youth of the teacher being the greatest obstacle in his way. Such bitter experiences only added spurs to his zeal, and it was not long before Witt earned the couple of thalers, which he had to give Professor Dehn for each hour of instruction. Moreover, he needed for his studies costly works, and so he had to let his body suffer all the more, as he was tormented by those social requirements which no young musician can escape; not seldom did he make music late into the night, and then walk a long way home through snow and ice, and by seven o'clock the next morning be ready again to give lessons.

Witt sought to distinguish himself not merely as a composer, but also as a piano-player. In this latter character he made LISZT his model. In this he did not strive to conquer technical difficulties for the sake of performing wonderful artistic feats, but because he said to himself that in this way the power of musical interpretation would be enlarged and the most soul-ful delivery of the older works be rendered possible. He practised away as his own teacher, and invented a system of finger exercises, which was calculated to put aside all special mannerism and lead to the mastery of the most-difficult tone-figures. A man who has often heard him, says in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that as a piano-player he has rivalled MENDELSSOHN. "Especially charming was his delivery of the latter's 'Songs without Words,' which he rendered as impartially and lovingly as if the chords gushed from his own artistic soul. He had not much real sympathy with this sort of music, and he despised the public which was carried away by the sensuous charms herein presented. Yet he only indulged in this severity of judgment towards those who had the capacity of comprehending something higher. Above all was he happy in the rendering of BEETHOVEN'S masterworks. These, under his mode of treatment, became really popular. The impenetrable difficulties which we used to hear complained of, vanished before this practical unfolding of the musical idea. To hear him present these divine tone-pictures was not merely a single enjoyment, but also the source of the richest instruction. One might say that his illustrations bore about the same relation to the thoughts of the great master, as set down in notes, that an engraving of MARCO ANTONIO does to one of RAPHAEL'S sketches, which have served and satisfied him for a model. Free from ornament, as there, but clear, full and noble, came out every single idea from the foaming waves of tone, and the rhythm, of which a deep understanding seemed inborn in him, reigned with an unswerving omnipotence in

his harmonic play, just as in painting a firm comprehension of form reigns in the midst of a brilliant rendering of color, the one-sided predominance of which after a while excites in a true artist the same loathing that Witt felt in listening to pieces of the New Romantic music which were piped to him upon his sick bed frequently for days and weeks together."

His undeveloped *physique* was ill calculated in the long run for such manifold exertions. One evening in bed Witt had an attack of bleeding, which robbed him of his speech. Only on the next morning did the maid find him in his blood. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he went home to seek a fuller cure at a retired country house. After a year's respite he was again in Berlin, and now directed all his study to the Fugue. Here again he overtaxed his strength, until one day he sank powerless from his seat, and was taken with a nervous fever, which, with an intermittent character, never left him till his death. At the baths of Heringsdorf, where his physician sent him, he made the acquaintance of EMANUEL GEIBEL and Chancellor von DACHROEDEN. Geibel wrote songs, Witt set them to music and Dachroeden sang them. Afterwards Meyerbeer rescued him from his embarrassments, by procuring for him from the king of Prussia a stipend for a year's journey to Italy. When he made his appearance at Rome, some of his works were published, but more were refused by the publishers. Some compositions which he prepared for another musician, and which that other gave out as his own, had procured for the latter a lucrative place from the then minister, Eichhorn; but he himself got only a beggarly quit-tance.

In the autumn of 1850 he went to Rome. In the winter he had seldom a well moment, but in the spring he most happily revived and could resume his studies. He now composed a Christmas Cantata, which grew under his hand to a small oratorio, an *Agnus Dei*, *Tantum ergo*, and several psalms; of these works only a few have reached publication. He was recommended by distinguished connoisseurs, and yet it generally happened that the music-publishers courteously declined the works he sent them. With the Italians he found comparatively more recognition. Among those who received him with distinction, we may name especially the celebrated RAIMONDI, composer of a gigantic work upon Fugue composition, who died as *maestro di capella* at St. Peter's. Also many Italian virtuosos placed themselves gratuitously at his service and formed an orchestra, which under his direction studied the Beethoven symphonies. In these productions he showed the demoniacal power which

he exercised over his performing musicians, and through which he carried along with him even those who were not talented. To the kindness of Chancellor von Dachröden he owed it, that the king of Prussia converted his stipend, at the moment when it ran out, into a permanent subsidy. His future was now secure.

The continual rejection of his works by publishers had indisposed him to compose more himself. He now busied himself with a critical edition of the Motets of PALESTRINA.—While he worked assiduously at these, he gradually collected around him the material for a complete edition of the works of the great master. A good edition of that sort does not exist, and there was danger that the authentic copies of Palestrina's works would go utterly to ruin. In the existing copies there is a fearful want of exactness, which perplexes even connoisseurs. To be sure, BAINI, the last chapel-master of the singing choir in the Sistine Chapel, has set the whole of Palestrina in score, and has bequeathed this work, since he was unable to bring it out himself, to the Minerva library in Rome, on the condition that it shall be published. The jealousy of the Sistine choir has not respected this bequest of Baini. The score lies buried in the archives of the Sistine, and the editions, which Baini could still use in the libraries, have now disappeared from thence. The Sistine Chapel will never publish Baini's work, for it calls it its own property, while on the other hand it is an established fact that Baini has plundered the archives of cloisters to make his edition complete.

Witt had the good fortune to hunt up the original impressions of Palestrina, and even such as were unknown to Baini. He constructed his edition in such a manner as to be equally just to the wants of the public and to the nature of the case. With him we find the modern, more easily read clefs employed; and yet the original ones which cannot well be dispensed with in the regulation of the pitch of the parts, are added. He visited the Sistine Chapel as often as possible, in order closely to examine the peculiarity of the traditional manner of delivery in the papal choir. He had completed the three first volumes, and yet no publisher appeared. Finally, in the autumn of last year Häckel, in Mannheim, made him honorable proposals. It was the last joy that poor Witt had. A few weeks later, on the 1st of December, 1855, a gentle death delivered him from his hard trials.

His Palestrina will make his name celebrated. His compositions we should be pleased to see soon published; for a competent writer, from whom we have already quoted, gives them extraordinary praise: "The greater part of the melodies in his songs are remarkably simple, but full of touching grace and noble pathos, with an earnest depth of feeling. His rare originality reveals itself especially in unexpected and brilliantly effective modulations. The accompaniment is full and rich, and shows a thorough knowledge of harmony and of its resources. But what enchains one more than all these excellencies is the fidelity and purity with which his whole being, his strongly marked character, is mirrored in his artistic products; that lofty enthusiasm, with scientific completeness and severity; that noble, high-hearted feeling, with an all-penetrating acumen; that love for truth, which you may trace into the most delicate details; and that log-

ical continuity and strictness, with the most glowing warmth of heart and imagination."

Musical Extremes.

[The following pithy little Introduction by M. BÉRLIOZ to his Treatise on Instrumentation, contains much in little.]

At no period in the History of Music has there been greater mention made of *Instrumentation*, than at the present time. The reason of this is doubtless to be found in the completely modern development which has taken place in this branch of the Art; and perhaps, also, in the multitude of criticisms, opinions, different doctrines, judgments, rational and irrational arguments spoken or written, for which the slightest productions of the most inferior composers form a pretext.

There appears at present to be great importance attached to this art of instrumenting, which was unknown at the commencement of the last century; and of which, sixty years ago, many persons who passed for sincere friends of Music, endeavored to prevent the advance. There is an effort, now-a-days, to place an obstacle in the way of musical progress, upon other points. It has always been thus; therefore it can scarcely create surprise. At first, music was only acknowledged to exist in a series of *consonant* harmonies, intermingled with a few discords of suspension; and when Monteverde attempted to subjoin the chord of the seventh on the dominant without preparation, blame and invective of all kinds failed not to be levelled at him. But this seventh once admitted, in spite of all, with the discords of suspension, there were not wanting those among so-called learned authorities who held in contempt all compositions of which the harmony was simple, sweet, clear, sonorous, natural; it was absolutely requisite, to please these gentry, that it should be crammed with chords of the second major and minor, with sevenths, ninths, fourths, and fifths, employed without reason or intention, unless that of being as frequently as possible harsh to the ear. These musicians took a fancy for dissonant chords, as certain animals have a predilection for salt, prickly plants, and thorny shrubs. It was the exaggeration of reaction.

Melody was not to be found among these fine combinations; when it appeared it was cried down, as the ruin of Art, the neglect of time-honored rules, &c., &c.; all was apparently lost. Nevertheless, melody maintained its ground; a reaction of melody, in its turn, was not long in appearing. There were fanatical melodists, to whom every piece of music in more than three parts was insupportable. Some of them asserted that, in the majority of cases, the subject should be accompanied by a bass only, *leaving to the hearer the delight of imagining the complementary notes of the chords*. Others went still farther, desiring to have no accompaniment at all, affirming that harmony was but a barbarous invention.

Then came the turn of modulations. At the period when the habit was to modulate only in relative keys, the first who ventured to pass into a foreign key, was treated with contumely,—as might have been expected. Whatever the effect of this new modulation, masters severely objected to it. The innovator vainly pleaded:—"Listen to it; observe how agreeably it is brought in, how well worked, how adroitly linked with that which precedes and succeeds, and how deliciously it sounds!" "*That's not the question!*" was the reply. "This modulation is prohibited; therefore it must not be made!" But as, on the contrary, that is the precise question throughout, irrelative modulations did not fail soon to appear in grand music, aiding in producing effects no less felicitous than unexpected. Almost immediately arose a new order of pedantry; when people thought themselves degraded by modulating into the dominant; and who frolicked sweetly, in the smallest rondo, from the key of C natural into F sharp major.

Time, little by little, has re-arranged each thing in its place. A too rigid adherence to custom has been distinguished from the reactions of vanity, folly, and obstinacy; and it is pretty generally

agreed to allow, at present, in all that regards harmony, melody, and modulation, that whatever produces a good effect is *good*, as that whatever produces a bad one is *bad*; and that the authority of a hundred old men, even if they were each a hundred and twenty years of age, cannot make ugly that which is beautiful, nor beautiful that which is ugly.

As for instrumentation, expression, and rhythm, that is quite another affair. Their turn for being discerned, denounced, admitted, fettered, freed, and exaggerated, not having come until much later, they cannot have attained the point previously reached by other branches of the Art. It may be said, that instrumentation, as first in order, is at the stage of exaggeration.

It requires much time to discover Musical Mediterraneans; and still more, to master their navigation.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Violins at the Fair.

Mr. Editor:—Being somewhat partial to the Violin, I have read the several reports of the Judges on that instrument, appointed at the late Mechanics' Fair, and have been considerably amused. First it was reported that "to JOHN WHITE a Diploma was awarded for a Violin,"—then we were told that mistakes had been made, and that a new report might be expected. In your last paper we have: "WHITE BROTHERS, Boston, Violins and Guitars. The Guitars were good instruments of more than common power and richness of tone. The Violins were highly creditable to the manufacturers as specimens of work, but were unattended with the usual accompaniment—a bow, so necessary to produce the proper vibrations and prove their quality."—There sir, that is from gentlemen supposed to be violin players, and consequently owners of bows, else, a bow would not have helped them. One would have supposed that the statement attached to one of the Violins, would have caused desire enough to hear its tones, even at some little trouble. The Statement read thus: "In 1761 the Mayor of London made to the town of Cambridge a present of an Organ built by the famous Snetzler;—During the Revolution a great part of the metal pipes were taken to make bullets of, and about ten years since the remains of the Organ were taken down. The top of this Violin was a part of that Organ.—The back and hoops were made from the old communion table of the Church in Lexington." That there are persons to whom a Violin made of a part of a Snetzler Organ, or of Noah's Ark, would be no more valuable than if made of a barn door, I am aware. There are also others of a different temperament; witness the canes made of Constitution wood, enough to build a navy. Violinists believe that the excellence of old Violins is in part owing to the age of the wood;—and here is a Violin the wood of which is a hundred years old. Of the excellence of the workmanship any one could judge with half an eye, and without troubling a Committee. But sir, Mr. White assures me that *there was a bow in the case with the Violins*, and that he was careful to have it nicely rosined.

When the lamented ARTOT visited this country, years ago, he brought with him two Violins that cost him \$3,000, one of them an undoubted Straduari in its original state. Being very much pleased with Mr. White's work, he allowed him to measure and copy those instruments, and those measurements have been the basis of Mr. White's work since that time, modified by the various

Guarneri, Amati, &c. which have since passed through his hands. I presume there is hardly a Violinist in Boston who is not well acquainted with the excellence of Mr. White's work, and it is to be regretted that in consequence of his reputation as a repairer, he gets but little time for new work. He has made in all about Eighty instruments, and I will here state that he never steams or soaks his wood to make it appear old, as is the practice of some modern Violin makers;—he prefers to have his instruments grow better instead of worse;—in fact he is working for a posthumous reputation.

The Judges did no more than justice in their report of the Guitars. One of them was played behind the scenes in one of our Theatres, and the gentlemen of the orchestra supposed it to be a Harp.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

GONDOLA-SAIL.

[From the German of GRÜEN.]

Hark! past the midnight hour!

The streets from men are free!

The moon pours down her splendor

On palace, church and sea!

Would'st thou behold fair Venice?

Delay not now the sight!

This is the very hour—

This is the very light!

The marble forms are living!

The palace walls grow white;

Gigantic silver tablets

Recording deeds of night.

Love, would'st thou taste her pleasures?

List to her summons soon;

The Gondola her cradle,

Her dawning red the moon.

'Mid the old world's gray shadows,

With loving arm to twine

Around the blooming Present,

What fair attendance thine!

And though thy tears fell freely

On graves of days gone by,

The lily-handed Present

Should quickly wipe them dry. C. T. B.

Friends and Music in Berlin.

[We are indebted to some unknown friend for a marked copy of the St. Louis *Intelligencer* of Nov. 29, containing the following pleasant letter about one who needs no introduction to our readers. The appended information about music in the Prussian capital will not be new to many, but is interesting enough to hear again from the mouth of a new reporter.]

BERLIN, February, 1856.

Dear Sir—Very few Americans visit Berlin with the purpose of spending any time, without becoming acquainted with a fellow-countryman there, so long resident in the Prussian capital as to be in many respects a German, though at heart and in hand a Yankee through and through still.

Americans visit his little room—No. 5. Marien Strasse—to ask those thousand questions which strangers in a strange land are always anxious to put; and Germans, young men wishing to emigrate, or old men inquisitive about our institutions, all resort to him, and find him always a man of the widest information and of the most genial heart.

The first time I met ALEX. W. THAYER was at a Thanksgiving dinner in his own rooms, where some fifteen of us young Americans sat down to the nearest approach to an old-fashioned home dinner that Thayer's Yankee ingenuity could improvise.

The dinner was got up in spite of disheartening circumstances.

There wasn't a grandmother, nor mother, nor aunt, nor cousin, nor sister, nor even sweetheart, within five thousand miles, to grace and adorn the table, to say nothing of seeing to the cooking. But Thayer was not discouraged; and with the help of what reminiscences of New England housewifery he brought with him, and the assistance of his Frau Wirthin, he astonished the rest of us completely. For roast turkey, we had roast goose, and for everything else a famous dish of baked beans; not to say we had no side dishes, of which a plenty, but baked beans was the dish of the evening.

It may appear a very tame affair, recurring to it now, and to those who were never so far away from home and native land under similar circumstances; but if you had seen the burst of applause that greeted the appearance of those beans, and the affection—more than the ordinary emotion or display at sight of something "nice"—with which each loaded plate was tenderly passed around, then you might have appreciated our feelings on that illustrious occasion.

This was in 1854. In 1855, one year thereafter, we sat down together to another Thanksgiving dinner; but this time there were twenty-four of us, and in proportion to our larger numbers, we had a larger room and a more extensive bill of fare. But again Thayer was the presiding genius, and to him alone is New England indebted for planting and thus fostering the growth of one of her most peculiar festivals upon a foreign soil.

But so many pleasant reminiscences, so many remembrances of him and the "times" we used to enjoy together, rush up when I mention Thayer's name, that I must force myself to the thing in hand, or I shall not reach it.

In more than one respect Alex. W. Thayer is an honor and an example to his country.

Passionately fond of music, a first-rate musical critic—although a performer on no instrument—driven to it by his own strong impulses and a felt need of the want of such a work, he has devoted himself to the writing of a life of Beethoven.

It is nothing extraordinary now-a-days for a young music teacher to spend six, twelve, eighteen months or two years in Germany, "completing his musical education," as the phrase goes, and on his return to get out a work on church psalmody, a glee book, lessons on the piano-forte, or something of the sort, which shall have quite a run. This is nothing difficult. Their "works" are, with scarcely an exception, mere compilations, abridgements, hotch-potch translations of standard works across the water. They get their reward, however—pay.

Thayer has been already some six years in collecting material for his biography. He has crossed the ocean several times, has traveled over the most of Germany, ransacked Bonn and its libraries, where Beethoven was born, and for years buried himself alive, as it were, among the rusty shelves of the Royal Library at Berlin, where the major part of Beethoven's correspondence, his pencil marks on book margins, scraps of thoughts, and the like, have been preserved.

It is something refreshing in this book-making time, where a dashing fellow publishes his book a year, as coolly as he draws off his boots at night, to know there is at least one countryman of ours doing better.

Thayer's health has been poor for the last year, and writing for the New York papers as a means of support has taken too much of his time, yet the work is drawing near its close.

Beethoven, that great Titan in the realms of tone, will then no longer remain unhonored by a work every way worthy of him, in its inexhaustive research and its profound critical acumen.

While speaking of Thayer, I cannot help mentioning one of the peculiar pleasures to be enjoyed during a winter spent in Berlin, and to which he first introduced me. I mean the concerts at Hennig's Winter Garden, outside the *Oranienburger Thor*.

Here Herr Liebig, a Royal kapellmeister, and leader to the band of the Alexander regiment, has, in the course of four or five years, cultivated a taste for the classic productions of Mozart,

Beethoven, Haydn and Mendelssohn. It was an attempt to furnish music for the masses, and that of the very choicest kind, at a price that would bring it within their reach. All of Beethoven's symphonies, including the instrumental part of the Ninth, were produced there this winter, the most of them several times. So also of Mendelssohn's, and many of Mozart's and Haydn's.

His orchestra consists of forty. The concert begins at 4 P. M., which is just dusk in Berlin, and is divided into three parts, of an hour each. The first hour generally consists of short pieces; the second and third hours are usually occupied by a symphony each. Beside those symphonies, I heard there Mozart's *Dorfmusikanten*, Haydn's *Children's Symphony*, Spohr's *Weihe der Töne*, together with the overtures to nearly all the grand operas, *William Tell*, *Oberon*, *Euryanthe*, *Don Giovanni*, and especially that of *Tannhäuser*, with extracts from the body of the opera.

It was thus that, with no acquaintance whatever with the great masters of song when I went to Germany, I became familiar with nearly all their finest productions, and began to feel myself almost a friend and disciple of Beethoven.

The admission price to these concerts is twelve and half cents, but if you buy six tickets at a time you get them at half price. You wonder why they don't make admission free at once. But even at this price it is profitable to Herr Liebig, the conductor, and to Madame Hennig, proprietress of the Gardens. The German custom is, to drink a cup of good coffee, or a tankard of good beer, or smoke a poor cigar, while enjoying such good music. Consequently, there is a small table to every four or six persons all through the saloon. You and your party of gentlemen and ladies gather around one or two, call the Kellner, order your beer or coffee, and, sipping either, but never whispering while the music proceeds, listen.

It is a pleasant audience that assembles here. I have learnt to know all the pretty faces and nearly all the whiskered ones. The ladies bring their knitting or embroidery, and the gentlemen their cigars, and their respect and decorum is something almost inexplicable to an American.

A low *P-s-t!* now and then is necessary to keep the waiters from jostling the cups and saucers as they pass them around; all else is oppressively still during the execution of the symphony.

Several times there were fifteen of us young Americans gathered in a clump together, a little island of English in a sea of German. The saloons hold from five to seven hundred, and if anything like a choice programme is advertised in the morning papers, we have to go very early, often by three o'clock, to secure seats.

Yours, W—x.

HEARING "TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING."
—The London *Musical World*, in an article greatly glorifying the sonorous Verdi, having said that his great pleasure consists in living upon his lands, in the midst of his peasants, who all know by heart the finest pieces in his operas, and that at Brussetto the reapers perform their work singing the chorus of "Rigoletto," "Ernani," "La Traviata," and the "Trovatore"—that incorrigible joker, Mr. Punch, expresses the opinion that "this sort of homage would be rather inconvenient if addressed to all composers. For instance, Balfe would soon grow tired of hearing every printer's boy, who was waiting in the passage for corrected proofs, while away the time by singing 'I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls'; and we imagine, that Dr. Mackay would very quickly lose all patience if, whilst he finished looking at the newspaper, the newsman's boy, who was shuffling his feet outside, amused himself every day by shouting out, as loudly as he could, 'There's a Good Time Coming, Boys.' Auber would not be too well pleased with his servants if they assembled round his bed-room door, regularly at 6 o'clock, to tell him to 'Behold, how brightly breaks the morning,' any more than Rossini, we fancy, would be delighted by his tradesmen rushing into his room every night, before he went to bed, to sing to him in a chorus, 'Buona Sera.'"

Thalberg and the Children.

THALBERG before the children must have been something worth seeing as well as hearing. From the *Musical Review Extra* we learn that: The first gratuitous concert for children of the public schools of New York was given on Tuesday, Dec. 2, at one o'clock. The arrangements made by the City Superintendent, S. S. RANDALL, Esq., were most excellent. Some three thousand of the happiest young ladies, selected from the fifty ward schools of the city, filled Niblo's Theatre to its utmost capacity, while the stage was occupied by the officers of the city and of the Board of Education, and the clergy. A temporary platform was erected in front of the stage, upon which stood the Erard grand piano-forte. Dr. LOWELL MASON introduced the artist to the assembled pupils in a few appropriate words. Then THALBERG and Mme. D'ANGRI delighted the audience with some of their best pieces. Mr. Randall thanked the artists in a brief address, and at the suggestion of Dr. Mason the pupils all rose and sang "Sweet Home," and Mr. Thalberg spoke a few graceful words to them. Willis says:

Of how these artists acquitted themselves, it is needless to speak. Neither could or would have taken more pains to please, had they been performing before the assembled cities of the Universe, instead of an audience of young girls. It was interesting to note what effect the music had upon them. While Thalberg confined himself to the exhibition of mere musical dexterities, cutting great swaths of harmony up and down the piano, and by some mystery of manipulation sustaining a melody in the centre of the instrument while he trolled out a ceaseless flood of music at both ends of it, the listeners looked on with eyes and mouth wide open and watched the twinkling movements of those cunning hands with an expression rather of wonder than of enjoyment. But when the gifted pianist took up the familiar theme of "Home Sweet Home," and wreathed it all about with delicious variations in which complexity was subordinated by beauty, then all the ruddy faces lighted up with a deeper glow, and a smile of pleasure rippled over them, and the whole house was vocal with whispered ejaculations of delight. At first the children hardly knew how to applaud. Some pattered their little feet and others clapped their hands, but neither process found much favor with the older pupils, who finally hit on the expedient of waving their handkerchiefs—and the way that the air was lashed up with linen and cambric was funny to behold. Madame D'Angri, who is a merry body, made the children laugh by singing "Yankee Doodle," and seemed to enter quite as heartily into the enjoyment of the occasion as the blitheest of them.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 20, 1856.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The Chickering saloon showed a great increase of audience on Tuesday evening; indeed, it overflowed. And, judging from the unflagging attention to the music and the lively rounds of applause after almost every piece, the crowd felt themselves very well repaid. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

1. Quartet in F, No. 3, Op. 17, (first time),
Rubinstein
Allegro moderato—Scherzo—Andante non troppo—Finale, Allegro assai.
2. Duo Sonate, for Piano and Violoncello, in B flat, Op. 45,.....Mendelssohn
Allegro vivace—Andante—Allegro assai.
Messrs. TRENKLE and WULF FRIES.

PART II.

3. Adagio, with Variations, and Minuetto, from Quartet in B flat, No. 77,.....Haydn
4. Piano Solos: Nocturne and Scherzo,.....Chopin
J. TRENKLE.
5. Septet in E flat, Op. 21,.....Beethoven
(Arranged by the Author for Quintet.)
Introduction, Adagio and Allegro con brio—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Introduction and Presto.

It is not easy to decide with confidence upon the merits of a Quartet on the first hearing; nor shall we venture to do so of this No. 3 by Rubinstein, the successor to the one we had last winter. Much of it was pleasing and skilfully wrought, but we must hear it more than once before we can recall much of it, or be convinced that it is particularly striking or original. The fault may be our own, but the impression it has left upon us is quite vague, as if the composition as a whole were uninspired and lacked definiteness of purpose. The Mendelssohn Sonata was to our mind the most important feature of the evening. The composition is pure, rich and spontaneously flowing; nothing at all in it appears forced or vague, or written only for the sake of writing something; it came out of the tone-poet's soul just as he felt and meant it. The two quick movements pour along with a delicious buoyancy and fullness of fresh life. But the Andante haunts the mind with its pensive, ballad-like beauty, as one of his most exquisite and soul-ful creations. Mr. TRENKLE played it with admirable clearness, evenness and grace, and the violoncello coöperated to a charm. It is not often that one hears better piano-playing in the most satisfying kind of music, than this effort of Mr. Trenkle's, which met with the warmest recognition of the audience. He is a modest and a growing artist, in whom one feels that there is always much good in reserve, while there is no outward pretension, save to conscientious faithfulness, whatever be the task in hand. The piano solos varied somewhat from the programme. He commenced with the Scherzo, one of those fiery, swift, insatiable outsweps of Chopin's most passionate fancy, equally remarkable as an utterance of passion and as dazzling bravura, and taxing the executive faculty to the utmost. In this Mr. T. was eminently successful; the flash and pathos of the piece lost nothing in his handling, and of course the audience were electrified. Instead of the Nocturne, he played the Funeral March, with grandeur and with feeling, but perhaps dallying with the rhythm a little too much now and then. When eagerly recalled, he played that charming little "Polka" (not a polka to dance by) of Otto Dresel.

The remainder of the second part belonged to the list of certain classical pieces, which, however excellent in themselves, have grown somewhat hacknied. But we must remember that there are young and fresh recruits in each year's audiences, and good things long since old to some of us would get to be unknown entirely, unless they were repeated for their sakes. Can we not also always find our pleasure in them? Such were Haydn's "God save the Emperor" Adagio, with its cunning variations, and the Septet (as Quintet) of Beethoven, both of which were remarkably well played. The Septet is one of the clearest, most elegant and artistically finished of Beethoven's earlier productions, but not one of his most characteristic and deep searching. Especially when reduced to the homogeneous coloring of the quintet of strings, instead of the

original form with wind instruments, does it lose something of its interest. But it has delightful associations with the spring-time of one's Beethoven enthusiasm.

Music in Leipzig.

We have been looking through a series of programmes, which make one's mouth water, in the present dearth of orchestral music here in Boston. We allude to the far-famed "Gewandhaus Subscription Concerts," which are esteemed the best of all the instrumental concerts in Germany, and which yield supplies as copious and frequent and unfailing as they are choice. It is well known that they are given in a hall of moderate capacity, containing not more than nine hundred seats, all of which are always bespoken long beforehand for the season. And that season consists of twenty concerts. By next New Year, before we shall have had the first mouthful of our scanty series of four in Boston, the dainty Leipzigers will have heard the first ten of their weekly concerts. The first two took place on Sunday evenings, the rest on Thursdays. Six of the programmes lie before us:

First Concert, Oct. 5.—Overture to *Der Waserträger*, Cherubini; Scene and aria from Spohr's *Zemire und Azor*, sung by Fräulein AGNES BURY; Violin Concerto in D minor (MS.) composed and played by Concert-master DAVID; Recitative and Air from *Zauberflöte: Non paventar*, sung by Fräulein Bury. Part II. Symphony No. 4 (B flat), Beethoven.

Second Concert, Oct. 12.—Symphony No. 8 (B flat), Haydn; Air from *Don Juan*: "Il mio tesoro," sung by Herr A. REICHARDT; Concerto for Piano (No. 3, F minor), W. Sterndale Bennett, played by Prof. W. G. CUSINS, of London; *Lieder*, with piano accompaniment, by Herr A. Reichardt: (1) *Liebesbotschaft*, by F. Schubert; (2) *Es weiss und rüth es doch Keiner*, Mendelssohn. Part II. Overture to Calderon's comedy, "Dame Kobold," by CARL REINECKE (new); Scena from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Fräulein BURY; Overture to *Leonora*, No. 3, Beethoven.

Third Concert, Oct. 23.—Devoted wholly to compositions of the lamented ROBERT SCHUMANN (Born in Zwickau July 7, 1810—died in Endenich, near Bonn, July 29, 1856). Overture to Byron's "Manfred"; Rückert's Advent Hymn, for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, the solos by Fräulein BURY, Frau DREYSCHOCK, and Herren GOTZE and CLAUS; Fantasia for Violin with Orchestra, played by concert-master DREYSCHOCK; the second part of "Paradise and the Peri," (solos, quartet, choruses, &c.) Part II. Symphony in five movements (No. 3, E flat major).

Fourth Concert. Symphony No. 3, (E flat major) by Julius Rietz; Scena and Aria: *Ah! perfido*, Beethoven, sung by Fräulein JENNY MEYER, of Berlin; Concerto for Piano (C minor, No. 7), Mozart, played by Fräulein EMMA VON STAUDACH, of Vienna. Part II. Overture to "The fair Melusina," Mendelssohn; Scena and Aria from *La Donna del Lago*, Rossini, sung by Fräulein Meyer; Sonata (A major) by Scarlatti, and Tarantella by Stephen Heller, played by Fräulein von Staudach; Jubilee Overture, Weber.

Fifth Concert. Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Concerto in form of a vocal scena, for

violin, Spohr, played by Herr E. SINGER, concert-master from Weimar; Scene and Air from Weber's "Oberon": *Ocean! du Ungeheuer*, sung by Fräulein AUGUSTE BRENNEN; Tarantella, for violin, composed and played by Singer.—Part II. Music to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn, words recited by Herr WENZEL, solos by Fräulein Brennen and Koch, choruses by the ladies of the Singakademie.

Sixth Concert, Nov. 13. Overture to *Faust* by Lindpaintner (Born Dec. 9, 1791 in Coblenz—died Aug. 21, 1856); Scene and Aria from Marschner's opera, *Hans Heiling*, sung by Fräul. BRENNEN; Concerto for violoncello, by Molique, played by Herr FRIEDRICH GREUTZMACHER; Intermezzo to Lindpaintner's *Faust*; Concert Aria by Mendelssohn: *Unglückselige!* sung by Fräul. Brennen. Part II. Symphony No. 7, in A, Beethoven.

New Music.

(From Russell & Richardson.)

Compositions Célèbres de S. THALBERG. No. 1. *Grand Caprice sur les motifs de la Sonnambula*, Op. 48. pp. 17.

This is the first number of a series of twelve, which is to include the principal operatic fantasias and other concert pieces of M. Thalberg, as played by him in his concerts in this country. The title-page bears the certificate of Thalberg, to the effect that *Messrs. R. & R. are the only authorized publishers of his compositions in America, and theirs the only correct editions, as he has personally revised and corrected the proofs.* The present number is beautifully engraved; a more clear and elegant page of music, open where we will, we seldom see, even in European publications. The vignette too is tasteful. Of the music itself we need say nothing; when Thalberg comes, will it not speak for itself through the most perfect of interpreters?

Regard: a Cluster of Precious Gems. No. 1. *Ruby.* No. 2. *Emerald, &c., &c.* For the Piano, by A. BAUMBACH.

Such is the fanciful title of six pretty little pieces of very simple music for young beginners on the piano-forte. Each is published separately.

Beauties of MOZART and BEETHOVEN, in form of Petites Fantasias for Young Pianists, by TH. OESTEN, Op. 75. No. 6. "Song of Elis and Elide," Mozart; No. 7. Parting Song, Beethoven. 7 pp. each.

The themes are interesting in themselves, and pleasantly varied and expanded into pieces good for young pianists of quite moderate ability. The whole series, of which we have before mentioned one from the Septet and one from a Trio of Beethoven, one from Mozart's *Figaro*, &c., is calculated to attract the pupil in the direction of the best masters.

Many of our readers will be glad to know that Russell & Richardson will soon issue, with English words, the six four-part songs by ROBERT FRANZ, of which we spoke a few weeks since; as well as several more of his beautiful and more practicable songs for single voice.

(From Oliver Ditson.)

Il Trovatore, by VERDI, edited for the piano-forte by R. NORDMANN. pp. 90.

Another number of Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas, elegantly printed like its predecessors.—Those who chime in with the fashionable admiration of *Il Trovatore* will here have the means of recalling the whole opera to their memories through a piano and a simple pair of hands. Those whose minds are not already prepossessed with the cruel story as presented on the stage, may here judge of the intrinsic value of the music, divested of words and accessories. Yet the first words of each strain are indicated, so that the player may know whereabouts in the opera he is.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—During the past week we have been treated to a musical novelty in the shape of Costa's oratorio of "Eli," which was performed on Saturday evening, for the first time in this country, by the MENDELSSOHN UNION. This young society, of but two or three years standing, is in a very flourishing condition, numbering, I should judge, about a hundred members, and doing great credit to their conductor, Mr. G. W. MORGAN. Your New York readers will remember that this body of singers performed Mendelssohn's *Loreley* music at a Philharmonic concert two years ago; the present occasion showed their very great improvement since that time, and the fact of their being the first to bring out Costa's Oratorio so soon after its appearance in England, certainly gives proof of an energy and "go-aheadativeness" worthy of a purely American Society.

Costa's composition made, on the whole, a very agreeable impression upon me, and is likely, I think, to become very popular. It is a very happy mixture of the Italian and German styles, which, without being ever very deep, is still full of merit in the working up, the distribution and interweaving of the parts, and the dramatic coloring of the whole. It has, however, its faults. One of these is its length, which is superfluous, particularly as the greatest point of interest occurs before the middle of the second part. Then, too, the chief part of the oratorio, that of Eli, is the least interesting, indeed, sometimes rather tedious, from being almost entirely recitative. And just in this line Sig. Costa's powers are weakest, while the choruses are nearly all full of vigor, and the smaller concerted pieces and arias highly melodious. Of the former I would mention particularly an *Amen* and *Hosanna*, fugues, which, though not very elaborate or complicated, were clear and well worked up; a chorus of praise, with harp accompaniment, that of the Israelites marching against the Philistines, and that of the angels, also with harp accompaniment, which is marvellously translucent. The chorus of the revelers at the gate of the temple was below my expectation, though its effect is probably very different with orchestral accompaniment, which is true, indeed, of the whole composition. As it was, this chorus lacked that wildness and sensuousness which one would expect from it.

The celebrated war scene, with the solo of the Man of Gath, intermingled with the choruses of the Philistines and the priests of Dagon, is justly praised, being exceedingly effective. Of the other solos, Hannah's two arias, before and after the birth of Samuel, are very beautiful; the first one so touching in its mournful meaning and supplication; the second: "I will extol thee," so triumphant and overflowing with joy and gratitude. This last was very finely sung by Miss DINGLEY, who had already made herself favorably known in the Society's performance at the Philharmonic. Her singing now, as then, was characterized by the same beauty of voice, excellent school, and earnest entering into the spirit of the music. Two other ladies divided the part of Hannah with Miss Dingley, who also deserved much praise.

The gem of the whole, however, was Samuel's morning prayer, of which words cannot express the touching simplicity and fervency. This was most exquisitely sung by Miss HAWLEY, a lady who has evidently more experience in her profession than any of the other female singers, and whose delicious voice, a rich, luscious contralto, was made the most perfect use of, and was thoroughly adapted to the music it interpreted. The evening prayer, also very pleasing, but not to be compared to Samuel's other Aria, was very indifferently rendered by Miss LEACH,

who apparently suffered from timidity. A duet between Hannah and Elkanah, an unaccompanied quartet between these two, Eli and Samuel, and a prayer by Eli, still deserve to be mentioned as very beautiful. Of the male singers, Sig. GUIDI, tenor, who took the parts of Elkanah and the Man of Gath, merits particular praise for his conscientious rendering and fine vocalization. The Bassi were not so good. The execution of the choruses was almost invariably excellent and spirited. The piano accompaniment, which is apparently very difficult, was taken, in the unexpected absence of Mr. TIMM, by a young artist, Mr. BERGER, who acquitted himself admirably.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16. There has recently been organized in this city a new Musical Association, which, though as yet small in numbers and of limited influence, promises in time to become a mighty lever in raising the standard of musical appreciation in this country. It is called the "AMERICAN MUSIC ASSOCIATION," and its fundamental principle is the fostering of native talent and the production of native musical works. This object is more explicitly expressed in the first article of its constitution, which says: "The object of this Society shall be to further the interest of musical composers residing among us, by having their works effectively presented to the public, in order that they may be fairly criticized and impartially judged." By this it will be seen that, though intended as an American society, and as such presenting special claims to public regard, it is by no means proscriptive in its regulations. Any resident composer has a right to present his works for public presentation by the Society, on the payment of a fee of \$5.00, and the society already enjoys unusual facilities for a proper presentation of such works. There are a body of chorus singers and a vocal quartet, for the production of vocal compositions, and a string quartet for the production of symphonic works, GEORGE BRISTOW, the composer, being one of the members.

At a recent meeting of the society, CHARLES J. HOPKINS, a talented young musician and organist of this city, through whose indomitable perseverance and energy the society has been organized, was elected President, and Mr. T. J. COOK, a Broadway music-publisher, Vice President. The consulting committee includes the well-known names of RICHARD WILLIS, of the *Musical World*, GEO. F. BRISTOW, and GEORGE H. CURTIS.

As yet this society is in its infancy, and the experiment may fail, and will unless a lively interest is taken in it by musical men. Strange to say, though many worthy musicians give it their hearty co-operation, a still greater number treat the project with contempt, while others, ladies especially, think it quite beneath their dignity to look favorably upon the day of small things. Among those who have, however, agreed to give it their hearty co-operation, are GOTTSCHALK, Dr. HODGES, and other eminent American musicians.

The PYNE and HARRISON Opera Troupe made their debut at Niblo's last evening in a dismal comic opera called "The Valley of Andorre." Louisa Pyne is a favorite, and was well received, as was Mr. GUILMETTE; but the opera on the whole went off very heavily. It is a most lugubrious affair.

You certainly remember the rotund baritone of the Lagrange Opera Troupe, Signor Amodio. This excellent young gentleman, like many other artists, has a pleasant custom of forgetting to pay his tailor's bills; and though this is neither your business nor your readers, nor mine, yet such is the lamentable depravity of human nature, that I am certain we all of us delight to hear such personal scandal about our neighbors. And there are some few waifs of floating gossip concerning Amodio in circulation, that I feel it my duty to retail to you, so that we

may all have a chance of knowing and declaring how foolish such information is.

Alessandro Amodio is a young man, much younger than his personal appearance would denote; he imagines himself to be a great favorite with the fair sex, as, indeed, a young man of twenty-four, with a lively, agreeable disposition, an amiable temper, the master of several continental languages, the possessor of probably the richest male voice in existence, (?) and of good conversational powers, has a right to think. But Amodio is not of that light, slender form that a romantic hero should be, and consequently no young American damsel has as yet fallen desperately in love with him. However, he, good-natured soul, thinks himself quite a Don Giovanni in his list of conquests. He became an opera-singer from pure love of Art, being of a good family, and circumstances not rendering it necessary for him to embrace such a profession; but his devotion to music led him to his choice, and possessing considerable histrionic ability, he was successful. Before he became very extensively known, even in Italy, he was induced to visit this country, where he is a great favorite with all frequenters of the opera.

So much for his history. Now for this silly gossip, which we all profess to be disgusted with, and yet read with such infinite gusto.

The life of an opera singer is one of varied pecuniary repletion and depletion. During the opera season he receives an enormous salary, and during the rest of the season spends it. This is the custom of Amodio, and many times he is "hard up" during the intermission between his operatic engagements. On one occasion last summer he ordered of a fashionable Broadway tailor, a gorgeous new coat. It was made and taken to Amodio, but did not fit, and the worthy baritone was requested to step around to the tailor's the next day and it would be made right. Now the tailor (shrewd fellow) was already his customer's creditor to a considerable amount, and had laid a trap to catch the unlucky singer, into which he fell with ease. Arriving at the tailor's store at the appointed time, Signor A. doffed the ill-fitting garment, and seated himself to wait until it was fixed. Time passed on, and growing impatient, he intimated to the tailor that he was in a hurry. Judge of his horror when that individual responded by presenting an immense bill for clothing. Signor A. had no money, was out of an operatic engagement, and was in despair. The tailor was adamant; he would either have his money or keep the coat; and the sequel was, that poor young Signor Amodio, the elegant dandy, was obliged to run the gauntlet of Broadway arrayed in broadcloth pants, a gorgeous vest, unimpeachable kids, but as coatless as Mickey Free, the famous pedestrian, while running a race. The peculiar physical formation of the worthy Signor, who "inclines to *embonpoint*," as the *Home Journal* would say, was shown to great advantage in his coatless position, and his flight through Broadway excited no little attention.

But instead of improving this lesson, and repenting in sack-cloth and ashes, the excellent Signor again plunged into a course of sumptuous fare, and clothed himself as before, in purple and fine linen. He ran up bills at his tailor's and shoemaker's and his wine dealer's, and during his late engagement in the opera here, he, like Micawber, labored under a pressure of pecuniary liabilities. At this juncture Maretzek determined to try his fortunes in Havana, and the company were ordered to be ready to start in the Cuban steamer of Saturday.

At the appointed hour for sailing, the *Cahawba*, at her wharf, foot of Robinson, became violently agitated, and gave vent to her feelings in volcanic eruptions of hissing steam, and indulged in ungainly splashings of her paddle-wheels. The passengers were all on board—the queenly Lagrange, the manly Gasparoni, the elegant Brignoli (feeling supersti-

tiously alarmed about sailing on Friday), the ladies of the chorus, and the indomitable Signor Quinto, alias Herr Quint, alias Mr. Quinn—were all on board. But Amodio—where was he?

He was locked up very tight in the steward's pantry! A rather singular place for a fat and fashionable baritone, it is true, but it was the only place where he could escape the *lex talionis* in the shape of a couple of sheriff's officers, who had boarded the ship in search of him. Maretzek had seen them coming in the distance, and his colossal mind immediately became troubled. Should Amodio be arrested for debt, what would his opera troupe do for a baritone? What would the fastidious Habanese say to *Trovatore* without a *Count Luna*, or *Traviata* without a *Germet*? For a moment the colossal Maretzek mind wavered, but in an instant he was calm. He beckoned to Amodio, told him to enter the steward's pantry. Amodio hesitated,—perhaps he thought of the Scripture parable, of a camel going through the eye of a needle.

Maretzek whispered into his ear; it was enough, and in he crowded; the key was turned upon him, removed from the lock, and deposited in Maretzek's pocket. The sheriffs came and searched through the vessel, but no Amodio could be found. They left the ship, the *Cahawba* swung slowly from the wharf, and steamed down the bay, carrying Maretzek and all his fortunes, not excepting Alessandro Amodio.

Now if all this cackle about Amodio and his misdeeds had been a sepulchral secret, I would not have ventured to disclose it; but it is public property, and talked about all over the city, and so I repeat it for the benefit of your readers, who will read it with great delight, and then say to each other that such stuff in a "Musical" correspondent's letter could only emanate from that impertinent wretch of a

TROVATOR.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Orchestral Concerts may almost be regarded as a fixed fact. The subscription list, if not full, is so near the mark, that a little effort can soon bring it up. Mr. ZERRAHN has already gone to New York to engage distinguished solo artists. He has hopes of securing that admired German prima-donna, Fräulein JOHANNSEN, and does not despair of even THALBERG and Mme. D'ANGRI for one concert. His orchestra will be the most choice in its composition that can be obtained, numbering from forty to forty-five performers, which will be larger for the Melodeon than the largest we have ever had was for the Music Hall, and will enable him to bring out some of the modern works which require extra horns, &c. Schubert's great Symphony, Wagner's overture to "Faust," Schumann's to "Manfred," &c., are among the pieces contemplated of this class. The Melodeon is to be thoroughly renovated, within and without; but we have not a doubt that, if the concerts once commence, it will result in a triumphant return to the Music Hall. At all events, should Thalberg play, this will be a matter of necessity.... The GERMAN TRIO concert is this evening.... An important addition, it will be seen, has been made to Mr. SATTER's programme for next Saturday evening: to wit, a posthumous Trio by Hummel, which is a charming composition. We were mistaken last week in supposing that he was to be assisted by a lady pupil as pianist. Mrs. LITTLE, the lady referred to, is a singer and will sing accordingly.... The very thorough drill which CARL ZERRAHN has given to the chorus members of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY in "Eli," told with surprising effect in the first rehearsal of the "Messiah," which, according to the good old custom, is to be performed on the Sunday evening after Christmas. After that the orchestra will be added to the last rehearsals of

"Eli." The Society have engaged Mrs J. H. LOW as principal soprano. The other soloists for the "Messiah" are Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mrs. HARWOOD, (contralto), Mr. ADAMS (tenor), Mr. DRAPER, and Mr. THOMAS BALL, the sculptor, whose rich bass voice will be welcomed back after two years' sunning in Italy. The Handel and Haydn have the whole field of public Oratorio to themselves this winter; both of the other two choral Societies, discouraged by the pecuniary losses of the past years, have resolved to confine their operations to meetings for practice, with occasional concerts of a semi-private character.

Mr. B. F. BAKER and others have issued the prospectus of a "Boston Music School," the object of which is "to furnish solid musical education in all its branches, practical and theoretical, to those who intend fitting themselves for the profession, either as artists or teachers." The subjects of instruction will be: *System of Notation, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition with reference to Musical Form, and Instrumentation, Vocalization, Practice in Chorus Singing, Piano Forte, Violin, and any of the Orchestral Instruments.* Instruction given in classes, the whole course to consist of six terms of twelve weeks each, occupying three years, and entitling to a diploma. Opportunities of hearing good music, too, will be made easy. The Board of Instruction thus far announced are: Messrs. B. F. BAKER, J. W. ADAMS, LEVI P. HOMER and J. C. D. PARKER. The two former gentlemen have had long experience in training singers, and in the management of choirs, Conventions, Institutes, &c. Messrs. Homer and Parker are competent teachers in the departments Harmony and of Counterpoint, Organ or Piano-playing, &c. We think it were wiser for any such experiment to bear the name of the responsible getters up and managers, rather than the name of "Boston." But this is no criticism on the plan itself, which is essentially a good one, and which promises to supply a want long felt. We wish it all success and growth. If it can only grow to be a concentration of all the best talent which we now possess, or which can be procured, to be employed in training up musicians; if it can grow to be a true Musical University or Conservatorium, (and why may it not by slow degrees, if rightly managed, and not kept too subject to personal or party interest or prejudice?) it will indeed be a great blessing to our country.

We hesitated about admitting the article on Violins, &c., on another page, not because its strictures were unreasonable, but because really the game seemed to us scarcely worth the candle; since the Fair, apart from Pianos and Melodeons, presented such a beggarly show of empty boxes in the way of musical instruments. Really we suppose the judges found their work chiefly in these two first named departments, and looked upon the rest as scattering appendix. But credit to whom credit is due; the brothers WHITE, according to all witnesses, deserve all our correspondent says of them as skilful makers and repairers of stringed instruments.—We printed a large number of extra copies of our last week's paper, containing the Report of the Committee on Musical Instruments, and the edition is not yet exhausted.

MADAME DUDEVANT (GEORGE SAND), when asked if she had been to hear Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," replied: "I do not care to be present where Catholics and Protestants shoot each other down, while a Jew makes the music." The story is told in the preface to the last edition of Thibaut's *Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst*, and is good enough to be true.... The recent opera season in New York is said not to have been pecuniarily profitable; there is a MARETZKE party, and there is a stockholders' party, who charge the failure upon each other. The flight to

Havana, it seems, is only for six weeks, and the troupe may possibly return to New York. They are engaged, we hear, to open the grand new theatre (Academy of Music) in Philadelphia on the 16th of February. . . . RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, of the *Musical World*, has commenced a series of three Lectures on Music, by invitation, before the members of the Board of Education, school officers and teachers in New York. Musical performances by the young ladies of the Daily Normal School under the direction of Mr. G. H. CURTIS, precede and follow each lecture, and on the last evening (next Friday) an address will also be made by WM. CULLEN BRYANT. We have not heard what are the method and special topics of Mr. Willis's lectures, but doubt not they are worthy of the man, the subject and the occasion. This was an excellent move on the part of the directors of the public schools. . . . GOTTSCHALK, it is stated, is called suddenly to France by the death of his mother. . . . THALBERG has been making friends of the school children also in Philadelphia. He played one day, and D'ANGRI sang, before two thousand of them.

The London *Morning Herald* has the following notice of Miss MAY, who has been engaged by Lamley to appear in Italian Opera in London :

America is about to supply Europe with a prima donna, in exchange for the many eminent vocalists who have visited and been hospitably received in the United States. Miss Juliana May, a young and gifted lady, who has studied and practiced under the best masters in Italy, and is now in Paris, is destined, according to general rumor in the French capital, to be the star whose glories are to equal, if not eclipse, in brightness the reigning planets. Her voice is a soprano sfogato of marvellous flexibility and immense power, the compass ranging from the *la* below the soprano cleff to *mi* above; the middle notes being particularly strong and sympathetic. At a private trial recently, at the Italian Opera House, Paris, her singing created a great sensation.

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—That our citizens may see that the patronage they extend to the Mozart Society is not lost upon them, I would state that they have purchased Haydn's beautiful oratorio of the "Creation," and have commenced vigorous rehearsal thereof. It will probably be given in the new hall, which would seem to be all that can be wished for a music hall; and, it is hoped with a good organ. Would we might add, with an orchestra.—*Palladium*.

NEW ORLEANS.—The French Opera, under the excellent management of M. Boudousquie, opened on the 6th with "Lucia di Lammermoor," with the charming Mlle. Colson in the leading rôle, M. Delagrave as Edgardo, and M. Mayne as Ashton. In the meantime Mlle. Bourgeois has immortalized herself in "La Favorita"—Mlle. Müller, M. Moulin, M. Mayne and M. Junca, had given a magnificent rendering of "Guillaume Tell"—Tournade and Latouche have distinguished themselves in "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine"—M. and Mme. Lacroix have given us the Armand and Camille in "La Dame aux Camellias,"—and the "Queen of Cyprus" has twice been admirably performed. You can always count upon a good house at the "French Opera," if at any place of amusement in town.—*Corr. Evening Gazette*.

At Crisp's Gaiety, last evening, Von Weber's grandest opera, "Der Freischütz," was produced with every proof of having been most carefully and conscientiously prepared. The scenery, costumes, machinery, and all the appointments were of the best and most appropriate, and the result was that, with but a hitch or two, in the working of the scenes, incidental to a first representation, this difficult piece went off smoothly and effectively.

It was sung well, moreover, and here there was no "hitch" of any kind: The second scene in the first act furnishes the test of a singer's ability to do justice to Von Weber's music; and when one considers that this was the first time Miss Rosalie Durand ever attempted to sing a note of it before an audience, it must be conceded that she succeeded to admiration.

Miss Hodson acted and sang the part of Anna very nicely, and greatly aided the *ensemble*, wherever she appeared throughout the piece. Mr. Stretton was a good Caspar, Mr. Frazer a most acceptable Rodolph, and Mr. Lyster and Mr. Vincent did their parts of old Kuno and young Kilian as well as need be.—*Picayune*.

CINCINNATI.—The Cecilia, a society of about 100 active members, chiefly Germans, regaled their friends one evening last month with choruses and solos from

Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Haydn's "Seasons," &c. The orchestra, all but a few musicians, was a section of the society. The performance is said to have been highly successful, and Mendelssohn's music to have quite transported the singers. . . . Sunday concerts in half a dozen German Halls, always with lager beer obligato, offer little that is edifying. Two good orchestras with sterling music vainly seek to win the attention of the public.—*Deutsche-Musik-Zeitung*.

Foreign.

We begin to suspect that VIVIER, the hornist, is a fictitious personage, perchance a fantastical sprite out the Boy's *Wunderhorn*, they tell such stories of him. Here is the last :

Among the curiosities to be seen in Paris at the present moment is Vivier's winter residence in the Rue de la Frme des Mathurins. It is situated on the roof of the building, and the ingenious cornist has contrived, with great labor, to make an entrance to it through the side wall, which, like most of those in Paris, is of great thickness. The time required, however to reach his apartments is considerable, nearly fifteen minutes being required to make the voyage. When once, however, the goal is reached, all fatigue is forgotten, and the traveller revels in the elegance that surrounds him, and in the extensive and beautiful view of Paris, which spreads out far beneath him. Among the latest visitors were MM. Rossini and Auber.

COLOGNE.—On the 4th inst., Messrs. Maurin, Chevillard and colleagues, from Paris, gave their second Quintet Soirée before a most numerous audience. The effect produced by their execution of Beethoven's quartet in A minor was very great. The audience were highly delighted and so were the artists, for, after the concert, they repeatedly exclaimed: "Oh! how well the public listens in Germany! How different it is in Paris!" The quartet was followed by Beethoven's pianoforte trio in B major, performed by Herr E. Frank, Messrs. Maurin, and Chevillard. The concert was brought to a close by Mozart's violin quartet in D major, No. 7. Messrs. Maurin and Chevillard left the following day for the purpose of playing in Bonn, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Düsseldorf. A concert which has attracted considerable attention, is announced for the 11th inst. The great feature in it will be the production of a new composition by Herr Ferdinand Hiller—a grand work, in two parts, for chorus, solos, and full band. The text is taken from the tenth chapter of the twenty-second book of Livy. The same subject has already been used by Uhland, in his poem, *Ver sacrum*, and has been arranged in a lyrical-dramatic form by Professor L. Bischoff. The action takes place at Alba-Longa, and is mixed up with the foundations of Rome, and the introduction of the worship of Mars and Vesta. The solo parts are those of the Priest of Mars (barytone), the Priestess of Vesta (soprano), a General of the Albani (tenor), and a female inhabitant of Alba (soprano). Both the soprano characters, with the exception of a quartet in the second part, may be sung by the same person. The chorus is treated sometimes in the antique style, as witnessing the action, and sometimes as participating in the action, as warriors, shepherds, populace, etc.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Théâtre-Italien opened with Verdi's *Macbeth*. The company—in the main the same as last year—includes the following artists:—Mesdames Bosio, Lotti, Meric-Lalande, and Tagliafico, Signors Calzolari, Bettini, G. Bettini, Debassini, Bartolini, Lablache, Marini, Tagliafico, etc. *Macbeth* was to have been followed by *Ernani*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*. The audience appear not to have forgotten Tamberlik, for whom loud cries are raised every night.

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* A Treatise upon Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration; containing an exact table of the compass, a detail of the mechanism, and a study of the quality of tone and expressive character of various instruments; accompanied by numerous examples in score, from the works of the greatest masters, and from some unpublished works of the author. New edition, revised, corrected, augmented by several additional chapters on newly-invented instruments, and on the whole art of the orchestral conductor. By HECTOR BERLIOZ. Op. 10. Translated from the French by Mary Cowden Clark. London and New York: J. Alfred Novello.

single violin, shall, when multiplied by a number of them in unison, give forth enchanting gradation, irresistible impulse, and accents which penetrate to the very heart's core.

The *tremolo*, simple or double, by many violins, produces several excellent effects; it expresses trouble, agitation, terror, shades of *piano*, of *mezzoforte*, and of *fortissimo*, when it is placed on one or two of the three strings, G, D, and A; and when it is not carried much above the middle B flat. It has something of a stormy, violent character, in the *fortissimo* on the middle of the first or second string. It becomes, on the contrary, aerial, angelic, when employed in several parts, and *pianissimo*, on the high notes of the first string. The *tremolo* below and in the middle of the third and of the fourth string, is much more characteristic in *fortissimo*, if the bow strike the strings near the bridge. In large orchestras, and where the performers take pains to give it its full effect, it produces a sound like that of a rapid and powerful cascade. This mode of execution should be indicated by the words—*near the bridge*. A fine application of this kind of tremolo occurs in the scene of the oracle, in the first act of Gluck's *Alceste*. The effect of the tremulousness of the second violins and violas is there redoubled by the grand and emphatic progression of the double basses, by the blow struck from time to time in the first violins, by the successive introduction of the wind instruments, and lastly by the sublime *recitative* which this surging of the orchestra accompanies. I know nothing of this kind more dramatic or more terrible.

Harmonics are those sounds which are generated by touching the strings with the fingers of the left hand, so as to divide them in their length, yet not with sufficient pressure to place them in contact with the finger-board, as is the case for ordinary sounds.

These Harmonics possess a singular character of mysterious softness; and the extreme acuteness of some of them affords the violin, in the upper part, an immense compass. They are *natural*, or *artificial*.

Some performers sound double strings in harmonics; but this effect is so difficult to obtain, and consequently so hazardous that composers can never be advised to write it.

The harmonics of the fourth string have something of the quality of a flute; they are preferable for delivering a slow air: Paganini employed them with wonderful success in the prayer of Moses. The harmonics of the other strings acquire delicacy and tenuity in proportion as they are higher; it is precisely this character, and their crystalline quality, which renders them appropriate to chords that may be called fairy-like; that is to say, to those effects of harmony which inspire brilliant musings, and carry the imagination towards the most graceful fictions of the poetical and supernatural world. However they may have become familiar, now-a-days, to our young violinists, they should never be employed in a lively movement; or at least care should be taken not to give them rapid successions of notes, if their perfect execution is to be ensured.

Sordines (or *mutes*) are little wooden implements which are placed on the bridge of stringed

instruments in order to deaden their sonorousness; and which give them at the same time a mournful, mysterious and softened tone, which is frequently to be felicitously applied in all styles of music. *Sordines* are most generally used in slow pieces; but they serve scarcely less well, when the subject of the piece admits it, for rapid and light designs, or for accompaniments of hurried rhythm. Gluck has effectually proved this in his sublime Italian monologue of *Alceste*, "Chi mi parla."

The custom is, when employing *sordines*, to cause them to be used by all the band of stringed instruments; nevertheless, there are certain circumstances, more frequent than may be imagined, under which *sordines* placed in a single part (in the first violins, for instance,) will color the instrumentation with a very particular impression, by the mixture of clear sounds and veiled sounds. There are others also, where the character of the melody is sufficiently dissimilar from that of the accompaniments, which render the use of the *sordine* advisable.

The *Pizzicato* is still in general use for instruments played with the bow. The sounds obtained by vibrating the strings with the finger, produce accompaniments approved by singers, since they do not cover the voice; they do well also for symphonic effects, even in vigorous orchestral sallies, either in the whole band of stringed instruments, or in one or two parts alone.

Accompaniments *pizzicato piano*, have always a graceful effect; they afford a sense of repose to the hearer, and impart, when not abused, variety to the aspect of the orchestra. In future, doubtless, more original and striking effects will be obtained from *pizzicato*, than have hitherto been essayed. Violinists, not considering *pizzicato* as an integral portion of violin-playing, have studied it but little.

Some of our young violinists have learned from Paganini to execute rapid *pizzicato* descending scales, by plucking the strings with the fingers of the left hand resting on the neck of the instrument, and the *pizzicato* passages (still with the left hand) with a mixture of strokes from the bow, or even as serving for accompaniment to an air played by the bow. These various feats will doubtless become, in course of time, familiar to every violin-performer, and then will be available in composition.

Violins are able, now-a-days, to execute whatever they will. They play up to the extreme height as easily as in the middle; passages the most rapid, designs the most eccentric, do not dismay them. In an orchestra, where they are sufficiently numerous, that which one fails to perform is done by others; and the result is that, without any apparent mistake, the phrase is delivered as the author wrote it.

In cases, however, where the rapidity, complication and height of a passage would render it too hazardous, or merely that more sureness and neatness of execution should be obtained, it should be dispersed; that is to say, the mass of violins should be divided, and one portion given to some and the rest to others. In this way, the passage of each part is sprinkled with little rests unperceived by the hearer; thus allowing, as it were, breathing-space to the violinists, and af-

fording them time to take the difficulties carefully, so as to give the necessary firmness for a vigorous mastery of the strings.

THE VIOLA.

Of all the instruments in the orchestra, the one whose excellent qualities have been longest misappreciated, is the viola. It is no less agile than the violin; the sound of its strings is peculiarly telling; its upper notes are distinguished by their mournfully passionate accent; and its quality of tone altogether, of a profound melancholy, differs from that of other instruments played with a bow. It has, nevertheless, been long neglected, or put to a use as unimportant as ineffectual—that of merely doubling, in octave, the upper part of the bass. There are many causes that have operated to induce the unjust servitude of this noble instrument. In the first place the majority of the composers of the last century, rarely writing four real parts, scarcely knew what to do with it; and when they did not readily find some filling-up notes in the chords for it to do, they hastily wrote the fatal *col Basso*, sometimes with so much inattention, that it produced a doubling in the octave of the basses, irreconcilable either with the harmony or the melody, or with both one and the other. Moreover, it was unfortunately impossible, at that time, to write anything for the violas of a prominent character, requiring even ordinary skill in execution. Viola players were always taken from among the refuse of violinists. When a musician found himself incapable of creditably filling the place of violinists, he took refuge among the violas. Hence it arose that the viola performers knew neither how to play the violin nor the viola. It must even be admitted that at the present time this prejudice against the viola part is not altogether destroyed; and that there are still, in the best orchestras, many viola-players who are not more proficient on that instrument than on the violin. But the mischief resulting from this forbearance towards them, is daily becoming more felt; and, little by little, the viola will, like other instruments, be confided only to clever hands. Its quality of tone so strongly attracts and captivates the attention, that it is not necessary to have in the orchestra quite so many violas as second violins; and the expressive powers of this quality of tone are so marked, that, in the rare occasions when the old masters afforded its display, it never failed to fulfil their intention. The profound impression is well known, which is produced by that movement in the *Iphigenia in Tauride*, where Orestes, overcome with fatigue, panting, oppressed with remorse, grows more tranquil as he repeats: "Composure lulls again my heart!" while the orchestra, deeply agitated, utters sobs and convulsive sighs, attended throughout by the fearful and persevering mutter of the violas. Although, in this unspeakably fine piece of inspiration there is not a note of voice or instruments without its sublime intention, yet it should be noticed that the fascination exercised over the hearers, and the sensation of horror which causes their eyes to dilate and fill with tears, are principally attributable to the viola part, to the quality of its third string, to its syncopated rhythm, and to the strange effect of unison resulting from the syncopation of the A abruptly broken off in the middle by another A in the basses marking a different rhythm.

In the overture of *Iphigenia in Aulide*, Gluck has ingeniously made them sustain alone the lower part of the harmony; not so much, in this case, for the sake of producing an effect arising from the peculiarity of their quality of tone, but in order to accompany as softly as possible the air of the first violins, and to heighten the tremendous impression of the basses coming in upon the *forte* after a considerable number of rests. Sacchini has also given the lower part to the violas alone, in the air of *Œdipus*: "Your court became my refuge," without intending, however, to prepare an outburst. On the contrary, the instrumentation here gives to the phrase of melody it accompanies a most delicious calm and

freshness. Melodies on the high strings of the viola have a marvellous beauty in scenes of a religious and antique character. Spontini was the first to conceive the idea of assigning the melody to them in several passages of his admirable prayers in the *Vestale*. Méhul, allured by the sympathy existing between the tone of the viola and the imaginative character of Ossianic poetry, constantly availed himself of them, even to the exclusion of the violins, in his opera of *Uthal*. Hence arose what the critics of the time called an intolerable monotony detrimental to the work's success. It was in reference to this that Grétry exclaimed: "I'd give a guinea to hear a first string!" This quality of the viola, so choice when it is judiciously employed and skilfully contrasted with the qualities of tone of violins and other instruments, necessarily soon palls; it is too unvaried, and too much imbued with mournfulness, for this to be otherwise. It is not unfrequent, at the present day, to divide the violas into first and second violas; and in orchestras like that of the opera, there is no difficulty in writing for them thus; but in others, where there are scarcely four or five violas, this division can only serve to diminish the effect of a body already weak in itself, and which the other instruments are ever tending to overwhelm. It should also be remarked that the majority of violas at present used in our French orchestras are far from possessing the requisite degree of power; they have neither the size, nor consequently the strength of tone of veritable violas—being almost violins strung with viola strings. Musical directors should absolutely prohibit the use of these mongrel instruments; the slender sonorousness of which impairs one of the most interesting parts in the orchestra, by depriving it of energy, and of its fine depth of tone.

When the violoncellos play the air, it is sometimes excellent to double them in unison by the violas. The tone of the violoncellos then acquires additional roundness and purity, without becoming less predominant. An example of this is the theme of the Adagio in Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

[To be continued]

Opera in France—The Month of Debuts.

(Correspondence of the N. Orleans Picayune.)

PARIS, Nov. 18, 1856.

This is the month of débuts (except in this city) from the Channel to the Mediterranean. Every year all the dramatic and operatic companies of the French towns and cities, save Paris, are renewed, and the old actors, who are re-engaged, as well as the new candidates for public favor, must come before the public in three several pieces, at three several times, and receive the applause or the hisses, or the tumult between the hisses and applauders. Judge of the agony of the poor player on these eventful nights. His bread, the year's bread of his wife and children, depend upon the humor of the fickle mob! If he is rejected, he wanders from town to town in hope of a more favorable pit—these changes make dreadful inroads upon his meagre income—debts accumulate—the wardrobe diminishes—and charcoal or the river ends the sad story! * * *

The pay of the lyrical artists is far superior to that of the histrionic actors, because the public now-a-days is more favorable to operas than to plays; lyrical educations are more expensive than the education given to players, their expenses for costumes are greater, and above all, their career is a very short one—especially in towns fond of Verdi. Thus, while the usual pay of a grand opera first tenor is \$200 a month, an opera comique first tenor is \$120 a month, a first barytone is \$100, a first bass is \$100, a second bass is \$50; a prima donna of opera comique is \$200, a prima donna of grand opera is \$160, a first dugazon is \$80. The usual pay of comedians is, for the leading juveniles, \$60, second juvenile \$20, low comedians \$30, leading lady \$60, second lady \$40, duenna \$20. Most of the company receive some \$20 or \$18 a month, and on this miserable pittance they are obliged to dress, pay their return fare to Paris, and live during the four summer months when the

theatres are closed! What agony, what privations, are not concealed beneath the painted cheek and the glittering costume of the lower ranks of the French players! The expenses of a manager of one of these provincial theatres, where grand opera, opera comique, comedy, drama, and vaudeville are given, in a second class city, (of from sixty to eighty thousand inhabitants,) are about \$25,000 for the eight months the theatre is open.

As you may readily guess, the month of débuts is the most interesting month of the year in the provincial towns; and all persons who fly to the country or the capital during the summer months make it a point of duty to return to their residences in time to vote at the season of débuts. I heard the other day a good story told about these débuts. In a town some leagues south of Paris, where the old dramatic traditions are preserved, so far at least as they prescribe the right of the whole public to vote, the débuts are taking place. A new cantatrice appeared as the curtain rose, and certainly her appearance was far from being in her favor. She sang, and wounded the public ear with a hoarse, sharp, untuned, uncultivated voice. The public happened to be in its patient mood that evening, and the cantatrice's first song was greeted with an icy silence. The opera went on in its usual course, and the débutante presently was required to sing a second solo. She sang worse than at first. The audience hissed, grimly but without violence, until they perceived one man applauding, and applauding with enthusiasm. This sight excited their passions, and they hissed and screamed with great uproar: "Down with Mademoiselle! Refused! Refused!" The solitary applauder, fired with zeal, became more lusty in his applause, and cried with stentorian lungs, "Bravo! Vive Mademoiselle! Accepted! Accepted!" For a quarter of an hour this unequal contest lasted, and at last (since the cantatrice was both ugly and without talent) their curiosity became roused by so much obstinacy as he exhibited, and they asked him how it was possible for him to applaud such a singer. "Messieurs," he replied, "I applaud Mademoiselle for this simple reason, which I am sure all of you will appreciate: I have not the honor of living in this town—I am by birth a Parisian, by profession a bagman—I am consequently obliged to visit a great many departments, and sojourn in a great many towns; I have spent a fortnight here, and I leave to-morrow never to return. If you refuse Mademoiselle she will try to get an engagement elsewhere, and I shall run the risk of meeting her in one of the towns where I am going; if, on the contrary you accept her I have nothing to fear, and I can travel in peace, with the pleasing certainty of never again hearing that cantatrice whom I find in every respect horrible." Long and loud shouts of laughter greeted this reply, which sealed the poor prima donna's fate.

I now quit the country for Paris, where we are beginning to assume something of the winter's animation. At the Grand Opera, we have poor Mme. Medori struggling with might and main against the icy silence of the parquette, and the low but deep curses of the manager of the opera, who wishes she was at the—frontier. The critics are all favorable to her. M. Fiorentino says: "Here is an illustrious cantatrice, of an incontestable merit, endowed with a soprano voice, which for force, sonorousness and brilliancy, is unequalled; an actress full of spirit and fire, who has been applauded and admired on the principal stages of Europe—here she is suddenly paralyzed by the equivocal and reserved reception she received the first evening she appeared, from a small and almost imperceptible number in the vast theatre of the opera. Here is a woman, struck with stupor and inaction, unable to recognize her public and herself. What, so much will, so much intelligence, so much study, so much labor, so many successes, so many triumphs, cannot arm her, cannot defend her against a groundless, boundless apprehension! This ice must be broken, this misunderstanding must be cleared." All this, however, is in vain. Mme. Medori has an attack of "stage fright" every time she appears on the boards of the Grand Opera. We have had here

a two-act opera, by an Italian named Biletta, a protégé of Prince Poniatowski, a "so-soish" imitation of Rossini. We have had Mario—lazy, spoilt Mario—in *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*, and a most favorable début of a Mlle. Steffanone, who, unknown and unheralded, engaged one night after the Italian Opera's doors were open, as a make shift, to replace Mme. Frezzolini, who had fallen suddenly sick, received by the audience not only coldly, but with hisses; and who in half an hour carried away the house, and is now engaged at a good round sum!

Music and Education.

Richards Storrs Willis, Esq., Editor of the *Musical World*, having been invited to speak before the Board of Education of this city, on the Relations between Music and Education, delivered the first of a series of lectures on that subject, in the Hall of the Board, on Saturday evening. There was a very large audience, and the lecture was preceded and followed by musical performances, executed in excellent style by the young ladies of the Normal School, led by G. H. Curtis. Mr. Aptommas gave one of his exquisite harp solos, by special invitation.

Mr. Willis spoke for an hour, and was heard with great attention.

After alluding to the universality and significance of the language of Music, he proceeded to treat of the relations that exist between it and Education, saying that it seemed a befitting thing that a Board of Education should interest itself in music. The word education, however, involves a great deal: its significance reaches beyond the intellect, includes the heart, comprehends the affections. Hence Music, the language of the heart, is the most befitting medium through which the cultivation of the intellect and heart should flow. The lecturer pointed out the defects of modern music; it has come to be too much cultivated for its collateral advantages; it has become rather a demonstrative society accomplishment than an interior, refining art. Music, in the modern sense, means astonishment,—it used to mean pleasure. Not that the speaker undervalued technical progress in any art, but the difficulty is that compositual art does not keep pace with mechanical. The pioneers of the modern school of pianism have been men of unquestionable ability; Thalberg is every inch an artist—Liszt is a prodigious genius. But these men, like a few of their disciples as well, are accidentals in musical life. They know Art, as well as the piano, yet it is by too many of their ungifted imitators that such antics are played with music. If, side by side with every great performer of music, a great composer were born, who could wed great performance with immortal music; if with every Liszt was a Beethoven; if, with all his capacity in composition, with every Thalberg were a Mozart; if with every Mendelssohn and every Chopin there were two more just like them, (for they combined both gifts in one,)—then when we go to a concert might we be sure of hearing music as well as seeing prodigies. Mr. Willis put in a plea for home music—for society music would always take care of itself—and held it to be absurd to educate children on an art scale as grand as though their capacity really justified it, and they were actually to become distinguished singers or public concert players. This was but waste of time and money. To accept the fact that mediocrity is the rule, and genius the exception, is, in fact, to regulate the musical education of children. It will regulate, first, the time given to the study; and second, the style and degree of art to be attempted. For excellence is essential, whatever be attempted; empiricism is detestable whether in high or low art. This point was enlarged upon with marked earnestness—the speaker claiming that we need to return to simples in music, as in many other things,—musical simples, which are practicable for home purposes; which are suited to quiet fireside evenings, and to please the children withal; which requires not the time and money of years to gain, and when gained, nearly as much time and as much money to retain, but which may easily be gained by a persistent, gradual culture, and not

at the expense of other important things. The best general basis for home music, he held, is not to be found at home—but is to be found at school. In regard to instrumental music, he argued that the pianoforte is far too exclusively cultivated, to the exclusion of the guitar and harp, both graceful and attractive. Exercise in sight-reading of music was recommended, for this is an accomplishment, now too much neglected, which involves the soul of musical pleasure and interest. In conclusion, there were a few pleasant words to the Board of Education, and the lecture ended. The second will be delivered at the same place, on Saturday evening next.—*N. Y. Daily Times*.

Ancient Church Music.

(From the London Athenæum.)

Prof. Sir F. Ouseley's lecture on Ancient Church Music, delivered at Oxford on the 12th, "the first of this term's course," may be accepted, we trust, as an emphatic sign that all men of sense, whether Churchmen, laymen, artists or members of congregations, are beginning to weary of the fopperies which a set of persons—active in proportion to their want of taste and understanding—have endeavored to fasten upon the ritual of the Church of England. While we have always owned that the interest of "the tones" and "chants," "Ambrosian and Gregorian," must be recognized by every one who thinks on the subject;—while, under certain scenic conditions, and in conjunction with particular associations, their effect has a solemn gravity (not wholly clear of griminess) which nothing more modern can produce,—from a very early period of the "movement" we have lost no opportunity of pointing out, that to attach any traditional sanctity to these rude old melodies was, virtually, to place barbarism on the altar; or else to claim for Art an origin which the boldest human definers of divine inspiration would shrink, we imagine, from ascribing to it. Further, we have as often called the attention of the wranglers and formalists to the certainty of all musical traditions being more or less impure. Supposing even the antique notation mastered, supposing it reduced into modern clefs and scales—then comes the question of extent to which expression is modified by manner of execution. To appreciate the range of such variety, it is sufficient to point to the Sistine "*Misereres*" at Rome—so magical there, so powerless in every other place. In short, whenever real inquiry is barred by formalism, faith must be laid aside for fanaticism, and Art must perish; and with it, at no distant period, all true reverence. The above is mere recapitulation, so far as the *Athenæum* is concerned; but we are glad to see that others who have a voice potential are stirring in the question—preaching healthy action as better than palsy—justifying the right to inquire, on the one hand, and decrying, on the other, the substitution of hearsay sympathies for true knowledge. The concluding words of the Rev. Sir F. Ouseley's lecture, time and place considered, carry no small weight with them. "Would," said he, in taking leave of his audience, "that those men in our own day, who love to praise Gregorian music to the exclusion of all other, would in this particular take example by St. Gregory himself, and strive rather to devote the best they can find to the service of the Church—the best, and not the oldest—and let them remember, too, that those only are qualified to judge what is best, who have themselves mastered the art in all its phases, and studied it in all its developments."

G. F. Benkert and his Works.

Some one sends us a copy of the Philadelphia *Saturday Mail*, of Dec. 13, containing an article about this young composer (to whom we have already alluded), marked: "*This is worth copying*." As an amusing specimen of extravagant eulogy, we think it is; indeed we know not whether the sender is in earnest or in joke. Of course we do not know that the young prodigy referred to is not another Mendelssohn or Mozart, since we have not heard or seen his com-

positions; but it is safe to assume that such "tall" comparisons as some of these, applied to any new man, are extravagant, and will be more apt to injure than to help his cause. We are glad however to copy the information given about Mr. Benkert's labors; and as for the comments, the reader will attach what weight he pleases to them.

"What!" methinks you say—"what? an American musician like Mendelssohn and Weber?" And yet it is true. George Felix Benkert, the subject of this sketch, was born in Germantown, a small village near Philadelphia, and having displayed a great talent for music, his father sent him to Europe, that he might complete himself under such a master as Lindpaintner, the author of the "Standard Bearer." Under such a master, he soon ripened into a musician; mastering the science of harmony, and dissecting the classical compositions of the great masters. America is unquestionably a precocious nation; she has lived more, and to better advantage, during the last fifty years, than all the nations of Europe in twice that period of time. Look at her from any point of view, and one must acknowledge that no nation ever produced men so great in every department of science, art and discovery. This is not mere talk; let facts be confirmation strong as holy writ. In history, what nation can show a superior to Bancroft or Prescott? Let England compare her Walter Scott and Bulwer with our Cooper and Irving, and she will find that they emerge from it, not only unscathed, but the better off for the comparison. And so too, we have a Washington in war, a Webster in oratory, a Longfellow in poetry, and in music, that divine art which, though created first, was the last to be perfected; as Germany hath given the world a Thalberg and a Mendelssohn, so America, the Young Giant of the West, hath produced a Gottschalk and a Benkert, the former born on the banks of the noble and rushing Mississippi, and the latter on those of the vast and flowing Delaware. How do the associations and scenes of youth mould the mind of the man! Whilst the young artist of the South involuntarily bears you away, like unto his native Mississippi, by the nervous and resistless torrent of notes, making the piano start as a thing of life, under his creative fingers, breaking all barriers which resist the tempestuous flood, till like the great Father of Waters it is at last conquered by its own element, the musician of the North portrays upon his instrument as a shower of pearls, a melody, clothed in a garb at once as flowing and classical as the waters of his own native Delaware. Disdaining the clever trickery of modern piano players, the clouds of arpeggios continually obscuring a sun which never rises, he relies upon the pure classical creations imbibed at the fountain of harmony, of which Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Haydn, Weber and Chopin are the springs, containing, as they do, all the life and soul of musical composition.

It is notorious that Beethoven was incorrect and uncertain as a player; and yet, what name can be coupled with that noble artist, whose fame, like his music, is eternal? And so it is with Benkert; it is not by his playing one must judge of him so much as by his music. Our readers must forgive us if we appear extravagant in praise, but we are writing under the excitement produced by his music; it is still ringing in our ears, and engrosses all our thoughts; our brain is still wild with the impression produced on us by hearing his "*Cordelia*," being the music to Shakespeare's *King Lear*, in five acts. *King Lear*! what a field for genius! Lear, of whom the great Forrest is the mighty personation, is now embellished by another American. Who will deny to Chopin's *Marche Funèbre* the greatest meed of praise? And yet we, who have studied and admired Chopin, were surprised at the funeral march in the V act; we were fairly enchanted; the melody seemed to float upon the air like spirits of the dead; each falling cadence seemed to waft the soul into another sphere, converting for the time being the melody into an airy ladder, by which the dead might slowly ascend unto the highest heaven. But great as this was, we were hardly prepared for the wild sublimity of his fifth act, portraying the death of *King Lear*; the angels of heaven seemed quietly preparing to take possession of his soul, but the legions of hell buckle on their armor to contend. Then the air is swelling with the terrific combat. Lear seems thoughtful, but occasionally speaks, being moved alternately by the contending warriors of heaven and hell. This cannot forever last, and the mighty Michael, always the Napoleon of heaven, decides the fray, and the spirit of Lear is wafted upon a thousand spears into the presence of his Creator.

His powers of composition do not end here—they are as various as are the feelings of man. His operas are not known in America, but it remains for

the American people to say whether they shall hear them or not. We will mention all that we have as yet heard of: *Viola*, an opera in three acts, from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"; and he is now engaged on a national American opera called *Logan*, illustrating an incident in the life of that celebrated Indian chief. These are his grander operas, and we question whether their instrumentality and melody be surpassed by many of Meyerboer's and Verdi's. His *opera buffa* are *Une visite à Pierre le grand* and *The Dragon of Wantley*, in three acts. He has written, as yet, but one *grand concerto*; but if he never writes another, this one in A flat major, would establish his reputation among musicians. We can only say that we never listened to as classical a concerto at any concert in America (but one, and that was Weber's) as that played by Benkert. It is rich in melody, lofty in outline, and splendid in harmony. He has also composed a grand mass; this is the test whereby the musician may be judged. We have not heard it yet, but if we can rely on the critics of Vienna, it is vast in conception and bold in execution, embodying the melody of Mozart and the harmony of Beethoven. Of it the following letter speaks better than any terms of praise that we are master of:

VIENNA, 10th Feb. 1855.

GEO. F. BENKERT, Esq., Phila.

Honored Sir—The kind and courteous readiness with which you allowed the choir of our church the first production of your truly successful and sublime mass, gives the undersigned the gratifying occasion of expressing their warmest thanks to you. Honored sir, with the assurance that the recollection of this exquisite composition, disposing all hearts to devotion, has created a lasting impression upon all lovers of sacred music, and that the day upon which it was granted them to listen to its melodious strains will continue imperishable in the annals of the Society, permit us, honored sir, to express these sentiments of true esteem, united with the sincere wish that your glorious talent may long continue to the glory of God and his holy Church.

FRANC. THILL, Pres.

No more flattering testimonial could be given a man; even the difference of faith was overcome, and forced praise to well-merited talent.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music Teachers.

BY DAISY.

What would the world say if the author of "Mother Goose's Melodies" should be placed on the list of poets? and how would the critics be offended if a mere dabbler in water-color drawings should aspire to the rank of a first-rate artist!

Yet one of the noblest arts ever given to man is daily and openly debased by mere pretenders to the title of "Musician."

Music is indeed worthy of being called a noble art, for it everywhere entwines itself with the highest and purest feelings of which human nature is capable.

But my object in writing this article is to call the attention of the public generally to a certain class of music-teachers, now in the United States. The country is flooded with them, of both sexes, and of all ages; and I venture to say, that there is not one in ten, on an average, who is fitted to be an instructor in the art.

First of all, a musical teacher should have a love almost amounting to enthusiasm, for his profession. If he has not the true inspiration in himself, he cannot awaken it in others. No one should ever attempt to teach merely as an easy way of earning his daily bread, unless he can find such pleasure in his instructions as will more than repay him for his sacrifice of time and the innumerable trials to which he is subject. Otherwise, however well he may endeavor to perform his duty, he will in the end be a mere mechanical player; and unless his pupils have naturally great musical talent, all their lessons are in vain.

Secondly, he should have a genuine talent for music, which no culture can supply, and without which, no one can be a good musician. We want no amateur teachers—those good-natured people, who think because they can rattle off a great many tunes on the piano-forte, they are perfectly competent to instruct others (like the old woman who thought she would make a good doctor because she was always taking medicine.) A person may be able to perform very difficult pieces of music, and yet not at all able to teach others in the art.

Thirdly, he should himself be always a student in his profession; there is no one living, nor has there ever been one, whose intellect could fathom the depths of musical science. Mozart, when he was an old man (?) once said: "If he could again be a boy and begin life anew, with all the experience he had already acquired, and live to be as old as he was at that time, he might begin to know a little about music."

Now turn to the egotistical performers of our day, and mark the difference!

Before closing this communication, I would say a few words to *parents*. Are your children fond of music? and have they sufficient natural ability to enable them to understand its principles? If not, do not permit them to study it. Do not for the sake of *fashion* make them objects of ridicule to all true musicians. If, on the contrary, they show a decided taste for music, and have in common phrase "a good ear," cultivate that taste by all means. In a moral point of view, it is a great aid to religion. You seldom find a bad man* who knows much of music, or who can appreciate it in hearing others play; and many an erring one has been brought back to righteousness by a remembrance of the hymn learned at his mother's knee.

* Unfortunately we do, too often. Because music is a good thing, it does not follow that man must of necessity receive good from good. The fact of moral freedom has to be considered.—Ed.

[To be continued.]

Musical Correspondence.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 22. THALBERG, the incomparable, the unapproachable, is among us; his advent dates a week back. He, with Mesdames D'ANGRI, DE WILHORST, and the two Erards, have enraptured us with the perfection of piano-playing, gentlemanly manners, fine physical development, and mechanical skill. Four very successful concerts have already been given, and the fifth and sixth are advertised for this and to-morrow evening at the Assembly Rooms, at both of which THALBERG and GOTTSCHALK are to perform a Duet on *Norma*. That will be an epoch in the musical history of Baltimore!

I hear that Thalberg has been enjoying the hospitalities of the White House for a few days past. I must not forget to mention that the school children of this city were treated to a morning concert by the great performer.

Persons writing criticisms of concerts *in advance* are frequently subject to ridiculous blunders. For instance, at the Friday evening concert, Madame De Wilhorst, though appointed to sing, did not appear on account of sudden illness; but the next morning's papers informed the public that "she was rapturously applauded in her parts!"

The coming weeks will be prolific of musical items, and you may anticipate a blast from

TRUMPET.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23. With the return of Christmas tide come sweet thoughts of that greatest of anthems the world has ever heard, sung nearly two thousand years ago, by the angels to the shepherds on the plains of Judea. In every Christian church the words of that angelic strain will be this Christmas repeated; and whether it be among the cold, icy fields of Russia, or under the balmy sky of Italy, upon Britain's isle, and in all parts of the vast American continent, that song of "Peace on earth" will burst forth from thousands of lips. For a time at least, all sectional differences are laid aside; and all over the earth, every one who bears the name of Christian joins with unity of spirit in the vocal praise of Him whose star rose in the East nineteen centuries ago.

It appears at this blessed season almost irreverent to talk of any other than sacred music. To go to an opera on Christmas night is but a poor way of celebrating the Nativity; but when the strains of Handel's greatest composition, when the "MESSIAH" is to be sung, then, above all nights in the year, would one enjoy its matchless glories. The "Messiah" is gradually becoming identified with Christmas, and for years past its annual performance has been one of the greatest treats to the lover of music. This year it is to be performed as usual by the HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Church choirs are generally in a state of vivid excitement about Christmas time, and are much oppressed in mind by the weight of divers anthems appropriate to the occasion, with which they propose celebrating the auspicious day. And yet how seldom (as any one connected with choirs can bear witness) do the singers think of the true import and sentiment of those anthems! The rehearsals are mere trials of vocal skill; and the soprano will try the effect of a shake on the most holy words, while the organist embellishes his composer with extemporaneous demonstrations on the fancy stops. On Christmas Eve choirs generally have a final rehearsal of their Christmas music, and the experience of years has proved to me that the celebration of the Birth of Christ degenerates with them into a mere opportunity for musical display. This is especially the case with quartet choirs and in Episcopal churches; and though there may be exceptions to the rule, they have never come under my observation.

New York does very little for the promotion of sacred music. There is nothing here to compare with your old Handel and Haydn Society, though perhaps our Mendelssohn Union may in time do something in the right direction, as its recent production of "Eli" would prove. Our Harmonic Society has dropped its prefix of "Sacred," and intersperses Handel with Verdi, and Haydn with Donizetti. The opera and the oratorio both find a partial shelter in the embrace of the "Harmonic."

THALBERG appears here for the last time on Friday evening, playing at Mr. GOTTSCHALK's concert. The latter artist leaves us soon for Havana and Europe, and Mr. Thalberg, in performing on the occasion, reciprocates a similar compliment from Gottschalk. Thalberg will then positively visit Boston, where he cannot be otherwise than enthusiastically received. There is a rumor afloat that he intends taking charge of an opera troupe, to consist of PARODI, D'ANGRI, MORELLI, TIBERINI, and others, and conduct the performances himself. On the other hand it is rumored that MARTZKE will return here in about six weeks, and give another operatic season. The last one, under Mr. STANKOVICH, was peculiarly unsuccessful.

Mme. JOHANNSEN, the German prima donna, is engaged to appear at the Broadway Theatre, the scene of Alboni's operatic triumphs in this country. The opening opera will probably be Beethoven's "Fidelio." If Mr. Zerrahn succeeds in obtaining the services of Mme. Johanne, for his Philhar-

monic Concerts, the Bostonians may congratulate themselves, for the lady is a singer of the first class.

Your able New York correspondent, who signs his letters with the curious compound of two dashes, the letter t and an apostrophe, has relieved me from saying anything about Mr. Costa's new oratorio, "Eli." By the way, this unique and mysterious signature of your correspondent exhibits an originality of mind that is positively startling. The signature is a perfect typographical Sphinx to many beside

TROVATOR.

Musical Intelligence.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—MR. ANDREAS THORUP, for several years so well esteemed as a musician and a gentleman in Boston, has commenced a good work in this earlier home, to which he has returned. On Friday evening last week he gave a concert at the Unitarian Church, with the following programme:

PART I.

- 1—Fantasia for the Organ, for two performers,..... A. Hesse
Messrs. J. H. Willcox and A. T. Thorup.
- 2—Selections from the 95th Psalm,..... Mendelssohn
a. Tenor Solo and Chorus—"O come let us worship."
b. Canon—"For the Lord is a Mighty God."
c. Chorus and Tenor Solo—"Henceforth when ye hear his voice entreating."
- 3—Organ Solos by Mr. Willcox.
a. Pastorale,..... Kullak
b. Wedding March,..... Mendelssohn

PART II.

"THE SONG OF THE BELL," the words a translation by Hon. S. A. Elliot of Schiller's "Das Lied von der Glocke." Music composed by..... Andreas Romberg
The *Mercury* says: "Both the organ solos and the concerted pieces were excellently rendered, the audience large and highly appreciative. The Wedding March by Mendelssohn, was given with the best effect, by Mr. Willcox, on the organ. As for the 'Song of the Bell' itself, which was the main feature of the performance, both the solos and choruses, were admirably performed. We think that Mr. Thorup deserves much credit for his exertions, and the ladies and gentlemen of the choir most ably represent the spirit and letter of the noble composition of Romberg."

PHILADELPHIA.—From Fitzgerald's *City Item* of Dec. 20th, we glean the following:

The present season has been remarkable for the great number of concerts that have been given, and still more so, for the success which has crowned them. All the societies have given their first entertainment of the season, except the Handel & Haydn, which will shortly take place, and even this association has appeared once, at the opening of Harrison Hall. This week, our young and gifted townsman, Mr. Benkert, gives his second concert, aided by Mme. Johansen, Mr. Berner, Ahrends and a large orchestra; on Friday the Harmonia presents "The Creation," with Miss E. Brook, Messrs. Bishop, Rudolphsen, several excellent amateurs and a large chorus; while, on Saturday, the fifth Public Rehearsal of the Germania will be held at the Musical Fund Hall.—Mr. Benkert's concert merits particular attention, from its fine programme, and from the fact of its affording the public an opportunity of hearing Mme. Bertha Johansen, who, while prima donna of the German Opera Company at Niblo's, New York, created for herself a high reputation among the musical circles of our sister city. She is said to be a beauty of the German style; a blonde, of course, with a profusion of light, golden hair; in figure, graceful, and in manner, fascinating. The chief interest of the concert, however, centres in the compositions of Mr. Benkert, several of which will be performed by himself, and by a large orchestra, led by Leopold Meignen.

THALBERG closed his second series of concerts on Saturday evening last, and his audience then was even larger than on the previous occasions. His visit to Philadelphia has proved a complete success, and must have been immensely profitable; the fact of seven such expensive concerts having been given in so short a time and with such great patronage, speaks well for the musical taste of our city, and we believe is unprecedented here, except perhaps in the case of Jenny Lind, Madame D'Angri made her debut at the concert of Friday evening, and created a deep impression by her skilful execution and remarkable contralto voice.

On Christmas night a musical entertainment is to be given at Handel and Haydn Hall, by J. B. Beckel, Esq., the well known teacher of music, upon which occasion will be presented for the first time, the original sacred cantatas of his composition, called "The Nativity" and "Ruth the Moabitess." The first will be performed exclusively by the children of Mr. Beckel's classes, numbering nearly three hundred pupils, and is a Christmas Carol, of which the words were written by Rev. E. C. Jones. The stage will be dressed with evergreens, a handsome Christmas tree, and a jolly Kris Kinkle. "Ruth" is a composition for adult voices, in which Mr. Cunningham and A. R. Taylor will sustain the male parts, the soprano being performed by amateurs whose names are not given.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The people of the Lake City are enjoying a series of Afternoon Concerts, modelled upon those of the late Germania Society in Boston. Mr. AHNER, an ex-Germanian, and who until recently has been doing much for music in Providence, has settled there and is the getter-up and manager. The concerts are given every Saturday afternoon. The pieces are mostly orchestral, performed by the "Great Western Band," Mr. VAAS leader. They have also instrumental solos, in which Mr. H. PERABEAU, the pianist, formerly of Boston, bears a prominent part. The following was the programme for the second Saturday, Dec. 6:

PART I.

- 1—Alexander's March,..... J. Gungl
- 2—Grand Overture,..... Hummel
- 3—Variations for Violin (performed by Mr. A. Vaas),..... Berlioz
- 4—Atlantic House Polka,..... Bergmann
- 5—First movement from Symphony in D major,..... Mozart

PART II.

- 1—Galop: "The Brightest Eyes,"..... Doppler
- 2—Solo for Piano (performed by Mr. H. Perabeau),.....
- 3—Song without Words (for Orchestra),..... Mendelssohn
- 4—Eckert's celebrated Swiss Song, (Solo for Cornet, with Echo,) arranged by..... H. Ahner
- 5—Finale, from "Marta,"..... Flotow

Several of the Chicago papers preach glowing exhortations on the subject of these concerts. We are tempted to quote from one of them, modestly blushing for our poor Boston, whose praise the writer quite exaggerates:

We really enjoyed the concert, and that is much more than we could say of some of those "grand concerts" that are usually heralded by great posters and by all the clap trap that is resorted to by those itinerant artists, who have the great mission of elevating the musical taste of us unhappy barbarians here in the North-west. The great artists that appear in these concerts, how familiar they have become to us, and how in consequence thereof, we have learned to appreciate them, so that we readily pay a dollar each night for three, four, and five nights in succession, to listen to Maurice Strakosch's delicious and exuberant strains of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," of the pathetic "Old Folks at Home," and the "Dog Tray," so full of originality and variety; and then the voice of the "queenly Parodi," so full of style and culture. Does she not ever vary her arias and cavatinas? Is not her stock of songs inexhaustible? But thanks to her appreciation of our predilections, she knows that her "Duet from Norma," sung with Patti Strakosch, is irresistible, and we hear it at every one of those unique performances. Then those ballads of Patti's, are they not sweet pretty, as our lady friends would say. But what are we doing; we were to speak of Saturday evening's concert, and we have wandered off from a small and insignificant affair to those "great artists." Let our readers pardon us; we were carried away by the subject. It is so seldom that these artists bestow upon us the light of their countenances. But to come back to that afternoon concert. We say we enjoyed it, yes truly enjoyed it, and yet it was only music performed by some twenty resident musicians, combined into an orchestra of stringed, reed, and brass instruments. The programme was a good one, and the performances were a success. An orchestra, consisting of so many different members, and playing for the first time together, always labors under difficulties and disadvantages. But we were agreeably surprised at their precision and accuracy. The *ensemble* was all that could be expected, and we have thus a promise of obtaining an excellent and effective orchestra in our Chicago. We have long envied Milwaukee her's. Now, it stands with us to secure one that will soon excel that of Milwaukee, for we have more and better artists. * * * In Boston these afternoon concerts have become a regular institution, and are better patronized than any others given there. And so admirable have been their results that Boston, at the present time, is, musically, perhaps the best educated city in the world. Nowhere, not even in Germany, are all classes of a city so familiar with good music and love it as well, as in Boston. Yet this is not a particular merit of Boston. Thanks to the "Germania Society," &c.

Mr. AHNER has also been elected leader of the "Freie Snger-Bund," which was to give a grand concert on Christmas day.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 27, 1856.

TAXING MUSIC.—We have read once or twice of late in the newspapers a statement that our City government had refused a petition of the proprietors of the Music Hall for leave to give

concerts, on the ground that concert-givers should be taxed well for a license! We have read and wondered. For we never dreamed that any such barbarous practice existed, except it might be some old puritanical rule grown obsolete. On inquiry, we were shown the following City Document:—

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, November 19, 1856.

The Committee on Licenses, to whom was referred the Petition of the Proprietors of the Music Hall, for leave to give Concerts during the present year, would respectfully present the following

REPORT:

By the City Ordinances, it is provided that the Mayor and Aldermen may license all theatrical exhibitions, shows, public amusements, and exhibitions of every description, to which admission is obtained by the payment of money, upon such terms and conditions as they may think reasonable.

It has been usual for this Board, on the recommendation of the Standing Committee on Licenses, to grant licenses to parties on the payment of a mere nominal sum; and as the present Committee have thought proper to adopt a different course in this respect from their predecessors, they take the present opportunity to ask the consideration of the Board to some suggestions upon the subject, that, if proper, they may receive their sanction.

It appears to your Committee proper to make a distinction between the public amusements, &c., given by or under the direction and control of our own citizens, and those given by or under the direction or control of foreigners or non-residents. Among the former we would class the regular performances at our theatres, under the direction of the managers; and the lectures, concerts, &c., given by the various societies located in our city, the parties engaged in which being principally residents among us. A large portion of the money they receive from the public is spent in various ways to the benefit and increase of the trade and labor of our citizens.

Another class is composed of those persons or parties, who travel about from place to place, hire a theatre or hall for a short time, and after giving a few operas, concerts, or other exhibitions, and collecting what they can from our citizens, leave for some other place, carrying with them a large portion of the money they may have received for their performances.

It is evident from these circumstances that to allow to transient parties the same privileges as are granted to our own citizens, is neither just nor proper; because the latter aid us in the support of trade and expenses of government, while the former do neither, but draw from us large amounts to be spent in other places, and frequently carry away with them to foreign countries.

The Committee deem it unnecessary to do more than allude to these facts, to convince the Board that it is expedient for the Committee to confine their general licenses of theatres and public halls to such performances and exhibitions as may be under the direction of their own managers or proprietors, and of the societies located in the city. And whenever these places are engaged for transient use, by foreign parties, a special license shall in all cases be required, for which a proper and reasonable sum shall be paid, in the manner provided by the Ordinance of the city.

Inasmuch, therefore, as the Committee do not understand the Proprietors of the Music Hall to desire a license for concerts, &c., under their own management, but for the use of other parties who may rent it temporarily, they deem it their duty, for the reasons they have presented, to give the Petitioners leave to withdraw.

For the Committee,
T. C. KENDALL, Chairman.

There now is a precious document! Such is the respect our "Modern Athens" pays to Art! Music is treated simply as a trade, towards which we must exercise a selfish "protective" policy, and try to monopolize the trade ourselves, and treat the travelling artist as a "furrin" enemy! Such a narrow and mean notion of the matter is unworthy of an enlightened, generous city. Without questioning the patriotic motive of the sapient committee, we do think they undertake to serve their country in a strange way. Are not public amusements, pure and well-conducted, public blessings? Does not the health of the body politic require them? And if to amusement you add

Art, a beautiful revelation of high meaning, speaking to the soul, refining and elevating the tastes, and contributing to the best culture as well as to the momentary enjoyment of thousands, does not the blessing grow incalculable? Whoever brings us these gifts, be he citizen or stranger, is a benefactor, just in proportion as he brings the *best*, and wins most persons to receive and to enjoy it. Our best examples of Art, for a long time yet, must come to us from abroad. They who bring them must live by their labors. They run pecuniary risk in every invitation they hold out to us; they are as likely to lose as they are to win among us. Whatever they may carry away, they must spend *something* here. But did it never occur to the city fathers that true artists give at least an equivalent for all they take in the refining influence they leave behind, in the improvement of the public taste for Art, which surely is an end always esteemed worth the seeking in all civilized communities?

Taking the lowest view of the matter, if concert-givers merely furnish the *amusement* for which the people pay and go, they do, strictly speaking, furnish an equivalent. They give us what we think worth the money enough to be willing to pay for it. If I choose that Jenny Lind, or even the mere circus clown, shall have my dollar, to do what they please with it, whose business is it? who shall hinder?

It is true there is a great deal that is questionable, perhaps corrupt, mixed up with each annual harvest of amusement, wholesome in the main. There is a great deal of bad music played, a great deal of clap-trap, that ministers to a false and sickly taste. But the check and the correction we have elsewhere; taxing imported exhibitions does not reach the evil; *that* is a discrimination not on moral, not on truly patriotic, but on selfish, surly and exclusive grounds.

The effect of this restrictive measure in the present instance is to materially shorten the winter's supply of music. Our noble Music Hall, a just theme of pride to our city, was a costly investment of individuals for a public good—to wit, the popularizing of the love of music among us. To sustain itself now that it is built, it must have the frequent patronage of artists. The artists, on the other hand, to whom the public looks for concerts, are deterred from giving them, when to other heavy expenses is added such an arbitrary tax as the condition of a license from the city. It is just so much deadening of all the activities which centre upon the demand for and supply of music in our city; and the fathers, as mere utilitarian political economists, have perhaps not reflected how large a part those activities play in the collective business and prosperity.

Instead of taxing artists, the true policy of a republican city would be even to hold out a premium to them. Why does Art flourish in aristocratic cities? Because the "powers that be" there act the part of *Mecenas*. Here the people are the powers; the people in their public, as well as private capacity, should also be the patrons. At all events, if we cannot give gifts to the heavenly visitor, let us at least oppose no barrier to her entrance. As soon should we think of taxing truth, religion, virtue, light from heaven! As soon say to all sweet and humanizing influences, that come from abroad, ye shall not come without a license! "But it is not the license to benefit us, it is only the license to *make*

money by benefitting us, which we reserve the privilege of withholding." What art, what literature, what schooling, or what preaching can live on air while it appeals to us? If it come at all, it comes at its own risk, and must earn the means to stay and bless us by demanding its price, like every other useful occupation.

Beethoven's "First Work."

We have had a rare enjoyment! No less than the perusal of two piano-forte Sonatas composed by the boy Beethoven. They are the second and third (would we could see the first) of a set of three, published in Vienna, by Tobias Haslinger, as "*Sonaten für das Piano-Forte von L. VAN BEETHOVEN, erstes Werk, geschrieben im 10ten Lebensjahre.*"

Sonatas by Beethoven, written at the age of ten! We had heard of these works, but were not until now aware they had been published. Doubtless to many of our German musical professors they are quite familiar; and for more reasons than one they might to good advantage be made known more generally. For while they have the simplicity and clearness desirable in lessons for pupils not very far advanced, they possess also much intrinsic excellence, both as fair models of that well-connected Sonata form which all teachers employ more or less to lead their scholars in a classical direction, and as being full of charm and indications of real genius.

Of course they are juvenile productions, and cannot show the mature mind, the developed individuality and practised hand of the great master. But for a boy's work they are indeed remarkable. They are *bonâ fide* compositions. There is no vagueness about them. They show definiteness of purpose, and that he knew perfectly well what he was about. He has ideas positive and well pronounced, and he proceeds to develop them (not to be sure at great length) in a manner at once spontaneous and logical. And all from first to last is interesting, is earnest, is inspired with a true love, and the genuine joy of exercising a creative faculty. The vigor and conciseness of the man Beethoven are here too in the boy; the fire, and also the unfailing sense and zest of beauty. The harmony is thin, of course, compared with after works, but every note in it tells; and, what is the best pledge of the true gift, there is an individual vitality and movement in the parts; it is real counterpoint, and not mere melody with chords accompanying.

Already, too, there are strong symptoms of the symphonic or orchestral destiny. Thus No. 2, which is in F minor, opens with a strong full chord on that note, like the orchestral *tutti*, (*Larghetto maestoso*), answered in wailing thirds, suggestive of wind instruments, and so alternating with more and more power, as you could imagine the future composer of the *Egmont* music might do. This stately introduction leads off into a fiery Allegro, which seems natural enough again for the author of the *Sonata Pathétique* (only the suggestions are very brief), and then a winding up passage palpably after the manner of Mozart's endings. After the repeat the themes are regularly and clearly worked up, concisely, too, and without indefinite wandering. The Andante movement is full of grace and dignity and feeling—for a boy; the Presto as fiery and impetuous as the finales in some of his more developed works. And the three movements are held

together by an internal, kindred tie of feeling and design, while they are sufficiently contrasted. Verily the boy possessed the vital secret of the Sonata form; he had seized its organic principle. For the rest his early training had been musician-like and thorough.

Still more striking perhaps is the truly Sonata-like development and structure of the cheerful Allegro in D, of No. 3. It is really a charming composition, as fresh and clear, and on the whole as interesting as many of the Sonatas of Haydn; the impatient Beethoven nature breaks out too, occasionally in little fiery, abrupt phrases. It has no Andante or Adagio, but a Mozart-like little Minuet, marked *Sostenuto*, followed by half a dozen pleasing variations, one of which, in syncopated rhythm, shows decided character. The finale (*Scherzando*) is quite original and genial, and truly related to the first movement and to the whole.

Seriously, it would be better to give pupils these earnest efforts of young genius among their things for practice, than much of the milk and water conventional trash in classic forms, or the polka and variation stuff so commonly used. At all events the admiring student of the man Beethoven will not play through these boy Sonatas without emotion and much food for reflection.

We have submitted the matter to our friend, A. W. T., the biographer and "Diary," who is so full of Beethoven lore, and he has kindly sent us the following extract on the subject from his long-promised work.

Beethoven's first compositions, says Dr. Wegeler, were the Sonatas copied into the *Speyersche Blumenlese*, and the song, "When a man on travel goes." [*Wenn jemand eine Reise thut.*] Neefe, Court Organist at Bonn, wrote a letter containing a list of musicians in Bonn, fortunately preserved, from which I quote the following:

"LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN, son of the above-named tenor singer, a boy of eleven years of age, of very promising talents. He plays the harpsichord with great expertness and power, reads well at sight, and, to say all in a word, plays nearly all of Sebastian Bach's "*Wohltemperirtes Clavier*," placed in his hands by Herr Neefe. He that knows this collection of Preludes and Fugues in every key (which may almost be called the *ne plus ultra* of music) will know what this implies. Herr Neefe has also, so far as his other duties allow, given him some instruction in thorough bass. At present he is exercising him in composition, and for his encouragement has caused Nine Variations on a march* composed by him for the harpsichord, to be engraved at Mannheim."

At the Royal Library in Berlin may be seen Beethoven's earliest sonatas. They are engraved in old-fashioned style, with the title and dedication given below. In the *Musikalische Almanac*, Leipzig, 1789, is the following in the list of "living German composers." I translate from the German:

"Beethoven (Ludwig van). Three Sonatas for the Clavier. Spire, 1783. Fol. Also Songs in the *Speyersche Blumenlese*. He is yet hardly 12 years of age."

The title and dedication of these Sonatas I thus translate, taking some pains to preserve somewhat of the peculiar style. I could wish to know who wrote them for the boy.

* By Dressler.

DEDICATION.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN."

NATICK, DEC. 23, 1856.

FIRST EVENING, Dec. 27, 1856.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

- PART II.**

Commences precisely at 7½ o'clock.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"

Will be performed, with the assistance of

Mrs. J. H. LONG.

Mrs. B. A. WENTWORTH,
M. I. HARRIS.

Mrs. I. I. HARWOOD,
Mr. C. B. ADA

Mr. J. P. I.

Mr. THOMAS

And an efficient Orchestra, under the able conductorship of CARL ZERRAHN. F. F. MUELLER, Organist.

Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal music stores and hotels, and at the door on the evening of performance, or of the Secretary, L. B. BARNES.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club's

FOURTH CONCERT

Will take place on TUESDAY, Dec. 30, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms, assisted by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, Pianist.

Hummel's Piano Quintette, in F minor—Chopin's Polonaise for Piano and 'Cello—Beethoven's Quartette in G—and a new

Quintette, by Mr. Perkins, will be presented.
Package of Eight Tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$5; Single
tickets \$1 each, may be found at the music stores.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The FIRST of the FOUR CONCERTS will be given on SATURDAY EVENING, January 3, with the kind assistance of

OLD BULL.

Among the principal pieces will be Beethoven's Fourth Symphony; Overture to Goethe's Faust, by Richard Wagner

(first time); the Pilgrim Chorus (sung by a select Choir) from *Tannhäuser* (first time); and the Overture to "William Tell."

Tickets for subscribers are now ready at Russell & Richardson's and Wade's Music Stores. Packages of four Tickets, \$3, single Ticket \$1

For particulars see programmes.
CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.

The above Society respectfully inform the musical public that
they will give a Series of

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS,
At the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, commencing on Wednesday.

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(Continued from page 98.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE VIOLE D'AMOUR.

This instrument is rather larger than the viola. It has almost universally fallen into disuse; and were it not for Mr. Urban—the only player of the instrument in Paris—it would be known to us only by name.

It has seven *catgut strings*, the three lowest of which—like the C and G of the viola,—are covered with silver wire. Below the neck of the instrument, and passing beneath the bridge, are seven more strings, of metal, tuned in unison with the others, so as to vibrate *sympathetically* with them; thereby giving to the instrument a second resonance, full of sweetness and mystery. It was formerly tuned in several different whimsical ways.

The quality of the *viola d'amour* is faint and sweet; there is something *seraphic* in it,—partaking at once of the viola, and of the harmonics of the violin. It is peculiarly suitable to the *legato* style, to dreamy melodies, and to the expression of ecstatic or religious feelings. Mons. Meyerbeer has felicitously introduced it in *Raoul's Romance*, in the first act of the *Huguenots*.

But this is merely a solo effect. What would not be that, in an *andante*, of a mass of *violas d'Amour* playing a fine prayer in several parts, or accompanying with their sustained harmonies, a melody of violas, or of violoncellos, or of corni inglesi, or of a horn, or of a flute in its middle part, mingled with harp arpeggios! It would really be a great pity to allow this choice instrument to become lost; upon which any violinist might learn to play, by a few week's practice.

THE VIOLONCELLO.

The violoncello, on account of the depth of its quality and the thickness of its strings, is not susceptible of the extreme agility belonging to the violin and viola. As to the natural and artificial harmonics—of which frequent use is made on the violoncello in solo passages,—they are

obtained by the same means as those of the violin and viola. The length of its strings even contributes to render the extreme upper notes in harmonics, which are produced near the bridge, much more easy and more beautiful than those of the violin.

To violoncellos in the orchestra is ordinarily given the part of the double-bass; which they double, an octave above or in unison: but there are many instances when it is advisable to separate them, either to let them play, on the high strings, a melody or melodious phrase; or to take advantage of their peculiar sonorousness on an open string, for producing a specific harmonial effect, by writing their part *below* the double-basses or, lastly, to assign them a part nearly like that of the double-basses, but giving them more rapid notes, which the latter could not well execute.

The composer should never—without an excellent reason, that is to say, without being sure of producing thereby a very marked effect—entirely separate the violoncellos and double-basses; nor even write them, as many authors have done, a double octave above. Such procedure has the result of considerably weakening the sonorousness of the fundamental notes of the harmony. The bass part, thus forsaken by the violoncellos, becomes dull, bald, extremely heavy, and ill-connected with the upper parts, which are held at too great distance by the extreme depth of tone of the double-basses. When it is required to produce a very soft harmony of stringed instruments, it is, on the contrary, often well to give the bass to the violoncellos, omitting the double-basses, as Weber has done, in the accompaniment to the *Andante* of Agatha's sublime air, in the second act of the *Freischütz*. It is worthy of remark in this example, that the violas alone give the bass, beneath a harmony of violins in four parts; the violoncellos only coming in, a little later, to double the violas.

Violoncellos together, to the amount of eight or ten, are essentially melodious; their quality, on the upper strings, is one of the most expressive in the orchestra. Nothing is more voluptuously melancholy, or more suited to the utterance of tender, languishing themes, than a mass of violoncellos playing in unison upon their *first string*. They are also excellent for airs of a religious character; when the composer ought to select the strings upon which the phrase should be executed. The two lower strings, C and G, especially in keys which permit the use of them as *open strings*, are of a smooth and deep sonorousness, perfectly appropriate in such a case; but their depth itself scarcely ever permits of giving them any other than basses more or less melodious,—the actual airs being reserved for the upper strings. Weber, in the Overture to *Oberon*, has, with rare felicity, caused the violoncellos to sing above; while the two clarinets in A, in unison, give beneath them their lower notes. It is both new and striking.

Although our violoncello-players of the present day, are very skilful, and well able to execute all sorts of difficulties, yet it is seldom that rapid passages of violoncellos do not produce some confusion in the lower part. As for those which require the use of the thumb, and lie among the higher notes, there is less to be expected; they are not very sonorous, and are always of dubious precision. In modern richly-filled orchestras,

where the violoncellos are numerous, they are frequently divided into *firsts* and *seconds*; the *firsts* executing a special part of melody or harmony, and the *seconds* doubling the double-basses, either in octave or in unison. Sometimes even, for accompaniments of a melancholy, veiled, and mysterious character, the bass is left to the double-basses alone, while above them are designed two different parts for the violoncellos, which, joining the viola part, give a four-part deep harmony. This method is rarely well-contrived; and care should be taken not to misuse it.

The tremolo in *double string*, and arpeggios in *forte*, suit violoncellos perfectly; they add greatly to the richness of the harmony, and augment the general sonorousness of the orchestra. Rossini, in the introduction of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, has written a quintet for five *solo* violoncellos, accompanied in *pizzicato* by the other violoncellos, divided into *firsts* and *seconds*. These deep-toned qualities of the same kind are there of excellent effect; and serve to make still more impressive the brilliant orchestration of the succeeding *Allegro*.

DOUBLE-BASSES.

There are two kinds; those with three, and those with four strings. Those with three strings are tuned in fifths. Those with four, are tuned in fourths.

The sound of both is an octave lower than the note written. Their compass in the orchestra is two octaves and a quarter; allowing for three-stringed double-basses, two notes less below.

To double-basses belong, in the orchestra, the lowest sounds of the harmony. In a preceding chapter, it has been stated, upon what occasion they may be separated from the violoncellos; and then may be palliated, to a certain degree, the defect which arises for the basses out of this disposal, by doubling them in octave, or in unison with the bassoons, the corni di basetto, the bass clarinets, or the ordinary clarinets, in the extreme lower notes. But for my part, I detest the mode which certain musicians have, on such occasions, of using trombones and opicicleides—the quality of tone of which, having neither sympathy nor analogy with that of double-basses, of course mixes execrably with it. There are cases where the harmonics of the double-basses may be successfully introduced. The extreme tension of the string, their length, and their distance from the finger-board, do not permit however, of having resource to artificial harmonics; as for natural harmonics, they come out very well, particularly commencing from the first octave, occupying the middle of the string; they are the same, in the octave below, as those of violoncellos. Strictly speaking, chords and arpeggios may be used on the double-bass; but it must be by giving them two or three notes at the utmost, of which one only need not be open.

The *intermittent tremolo* may easily be obtained, thanks to the elasticity of the bow, which causes it to rebound several times on the strings, when a single blow is somewhat sharply struck.

The *continuous tremolo* of double-basses is of excellent dramatic effect; and nothing gives a more menacing aspect to the orchestra; but it should not last too long, otherwise the fatigue it occasions the performers, who are willing to take the trouble of doing it well, would soon render it

impossible. When a long passage renders it needful thus to disturb the depths of an orchestra, the best way is, by dividing the double-basses, not to give them a real *tremolo*, but merely quick repercussions, mutually disagreeing as rhythmical values, while the violoncellos execute the true *tremolo*.

They are so injudicious, now-a-days, as to write for the heaviest of all instruments, passages of such rapidity, that violoncellos themselves would find difficulty in executing them. Whence results a serious inconvenience: lazy or incapable double-bass players, dismayed by such difficulties, give them up at the first glance, and set themselves to *simplifying* the passage; but this simplifying of some, not being that of others,—since they have not all the same ideas upon the harmonial importance of the various notes contained in the passage,—there ensues a horrible disorder and confusion. This buzzing chaos, full of strange noises and hideous grumbings, is completed and still heightened by the other double-bass players, either more zealous, or more confident of ability, who toil away in ineffectual efforts at executing the passage just as it is written. Composers should therefore be careful to ask of double-basses no more than possible things; of which the good execution shall not remain doubtful. It is enough to say, that the old system of double-bass players, who *simplify*,—a system generally adopted in the ancient instrumental school, and of which the danger has just been demonstrated,—is at present utterly renounced. If the author have written no other than passages suitable to the instrument, the performer must play them, nothing more, nor nothing less. When the blame lies with the composer, it is he, and the audience, who take the consequences; and the performer is no longer responsible.

Flights of little notes, before large ones, are executed by sliding rapidly on the string, without paying attention to the precision of any of the intermediate sounds; and have an extremely good effect. The furious shock given to the whole orchestra by the double-basses coming upon the high F, by four little preceding notes, B, C, D, E, in the infernal scene in *Orfeo*, on the words, "At the dire howling of Cerberus," is well known. This hoarse barking,—one of the finest inspirations of Gluck,—is rendered the more terrible, by the author having placed it on the third inversion of the chord of the diminished seventh (F, G sharp, B, D); and, for the sake of giving his idea all the effect and vehemence possible, he has doubled the double-basses in the octave, not only with the violoncellos, but with the violas, and the entire mass of violins.

Beethoven, also, has availed himself of these scarcely articulate notes; but (contrary to the previous example), by accenting the first note of the group more than the last. He has done thus in a passage of the Storm in the Pastoral Symphony; which so well depicts the raging of a violent wind and rain, with the muffled rumblings of the gust. It is to be observed, that Beethoven, in this example, and in many other passages, has given to the double-basses deep notes, beyond their power of executing, which leads to the supposition, that the orchestra he wrote for, possessed double-basses descending as low as the C, an octave below the violoncello C,—no longer to be found now-a-days.

Sometimes it has a fine and dramatic effect, to give the violoncellos the real bass, or, at least, the notes which determine the chords, and strike the accented parts of the bar; while beneath them, the double-bass has an isolated part, the design of which, interrupted by rests, allows the harmony to rest upon the violoncellos. Beethoven, in his admirable scene of *Fidelio*, where Leonora and her jailor are digging Florestan's grave, has displayed all the pathetic and gloomy sadness of his mode of instrumentation. He has, however, given, in this case, the real bass to the double-basses.

[To be continued]

Thou must neither play bad compositions, nor listen to them, if not compelled to do so.—SCHUMANN.

The Salzburg "Kapelle."

[Here follows the translation of the interesting old document, to which "A. W. T." has introduced us in his article in our last number.—Ed.]

ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MUSIC OF HIS GRACE, THE PRINCE ARCH-BISHOP OF SALZBURG IN THE YEAR 1757.

KAPELLMEISTER.

1. Herr ERNST EBERLIN, of Jettenbach in Swabia. He is also the Prince's *Truchses*. He was formerly Court Organist; and if anybody deserves the name of a well-grounded and finished master in the art of composition, it is certainly this man. He has tones completely in his power, and sets music with such facility, that many would look upon it but as a fable if told the time actually employed by this skilful composer in the production of this or that extensive work. In the number of his completed musical works he may well be placed with those two most industrious as well as celebrated composers, Herren Scarlatti and Telemann. The only works by him yet printed are the Toccatas for the Organ.

VICE KAPELLMEISTER.

2. Herr JOSEPH LOLLI, of Bologna, in Italy. He was formerly tenor singer. With the exception of some oratorios he has composed hardly anything for the concert room, though for the church he has set several masses and vesper psalms.

COMPOSERS TO THE COURT.

3. Herr CASPER CRISTELLI, from Vienna in Austria, is Violoncellist, and a great master of accompaniment. He distinguishes himself from many violoncellists in the art of drawing out a good tone, strong and full, yet also pure and touching, from his violoncello, while his execution is manly and free from the viola style. He composes nothing but concert music. His compositions are mostly the pieces called *Suites*, Symphonies, and a few Trios; also duets and solos for the violoncello.

5. Herr LEOPOLD MOZART, from the imperial city, Augsburg. He is violinist and leader of the orchestra. He composes for church and concert room. He was born on the 14th of the Winter-month (December), 1719, and soon after finishing his studies in philosophy and jurisprudence, in 1743, he entered the service of the Prince Archbishop. He has distinguished himself in every style of composition, though he has sent nothing to press except six sonatas *à trois* in the year 1740, which he himself engraved on copper, and this principally for the sake of practice in the art of engraving. In the May-month (July) of 1756 he published his Violin-school.

Of the compositions still in manuscript which are known, the most worthy of note are many contrapuntal and church pieces; then a large number of symphonies, partly *à quatre* and partly for all the usual instruments; also thirty grand *Serenatas*, in which solos for various instruments are introduced. Besides these, many concertos, especially for the flute, oboe, bassoon, horn, trumpet, &c.; innumerable trios and divertimenti for different instruments; moreover twelve oratorios, a mass of theatrical pieces, and even pantomimes; also music for special occasions, such as a military piece with trumpets, drums, kettle-drums and fifes, in addition to the usual instruments; a piece of Turkish music; a piece for a keyed instrument with steel springs; and finally a sleigh-

ride composition introducing five strings of sleigh-bells; not to mention marches, night pieces (so called) and many hundred minuets, opera dances, and such minor pieces.

5. Herr FERDINAND SEIDL, from Falkenberg in Silesia, Violinist. He composes only for the concert room. He has made very many symphonies; also concertos and solos for the violin, in which his principal object has been to introduce uncommon and very peculiar changes and difficult passages.

The three Court Composers play their instruments both in the church and concert room, and take turns with the Kapellmeister in the direction of the music of the Court, each officiating a week, during which he has entire control over the music, and produces at pleasure his own compositions or those of others.

VIOLINISTS.

6. Herr Paul Schorn, of Salzburg.

7. Herr Carl Vogt, from Kremau in Moravia, is an earnest player, who knows how to draw a manly, powerful tone from the violin.

8. Herr Wenzel Hebelt, from Heiligenberg in Moravia. He brings out clearly the most difficult passages; hence he cares for nothing but the most difficult music, in which it is not easy to find anything too hard or quick for him. But his tone is very weak and feeble.

9. Herr Joseph Hülber, of Krambach in Swabia. He plays also the German flute.

10. Herr Nicholas Meisner, of Brauna in Bohemia. He plays also the horn.

11. Herr Franz Schwarzmann, of Salzburg. He plays concertos upon the bassoon, and executes finely on the oboe, flute and horn. Just now he is at Padua, in the school of the celebrated Herr Tartipi.

12. Herr Joseph Hölzel, from the city of Steyer in Austria. Also plays the horn.

13. Herr Andreas Mayr, of Salzburg. Plays well also upon the violoncello.

VIOLAS.

14. Herr Johann Sebastian Vogt, of Steinach, near Bamberg and Culmbach. Plays also the oboe.

15. Herr Johann Caspar Thumann, of Salzburg.

ORGANISTS AND HARPSICHORDISTS.

16. Herr Anton Cajetan Adelgasser, from Der Insel in Bavaria. Plays understandingly, with elegance, and for the most part cantabile. He is not only a good organist—he is also a good accompanist upon the Grand Harpsichord; for both of which accomplishments he is indebted to Herr Kapellmeister Eberlin, of whom he has also learned the rules of composition, so that he now composes very pleasantly. Only he depends too much upon imitating others, especially his teacher.

17. Herr Franz Ignatius Lipp, of Eggelfelden in Bavaria. He plays also the violin, sings a good tenor, and composes not badly.

These two gentlemen (the organists) have in turn to take charge of the grand organ, (which stands in the rear part of the church) and the side organs (where the concert singers are placed). Not the less though are they called upon for accompaniments in the concert room.

18. Herr Georg Paris, of Salzburg, has entire charge of the small organ below in the choir, where the choral singers are placed, and must play at the

daily choral service. He has composed a few pieces for the church.

VIOLONCELLISTS.

19. Herr Joseph Schorn, of Salzburg. Plays also violin.

20. Herr Jacob Anton Marschall, of Pfaffenhofen in Bavaria, devotes himself particularly to accompaniment, in which, under the instructions of Herr Cristelli, he is continually becoming more perfect. The two take each in turn the duty of accompanist. He also plays a good violin.

CONTRA-BASSISTS.

21. H. Matthias Wirth, of Westendorf in Suabia.

22. H. Paul Hutterer, from the Böhmerwald.

BASSOONS.

23. H. Johann Jacob Rott, of Straubingen in Bavaria.

24. H. Rochus Samhuber, of Salzburg.

25. H. Johann Adam Schultz, } of Sagau

26. H. Johann Heinrich Schultz, } in Silesia.

Both play the oböe.

TROMBONE.

27. H. Thomas Oschlatt, of Stockerau, in Lower Austria. He is a great master upon his instrument, and there are few who can equal him. He plays also a good violin and violoncello, and plays none the less a fine horn.

OBOES AND FLUTES.

28. H. Christoph Burg, of Mannheim in the Palatinate. He plays concertos beautifully upon the flute and oböe, and also plays the violin.

29. H. Franz de Paula Deihl, of Munich in Bavaria. Plays also the violin.

30. H. Johann Michael Obkircher, of Donauwert.

HORNS.

31. H. Wenzel Sadlo. Plays also the violin very finely.

32. H. Franz Drasil. Plays also the violoncello. Both are from Brodetz in Bohemia.

These two excellent hornists a few years since might have entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria, at a salary each of a thousand florins; but they did not wish to leave the Salzburg service.

THE SINGERS.

SOLO SINGERS.

33. The very reverend Herr Andreas Unterkofler, of Salzburg, is Praefect of the princely chapel-house and titular court chaplain.

SOPRANISTS.

The places of the three other castrati—viz., H. Grossi, H. Augustini, and the recently deceased contraltist, H. Lonzi, are not yet filled.

34. The Right Reverend H. Johann Sebastian Brunner, of Neuötting in Bavaria.

BASSISTS.

35. H. Joseph Meisner, of Salzburg, a splendid singer. His voice is pleasing to an extraordinary degree, and enables him, without straining, to reach the high notes of a good tenor on the one hand, and the depths of a concert bass singer on the other, and with a beautiful equality of tone. His forte is the pathetic, and no one can surpass him in the passages which a simple style allows; for they come naturally to him. In Italy he sang first at Pisa, afterwards at Florence, and finally on the stage of San Carlo at Naples, and

was heard both in Rome and the other large cities of Italy. In Vienna he sang at the Academy, to which he was invited. Upon a journey to Holland, he had opportunity to sing at the courts at Munich, Würzburg, Mannheim, Stuttgart, Liege and Cologne; also in the presence of the Bishops of Augsburg, Spire, and others, who all testified their satisfaction by splendid presents. He has just made a short journey to Padua and Venice.

36. H. Joseph Michelansky, of Prague in Bohemia. Tenor.

37. H. Joseph Zugeisen, of Salzburg. Tenor.

38. H. Felix Winter, of Salzburg, has a voice, which to some extent may be compared with that of H. Meisner. It reaches the height of a fair tenor and the depth of a concert bass. He sings with soul. He has just returned from Italy, where he has spent two years, and has sung in Rome and other places with much applause. At Naples he sang in the Carnival operas on the stage of San Carlo.

Two or three Sopranists and as many Altoists are selected from the chapel-house of the Prince for solos, who are placed under the instructions of Herr Meisner.

THE SINGERS OF THE CHOIR.

First the Gentlemen of the Choir—viz., the following right reverend gentlemen:

39. H. Franz Anton Oettel, of Bavaria. Tenor.

40. H. Johann Baptist Freymüller, of Suabia. Bass.

Leaders
of the
Choir.

These two leaders of the choir have in turn the direction of the daily church service, that is, in the choral and contrapuntal vocal music, since the chamber music (orchestra, &c.) is not present.

41. H. Christian Maller, from Suabia. Tenor.

42. H. Anton Saller, of Bavaria. Tenor.

43. H. Christoph Straller, of Salzburg. Alto.

44. H. Benedict Schmutzer, of Bavaria. Tenor.

45. H. Anton Ainkäss, from Carinthia. Tenor.

46. H. Sebastian Seyrer, of Bavaria. Bass.

47. H. Paul Pinzger, of Bavaria. Tenor.

48. H. Franz Schneiderbauer, of Bavaria. Alto-falsetto.

49. H. Christoph Bachmeyr, of Salzburg. Bass.

50. H. Johann Anton Eismann, of Berchtholdsgaden. Tenor.

51. H. Anton Schipfl, of the Tyrol. Bass.

52. H. Ignatius Seeleuthner, of Salzburg. Tenor.

53. H. Franz Joseph Menda, of the Tyrol. Bass.

54. H. Johann Veit Braun, of the Tyrol. Alto-falsetto.

55. H. Franz Cajetan Moschee, of Carinthia. Bass.

56. H. Lorenz Winneberger, of Suabia. Bass.

57. H. Donat Stettinger, of Bavaria. Bass.

58. H. David Veit Westermeyer, Salzburg. Tenor.

59. H. Johann Baptist Setti, from Italy. Bass.

To the choir singers belong secondly the following choralists:

60. H. Benedict Heiss, Salzburg. Bass.

61. H. Leopold Lill, Salzburg. Bass.

62. H. Joseph Schmid, Salzburg. Bass.

63. H. Johann Drauner, of Hungary. Alto-falsetto.

64. H. Judas Tadeus Wesenauer, Salzburg. Tenor.

65. Joseph Egger, Salzburg. Tenor.

66. H. Jacob Seeloo, of Suabia. Tenor.

67. Joseph Scheffler, of Bavaria. Bass.

Among these eight choralists are four who can play the contra-basso, as one of them is always called upon to play that instrument by the small organ in the choir, that which is under the charge of Herr Paris.

Thirdly, to the choir also belong the chapel boys, always fifteen in number, who have to carry the high parts. They all live in a building which is called the Chapel-house (*Capellhaus*), where also dwells the Chapel Praefect, who sits at their table in company of the Preceptor, who has charge of their instruction.

These boys receive from the court not only all their clothes, food and drink, having their own cook and house servants, but instruction at the cost of the court from the best masters in figured and choral song, upon the organ and violin, and in the Italian language. When they leave the chapel-house, each is well clothed from head to foot. The departure of a boy, however, does not immediately follow upon the loss of his voice, but, according to his previous conduct, he is supported two or even three years, through which he has time to perfect himself more fully in all his studies, and in time prepare himself to enter the service of the court, which is the result in most cases, because if they are suitable they are preferred to others.

Finally, connected with the choir are three Trombonists.

They play Alto, Tenor, and Bass trombone, and this duty must be performed or provided for by the Master of the City Towers and two of his assistants, for an annual salary.

The great organ is by the grand entrance of the Cathedral; four others are suspended to the sides of the choir [chancel] and one below in the choir, where the singers stand. The grand organ is only used in preludes, when some grand musical service is performed. During the music, one of the side organs is played constantly—viz., that one which is nearest the altar on the right hand, where the solo singers and the basses stand. Opposite, on the left of the side organ, are the violinists, &c., and in the lofts of the other two side organs are two corps of trumpets and drums. The organ below and the contra-bass are also played when the whole force is required. The oböe and German flute are seldom, the horn never, heard in the Cathedral. Therefore all the players upon these instruments in the church play the violin.

The two corps of trumpets and drums consist of the following persons:

1. H. Johann Baptist Gesenberger, head-trumpeter from Bavaria. He is a splendid performer, who has gained great fame for the extraordinary purity of his high notes, his rapidity of execution, and the excellence of his trill.

2. H. Casper Köstler, from the Palatinate, Court and field trumpeter. He is a pupil of the late celebrated Herr Heinisch, of Vienna. He gives to his trumpet a very fine, pleasing vocal tone; his style is good, and his concertos and solos are heard with great pleasure. He also plays the violin.

3. H. Andreas Schachtner, from Bavaria, court trumpeter. He is a pupil of H. Köstler; blows a right fine trumpet, and in good taste; plays also a particularly good violin and the violoncello.

4. H. Johann Schwartz, from the Palatinate, court and field trumpeter. He plays first trumpet and also the violin.

5. Ignatius Finck, an Austrian, court and field trumpeter. Plays second to H. Gesenberger; also plays violin and violoncello.

6. H. Adam Huebner, from the Palatinate, court trumpeter. Plays second trumpet; also the violin.

7. H. Johann Leonhard Seywald, of Salzburg, court and field trumpeter; plays second—also violin. This gentleman and H. Huebner by turns play second trumpet to the three first trumpets, Köestler, Schachtner and Schwarz.

8. H. Johann Siegmund Lechner of the imperial city, Augsburg, court trumpeter; plays also violin.

9. H. Franz Heffstreit, from Moravia, court and field trumpeter; plays violin, and is useful with the viola.

10. H. Matthias Brand, from Bohemia, court and field trumpeter.

Two other places are vacant, which must soon be filled.

DRUMS.

11. H. Anton Winkler, of Salzburg, court and field drummer; plays also the violin.

12. H. Florian Vogt, from Kranau in Moravia, court and field drummer; plays the violin very well.

No trumpeter or drummer is taken into the service of the Prince who cannot play also a good violin; and on extra occasions all must appear at court and play second violin or viola, as they may be directed by him who has the direction for that week.

To the Music belong also—

H. Johann Rochus Egedacher, of Salzburg, organ-builder to the court.

H. Andreas Ferdinand Mayer, from Vienna, court flute and violin maker.

These two gentlemen must at all times be present, to keep the instruments in good condition.

Finally, there are three servants to the orchestra or so-called *Calcanten*.

This, then, is the list of all those who are connected with the music, or in any way have salaries for musical services from the court, and consists of *ninety-nine* persons.

Hector Berlioz.

(From Paris Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune, Nov. 20.)

* * * * * Painting, and especially music, present an almost uninterrupted line of men during the last sixty years, whose earlier years have been one long period of the most terrible sufferings of soul and body, than which shipwrecked mariners never encountered more dreadful on desolate sandy island or wave-swept rock, and this in the midst of the most brilliant cities of the world, surrounded by civilization, carried to its highest degree of refinement, in the midst of every variety of luxury. Of a truth, besides Rossini, Auber, and that three times millionaire, Meyerbeer, I cannot now recall any musician whose life was one of ease.

Certainly Hector Berlioz's has not been a career of happiness. What a life of perseverance his has been! What obstacles he has encountered and overcome! What struggles, what cares, what disappointments are congested within his life! He was born 11th November, 1804, at La Côte Saint André, a small village in the department of L'Isère, and the first years of his life were passed away in a home governed by a pious mother. His father was a physician, and he

anxiously desired to see Hector pursue medical studies and inherit in time the paternal practice. His father directed his education; but he is said to have exhibited little taste for Latin; his leisure hours were given to Florian and Millevoys. While Dr. Berlioz taught his son Latin, history, and a little algebra, he allowed him by way of amusement to study solfège, the flageolet, the flute and the guitar. Young Hector was soon able to understand even the most difficult music at sight. His father forbade him to learn the piano (which to this day M. Berlioz is ignorant of), for the moment he began to understand music his other books were neglected, and he remained day and night poring over a treatise on harmony which fell into his hands. He took the communion in the chapel of a convent, where his sister was at school; he says that as he approached the table with the other communicants, young girls sang, with their fresh and silvery voices, one of the Romish hymns to the eucharist, and he seemed to see the heavens open and angels descend to the altar. He was always marked by the greatest sensibility.

One day his father heard with amazement that young Hector had presented the Philharmonic Society of the town with a Quintet for flute, two violins, alto and bass, which was executed with great applause. The worthy doctor and his wife were horrified; Hector received a severe lecture; his musical books were taken from him, and he was ordered to apply himself exclusively to medical studies. Hector tried to beat anatomy into his head, but he could not. The doctor then attempted to allure him to them by promising that if he studied hard he should receive a silver-keyed flute; and at the same time one of his cousins came to join him in his studies. This cousin, however, was an excellent flute player, and while Dr. Berlioz was visiting his patients, the two medical students were playing duos and solos instead of attending to their books. In his twentieth year, Hector with his cousin was sent up to Paris to follow the courses at the medical school. Hector went to the dissecting rooms; the spectacle of those hideous corpses, putrified, dismembered, disfigured by the careless medical students, disgusted and horrified him. He quitted them, vowing never to set his foot there again. His cousin, however, conquered this aversion, and Amussat, then a celebrated professor of anatomy, succeeded in rousing him to some interest in anatomical demonstrations.

Unluckily Berlioz went one ill-starred evening to the Grand Opera. He returned again and again. He deserted the Medical School and the dissecting room. His mornings were passed away in the library of the Conservatoire, copying the scores of Gluck and Haydn. He wrote to his parents that he was determined to be a musician, and that no obstacle on earth should prevent him. A young professor at the Conservatoire applauded his first essays in the art of counter-point, and procured him admittance in the private class of Lesueur, who reckoned Berlioz a pupil of rare talents. Young Berlioz determined to write an opera. He wrote a letter to M. Andrieux of the French Academy, begging him to write a "book;" the latter replied that he was too old to write love verses, whereupon young Berlioz selected the tale of Estelle and Nemorin, and gave it to one of his friends to dramatize. The "book" proved ridiculous, and the music shocking. Our hero, however, did not feel disheartened. He wrote a mass, and one of his friends, a chapel master, made his choristers copy it. The rehearsal took place. The choristers had made all sorts of mistakes—a noise was produced which nearly killed the musicians with laughter, for it has been said that if M. Berlioz had collected all the cats of his quarter and pinched their tails collectively, he could not equal the awful noise he made at this rehearsal. He recopied with his own hand the whole mass. One of his acquaintances lent him 1,200 francs, to have it executed at Saint Roch. All the critics spoke of it favorably, and Lesueur, delighted with the success of his pupil, had him admitted to the annual *concours* of musical composition.

Whether it was that he worked too rapidly, or

that Cherubini, then director of the Conservatoire, exerted his influence against him, Berlioz failed completely, and was excluded from the *concours* at the first test. Cherubini detested him from the day he laid his eyes on him, and Berlioz, from his insubordinate spirit and the jokes he played off on the irascible Italian, inflamed this aversion to the highest point. At the news of this defeat, his father summoned him home and cut short his allowance. Hector wrote Dr. Berlioz that he would never abandon music, but that he would pay them a visit. He went home to plead his cause. After a long controversy, Hector won his father to his side; but his mother and a maiden aunt stood out obstinately against argument and appeal, for they, in their bigotry, could not conceive how a Christian could compose operas! Nothing could convince them. The eve of Hector's departure from home, his mother entered his chamber. She knelt to him sobbing, and begged and entreated him not to dishonor her. He sobbed, too; but remained firm to music. He took her in his arms and sought to argue with her against her prejudices; she threw him off and left the room, saying, "You are no longer my child! curses be upon you!" And even when he quitted home, she refused to see him, bade him adieu, and give him her blessing.

[To be continued.]

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30. I regret all the more that I was unable to send you a report of EISFELD'S second concert last week, as want of time and a slight indisposition oblige me to give you but a hasty sketch on the present occasion. The concert was exceedingly satisfactory. The Quartets were the beautiful No. 6 of BEETHOVEN, with its exquisite Andante, and one, performed here for the first time, by a composer who is far less known than he ought to be, named VEIT. So far as I can ascertain, he is a nobleman holding a government office in Prague, a dilettant in music, who has won much praise in the strictly musical world by several very fine compositions. This quartet gives one a very high idea of his powers; it is full of vigor and originality, highly melodious, and abounds in rich and striking harmonies. Altogether it made one wish to follow up the acquaintance of this new star in our Art-heaven. In a Trio by SPORR, the opus number of which I have unfortunately forgotten, the piano part was taken by Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK, of whom I have already spoken as playing at the Philharmonic concert. His performance on Tuesday night far exceeded the promise given on the former occasion. Then, partly owing to outward circumstances, he made the impression of being a very good player, but nothing above mediocrity; in the exceedingly difficult and brilliant piano part of the trio, he proved himself a thorough master of the instrument, and played with an ease and fire that completely carried away his auditors. And sparkling, healthy, and full of youthful freshness as was his playing, so the young artist himself appeared, with perhaps a little too much *nonchalance* and self-confidence, but not more than years and experience will rub off, for he is still very young. The remaining parts of the Trio, as well as the Quartets, were played well as usual, even to the first violin, which has improved in tone and exactness again. Mr. H. SCHMITZ gave us in an admirable manner a Nocturne on the French Horn, which was less valuable as a composition than as being calculated to bring out the best tones of the instrument. The other solo number consisted of a couple of songs, one by Kücken and Schubert's "Hark, hark! the lark," sung by Mr. FEDER, who has improved since last year, both in voice and execution. In connection with these two numbers, however, I cannot refrain from suggesting to Mr. Eisfeld the expediency of not playing his accompaniments *quite* so loud.

On Christmas night the "Messiah" was given by the HARMONIC SOCIETY, of which my colleague, "Trovator," (whose remarks, by the way, are becoming rather too personal) has already in advance informed you. Trusting to him for a full description thereof, I will only say, as my private opinion, that the choruses were exceedingly well sung, that Mrs. JAMIESON, who gives ample evidence that she ought to know better, sang wofully out of tune in the two alto solos, and that a gentleman whose name I am not acquainted with, though his face is familiar from the Philharmonic orchestra, came very near losing his breath entirely in the trumpet accompaniment to "The trumpet shall sound." No wonder. I was only surprised that he succeeded as well as he did, for his part must be an exceedingly difficult as well as painful one.

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY are beginning to be in earnest about the talking disturbance at the rehearsals and concerts. At the second of the former, placards were hung around the galleries, with a polite request that the *tongue obligato* might be omitted; and as this step proved fruitless, at the last two rehearsals small notices were handed to all that entered, to the effect that "the Board of Directors were determined to put a stop to this infringement on the rights of the majority; that officers would be employed to prevent the disturbance; and that if this had no effect, more stringent measures would be employed." If there were only some hope of all this doing any good!

Fidelio was given last night at the Broadway Theatre, for the first time entire, I believe, in this country. I was not present, but hear that it went off very well, the choruses being particularly good, as well as Mad. JOHANSEN's acting. With regard to her being "a singer of the first class," I rather think Signor "Trovator" is mistaken, but that she has all the caprices of one is proved by her breaking her engagement with the Philharmonic Society at the very last moment, in which dilemma Mad. LAGRANGE nobly came to the rescue. — t —

NEW YORK, Dec. 30. THEODORE EISFELD has given us another of his very excellent Classical Soirées, introducing several compositions entirely new to our musical public. The chief of these was a Quartet by WILLIAM H. VERT, an amateur composer of Prague, who, with a fair European reputation, is entirely unknown here. His Quartet is just what one might expect from an amateur of refined taste and good musical education—a collection of delicate melody and pleasing modulation, but without the impress of a master mind, like Beethoven or Spohr. A trio of Beethoven for piano, violin, and violoncello, was admirably given, the difficult piano part being taken by Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK, a pianist from Berlin, who recently made a flattering début at the Philharmonic Concert. Mr. Goldbeck, though very young, plays with great expression, and with masterly execution, appearing able to grasp the full meaning of even Beethoven's composition. I understand that he has already written an entire opera, which has been accepted at one of the London Theatres, and intends returning to Europe next year to superintend its production. It may be safe to predict, that in ten or fifteen years the name of Robert Goldbeck will stand high in the musical world.

The HARMONIC SOCIETY gave a splendid performance of the "Messiah" on Christmas night, the solos being taken by Mrs. JAMIESON, Mr. GUIDI and Mr. and Mrs. LEACH. An effective orchestra, with the organ of the Tabernacle, accompanied the choruses, and the effect was really sublime; the chorus, "Unto us a child is born," was encored. The soloists sang very well, but with the exception of Mrs. Jamieson's exquisite rendering of "He was despised," call for no special remark; this air, however, was

indeed a gem, and I do not remember ever hearing more pathos and expression thrown into it before; it was an intellectual as well as a musical performance. In the air, "The trumpet shall sound," the trumpet obligato was taken by one of the DODWORTHS.

Mr. GUIDI, who is, I believe, recently from Boston, has pitched his tent in the city of Gotham, and is a very valuable addition to our resident musical talent. He is a perfect polyglot to begin with, singing English, German, Italian, French, and I don't know what else, with equal facility. He is engaged as first tenor at Grace Church, in place of Mr. FRAZER, and his performance of the Christmas music, especially of a duet with Mrs. BODSTEIN, at that fashionable church on Christmas morning, was the theme of much commendatory remark. In concerts, oratorios, and operas, he will be very valuable, for, as the advertisements of the mercantile clerks say, he "is willing to make himself generally useful." One good feature of his performance is, that he appears to fully appreciate the sentiment of the words he sings, as was exemplified in his rendering of the touching air, "Behold and see," at the Christmas oratorio.

The GERMAN OPERA COMPANY made their debut at the Broadway Theatre last evening in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, with fair success. They were assisted in the choruses by several German singing societies, and the famous "Prisoner's Chorus" was the feature of the opera. I must retain any extended notice of the opera until—I hear it.

Through a private letter, some touching incidents respecting the death of Mr. WARREN, organist of the English Cathedral at Montreal, have been brought to my notice. You undoubtedly have read of the recent destruction by fire of this church edifice, one of the oldest of that quaint old city, and around which the memories of several generations have clustered. I well remember the first and only time I visited it, some four years ago. Arriving at Montreal on a Saturday night, I strolled out the next morning, and after listening to the orchestral music and witnessing the gorgeous ceremonies of High Mass at the Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame, entered into a large, old-fashioned church, the Anglican Cathedral of Montreal. It was not the hour for regular morning service, and at the door I was interrupted by a beadle (the first specimen of the species I had ever seen), who, ushering me into the body of the building, deposited me in a great pew, furnished like a pew, with doors and sides so high that at prayers the occupants of other pews were quite lost to sight. After the prayers were read, the tips of heads emerged into view in various parts of the church, like figures on a stage coming up through trap-doors. The hymn was given out, and soon from the middle aisle arose the gaily dressed members of a military band, and the choral tones of a Gregorian chant, rolled up from the brazen orchestra through the arches of the old church. It was what is called a "Soldier's Service," the military only being present, and singing the church music to the accompaniment of their own band. The effect of the gaudy uniforms and the crashing sound of trumpet and trombone, in that quiet, dusty old cathedral, was singular indeed, and when the music ceased and the red and white soldiers, with their bright brazen instruments, subsided into their pews, out of the range of my vision, it seemed like some startling, incongruous dream, an effect only heightened by the subdued tone of the clergyman, as he slowly repeated the words, "The Lord be with you," while from the invisible occupants of the roomy pews faintly rose up the whispered response, "And with thy spirit." Climbing upon a seat and peering above the walls of my pew-prison, I saw in the gallery a large organ, with its gilded pipes and quaintly-carved ornaments set off to great advantage by its case of dark colored wood. After service, the beadle, whom I approached

with reverential awe, informed me that "Mr. Warren" was the organist who revelled in the harmonic luxuries that the musician could draw from that old organ.

A few weeks ago I read in the papers of the destruction of the Cathedral—how the flames burst out of the windows, and how they devoured the old organ—how they crept to the spire, and silenced the chimes forever, while the clock, paralyzed by fervent heat, helplessly dropped its hands and awaited its fate; and how the next morning blackened walls alone marked the site of the church, in which so many infant innocents had been marked with the sign of the cross—in which so many youthful couples had been united—along whose aisles had so often trailed the sable pall that tells of Death, and which had for years been one of the holiest and most beloved of places to the citizens of Montreal.

A few days after this a letter from a friend announced the death of Mr. Warren, caused chiefly by grief at the destruction of the organ, over which he had presided so many years. He could not survive the loss of this inanimate friend, who had spoken to him so often in Music's sweetest tone. I do not think that any one but an organist can fully appreciate an attachment like this. In our cities the constant change of organists from church to church prevents the formation of any attachment for a particular instrument; but where, as in England and Canada, the profession of an organist is really a profession, and where he is called to a church with the intention of being a permanent incumbent of his position, like the clergyman, it is very different. As years roll on and his hand still glides over the familiar key-board, as his touch yet evokes the same strains of choral harmony that he has heard and played long, long since, his mind recalls the many incidents in his life in which his organ-friend has so largely figured, and his affection for it increases day by day. As Prospero with a wave of his magic wand called up the light, ethereal spirits, so, at the pressure of the hand upon the keys, there float before his memory many dear forms and loved scenes which have long ago departed. This chant he has played some happy Christmas morn in years past, when the old church was gay with evergreens, and this hymn he remembers when sung by those at whose funeral his organ has since wailed a sad requiem. It is not always mere music that the organist hears when seated before his organ; for with the earthly harmony are mingled dreamy echoes of the past, and oftentimes sweet voices that whisper faintly of the future. TROVATOR.

A Moravian Christmas Eve.

NAZARETH, PA., Dec. 28. Having already promised something of the kind, I owe you a sketch of our Christmas Eve and the glad cheer of life and solemnity it brought with it.

The snow-clad earth was not here at this time to add to the geniality of the occasion, but the bright stars above added strength to the recollections of an event which young and old had assembled to commemorate.

The Eve of Christmas in all our Moravian villages is ushered in within the walls of the church, where appropriate decorations are frequently added to enliven and enhance the interest of the festivity. At Nazareth the green festoons of the Jubilee were still suspended, and were well adapted to grace the beautiful solemnities of Christmas.

During the night when this august ceremony comes off, a large portion of the surrounding rural population flock hither to witness the scene, gaze at the paraphernalia, and listen to the music. This has been a time-honored custom, and has always presented a singular contrast between the staid devotion of the Moravian himself and the boisterous merriment of the yeomanry, who are generously

allowed free access to all these festive meetings. Within the chapel, however, the greatest order and quiet are observed, and no molestation is offered to mar the designs of the festival.

The performances of the evening worship opened with the reading of the second chapter of St. Luke, one of the most poetical records of all Holy Writ, where the memorable passage is introduced: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

After this simple recital, the short discourse follows, and the musical rites open with an anthem, performed by full chorus and orchestra alternately with the chorals of the whole congregation. During the performance the love-feast is partaken of, consisting of cakes and coffee, distributed among all present, who on the evening I have reference to, numbered nearly one thousand.

During this enjoyment, where both the sense and the spiritual emotion are appealed to, a portion of BEETHOVEN's Mass was performed and the German words sung:

Sei willkommen,
Schöner Stern in hell'ger Nacht!
Gans von Andacht hingenommen,
Schau' ich deine stille Pracht.
Hosanna! gelobet sey Der da kommt
Im Namen des Herrn, &c.
(Be thou welcome,
Beautiful Star in the holy night!
All transported by devotion,
I behold thy quiet lustre.
Hosanna! praised be
He who cometh, &c.)

The singing on this, as on all liturgic occasions, is alternated between the male and female, the youth and the adult portion of the congregation, who from time to time are relieved by the choir. In connection with their old Christmas Eve rituals, there is still an ancient vestige of the dramatic remaining, savoring somewhat of Catholicism, yet so endearing by its simplicity and its strong affinity to those child-like interpretations of Christianity on which the heart delights to dwell, that the cold age of new things has not yet been able to obliterate it.

I allude to the introduction of wax tapers. When the choir sing: "*Mache dich auf, es werde Licht! Denn dein Licht kommt, und die Herrlichkeit des Herrn geht auf über dir,*" ("Arise! shine! for thy Light cometh," &c.), large trays of lighted wax tapers are brought in from the eastern side of the chapel, and carried through the assembly and distributed among all the smaller children. To the aged this sudden light appears in its true typical import, and the poetical scene is not undervalued by those who can read the mysteries of religious solemnities. But among the juvenile portion every face becomes radiant with joy at the appearance of this expected light, owing more to the general excitement of the moment than to the inspiration which the symbol should produce. The rural guests are particularly attentive during this scene, and seem to observe with intense delight the brilliant display of hundreds of wax lights held before the smiling faces of the children. The tapers are blown out in gradual succession, the wings are gathered and carried away, the music wanes, and the last tones of the organ fall upon the ears of the retiring multitude as they emerge into the frigid atmosphere of a December night.

This is but the outline of the church ceremonial, the scenes at the altar at the opening of the festive week. The genial solemnity in our smaller villages is still preserved in its pristine purity and simplicity,

but in the larger towns, such as Bethlehem, there are too many mixed elements of population for the enjoyment of the simpler rites. Throughout the homes of the village other scenes of like tendency are enacted.

During the whole of the preceding week the young men may be seen upon the bleak hills, where the moss is yet verdant, and the hemlock and laurel are always cheerful and grow luxuriantly where nothing else will thrive, gathering in huge piles and loading upon wagons these well-known Christmas greens. Long evenings are spent in weaving the wreaths, preparing inscriptions and transparencies in harmony with the cheerful occasion.

Each house in which childhood yet constitutes a portion of the fireside group, contributes its share to these manifestations, and a succession of visitors is seen passing from door to door, to examine and discuss the merits of the "decoration." Inscriptions, referring to the Nativity, are generally placed in the background of the picture, which is lighted up in the evening, to which are often added figures and pictures illustrative of the Christmas subject.

The venerable Hall is during this eventful week nearly deserted of its hundred occupants, and but a score of pupils remain behind. These, however, have been very assiduously engaged in preparing their evergreen demonstrations of Merry Christmas, which are left on exhibition until New Year's morning, and Wisdom, under the garb of Mentor, re-conducts them to their books. In the "stone cottage," where the elder boys reside, the most classic decorations were shown us, and the few young men under whose auspices they were designed, and who had been left behind to make the best of Christmas and solitude, seemed delighted with the work of their hands and the encomiums of complaisant guests.

In the Hall, where a couple of groups of little boys remained, two rooms exhibited Christmas trees lighted up with innumerable wax tapers, and many heterogeneous devices, such as caverns, grottoes, birds, animals of all climes associating together. In spite of science and poetry, however, of the laws of unity, of Aristotle, of Burke on the Beautiful, or Longinus on the sublime, the boys were perfectly satisfied and happy. They burned their tapers, set fire to the trees, and exhausted the whole supply of wax to be found far and near.

The Christmas week, with its rejoicings, as they are presented to the eye, the ear, and thence sent back into the soul, forms but a single phase of the Moravian year.

Like most other festivals peculiar to this people, it is rendered affecting by the purity of thought and feeling that characterizes every passage of this living poetry.

The elements of the naive and the simple still remain in ample force to sustain the old German festival and the choral; but when these shall have been swallowed up by the refinements of wealth, and the heartlessness of that species of culture which is its off-spring, and which the world prescribes, then the days of sincere, profound and poetical feeling are over. The beautiful poem of Rückert: "*Des fremden Kindes heiliger Christ,*" would no doubt meet with a kind reception in a good English translation, such as we might look for from your valued translator of German poetry. It breathes the pure emotion of a German Christmas, the artlessness of childhood, with all of the heavenly that poet and painter can draw from the theme.

J. H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 3, 1857.

The "Messiah" at Christmas.

An immense assemblage listened on Sunday evening (as is the annual custom) to Handel's sublime Oratorio, in the Boston Music Hall. The

scene and stir, before the orchestra commences, are of themselves refreshing always upon this occasion. The old HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY were out in full force, and we know not that we ever heard the choruses, almost without exception, rendered with more spirit, euphony, precision and excellent balance of voices. Indeed, in this last particular the society, thanks to Mr. ZERRAHN's indefatigable training, have at length achieved a very important victory over past years. All the singers not only seemed, but were heard, to sing; the soprani did not timidly wait one another's movements, but attacked the note *en masse*, and gave out a smooth, musical body of tone, instead of that thin, shrill outline by a few voices, which it has been so common to hear. The contralti were uncommonly rich and full; the tenors effective without bawling, and the basses superbly grand and satisfactory, as of old. We need not particularize where every chorus went so well, even to the difficult concluding "Worthy is the Lamb" and "Amen," which was only disturbed by the thoughtless cloaking and going out of the impatient ones among the audience.

If we have any criticism to make it is on the score of the omission of one or two choruses, which certainly are among the best and most important in the whole work; especially did we miss that touching one which should follow the air: "He was despised," namely: "And with his stripes," &c. One could have better spared one or two of the almost impracticable solos which were attempted; for instance: "Thou shalt dash them," for which we have no tenor at all adequate in strength and grandeur. It requires a Braham.

Of the solo-singing we cannot speak with the same satisfaction as of the choruses. Nor was it to be expected; after the familiarity of our public with the world's greatest singers, and in music which so taxes the very highest powers, that the efforts of native singers, mostly amateurs, could be entirely satisfactory. Yet there was much to praise, and everything to be thankful for. Far better hear the "Messiah" so than not at all. Mrs. LONG did herself great credit in the principal soprano songs. She was in uncommonly good voice, which told in the strong and jubilant passages with great effect. Very beautiful were some of her high sustained notes in the annunciation music. In "Rejoice greatly" she displayed great flexibility and freedom. We are not sure that it has ever been done better by any of our resident sopranos; but it takes a sparkling, fountain-like nature, like Jenny Lind's, to render all its life. In the "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she really surprised us by one of the best performances we have ever heard save from the most famous singers. Mrs. HARWOOD has a fresh, rich mezzo soprano voice, of a peculiarly sympathetic quality, which was much relished in the contralto airs. The first: "O, thou that tellest," needed a little more life, to be sure, and runs below her effective range of tones; but "He shall feed his flock" was beautifully given (the second portion being taken by Mrs. Long.) In "He was despised" she was only second to Miss Phillippis. It was a pity to leave out the second part of that song, which is so beautiful and touching. In the duet: "O Death, where is thy sting," her voice and style were very pleasing; but she was feebly seconded by Mr. DRAPER, who

seemed to have been overtaxed by previous efforts. This gentleman has a pleasing tenor, but of small power for the music Hall or for Handel's music; yet he sang the opening: "Comfort ye," &c., in good, chaste style, with less of that questionable ornament than we usually hear. For a first, or nearly a first appearance with orchestra, the effort was highly promising. Mr. C. R. ADAMS has often attracted us by the sweetness and clearness of his tenor voice. We have not before heard him in this music. He has not expression enough (very few tenors have, and those only of the most finely cultivated) for such recitative and melody as: "Thy rebuke" and "Behold and see if there be any sorrow," &c. Yet the effort was creditable, and the voice sweet to listen to. For "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," we have already said he lacks iron strength, and in this was no worse off than nearly every singer who has undertaken it. Mr. THOMAS BALL sang the bass solos precisely as of old; there was want of life and elasticity about it, and a tendency of the ponderous voice to droop away from true pitch. Evidently he has been moulding beauty out of marble more than out of tones these two years past in Florence. Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra filled in the rich accompaniments with fine effect, and Mr. MULLER made the organ—what there is of it—speak to good advantage in parts where it was needed.

Chamber Concerts.

CONCERT OF THE "GERMAN TRIO."—The first of the third season of Chamber Concerts by Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNGnickel, drew a respectable audience to Chickering's on Saturday evening, Dec. 20th, in spite of the storm. The programme consisted of one part light and two parts solid, as follows:

- PART I.
1—Grand Trio, Op. 97, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, L. van Beethoven
- PART II.
2—Quartet: "A Voice from the Lake,".....Theo. Eisfeld.
3—Fantasia for Violoncello (Lucia di Lammermoor).....Plattl.
4—Piano Solo: (Favorite American Airs).....Hause.
5—Violin Solo: Souvenir de Haydn.
6—Quartet: "Ye Spotted Snakes,".....Bishop.
- PART III.
7—Trio, Op. 15, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, Rubinstein. Allegro con fuoco—Adagio—Presto—Allegro.

Beethoven's Trio, the *great* Trio in B flat, is always a luxury to refresh one's mind withal. It still holds place as at once the most brilliant and most profoundly significant and soul-searching of compositions in that form. Mr. Hause played the piano part with all his wonderful freedom, precision and firmness of execution; only we lacked here and there the sympathetic touch which such tone-poems require so much more than mere bravura pieces. The violin and 'cello bore their parts ably and effectively, of course. Mr. Gärtner's violin is always admirable, unsurpassed, in passages; but there will come ever and anon those unlucky exaggerations of emphasis or *pianissimo* which break the charm.

Rubinstein's Trio we found more interesting than the Quartets which we have had by him. In this there was much vigor, brilliancy and freshness, especially the first Allegro and the Presto. Yet we do not find the second Beethoven in him that has been talked about. The Trio was performed with great spirit.

Of the pieces in the Second Part, a sort of "popular" intermezzo, we were most pleased with the vocal quartets, which were sung without accompaniment with fine *ensemble* and expression

by Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. C. R. ADAMS and Mr. MOZART; especially the piece by Bishop. Mr. Eisfeld's Quartet is a pleasing composition, although the unaccompanied *unisono* had a strange sound for an opening. The violoncello fantasia was a skilful piece of show-playing, but the composition execrable. We have little faith in fantasias on opera airs generally; but to hear Edgardo twist his death-song into such fantastic flummery must either torture or provoke to laughter. Yet it bears the name of the first violoncellist in London, who figures in all the classical concerts, &c. The "American Airs" were omitted, wisely, we doubt not. Mr. Gärtner's solo was a rhapsody with variations on Haydn's "God save the Emperor," a skilfully fantastic piece of virtuosity. It was vehemently encored, whereby was elicited one of those marvellous "impromptus" which great violinists always seem to keep in reserve for such emergencies.

GUSTAV SATTER's first "Philharmonic Soirée" drew a crowded and delighted audience to the saloon of Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., last Saturday evening. In a conflict of engagements we signally failed in our attempt to be in two or three places at once, and so lost a large part of the concert. But we can't speak of the two most important novelties of the programme (given in our last). The Piano Quartet by WILLMERS interested us much more than we had expected from the concert pieces we had heard of that composer-pianist. There is much life and beauty, with now and then a wild Northern vein (somewhat like Gade) in the first and last movements. The slow movement has a beautiful theme, classically wrought, and followed by curious and pleasing variations. The Minuet is less original or striking. Mr. SATTER plays the difficult piano part with wonderful ease and finish, doing full justice to each shade of expression, and Messrs. SCHULTZE, ECKHARDT and JUNGnickel make up with him one of the most satisfactory quartets to which it has been our fortune to listen.

Forced to lose the smaller piano pieces composed and played by Mr. SATTER, the songs by Mrs. LITTLE, the *diableries* (from "Robert") by Liszt, and the "Kreutzer Sonata," which we hear was admirably played by Messrs. Satter and Schultze, we were more fortunate with the exquisite Trio (piano, violin and 'cello) by HUMMEL; a posthumous work we believe, and one of the most elegant and artistic of that never strikingly original, but always charming master. It was played to a charm, too.

MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB.—The fourth concert took place on Tuesday evening, with the following programme:

- PART I.
1. Quintette in D, (dedicated to the Mendelssohn Quintette Club,).....C. C. Perkins.
Introduction and Allegro—Scherzo—Andante Sostenuto—Finale, Presto.
2. Piano Quintette in E flat, op. 87.....Hummel.
Allegro e risoluto assai—Minuetto—Allegro con fuoco—Largo, and Finale, Allegro agitato.
- PART II.
3. Adagio and Scherzo, from the Quartette in E minor, op. 44.....Mendelssohn.
4. Grand Polonaise for Piano and 'Cello.....Chopin.
Messrs. Parker and Walf Fries.
5. Quartette in G, No. 2, op. 18.....Beethoven.
Allegro—Adagio cantabile—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro molto.

We must be very brief. Mr. PERKINS shrinks from no task, however formidable, in musical composition, a Quintet being certainly one of the most so. It is praise for an amateur not to have entirely failed. His work is very elaborate, for

the most part ingenious, and often pleasing. The character on the whole is light and graceful. But there were modulations of questionable boldness, and workings-up more elaborate (it seemed to us) than the ideas justified. We could not clear away the sense of vagueness, which clings about so many amateur attempts:—we mean, regarding the progress of the whole work. This was the more perceptible by contrast, when one came to listen to that Quintet by HUMMEL, (which was played next). Its euphony and richness, to be sure, were wonderful enhanced by the piano and the double-bass with its deep ground-swell lifting all up. But there was such clearness, positiveness and rounded completeness in the composition itself, as made it most refreshing to listen to.

The MENDELSSOHN movements were welcome old friends; but we have heard the Club play the Scherzo more smoothly. It seemed to us that the instruments did not get their usual inspiring start in the first Quintet, and we asked ourselves whether the middle of the programme were not the best place for the trial of a new composition. Mr. PARKER played Chopin's brilliant Polonaise (one of his very earliest and least Chopin-like productions) very finely, and the violoncello finely co-operated. Next to the Hummel piece, the Beethoven Quartet was the most satisfactory in the rendering, and it is needless to say how delightful it was.

To-night we have *embarras des richesses* in the way of music. Mr. ZERRAHN's Orchestral Concerts, long longed for, commence this evening at the Melodeon. He is disappointed with regard to OLE BULL, who is unfortunately ill in New York, but announces in his place Herr SCHREIBER, a very distinguished virtuoso on the trumpet, not surpassed, it is said, by KOENIG. For more solid fare he offers Beethoven's lovely fourth Symphony, Mendelssohn's Nocturne from "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Tell" Overture, and "Pilgrim Chorus," sung by male voices. Certainly a most attractive prospect!....We are only sorry that THALBERG's advent happens on the same evening. Of course all the music-lovers are eager to listen to the great pianist, and we doubt not large audiences will attend both concerts. Besides his own wonderful pianism, Thalberg offers us Mme. D'ANGRI, one of the very first contraltos of the age, and Sig. MORELLI, the admired baritone. Thalberg's second concert will be on Thursday evening....The AFTERNOON CONCERTS, it will be seen, are postponed one week to Jan. 14....The second concert of the GERMAN TRIO took place last evening....The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY held a private musical soiree at Hallett & Davis's rooms on Tuesday evening....The German "ORPHEUS" held a musical and social festival to welcome in the New Year, when a large silver goblet, of very artistic design and workmanship was presented by the members to their esteemed leader and teacher, Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN. The first concert of the "Orpheus" is fixed for Saturday evening, the 17th inst.

CROWDED OUT.—Letters from Springfield, from Germany, &c.; Musical Intelligence, foreign and domestic; conclusion of "Daisy's" article, and much more, which will appear next week.

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For particulars see programmes.
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(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE HAUTOBOY OR OBOE.

The hautboy is especially a melodial instrument: it has a pastoral character, full of tenderness—nay, I would even say of timidity. It is nevertheless always written for, in the *tutti* parts, without paying attention to the expression in its quality of tone, because there it is lost in the aggregate whole, and the peculiarity of this expression cannot be distinguished. It is the same thing—let it be at once understood—with all other wind instruments. The only exception is with those the sonorousness of which is excessive, or the quality of tone too marked in its originality. It is in fact impossible, without trampling under foot both Art and good sense, to employ such instruments as those as simple instruments of harmony. Among them may be ranked trombones, ophicleides, double bassoons, and, in many instances, trumpets and cornets. Candor, artless grace, soft joy, or the grief of a fragile being, suits the hautboy's accents; it expresses them admirably in its cantabile.

A certain degree of agitation is also within its powers of expression; but care should be taken not to urge it into utterances of passion—the rash outburst of anger, threat or heroism; for then its small, acid-sweet voice becomes ineffectual and absolutely grotesque. Some great masters—Mozart among others—have not escaped this error. In their scores passages are to be found, the impassioned meaning and martial accent of which contrast strangely with the sound of the hautboy that executes them; and thence result, not only effects missed, but startling disparities between stage and orchestra, melody and instrumentation. The theme of a march, however manly, grand or noble, loses its manliness, its grandeur, and its nobleness, if hautboys deliver it; it has a chance of preserving something of its character if given to flutes, and loses scarcely anything by being assigned to clarinets. Where—in order to give more weight and body to the harmony, and more

force to the group of wind instruments employed—hautboys are absolutely needful in a piece such as I have just described, they should be written in such a way that their quality of tone (not suited to this particular style) shall become completely covered by the other instruments, and blend with the mass so as no longer to be recognized. The lower sounds of the hautboys, ungraceful when displayed, may agree with certain wild and lamenting harmonies, united to the low notes of the clarinets, and to the low D, E, F and G of the flutes and corni inglesi.

Gluck and Beethoven understood marvellously well the use of this valuable instrument; to it they both owe the profound emotions excited by several of their finest pages. I have only to quote, from Gluck, the hautboy solo of Agamemnon's air in *Iphigenia in Aulide*: "Peuvent ils, &c." ("Can the harsh Fates.") These complaints of an innocent voice, these continued supplications ever more and more appealing—what instrument could they suit so well as a hautboy? And the celebrated burden of the air of *Iphigenia in Tauride*: "O malheureuse, Iphigénie." And again, that child-like cry of the orchestra, when Alceste, in the midst of her enthusiasm and heroic self-devotion, struck by the recollection of her young sons, abruptly interrupts the phrase of the theme: "Eh pourrai-je vivre sans toi," to respond to this touching instrumental appeal, with the heart-rending exclamation: "O mes enfans!" And then the discord of the minor second in Armida's air with the words: "Sauvez moi de l'amour," ("Save my weak heart from love"). All this is sublime, not only in dramatic thought, in the profound expression, in the grandeur and beauty of the melody; but also in the instrumentation, and the admirable choice made by the author of the hautboys from amidst the throng of other instruments, either inadequate or incapable of producing such impressions.

Beethoven has demanded more from the joyous accent of the hautboys. Witness the solo of the scherzo of the Pastoral Symphony; that of the scherzo of the Choral Symphony; that of the first movement of the Symphony in B flat, &c. But he has no less felicitously succeeded in assigning them sad or forlorn passages. This may be seen in the minor solo of the second return of the first movement of the Symphony in A, in the episodic andante of the finale to the Eroica Symphony, and, above all, in the air of *Fidelio*, where Florestan, starving with hunger, believes himself, in his delirious agony, surrounded by his weeping family, and mingles his tears of anguish with the broken sobs of the hautboy.

THE CORNO INGLESE.

This instrument is, so to speak, the alto of the hautboy, with which it possesses equal compass. It is written on the G clef, like a hautboy in F below, and, consequently a fifth above its real sound.

What has just been said upon the difficulties of fingering for the hautboy, in certain encounters of sharpened or flattened notes, applies also to the corno inglese. Rapid passages upon it have a still worse effect; its quality of tone, less piercing, more veiled, and deeper than that of the hautboy, does not so well as the latter lend itself to the gayety of rustic strains. Nor could it give utterance to anguished complainings; accents of

keen grief are almost interdicted to its powers. It is a melancholy, dreamy, and rather noble voice, of which the sonorousness has something of vague, of remote, which renders it superior to all others in exciting regret, and reviving images and sentiments of the past, when the composer desires to awaken the secret echo of tender memories. M. Halevy has with extreme felicity employed two corni inglesi in the ritornello of Eleazar's air in the fourth act of *The Jewess*.

In the Adagio of one of my own symphonies, the corno inglese, after having repeated in the bass octave the phrases of a hautboy—as the voice of a youth might reply to that of a young girl in a pastoral dialogue—reiterates fragments of them (at the close of the movement) with a dull accompaniment of four kettle-drums, during the silence of all the rest of the orchestra. The feelings of absence, of forgetfulness, of sorrowful loneliness, which arise in the bosoms of the audience on hearing this forsaken melody, would lack half their power if played by any other instrument than the corno inglese.

The mixture of the low sounds of the corno inglese with the bass notes of the clarinets and horns, during a tremolo of double-basses, gives a sonorousness as peculiar as it is novel, and well suited to imbue with its menacing impression those musical ideas where fear and solicitude predominate. This effect was unknown either to Mozart, Weber, or Beethoven. A magnificent example of it is to be found in the duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*; and I think M. Meyerbeer is the first who caused it to be heard on the stage.

In compositions where the prevailing impression is that of melancholy, the frequent use of the corno inglese hidden in the midst of the great mass of instruments, is perfectly suited. Then, only one hautboy part need be written; replacing the second by that of the corno inglese. Gluck has employed this instrument in his Italian opera of *Telemaco*, and *Orfeo*; but without manifest intention, and without deducing much effect. He never introduced it in his French scores. Neither Mozart, Beethoven, nor Weber, have used it; wherefore, I know not.

THE BASSOON.

The bassoon is the bass of the hautboy; it has a compass of more than three octaves.

This instrument leaves much to desire on the score of precision of intonation; and would gain perhaps more than any other wind instrument, from being constructed according to Böhm's system.

The bassoon is of the greatest use in the orchestra on numerous occasions. Its sonorousness is not very great, and its quality of tone, absolutely devoid of brilliancy or nobleness, has a tendency towards the grotesque—which should be always kept in mind, when bringing it forward into prominence. Its low notes form excellent basses to the whole group of wooden wind instruments. The bassoon is ordinarily written in two parts; but large orchestras being always provided with four bassoons, it can then be without inconvenience written in four real parts; or, still better, in three,—the lowest part being doubled an octave below, to strengthen the bass. The character of their high notes is somewhat painful, suffering—even, I would say, miserable,—which may be sometimes

introduced into either a slow melody, or passages of accompaniment, with most surprising effect. Thus the odd little cluckings heard in the Scherzo of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, towards the close of the decrescendo, are solely produced by the somewhat forced sound of the A♭, and the high G of the bassoons in unison.

When M. Meyerbeer, in his resurrection of the Nuns, wished to find a pale, cold, cadaverous sound, he, on the contrary, obtained it from the weak middle notes of the bassoon.

Rapid passages of bound notes may be successfully employed; they come out well when they are written in the favorite keys of the instrument, such as D, G, C, F, B♭, E♭, A, and their relative minors.

THE DOUBLE-BASSOON.

This instrument is to the bassoon, what the double-bass is to the violoncello. That is to say, its sound is an octave lower than the written note.

It is needless to add that this very ponderous instrument is only suitable for grand effects of harmony, and to basses of a moderate degree of speed. Beethoven has used it in the finale of his Symphony in C minor; and in that of his Choral Symphony. It is very valuable for large wind instrument bands; nevertheless, few players care to learn it. Occasionally, the attempt is made to replace it by the ophicleide, the sound of which has not the same depth; since it is in unison with the usual bassoon, and not with the octave below; and the quality of tone of which has no analogy of character with that of the double-bassoon. I think therefore, in the majority of cases, it is better to do without this instrument, than to replace it thus.

[To be continued.]

Hector Berlioz.

[Concluded.]

When he reached Paris, he remembered that he owed the acquaintance I have mentioned 1,200*fr.* for the execution of his mass. The miserable sum of money he received from his father, forbade his hoping to discharge that debt by an economical administration of his allowance. He, therefore, resorted to other means; he rented a garret at fifteen francs a month, resolved never to spend more than eight sous a meal, (sixteen sous a day,) and succeeded in paying 600 francs in four months. This probity reached his father's ear: Dr. Berlioz paid the remaining 600*fr.* but he gave Hector no more money until the sum allowed him had extinguished this advance. His secret motive to this was to constrain his son to return home. Hector detected the snare: he expended still less money for his meals, gave more lessons, and in this way contrived to live without receiving any aid from his family. A young man of talents brought Berlioz the "book" of an opera entitled "*Les Francs Juges*;" he found the subject very poetical, and composed the score with enthusiasm. The Grand Opera rejected the "book," and all his labor was lost: the overture of "*Les Francs Juges*" is still preserved, and those who are acquainted with it declare it a master piece.

It would almost seem as if some genius of evil had heard Berlioz's mother's anathema, and determined to execute it. Failing the performance of "*Les Francs Juges*," he sought to obtain the concert-room of the Conservatoire, to execute there the overture of that rejected opera. It was denied him. He lost several pupils in music. Gaunt Poverty clutched him in its iron claws. Some fore-runner of Maretzek was engaging an orchestra for New York. He sought to obtain the place of flutist; he applied too late—all the places were filled. In his despair, he entered a *concours* for choristers at the Opera Comique; his competitors were a chorister of some church, a carpenter, a blacksmith and a weaver. He was successful, and Fortune seemed to relax her frowns—new pupils came. An old friend, a student of pharmacy, gave him a portion of his chamber, and prepared for him a succulent supper on the furnace where he distilled. Once a week the two friends contrived to go to the Grand Opera. Berlioz, who knew all the great scores by heart, was always

indignant whenever the orchestra made any changes in the opera they were executing, and invariably bawled his opinion from his seat in the pit to the leader of the orchestra; but generally the only effect he produced was on himself; the police would put him out of the door! One evening, however, he was more fortunate. As usual, he cried out to the musicians, "What are ye about? You omit something! There is a solo! Read the score!" The pit took up the cry—"The solo! the solo! the solo!" The orchestra was obstinate. The pit yelled again. The orchestra still pretended not to hear. The whole pit—Berlioz at their head—then leaped over the orchestra—the musicians fled—the curtain fell—and the melo-maniacs broke all the instruments to atoms! Since I am in the way of telling stories, here is another of Hector's youth, which may prove interesting. At a representation of *Antigone* a person sitting near young Berlioz accompanied the music with ejaculations of admiration, to the great annoyance of his neighbors and despite their repeated "*Pst! Pst!*" At last our hero, overcome by this irritation, and his nervous sensibility excited by the music, buried his face in his handkerchief and sobbed. The man, whose interjections had so greatly annoyed him, perceiving his emotion, caught him in his arms, pressed him to his breast, and kissed him on both cheeks, exclaiming, "Ah! you do understand music—That's a noble fellow! *Pleurons! Pleurons!*" Hector's tears ceased to flow, and the pit roared!

About this period of his life Mr. Macready and Miss Smithson brought over an English company to Paris, and introduced the French to Shakspeare. They effected a great revolution here: they inspired M. Victor Hugo, M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Casimir Delavigne with their best dramas, and M. Paul Delaroche and M. Eugene Delacroix with the subjects of some of their best paintings. They turned M. Berlioz's head and heart. He fell desperately in love with Miss Smithson, the charming Juliet and Desdemona of the company. Every night she played he was at the theatre, and his only object, his only desire was to attract her attention. He determined to give a concert composed exclusively of his compositions: the overture to the "*Francs Juges*," the overture to "*Waverley*," a Greek heroic scene: and the "*Death of Orpheus*." Everything was ready for the concert, but Cherubini refused the Conservatoire concert-room. M. Berlioz appealed to the Superintendent of Fine Arts, and obtained the concert-room. The concert was given, but the orchestra was hostile to him, and the whole proved a *fiasco*. Nothing discouraged, M. Berlioz wrote Miss Smithson letters upon letters written in the style of a lunatic. The English "star" was alarmed at such declarations, she looked on the writer as mad and refused to receive his letters. M. Berlioz determined to give another concert. He gave it in the theatre where the English actors played, on one of the "off nights;" the orchestra was faithful, and the critics applauded him lustily. Miss Smithson was not touched by this success, and in a day or two afterwards, she, with the rest of the English company, were on their way home.

M. Berlioz was almost heart-broken. He could not work. He could think of nothing. A German pianist introduced him to an actress on the Boulevard, whose likeness to Miss Smithson was wonderfully close. M. Berlioz gratified his love for Miss Smithson by proxy, and his heart ceased to throb. He worked hard again, and soon carried off the first prize at the Conservatoire for his cantata, "*La Mort de Sardanapale*;" but, when it came to be executed, some perfidious hand mixed the score, and the most frightful discord reigned in the orchestra. A week afterwards, the cantata was performed with success. At the same time, he brought out a *Symphonie Fantastique* (which was greatly admired and greatly abused,) and wrote scores for Gerard de Nerval's translations of *Faust*. The first prize at the Conservatoire entitled him to live in Italy for two years, at the expense of the Government. He ruptured the silken chains which bound him to Miss Smithson's image, and he went to Italy. He was scarcely installed in the palace, devoted by France to its school at Rome by M. Horace Vernet, then its

director, when he received a letter from the mother of the actress with whom he had so long been intimate, in which she announced the approaching marriage of her daughter, and reproached our hero with having *come near* (these French! these French!) dishonoring her daughter by seducing her.

Young Berlioz was furious. He bought four pistols, one for the actress, one for her husband, one for her mother, and one for himself, and filled his pockets with violent poisons, determined that if his pistol failed him, he would end his existence by more certain means. To make sure of gaining an entrance into the actress's house, he purchased a woman's costume, and abruptly quitted Rome for France. On the eve of embarking at Genoa, he determined to devote twenty-four hours to correct his *Symphonie Fantastique*, that at least he might leave behind him a composition (which he looks upon as his masterpiece) without faults. While working at this score, he thought of what fame he might acquire, and he wept; tears cooled his murderous thoughts, or rather changed them into ideas of suicide; he ran to the sea and leaped into it. Some sailors observed him and rescued him. Ashamed of his despair, he wrote the next day, the following letter to M. Horace Vernet. This letter obtained publicity at the sale of the celebrated collection of autographs belonging to the late Baron de Tremont:

Monsieur—A hideous crime, a betrayal of confidence of which I am a victim, has made me rave with madness, from Florence to this place. I flew to France to execute the justest and most terrible of vengeance. At Genoa, a moment of vertigo, a moment of the most inconceivable weakness, destroyed my determination. I abandoned myself to childish despair, but I escaped with several draughts of salt water, with being harpooned like a salmon, lying fifteen minutes for dead in the sun, and puking violently above an hour. I do not know who took me out of the sea; they believe I fell accidentally from the city's ramparts. *Mais enfin*, I'm still alive; I must live for two sisters whose death I would have caused had I died. I must live for my art.

Diana Marina, 18 April, 1831.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

I quote you only the principal passages in his letter, for it fills two quarto pages. His heart returned to Miss Smithson. When his period of travel had expired, and he once more reached Paris, he found to his great delight Miss Smithson managing an English theatre here. He organized a concert of his own compositions, foremost among which stood his *Symphonie Fantastique*. One of his friends promised to bring Miss Smithson to the concert. M. Berlioz was madly applauded, and she could easily discover in the cries of pain and love with which the score was filled, how earnestly she was loved. The next day she allowed Berlioz to be introduced to her. He addressed her, and was accepted. But their parents opposed the marriage—Berlioz's family especially, for they looked upon the marriage of their son to an actress as a blur upon the family escutcheon! During their engagement, the English theatre proved bankrupt; and all of Miss Smithson's fortune was lost. They were married, however, in 1833, and the celebrated Miss Smithson became Mme. Berlioz. Her husband's evil genius still pursued him: the week after she was married she broke her leg. The day he was married he had not three hundred francs in his pocket, and Miss Smithson had even less: he gave concert after concert, paid her creditors an instalment of their debts, paid his surgeon's bill, and managed to live.

He composed "*Harold en Italie*," which was loudly applauded, especially by Paganini, whose commendations engaged the Minister of the Interior to command a "requiem," in memory of Gen. Damremont and the soldiers who fell at the storming of Constantine, which was celebrated in the chapel of the Invalides. Here Berlioz came very near being ruined by a dishonorable trick of Habeneck, the leader of the orchestra. The *Tuba mirum* required on the part of the leader of the orchestra redoubled vigor and energy: when Habeneck reached it, he quietly laid down his bâton, and took a pinch of snuff. M. Berlioz had all along entertained suspicions of Habeneck. He seized the bâton, led the orchestra, and saved

the "Requiem," which was very successful. The Government had promised M. Berlioz 3,000*fr.* for this piece; when he asked for his money, he was offered the ribbon of the Legion of Honor instead of it; he refused, and insisted on his money, for he owed nearly all of it to his musicians; it was not until he menaced the Minister with a lawsuit, that he obtained it.

He now obtained the place of musical critic in the *Gazette Musicale*, and afterwards in *Le Correspondant*, and much later in *Le Journal des Debats*. His style is fantastic; sometimes it sinks into buffoonery, but it is almost always interesting and original. He has raised himself a great many enemies by his pen and tongue, for they are both intemperate and frequently unjust. He spoke in these terms of Rossini's "Faith, Hope and Charity;" "His hope deceives ours; his faith cannot transport mountains; and as for his charity, it will not ruin him." In another *feuilleton* he made M. Panzeron the laughing stock of Paris. This professor at the Conservatoire published a prospectus offering his services to all amateur composers as a corrector of their compositions, his charge being only 100*fr.* for each piece; it was written in the style of a quack's card. M. Berlioz inserted it at length in his *feuilleton* in the *Debats*, writing over it: "Cabinet de Consultations pour les Melodies Secretes."

M. Berlioz's next composition was "Benvenuto Cellini," a grand opera, which fell in Paris amid great hissing, but which is admired in Germany with frenzy, where it is frequently performed. Paganini, who had become an intimate friend of Berlioz, never forgave France the downfall of this piece; he wrote to one of his friends at Genoa that the French had been guilty of an act of vandalism, and when the opera disappeared from the bills of the opera, he wrote this letter to M. Berlioz: "My dear friend, Beethoven dead, none but Berlioz could make him live again, and I, who have frequently enjoyed your divine composition—worthy of a genius like yours—feel it my duty to beg you to be good enough to accept as an homage from me 20,000 francs, which will be paid to you by Baron de Rothschild, on the presentation of the enclosed. Believe me always yours, Nicolo Paganini." A month before Paganini died, (and when his voice had gone forever,) he was at one of Berlioz's concerts. Unable to express his admiration by words, he fell on his knees in the concert-room, before all the spectators, and kissed Berlioz's hands. With these 20,000 francs he labored for fourteen months on "Romeo and Juliet," and expended the sum which remained of Paganini's generous gift in executing it. After Berlioz lays down his *bâton*, the concert ended, he is obliged to be carried home and put to bed, so exhausted is he by emotion: his clothes are wringing wet.

In 1841 he went to Germany where he had great success; he is far more popular there than he is here. During his tour he gave concerts with Mendelssohn. They would invariably be called out; and at a grand festival given by them they embraced each other on the stage, and exchanged their *bâtons*, amid loud applause. In 1845 he visited Russia, where he made a good deal of money—three concerts fetched him \$8,000. On the eve of his departure he gave at the Grand Theatre of St. Petersburg his symphony—"Romeo et Juliette"—before the Emperor, Empress and all the Court. He was recalled four times and obliged to remain on the stage ten minutes each time until the applause ceased. At the end of this concert, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, he fell on a chair in the green-room, and sobbed like a child.

On his return to France, his pleasure was clouded by the deaths of his father, mother and sister, who died within a short time of each other. His marriage with Miss Smithson proved an unhappy match. It could not have been otherwise. That custom of domination and other masculine habits women acquire on the stage, altogether unfit them for that submissive part of wife required by matrimony. Miss Smithson became jealous; and, from what you now know of the character of M. Berlioz, you may well imagine this ardent, nervous, sensitive, restless being was ill-calculated

to make a home happy. They ceased to live together. * * * However, all relation did not cease between the husband and the wife, and during the long sickness (paralysis) which carried Henrietta Smithson to her grave, Hector Berlioz made her as comfortable as man could do.

These domestic misfortunes, and the virulent persecutions of his enemies seemed to give M. Berlioz a sort of torpor. For years he was silent. *L'Enfance du Christ* was the first work he composed after his return from Russia, and that I gave a full account of when it appeared last year. He was elected a member of the Institute last June.

His face is handsome; he has an aquiline nose, a fine intellectual mouth, a prominent chin; his eyes are somewhat sunken, and are occasionally full of fire and brilliancy and occasionally covered with a melancholy, languid cloud. His hair is wavy, his forehead is covered with wrinkles, which attest the storm which has tossed his life. His conversation is unequal, *brusque emportée*, sometimes expansive, more frequently cold and reserved. According to the humor he happens to be in, it arouses in his hearer a lively curiosity, or a warm sympathy. GAMMA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music Teachers.

BY DAISY.

(Concluded from number before the last.)

There is a great difference of opinion among amateurs as to what constitutes musical talent. I once knew a lady who could execute some of the most difficult pieces of music upon the piano-forte, following every note, and adhering to the marks of expression with the utmost precision. Yet another might play the same music after she left the instrument, and she would not know that she had ever heard it before. She said she merely learned to play for the gratification of her friends.

Now it is evident that this lady had no musical talent whatever; for it is *not* playing every note according to its real value and keeping good time alone that proves the musician; the voice of music speaks through the soul, and by that rule it is easy to discern the true artist.

In a late number of the Journal it was suggested by a correspondent that a school for music teachers should be established, and that no one be allowed a certificate without a thorough examination by musicians. Such a school, if conducted upon right principles, would undoubtedly be a great aid in the cultivation of musical science in our country. There would at least be fewer chances for deception on the part of our music teachers, and a corresponding increase of good performers among the pupils in our schools and seminaries.

It is time that a line should be drawn between the one who really applies himself to the art, and only aspires to merit the title of Teacher of Music, and the one who merely teaches for a little recreation, "just to see how it seems."

In our country towns especially, once or twice a year, half a column of the village paper is devoted to a flaming advertisement, announcing that the celebrated Prof. B—, pupil of the distinguished Mr. —, is prepared to give a course of twelve lessons in music to the youth in the vicinity, &c. The public immediately concludes that any one who is so confident of his own abilities must be worth something; and all the young ladies are eager to say they have taken lessons of a fashionable teacher, and for twelve hours (one a week) they practice upon his "new and beautiful instrument," and then bid adieu to music till the next "Professor" comes round.

In saying all this, I have not the slightest wish to exaggerate nor to detract from the merit of all who come among us in the capacity of music teachers. I only present a few suggestions to the music-loving portion of the community. In this, as in every other art, let all things be tried and proved in the beginning, while music is yet in its infancy in this country, and we may yet reap glorious results.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—I have no musical intelligence to give you this week; but I must needs utter a complaint against your printers or proof-readers for making me say in my last, that Mrs. JAMIESON sang out of *tune*, instead of *time*, as I had written. The lady's singing was excellent in every other respect; she has a fine, true voice, knows how to use it, and sings with feeling, but in the point above mentioned she was so very inaccurate, that I wondered how the orchestra could keep pace with her. I hear, moreover, that this is a fault with her which is well-known to the public.

Will "Trovator" allow me to inquire what had happened to his eyes and ears and musical discrimination when he took the Trio of Spohr, played at Einfeld's last concert, for one of Beethoven's? They must all have played him very false, for the programme told us distinctly that the Trio was by Spohr, and the last Quartet (which, though the gem of the evening, he does not mention at all) by Beethoven; and the two composers are so exceedingly unlike, that it seems hardly possible to mistake the one for the other. I have, however, no doubt that Mr. GOLDBECK could "grasp the full meaning of even Beethoven's compositions," should he interpret any of them in public, for in our high opinion of his merits, "Trovator" and I agree better than in some other respects.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—There were very few enjoyed the musical welcome with which the New Year was greeted in this city. For who, indeed, at midnight would be wandering among the gloomy streets of lower New York, when at that hour they are entirely deserted, save by some solitary watchman trampling his lonely beat, and guarding the treasures that are enclosed in those massy walls of brick and stone, that tower dimly up on every side? Who could foretell, that in that silent region could be heard the happy tones of welcome that sang the advent of another year?

It was a sweet, mild night, that of the 31st of December, 1856, and it seemed as if the old year had spent all its rage and fury, and was about to die in peace. The white snow fell soft and silently, and everything was quiet, as the last few moments of the dying year were throbbing on to eternity. High up in the dark night loomed the tower and spire of Trinity Church, which the snow was quietly dressing in a robe of spotless white, hiding the carefully carved inequalities, and transforming the huge mass into a blanched and ghostly figure, that stood out in the midnight with fearful distinctness. At the appointed time the clock clanged out the hour of twelve, and the past year had fled away forever. For a moment all is still. But hark! what is that sweet music that fills the air, and drops down as beautifully as snow-flakes and far more musically? Louder and louder it sounds, and soon peals out in the snowy night, the sweet, familiar tones of "Home, sweet home." Up in the belfry of Trinity, the chimes are ringing out their welcome to Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-seven, and their first song is one of home. Let us stand there in front of the church and listen; all is still save that sweet music. Down Wall Street a few dim lamps are glimmering through

the falling snow, and these are all that mark that famous avenue, which in a few hours will be thronged by thousands. Up and down Broadway the scene is much the same; a watchman only is standing on the opposite corner, and he and ourselves are the only ones that we know are listening to the music from the belfry, as it sings of "Home,"—of homes that during the past year have been broken up forever—of home circles where, on this happy morning, will intrude sad thoughts of absent ones, that went down to the sea in ships and never more returned—of homes from which some dear form has been carried away with closed eyes, pale face and folded hands—of a home where the lost ones will be found, the closed eyes again opened, and the folded hands again clasped in dear embrace.

But soon, like a dissolving view, the melody changes, and the "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn" rings out more gladly, and other thoughts, of churches where we have sung that hymn, allied to words of promise and consolation, come upon the memory. But even these fade, as with wild joy the belfry chimes ring out merrily the Brindisi from *Lucrezia*, and banish all sad thoughts, drive back the starting tear, bring a smile upon the cheek, and reminds us of the many happy, as well as sad moments, the past year has brought us, and of the many happy plans we have formed for the New Year. And as we slowly stroll up Broadway, the chimes fall fainter and fainter, but merry still. Other melodies can be distinguished, and for an hour the heavenly music drops from the unseen belfry as if showered down by angels, or as if every snow-flake as it fell was chanting a little song of joy. And that's how the chimes of Trinity Church welcomed in the New Year.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new!
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the CHRIST that is to be."

* * * * *

We have the prospect of many delicious musical treats during the coming season. The German Opera company are tolerably successful, and have produced an opera by Anber, called the "Mason and the Locksmith"—an opera that contains some pretty melodies, but is inferior to Auber's more familiar productions. The principal theme is an air sung by the tenor in the first act, and it is worked up in the following portions of the opera, very much like a similar tenor air in *Traviata*. There is a pretty duet for bass and tenor, which the locksmith and mason sing to the accompaniment of their own anvils, though what a mason has to do with an anvil is not exactly obvious. The plot is complicated and quite

impossible to be grasped without a libretto; there is a curious conglomeration of Turks, and Christians, and villagers, and scolding wives, with a Greek girl, and a noble lover, dressed in a white mantle, like a ghost. The mason and blacksmith, each possess in their respective wives a perfect Xanthippe, and each are feloniously abstracted to a brigand's cave, where the Greek girl sings a love song. While the mason, apparently under compulsion, builds a stone wall by the novel process of grasping the top of it with his hands, and gradually pulling it up as it were from the bowels of the earth. The feature of the last act is a scolding duet between the wife of the mason and a prying old maid who indulges in snuff. The opera was well received, but can have no permanent success. The next new opera will be Lortzing's "Czar and Zimmermann."

The Academy of Music will re-open next Monday for the presentation of Italian Opera, by PARODI, TIBERINI, ANGRI, and MORELLI. But twelve performances will be given, and it is said that no operas will be produced that do not afford Parodi and D'Angri an opportunity of appearing together. Certainly it will be a treat to hear these two splendid artists in *Semiramide* or *Lucrezia*. Mr. STRAKOSCH is to be the director of the company, and will perhaps produce his own opera, *Giovanni di Napoli*, which was written for Parodi, and performed years ago at the old Astor Place Opera House.

TROVATORE.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 1.—Springfield has just had the honor of listening to a concert from THALBERG and Mme. DE WILHORST. My friend Jones and myself were there. Jones is a plain-spoken fellow, has quite an ear for music, "opera music" in particular. He generally attends all the first concerts that stop here, and has acquired a little critical knowledge of "tone," "timbre," etc., etc. I give you the benefit of a few of his criticisms below.

The concert opened with an aria sung by Mme. De Wilhorst. She is exceedingly pretty; has an independence of manner on the stage "quite charming," as a fellow at our elbow suggested. As to her voice, we think as Jones does—"excellent for an amateur's attempt at the marvellous—rather thin on some of the low notes—a little too brilliant on some of her high notes—powerful, a little more so at times than is pleasant."

The applause being over, the audience (which by the way filled the hall) were breathless in anticipation of the debut of the immortal Thalberg in Springfield. He came. Instead of *Don Giovanni* (as advertised), he gave us his transcription of *Mosé in Egitto*. The audience was wild with enthusiasm. He did not answer the encore. His second fantasia, "Masaniello," produced more cause for enthusiasm, and the audience insisted on having an encore, which he answered by his melodious rendering of "Sweet Home." Truly his command of his hands is most wonderful. His left hand wanders among the mazes of Arpeggio harmonies with an ease and grace that is perfectly seducing. One has not his senses. Jones contained himself during the first part, and uttered not a word till the last strain of "Sweet Home" had ceased, when, with an enthusiasm more worthy of an insane person, he exclaimed, with his face beaming with delight and wonder:

"By Jove! his thumbs are all fingers. Really, I thought Mason, Gottschalk, Strakosch and those tall players did the piano well, but I am just as much in the fog as to what piano perfection is, as when I first heard cousin Jane thump out 'Home' as a waltz on our forty dollar concern. This man plays a few notes of the melody in the middle of the piano with his right hand; at the same time his left, full of 'muttering wrath,' crawls up and attacks the melo-

dy, and then the right steals way up to high C, sees what's to be seen, and then softly tumbles back just in time to carry on the melody, while the left hand leaves for the lower regions on an excursion for 'diminished sevenths,' 'flat ninths,' curious tenths, and all them sort of things, and gets back in the region of middle C in time to relieve the right hand of the melody, to cut up its pranks in the upper octaves. Really, I believe the next great player who comes here will play a part at each end of the instrument, while he plays an obligato accompaniment inside on the wires!"

In the second part Mme. De Wilhorst was encored after singing an aria from "Trovatore." She sang the "Last Rose of Summer." My friend suggests a query as to the reason why great singers, when they sing airs familiar as household words, embellish them with that eternal tremolo. True it is that tastes differ, yet if singers did but know it, "home airs" sound best when sung in mellow organ tones, each word and syllable distinctly uttered, yet so joined together that an even flow of melody charms the hearer, and frees his ear from violent sforzandos and nervous tremblings, now too common among public singers.

The concert was a great success, and with a full house at a dollar admission, we may presume that it was a success to the managers.

I have not time to speak of our own musical matters. Will do so in my next. Thalberg gives a concert in Hartford to-night (1st). More anon.

AD LIBITUM.

BRESLAU, NOV. 30, 1856.—My Dear Dwight: I have not forgotten the rash promise I made you as I shook your hand at parting, on a certain mellow day in October.

They say of us in New England that we have no Spring; and I have heard it remarked of Germany, it has no Fall. Now I believe it. I came upon the Rhine a few weeks since, just in the vintage time, rejoicing in summer attire; and here I am on the banks of the frozen Oder, with the thermometer at zero, and not yet clear of the skirts of autumn. You should see me toggled out in a coat of Russia dog, reaching to my heels, rough seal skin boots, and head gear to match. Such a rig is indispensable. Here let me note, in a Pickwickian way, a remarkable incident that fell under my observation while crossing the bridge of the Oder this afternoon. A score of half-famished crows, blacker than cats, were torturing a huge rat, which had by some means got upon the ice in the middle of the stream. A crowd soon collected to witness the fight. The excitement became intense. A squad of soldiers seemed particularly to enjoy it. It was a novel battle, and curiously fought, now in the air, now in the water, and anon upon the smooth surface of the ice. With Rat it was for life or death, and the odds were fearfully against him. At last he escaped miraculously by taking to the crevasses, where, for aught I know, he remains to this day. *Mem*: that on the frozen confines of Germany and Poland the rats and crows are ever at deadly feud. *Haec fabula docet, &c.*

But in the way of music. I think I sent you the programme of a recent Philharmonic Concert at Hamburg, which I was fortunate in being present to hear. This was the first of the series of four for the winter, and was dedicated to the memory of the lamented SCHUMANN, whose works were mainly performed on the occasion. By referring to the programme, you will see that JOACHIM and BRAHMS were the soloists. The cordial greeting with which these young artists were received by both orchestra and audience, showed the high appreciation in which they are held. An ode was spoken during the evening in eulogy of the gifted composer.

A like commemoration is shortly to be held in Dresden, and will be followed, I doubt not, in the

other cities of Germany; for, however much Schumann was ridiculed and carped at while living, the mourning for him now is sincere and heartfelt.

Berlin promises to be particularly brilliant in opera this winter. The star ascendant is JOANNA WAGNER, as usual. Perhaps you will say I am wanting in good taste if I confess I did not like either the quality of her voice or her method of singing. But to me it seemed hard and unfeeling, lacking that sympathetic quality which is possessed in so eminent a degree by the great artists we have heard. Indeed, I am inclined to generalize this opinion, and apply it in the broadest sense to German solo-singing. Can there be any truth in a remark I find in a recent Medical Journal bearing on this point? (I had cut out and laid aside this paragraph for your special benefit, but have mislaid it.) It refers to the omni-prevalent habit of beer-drinking, to which the Germans as a nation are addicted, and attributes the degradation of their tenor voices, in particular, (so says Medicus,) to its deleterious effect. Such voices he styles the *beer-barrel* voice. It may be all a libel, but really I think I have recognized this beer-barrel voice not unfrequently of late.

While in the Dresden Gallery a few days since, my sense of hearing was suddenly aroused by the triumphant strains of a full military band in front of the guard house, on the opposite side of the street. You know I have somewhat of a fondness for good music of this nature. So I quitted the gallery and its gems of Art, for a time, for a nearer chance at the band. It numbered about sixty performers, and was composed wholly of brass, but had nevertheless a pleasing and mellow effect, not unusual in combinations of purely brazen ingredients. A nearer inspection explained the cause; for amongst the innumerable family of the Sax tribe I counted twelve French horns, half a dozen Kent bugles, and as many trombones, thus mollifying in no small degree the ordinary *ensemble* of our modern collection of crackling brass.

The treasures of the Dresden Gallery are seen to much greater advantage in the new building than was formerly the case. In particular, one is gratified that the incomparable San Sisto is now placed in a separate apartment, with due regard to the proper disposition of the picture and the comfort of the spectators. In the flood of light that can now be thrown upon the painting, it still retains, to all appearance, its original freshness and bloom. Miracle of Art indeed! The other most important works are likewise better placed than formerly.

LEIPZIG, Dec. 5.—This is the anniversary of MOZART's death, and the occasion is celebrated by the representation of *Don Giovanni*, as originally scored. Of course it was interesting and enjoyable, although the cast was indifferent; but I could not help thinking the *Requiem* would have been more appropriate. The orchestration was faultless. Could it be otherwise in Leipzig? The subscription lists to the Gewandhaus Concerts are as usual more than filled, and the casual visitor is fortunate if he obtains a foothold in the hall. The series for this season is to consist of twenty concerts, to be given weekly. This is in a town of 60,000 inhabitants—a condition of things which the "Athens" of the West would do well to imitate.

A brief interview with MOSCHELES was one of the pleasant things connected with my stay in Leipzig. Moscheles is now a man of some sixty-five or seventy years of age, cordial in his bearing and genial in disposition, as he is ripe in reputation and renown. His conversation very naturally soon turned upon BEETHOVEN. He spoke with enthusiasm of the great work of CRAWFORD in the Boston Music Hall, and of the liberality which could prompt an individual to bestow upon a public institution so priceless a gift. He showed me in his Album a well executed drawing of this statue, which he had placed

among the cherished memorials of the great master. Of the work itself he spoke in terms of highest praise. As a likeness, so far as he could judge, it was satisfactory and correct—a little idealized in height, and in the form of the head, perhaps, but grandly expressive of the character and genius of the man. A bust of Beethoven, taken a couple of years before his death, was standing on a table hard by. In this and in our own statue, the stamp of the features is clearly the same. Of the odd little pen and ink sketch, so familiar to us at home, which Moscheles has also in his album, he remarked, it was too short and stumpy, and almost a caricature, though it still bears (as he thinks) a recognizable resemblance to the manner and figure of Beethoven as he walked the streets. But I have already exceeded the allotted limits of a letter. *

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 10, 1857.

First Philharmonic Concert.

In spite of the cold and driving snow-storm, and of the rival attraction of THALBERG at the Music Hall, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN's orchestra drew to the Melodeon about as many people as it could hold. The hall had indeed been "renovated" and made as clean and light as paint and gas could make it; and the familiar old place, scene of so many oratorios and concerts, had a right comfortable and cozy look. All the six hundred season subscribers were there, and we should think as many more. These persons reasoned, probably, as we did: much as they wished to hear Thalberg, they felt their first duty to be here. Not that they loved Thalberg less, but Beethoven more. We had made so many fruitless efforts to secure orchestral concerts, and only now at this late moment, thanks to Carl Zerrahn, had we the prize within our grasp: would it be fair, would it be loyal to the Art we honor, to desert him now? Besides, a Symphony concert, one of a regular winter's series, ranks among the indispensables, and should, and would in every truly musical city in the world, take precedence of any virtuoso solo concert, by whomsoever given.

But what Santa Claus miracle is this? We have breasted the wind and snow, and on presenting our tickets at the door, have them politely returned to us, as "good also for next time," while we are ushered in to await the explanation of the mystery. Pleasant rumors are afloat over the gay and crowded hall, and we sit in pleased expectation, till the well known faces of the orchestra are ranged before us, and Herr Conductor ZERRAHN advances amid hearty greetings to his desk. He waits till all is still and reads a little speech. He has been disappointed with regard to the solo attractions who had been announced with not a little rustling of newspapers; first OLE BULL, who was sick, and then the famous trumpeter, Herr SCHREIBER; (there was nothing there that wore the look of disappointment, we must say); he was at a loss to account for this defection, and rather than appear to have promised what he did not mean to fulfil, he would present this concert as complimentary to his subscribers, and let them retain their tickets for the regular series of four, commencing on the 24th. Meanwhile the place of Herr Schreiber's solos would be supplied by the overture to *Freischütz*

and a violin solo of De Beriot kindly volunteered by Mr. SCHULTZE. This was indeed doing the handsome thing. By it Mr. Zerrahn sacrifices some four hundred dollars out of his own pocket, to establish his honor as a gentleman. But he places himself in so fine a position before the public, that, if that public knows how to be grateful, he cannot be a loser in the end. And what a bargain for us! exclaimed nine-tenths of the pleased subscribers; the noble *Freischütz* overture for a mere trumpet, with Schultze and De Beriot to boot! We give the programme, as amended:

- PART I.
1. Symphony No. 4 in B flat,..... Beethoven.
1. Adagio and Allegro molto.—2. Adagio.—3. Scherzo.—
4. Allegro ma non troppo.
2. Overture to "*Freyschütz*,"..... von Weber.

- PART II.
3. Grand Overture to Goethe's "*Faust*,"..... R. Wagner.
(First time in this country.)
Motto.

The God who dwells within my soul
Can heave its depths at any hour;
Who holds o'er all my faultless control
Has o'er the outer world no power;
Existence lies a load upon my breast,
Life is a curse, and death a long'd-for rest.

Brooks's translation.

4. Nocturne from "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," Mendelssohn.
5. Chorus of Pilgrims from "*Tannhäuser*,"..... R. Wagner.
(First time in this city.)

Sung by a select choir of male voices.
Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee,
And greet the fields that so sweetly enfold thee!
Thou, pilgrim staff, may rest thee now,
Since I to God have fulfilled my vow.
By penance sore I have atoned,
And God's pure law my heart hath owned;
My pains hath He with blessing crowned:
To God my song shall aye resound!

His mercy shines on our weary probation;
Our souls shall share in the joys of salvation;
No fear have we of hell and death,
We'll praise our God while we have breath.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! forevermore, forevermore.

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee, &c.

6. Solo for Violin,..... De Beriot.
By William Schultze.

7. Overture to "*William Tell*,"..... Rossini.

The concert went off with great spirit, and was highly relished. The orchestra numbered about thirty-five performers. The first violins comprised the six best artists in our city (viz: Messrs. SCHULTZE, SUCK, FRIES, MEISEL, GAERTNER, and ECKHARDT). This was a fine and effective body, almost too telling for that hall, and needing (as it seemed to us) to be balanced by a greater mass of middle strings. The violas were only three; the second violins four; the 'celli and double-basses three each. But Mr. Zerrahn had taken his pick, throughout, of the best players of their several instruments in Boston. We cannot say it was the best performance we have ever had here of the fourth Symphony; but it was on the whole a very good one—one of the best. It sounded exceedingly rich and clear, but needed larger space to subdue and blend the fresh tone-coloring more sweetly. For this is the sweetest, as well as the most love-impassioned, restless of Beethoven's symphonies. The melancholy, ruminating introduction, so full of profound feeling, and the fiery decision of the plunge into the Allegro, were brought out admirably. A little more of delicate shading on the part of the wind instruments, especially the brass, was all that the rest required. The Adagio was perhaps a trifle not slow enough; but how exquisitely it made its beauty felt, in spite of little blemishes; it was a great blemish, however, when it came the turn of the tympani to take up the throbbing figure which forms all along the groundwork of the melody; they were in no tune. The Scherzo needed more rehearsal to ensure perfection in the passages begun by one set of instruments and concluded by others; yet it had life and spirit; but the

glorious wild freedom of the Finale was well preserved, with all its wealth of beauties. The old *Freyschütz* overture was finely performed, and after our long fasting of the orchestral appetite, keenly approved itself as still one of the matchless overtures.

WAGNER's "Faust" overture interested us far more deeply than we had anticipated. If we may peak from a single hearing, it is profound in sentiment, original in conception, logical in treatment, euphonious as well as bold in instrumentation, and marvellously interesting to the end, in spite of its sombre, restless monotony of feeling. It is not a dramatic overture; does not attempt to portray in contrasted themes the characters of Faust and Margaret and Mephistopheles, but confines itself to the illustration of a single passage in the poem, taken from Faust's second interview with Mephistopheles, in which, however, the key-note of the poem may be found; to-wit that feeling of the emptiness of life, that restless and unsatisfied yearning for the infinite, bordering on despair, of which Goethe makes his Faust the type, and which is expressed in the lines above cited as a motto, as well as in all the first part of the poem. The overture was originally written in Wagner's earlier days, in Paris, January 1840, and was re-wrought and published, at the suggestion of Liszt, in Zurich, his present place of exile, in 1855. In the preface to his three opera poems, Wagner refers to it as having been intended "to form only the first movement of a grand Faust symphony;" but nevertheless he has now published it as a Faust overture, complete in itself. We will not, without further hearing, attempt any minute description of the music. It seemed to fully satisfy its end; it spoke of the restless mood, the baffled aspiration, the painful, tragic feeling of the infinite amid the petty, changing limitations of this world, which every soul has felt too keenly, just in proportion to the depth and intensity of its own life, and its breadth of culture. Never did music seem more truly working in its own sphere, except when it presents the heavenly solution and sings all of harmony and peace. The overture suggests analogy, in tone and spirit, with such works as the Allegro of the 3rd minor Symphony, and that of the Choral Symphony, the overture to *Coriolanus*, &c., of Beethoven; there is something of the same sublime struggle of the soul with destiny. That Wagner's "Faust" can bear comparison in point of true imaginative genius, we will not venture to suggest. Such a work needs several hearings. The interpretation by the orchestra was certainly successful. We trust it will not at once be laid upon the shelf.

The Mendelssohn *Notturmo*, that delicious bit of rewin music, had lost nothing of its charm. It could pass for an intermezzo, remote enough in character, between the Faust yearnings and desires, and the *Tannhäuser* chorus of the Pilgrims who had found rest, and whose song therefore reathes the pure joy and satisfaction of the soul that has found God. We were all familiar with the strain as introduced in the beginning and conclusion of the overture. Here it is first sung (to words above) by male voices in the same rich four-part harmony, followed by hallelujahs, and then repeated in unison *fortissimo*, with the tremendous accompaniment of violin figures, as in the overture. It was finely sung by a select choir of about forty of our best male voices, which

formed a very rich and musical body of tone, and achieved a decided triumph, being most eagerly encored.—Mr. Schultze's solo, and the "Tell" overture we were obliged to lose, to catch a few strains of THALBERG.

Thalberg in Boston.

We have at length our turn of the triumphal procession of "New School" pianism, now ripened and mellowed by somewhat of age, in the person of its first creator and exponent, into a thing of quiet and delicious beauty, as contrasted with the painful prodigies with which we have been dazzled by his imitators. The Pope himself, and not his simulacrum, rides in this carriage. So, in spite of the great snow-storm, all the world turned out to see and hear; and we entered the Boston Music Hall at a late hour, to find it filled from floor to ceiling with a gay, delighted looking crowd, many hundreds of whom, it was plain to see, were indebted to their Santa Claus too for free safe conduct through the snow to such a palace of light and warmth and melody. We entered just in time to catch the last strains of Madame D'ANGRI's third piece, (from *Semiramide*) and be surprised by a contralto voice, the richest, strongest, and most even in its quality, that we have heard since ALBONI'S. As we listened further, in her *Cenrentola* piece: *Nacqui all'affanno* and *Non piu mesta*, we were pleasantly aware of a singularly beautiful individuality of color in her (not the lowest) contralto tones—a quality that wooed attention irresistibly. The very low notes were more dry and juiceless than Alboni's; we never like them much in any one, and it is one little sign of an improving taste that these vocal monstrosities are not so sure to "bring the house down" as they once were. All her middle register is beautiful and rich and even, of remarkable volume; but on the confines of soprano the voice becomes hard and likes not to sustain a note. The execution was marvellously smooth and finished. Since Alboni, we have had no such passage singing by a contralto as those rapid variations of *Non piu mesta*. The slow *cantabile*, too, was full of expression. The whole style was large and generous, in keeping with the abundant figure and genial, good-natured, bright face of the singer. The coarse shout in the Spanish piece (in answer to the encore) somewhat broke the charm.

Then THALBERG came. That modest, quiet, self-possessed, well-bred, middle-aged English-looking gentleman, making his way across the stage as quietly as if he were the stillest retired scholar in the audience seeking his way to a seat, was he. If he can advance so quietly to do all that has been told of him, it is pretty certain he can do it. He had already played some three of his Fantasias on operatic themes—his peculiar *specialité*—and now touched a few chords of his Erard by way of prelude to his *Barcarole*, one of his most graceful pieces, which was followed by the Serenade from *Don Pasquale*, the everlasting sugar and watery serenade, to which we always pay the penalty of listening (as we do to bores) by having it come back and haunt us afterward involuntarily. But in Thalberg's playing the stale melody was refined to crystal clearness, and one enjoyed the pure beauty of sound without much thought of meaning. His graceful arabesque became the work of art that claimed attention and rewarded it, in spite of the subject which it played around. Sig. MORELLI, the fine baritone, sang once, and THALBERG closed the evening with variations upon *L'Elisir d'Amore*, a very brilliant piece, in which octaves with one hand ran as smoothly and easily as single scales. In all these things the execution was so perfect that the mind did not begin to analyze, or hardly ask itself what it was hearing; it might break the charm to ask a question. There was a singular completeness about it. The execution was perfect

tion, the like of which we had not heard before. Each piece told its story so perfectly, that you forgot to ask how much it was all worth, as music—how many such it would take to weigh down a Beethoven Adagio, a Mendelssohn "Song without Words," a tone-reverie of Chopin, &c.; let all that go! Enough for the day is the beauty thereof, and here was a thing of exquisite beauty, which we will weigh when we have leisure, and when the spirit says *we must*. To Thalberg we could but be all ear, all sense of magical beauty of sound. It was enough to watch the sparkling combinations, without criticism, without thought of ulterior purpose, as we do rippling waters or the wheat-field running in waves before the wind. Those sometimes are profitable moments, though you can give no account of them. How long such charm may last we do not ask here. We were thankful for a new and exquisite sensation; and that it was to hear at last fully, perfectly *done*, and by the master of them all, what we have seen so many sweat and strain themselves to do but passably.

Now as the sensation was, of Thalberg there can nothing new be said. What first strikes you is the ease and quiet of his playing; it is the character of the whole man to his fingers' ends. The greatest difficulties are done so easily, you only know that they are difficult because you have heard others try them. The *sense* of difficulty is forgotten; Art has lifted you to its sphere of Freedom.

Next, the purity of the whole rendering, not disturbed by any show of effect. The composition is before you, pure and clear, without alloy of matter or machinery, as a musician hears it in his mind in reading it from notes. The engraving and the impression are alike perfect. There is nothing that you can criticize about the picture, unless it be the design itself.

Thirdly, perfect symmetry and proportion in everything; exquisite gradation of force; such *crescendo* and *diminuendo* as only the wind in the tree, or the surf on the beach has taught us; such masterly working up of climaxes, such continuity of form and beauty, such sure, decided, startling answer to each call for strong and bold effects, such artistic subduing and toning down of the whole, with only increase of power and freshness. And so on.

Next, let us say, thorough command of his instrument, perfect *pianism*. There stood the most perfect of piano-fortes, and there sat he, for when it had waited, and to whom it had grown, to bring out all its resources. Have we ever known a touch like his? Were not the fingers predestined to the keys? Have we ever heard such tone, wooed, coaxed, or struck out?—due to the player as well as the maker. Have we heard such crisp, cleanly cut, decisive chords, and almost of orchestral breadth? such absolute distinction between chords *arpeggiated* and chords struck at once! Or such liquid, even runs? or such consummate command of the pedals, winning beauties and excluding blurs,—an art which very, very few pianists quite possess? And so on through the whole chapter.

It is hardly necessary to speak of expression. How the theme, the melody stands out pronounced and personal in the midst of whatsoever whirl and complication of accompanying ornament! It sings itself in the middle, or at the top of the instrument as veritable soprano, tenor or baritone. The setting and illustration of the theme, are equally harmonious and well-conceived; but here we touch the peculiar province of Thalberg, the operatic Fantasia, the form of modern concert music which he has created and turned all the heads of young pianists with, at the same time that he has developed ideas and resources of pianism, which must dominate more or less henceforth in all the music written for that instrument. But we must postpone what we have to say of it, until we have room to speak of the second equally successful and almost equally crowded con-

cert, of Thursday evening, when he played his *Son-nambula*, *Don Giovanni* and *Lucrezia* fantasias, besides his exquisitely, feverishly delicate, delirious *Turanta-tella*.

This evening Mr. Thalberg will appear also as an interpreter of classical music, and will play Beethoven's C minor Concerto, with the aid of Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra, besides a rich programme otherwise. His fourth and fifth concerts in Boston will be on Tuesday and Friday evenings next. He will play twice also before the children of the public schools, and is giving concerts nearly every evening in neighboring cities. On Sunday evening, the 18th inst., he proposes, with the aid of the Handel and Haydn Society, to give a Sacred Concert in the Music Hall, and produce Mozart's "Requiem"; Mmes. DEWILHORST and D'ANGRI, Sig. MORELLI, and a tenor (not yet named), to sing the solos.

Beethoven's Early Sonatas.

An esteemed correspondent expresses surprise that in our recent article "A. W. T." mentions but three Sonatas as composed in Beethoven's boyhood. There are six, he says, that the great composer wrote before the publication of his Trios, Op. 1, though he is unable to say that they are all embraced in the dedication to the Prince Bishop. "A. W. T." writes us upon this point as follows:

"You will see that the title which I translated says expressly, 'Three Sonatas,' &c., and three is the number in the original publication, which I have examined. That Beethoven wrote much music before the publication of the Trios Op. 1 is well known; it is also well known that but little of this music ever saw the light. Instead of rushing into print, he, at the age of 22, began at the very beginning, and went through an entire course of musical study anew with Albrechtsberger, before publishing his Opus 1, suppressing his youthful works.

"If your correspondent can produce more three youthful sonatas it would be a great gratification to me to know what they are and when composed. I have supposed that Wegeler's phrase, 'the sonatas copied into the *Speiersche Blumenlese*,' referred to the three with the dedication to the Elector. One early work, dedicated to Eleanore von Breuning, was left unfinished at the composer's death, and Ries wrote the conclusion.

"In the Thematic Catalogue, a valuable and very correct work, the three others, of which your correspondent speaks, are not given. If I can get a clue to something that has thus far escaped my inquiries, it will be gratefully acknowledged."

Musical Intelligence.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—One of our exchanges speaks thus highly of a soirée given at the close of the term of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute," established last year by Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER:

The pieces, both vocal and instrumental, were exceedingly well executed, and the pupils displayed that thorough scholarship and classical taste which Mr. Oliver's style of teaching is so sure to produce. There was no extraordinary preparation for this occasion, nor any attempt at showing off, but just that mode of exhibition which shows what the pupil can do as an ordinary thing. We are glad to learn that the success of the institute more than fulfills the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and that it may be regarded as established on the firmest foundation. The novel plan of a school designed for the cultivation of music as the prominent study with the other elegant arts, the language and literature as accessories, seems to fill a place before vacant; and the superior manner in which the plan is executed, reflects much credit

upon Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and their accomplished relative and assistant, Miss Merrill.

Sonatas by Beethoven and Mozart, songs by Mendelssohn, and Schubert, &c., formed part of the programme.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The *Spy* speaks of a forthcoming series of concerts, by Gustav Satter and the Boston "Quartet Club." What that club may be I know not with certainty. Although good singing is always acceptable, we may be allowed to wish that the types had erred for once, and that the club was the Quintette Club, to whom we used to listen in our more musical days, before "hard times" had frozen our hearts and tightened our purse-strings.—*Palladium*.

Foreign.

LONDON.—The Amateur Musical Society has entered upon its eleventh season. The first concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms Dec. 1st. The *News* says of it:

Mr. Henry Leslie is the conductor of the orchestra. The strength of the orchestra is very great; no less than seventy-two stringed instruments, of which forty are violins alone; with a full complement of wind and brass, the whole amounting to ninety-five—a number much exceeding that of the bands of the Philharmonic Society or the Royal Italian Opera. In our opinion the violins are too numerous.

The concert of last night was made up of excellent materials, as will be seen by the following programme:

PART I.
Symphony in D. Beethoven.
Madrigal, "Hard by a fountain," A. D. 1550, Hubert Waelrent.
Part-song, "I saw lovely Phillis," R. L. Pea-sall.
By Mr. Henry Leslie's choir.
Overture (The Son and Stranger). Mendelssohn.
PART II.
Concerto in D minor, for piano-forte, Mozart.
Mr. S. W. Waley.
Song: "Within the Convent Garden," Thalberg.
Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge.
Madrigal: "In going to my lonely bed," A. D. 1550, Richard Edwardes.
Part-song: "Departure," Mendelssohn.
By Mr. Henry Leslie's choir.
Overture: (La Fille du Régiment), Donizetti.

This was a most agreeable mixture of ancient and modern, vocal and instrumental; and the performance was not less pleasant than the selection.

M. JULLIENS CONCERTS.—There is nothing particular to record in the past week's doings, except the Mendelssohn Festival, which took place last night. Miss Juliana May continues to sing "Ernani involami," and the scene from *Betty*, varied with other popularities from the Italian repertory. The *Traviata* selection has been alternated with the *Travatore*. The capital quadrille from *Pietro il Grande* has been revived, and various changes have taken place in the solo performances. The programme of the Mendelssohn Festival comprised the overture to *Ruy Blas*; "Song of Night," Miss Dolby; First Piano-forte Concerto, Miss Arabella Goddard; Symphony in A minor; Violin Concerto, M. Le Hon; and Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

On Wednesday Sig. Andreoli, the Italian pianist, and pupil of the late Fumigalli, performed twice with great applause. His first piece was Thalberg's *Elisir*, which being encored, Sig. Andreoli played his eternal and by no means brilliant study for the left hand alone. In the second part he "had a shy" at Léopold de Meyer's *Marche Marocaine*; but his own polka, which was substituted on his being recalled, flows much more easily under the supple fingers of Sig. Andreoli.—*Mus. World*, Dec. 6.

DRURY LANE THEATRE, (From the Times, Dec. 3.)—Last night Beethoven's *Fidelio* was given, and, in spite of a vast many deficiencies, excited a degree of interest which, with an audience to whom fine music signifies something more than "tinkling cymbal," can be raised by no other opera except *Don Giovanni*.

On the present occasion, the execution of *Fidelio* was anything but perfect. Nevertheless, there was really so much to commend that to miss it would have been to miss a genuine treat. This praise, however, applies almost exclusively to the three principal performers:—Madame Rüdersdorff (*Fidelio*), Herr Reichardt (*Florestan*), and Herr Formes (*Rocco*). All three are versed in the pure German traditions, and consequently follow as closely as possible the recorded intentions of the composer. Besides which, all three are artists, both in a musical and histrionic sense, and artists as conscientious as they are able.

The other four personages we have seen better represented than last night. The *ensemble*, except in the concerted music of the prison scene, where Leonora, Florestan, and Rocco are prominent, was rarely satisfactory; the band—though cleverly conducted by Herr Anschuetz, and containing in a large measure the elements of efficiency—was seldom exactly what could have been wished in an opera like *Fidelio*; the chorus still more seldom. The impressive invocation of the prisoners was, to use a very homely word, "muddled;" and, though some passages of the magnificent *finale* went far better and produced a far greater effect, others were anything but perfect. The opera was played with dialogue (as composed), the principal singers using the German tongue, the chorus a language of their own.

HAMBURG.—A friend, who was present, sends us the programme of "the one hundred and eleventh Philharmonic Private Concert," (first of a series of four this winter,) given in the *Wörner'schen Concertsaale*, on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 22, in memory of the lamented ROBERT SCHUMANN. There was an orchestra of fifty, and a chorus of sixty or eighty voices. The soprani were all dressed in black, and the front of the stage hung with festoons of white lace on a black ground. The selections were mostly from Schumann's compositions:

PART I.
1—Chorus from Handel's "Judas Macabæus."
2—Eulogy, by Robert Heller, spoken by Herr Jauner.
3—Overture to "Manfred," by Schumann.
4—Chaconne, for the violin, by J. S. Bach, played by Concert-master Joachim.
5—Piano Concerto of Schumann, in A minor, played by Herr Brahms.

PART II.
1—Requiem for Mignon, by Schumann.
2—Fantasia for Violin, with Orchestra, by Schumann, performed by Herr Joachim.
3—Overture to "Egmont," Beethoven.

FRANKFORT AM MAIN.—On the 10th of Dec. was given the second and last Soirée of the Parisian Quintet Society, formed six years since for the performance of Beethoven's posthumous Quartets. It consists of Messrs. MAURIN (1st violin) SABATIER (2d do.) MAS (alto), and CHEVILLARD (violin-cello), all members of the imperial chapel. Herr A. BUHL assisted as pianist. The programme consisted of three works of Beethoven, viz: Quartet in C minor, op. 131; Trio for Piano, violin and 'cello, in D major; and Quartet in C major, op. 69, No. 3. The hall in which the soirée was given is one of the large hotels of Frankfort (*Holländische Hof*), which holds 300 to 400 persons, and is, by accident or design, a most excellent music room. On this occasion it was filled to overflowing with a delighted audience.

Advertisements.

THALBERG'S CONCERTS.

CARD OF THE MANAGEMENT.—It has been the intention of the Management to give in Boston only FIVE Concerts, (two of which have already taken place,) and to play on the off nights in the neighboring cities. The fatigue, however, accruing to the artists from daily travel in such an unpropitious season, as well as the uncertainty of their arriving at the requisite time, have induced the following change. The series has been extended to FOUR MORE CONCERTS, instead of three, which will take place in rapid succession, viz: The Third on SATURDAY, January 10; the Fourth on TUESDAY, Jan. 13; the Fifth on FRIDAY, Jan. 16; the Sixth (Sacred) on SUNDAY, Jan. 18. In consequence of which the price of admission has been put at ONE DOLLAR to all parts of the Hall. Seats secured without any extra charge. In addition to the above Concerts Mr. Thalberg will give TWO FREE CONCERTS to the Pupils of the Public Schools on Monday Jan. 12, and Saturday Jan. 17.

On SATURDAY, January 10, THALBERG and D'ANGRI'S third appearance. An engagement has been entered into with Mr. Zerrahn and his Orchestra, from the Philharmonic Concerts, which will enable Mr. Thalberg to perform, with full Orchestral accompaniments, Beethoven's Concerto in C Minor on one of Chickering & Sons' Grand Piano Fortes. In addition to which he will play his Fantasia on *Maianello* and the Prayer of Moses. Madame D'Angri will sing selections from *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Scmiramida*, and *Cenerentola*. The Orchestra will play Overtures from *Der Freischütz*, *William Tell*, and *March from the Prophète*, and the *Andante* from Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. Admission to all parts of the Hall, \$1. Seats may be secured without any extra charge, at Russell & Richardson's, 232 Washington street, on Friday and Saturday. All seats unsold may be had in the evening at the door.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

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Will take place on TUESDAY, Jan. 12, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms, assisted by Mrs. J. H. LONG, Vocalist.
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THE SECOND CONCERT, being the first of the regular series of four, will be given on Saturday Evening, Jan. 24, 1857. Subscription Lists may be found at the principal music stores, where also tickets can be obtained. Packages of 4 tickets, \$3; single ticket \$1.
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NOTICE.

THE members of the ORPHEUS Glee Club respectfully inform their friends and subscribers, that their FIRST Concert of the Series of Three, will take place at

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8. Mélancolie, Prière, Rêve de bonheur.

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Mozart's Requiem.

[The following account of the origin of the "Requiem" was contributed to Novello's *Musical Times*, (London,) by Mr. E. HOLMES, the author of the excellent English Life of Mozart. As we have not before published any version of the familiar story, and as we are now about to have the Requiem performed in Boston, (thanks to Mr. TRALBERG,) we have no doubt that it will interest our readers. There is no better version of the story, and the accompanying remarks will help prepare the listener for a right understanding of the music. This, however, is but the introductory chapter to an extended critical analysis of the whole composition, which we may perhaps find reason to transfer to our columns hereafter.]

During the twelve years which Mozart spent at Vienna, on his removal from Salzburg, his genius had borne the fruits of these preparatory studies (his earlier *Masses*) principally in secular music, for the stage, the orchestra, and the chamber; and, except the *Mass* in C minor, composed the year after his marriage, which now forms the ground work of *Davidde Penitente*, he had rendered no tribute to the church—though this nursing mother, who had brought him up to maturity under her especial care, maintained his interest and affection. On the vicissitudes of his public life at Vienna we might still think with some degree of indignation and grief, were it not better to

Let determined things
To destiny hold unbewailed their way.

Without the antecedents of such a career, we could not have possessed the *Requiem*, which owes its chief peculiarities and impassioned style to the circumstances under which it was produced; the mind bright and unimpaired, the body wasting,—the hand of death tracing notes in which the composer fully believed he was celebrating his own obsequies, and bidding final adieu to earth and its concerns.

The history of the composition of the *Requiem* is too familiar to be repeated: we all know what tender domestic scenes and embarrassments it occasioned—how Mozart worked at it sometimes

to swooning—how often the score was taken from him by his wife, and again, at his earnest solicitation, returned, to be finally completed by the time when he took to his death-bed; his imagination being through the whole period filled with fatal presentiments and images of the other world—that he had received a supernatural commission—that his health was undermined by poison—with other 'sick men's dreams.' He appears to have been surprised by the sudden summons; he thought how young he was to die, estimating life by years rather than by sensations—forgetting that he had compressed in thought, feeling, and action, three lives into one—forgetting the nine hundred works which he had composed—the night how often turned into day by him, for business or pleasure—the masquerades, the balls, and the occasional convivial excesses in which he had shared with the actors; for all which, as it may have been too much on either side, the laws of our mechanical being demand a reckoning, and even the favored Mozart could claim no exemption. Preoccupied with the effort to understand his own genius, and with the desire to accomplish what seemed open to him in music, he seems in his personal conduct to have acted at times with an indifference to consequences, which the enthusiasm of youth and the abstract character of his pursuits may alone explain, if not quite excuse.

It was in the autumn of 1791, when his health had suffered a serious change, though it at first occasioned no ground for alarm, that he received a commission from some unknown hand to compose a Requiem, which was to be in his best manner, and entirely in the style which he himself approved. For what purpose the original possessor of the work treated for it in the manner he did, making no restrictions on him from retaining a score, or even publishing it when he thought fit, remains to this day a mystery. We have heard a Count Wallsegg named as this individual 'stranger.' Desiring to celebrate the anniversary of the decease of a lady whom he had tenderly loved, by the performance of a Requiem exclusively his own, he procured this; some say that he wished it to pass as his own composition—a dangerous fraud if he had done nothing, and still more if the contrary: but to this story we give no heed, for his first business in such an attempt should have been to destroy all traces of Mozart's handwriting; and even then his secret must have remained in jeopardy, from the free intercourse with his friends and family which the composer always maintained while writing. Instead of finding base and unworthy motives for the instigator of the *Requiem*—accusations which bear with them their own refutation—we can only express the obligation of the world to him, and wish that Mozart had earlier found so discerning a patron.

The composer himself innocently founded the tale of mystery which has circulated with his *Requiem*—the origin of which may be distinctly traced to the excited and gloomy imagination which accompanied his sickness. That a rich and tasteful nobleman who knew Mozart's power of writing in the most elevated style of sacred music, should wish to possess a Requiem by him was not wonderful; but that, in treating for it, he concealed his name, paid handsomely beforehand and transacted the whole affair through the agency of one who seemed to watch Mozart and to come upon

him at unexpected times and places, was strange, and appeared to the composer almost supernatural. He was haunted from time to time by the presence of a man whose sole care seemed to be the *Requiem*; and this mysterious figure approached him just as he was stepping into the carriage which conveyed him to Prague, to compose *La Clemenza di Tito*. With his head and heart full of the beautiful melodies which distinguish that opera, the disagreeable effect of such an apparition—the train of ideas called up by it—may be imagined. "Who can it be that is thus earnest on this ghastly funeral theme? Certainly a messenger from the other world, and he foretells my death." Thus reasoned on false grounds the sick Mozart, and he arrived at a right conclusion by the instinct which is beyond reason.

Another circumstance brought to this application for the *Requiem* a kind of supernatural interest. Mozart had all his life been secretly wishing for the opportunity of composing one, and now it occurred almost miraculously, and just as he could have desired. The subject coincided exactly with his frame of mind in failing health, and the composer, who had been educated among theologians, and in the strictest observances of his community, was eager for the opportunity of once more doing honor to that church of which he had been of late a lax and somewhat pardonable member.* He knew that the first privilege of composing for the church is independence of the public and freedom from the prejudices of taste and fashion; and to be able to write his best without fear or hesitation was, to him who had sacrificed himself continually to others, a rare and much desired opportunity. Possibly, also, he thought with humility that his good works might deserve the favor of heaven—that *voca me cum benedictis*, the humble prayer of his music, might be fulfilled on his own behalf, and that at the general consummation he might himself, though unworthy, be admitted to nestle among the wings of the angels. The composition breathes these feelings; though suppliant and religious, it is full of human passion,—it casts a longing, lingering look at the past, amidst the terrors of the future,—it is, in fact, Mozart revolving his experience of life, and lost in a dream of the final Judgment, with feelings which he was the first to express in the mysterious language of music.

All the incidents of the fatal autumn which put a period to Mozart were deeply impressed on the memory of his widow and her sister; and when, in the early part of the present century, the score was published, the story of the 'stranger,' drawn out in form and detail, and adapted to the popular taste, circulated with it. Advantage was taken of the mystery to excite the public to an interest in a work whose intrinsic merit needed no adventitious aid. The taste for music and the fame of Mozart were not, however, general enough at this period to support the expensive publication of a great score. And now came a matter tending more to embarrass opinion and involve the origin of the work in obscurity. A claim was put in by another hand to a share in the composition. A

* In the records preserved by Rochlitz of Mozart's conversations at Leipzig, amidst familiar friends, on his northern tour, about three years before his death, his attachment to the Catholic religion is strongly manifested. Had he lived to enter upon the office of Kapellmeister of St. Stephen, we should most probably have received from him a new collection of *Masses* with complete orchestral accompaniment.

musician in habits of intimacy with Mozart, and who assisted him in filling up the accompaniments of some of his later scores—a man named Süßmayer, who had accompanied him to Prague to perform this office for *La Clemenza di Tito*, which was dispatched in a fortnight—presented himself as the author of a part, from the *Sanctus* to the end. Unreasonable as these pretensions to some of the greatest beauties of the work appeared, from a composer known only by one obscure opera, called *The Mirror of Arcadia*, there was no one to contradict them. A work had been published complete, of which only two fragments of the score were known to exist in the composer's handwriting—one possessed by the Abbé Stadler, and the other by Eybler. Mozart's widow confirmed, according to the best of her recollection, the statement of Süßmayer, and believed that he completed the score of the *Requiem* which was delivered to the 'stranger'; and it must be pardoned in her, if, in her distracted condition respecting her husband, she was not very attentive to, or not very accurately informed respecting, his works.

The *Requiem* began to be known in England to musicians soon after the first introduction of *Don Giovanni*, when Mozart became an object of general curiosity and interest. It came over to us with its full quota of rumors. Mozart was believed to have died during the composition, and some, indulging their speculations on this head, would fain point out the chord at which the pen dropped from his hand. To confirm this idea of death having overtaken the composer at his task, we have been shown the last movement made out of the materials, and nearly a repetition of the opening—whence it was argued that a man so full of ideas would not have resorted to that expedient had he possessed his usual powers and free-will. But in this opinion a common habit of Mozart's of connecting the end with the beginning of compositions—since become of great authority in music—is overlooked. That this was done by him with deliberation and choice, we have since had proof.

No one in England gave credit to Süßmayer's claim to have composed the *Sanctus*. There were his words of assertion on the one side, and Mozart's notes to confront them on the other—an overwhelming evidence. Who could believe that the sublimity of the *Sanctus*, or the sweetness and elevation of the *Benedictus*—although this last is newly and most unusually scored—could have any origin but in the mind of Mozart? And yet there were Germans who until within these few years affected to believe the truth of Süßmayer, and to doubt the authenticity of the *Requiem* as a genuine work of Mozart, from the secular taste of the melody displayed in some of its movements—in the close of the *Tuba Mirum*, for example—for which it was affirmed that any other composer than Mozart would have received the castigation of criticism. The beginning of Handel's Funeral Anthem for *Queen Caroline*, as also the subject of a fugue from *Joshua*, were quoted to show that the subjects of the introduction and fugue were not quite original. There certainly is a slight—possibly an accidental similarity. While musicians were enjoying the beauties of the *Requiem*, the musical critics of Germany, with the late M. Gottfried Weber at their head, were engaged in a long profitless discussion concerning its genuineness, on which one little fact has since rendered all their reasonings nugatory. The discovery of a full score of the *Requiem*, in Mozart's handwriting, was notified in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, No. 5, for Jan. 1839, with the promise of a dissertation on the same from Herr Hofrath von Mosel.* This fortunate event silenced all question as to its authenticity, and reduced the contention of those who would still dispute to a mere point of taste. It was one thing to maintain that the work was not genuine, because no complete score existed—another to contend that Mozart had failed in parts confessed to have been written by him. A secular character in some of the melodies was chiefly blamed; and, by implication, Beethoven even seems to cast a slur on this

* See Journal of Music, No. 10, Vol. IX., for this dissertation.

work, when, in writing to Cherubini, he observes, that should he compose a *Requiem*, his design of composition would be the one he should adopt. That Cherubini's *Requiem*, founded on the old church music, is more gothic, passionless, and ecclesiastical, cannot be denied—but this same quality, in as far as it is imitative, rendering the work rather one of combination and study than of original power, detracts from its merit. Productions in Art take their standing through the force of invention which gave them birth; whatever has been once magnificently done cannot be repeated, and all works formed on acknowledged models and styles bear a feeble existence.

Let us, in endeavouring to appreciate the *Requiem*, try to approach it from the composer's point of view. That the models of the severe church style are here in part superseded, is at once confessed. To have kept within the limits of custom and authority, would have been to have surrendered the opportunity; and, as all the later productions of Mozart—operas, symphonies, &c., are memorable commencements in different styles of music, in which he, as pioneer of the art, opened paths of unexplored novelty and effect, he was naturally desirous to carry this on into church music. All his boyish studies in fugue and canon—all that art of counterpoint which had been growing stronger in him from year to year at Vienna, but which only broke out occasionally in his operas, being there held in subjection to melody and dramatic effect—flourished in the *Requiem* as in a fitting soil. Handel's art of double counterpoint is even outdone; we have the same depth of learning—the same elaborate contrivance, with more refinement and effect. As a fugue writer, Mozart was by nature so strong, that, had he lived in the time of Sebastian Bach, he might have been his rival. His part writing shows the natural clearness of his mind, and profound insight into the problems of harmony. He knew his strength, and rejoiced in it.

At Vienna, Van Swieten and other patrons of Mozart carried the taste for Handel and Bach's counterpoint to the court; and the writings of Mozart at this period were greatly modified and influenced by these scientific predilections. He quitted now the method he had pursued in his Salzburg Masses, and sought out subjects which could be treated in double fugue, and inverted above or below according to the received methods. His first sacred production written at Vienna, *David's Penitence*, exhibits this change, and the ascendancy of learned counterpoint. The opening chorus, if we remember, has subjects which invert three several times, and there is one duet wholly in canon.

The contrapuntal and profoundly scientific forms of the movements of the *Requiem* form a very striking feature of that production. Had these, however, exhibited merely new combinations of the old art of counterpoint, they would not have satisfied Mozart. He blended the severe old style with what was new and beautiful in the art of modern times, and made both in the highest degree subservient to expression. The melodies are so flowing and so natural, even when they move in canon, that the ear is unconscious of the restraint of rule. Hundreds receive delight from the symmetry, which they perceive in the construction of the movements of the *Requiem*, who cannot trace the cause of their pleasure in the scientific forms of composition employed. One of the most wonderful qualities of Mozart's mind was certainly his power of fusion. He could melt the old into the new—he could be Handel or Bach at will, and show his own lineaments blended with theirs. The peculiar instrumentation of the *Requiem*, in which solemn and sombre wind instruments alone are used, affords another interesting aspect of the science of the composer. But science and taste in combination merely contribute towards the poetical design. The *Requiem* may be considered as a kind of tragic drama, the action and scenery of which are left to the imagination. It combines the old church music, with the dramatic effect of the serious opera, and has introduced into music a perfectly new creation.

(Continued from page 114.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

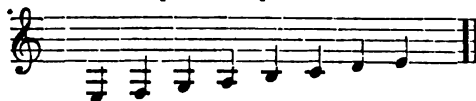
(Gleaned from HAZOT'S *BELLIOUS*.)

THE CLARINET.

Simple reed instruments, such as the clarinet, and the corno di bassetto, form a family, whose connection with that of the hautboy, is not so near as might be thought. That which distinguishes it especially, is the nature of its sound. The middle notes of the clarinet are more limpid, more full, more pure than those of double reed instruments, the sound of which is never exempt from a certain tartness or harshness, more or less concealed by the player's skill. The high sounds of the last octave, commencing with the C above the staff, partake only a little of the tartness of the hautboy's loud sounds; while the character of the lower sounds approach, by the roughness of their vibrations, to that of certain notes on the bassoon.

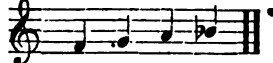
Four registers are reckoned on the clarinet: the low, the chalumeau, the medium, and the high.

The first comprises this part of the scale:

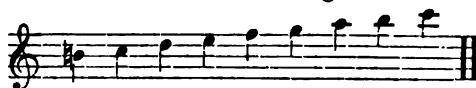


The second, this:

These notes are generally dull.



The third contains the following notes:—



And the fourth is found in the remainder of the scale up to the highest D.

The small clarinet in F (high), which was formerly employed in military music, has been almost abandoned for that in E♭, which is found, and with reason, to be less screaming, and quite sufficient for the keys ordinarily used in wind instrument pieces. Clarinets have proportionally less purity, sweetness, and clearness, as their key is more and more removed above that of B♭, which is one of the finest on the instrument. The clarinet in C is harder than that in B♭, and its voice has much less charm. The small clarinet in E♭ has piercing tones, which it is very easy to render mean, beginning from the A above the staff. Accordingly it has been employed, in a modern symphony, in order to parody, degrade, and blackguardize (if I may be pardoned the expression) a melody; the dramatic intention of the work requiring this strange transformation. The small clarinet in F has a still more marked tendency of the same kind. In proportion as the instrument becomes lower, on the contrary, it produces sounds more veiled and more melancholy.

It has been said that the clarinet has four registers; each of these registers has also a distinct quality of tone. That of the high register is somewhat tearing, which should be used only in the fortissimo of the orchestra (some very high notes may nevertheless be sustained *piano*, when the effect of the sound has been properly prepared); or in the bold passages of a brilliant solo. Those of the chalumeau and medium registers are suited to melodies, to arpeggios, and to smooth passages; and the low register is appropriate—particularly in the holding notes—to those coldly threatening effects, those dark accents of motionless rage, which Weber so ingeniously invented. If it be desired to employ with salient effect those piercing cries of the extreme upper notes, and if it be dreaded for the performer a too sudden advent of the dangerous note, this introduction of the clarinet should be hidden beneath a loud chord from the whole of the orchestra; which,—interrupting itself the moment the sound has had time to settle firmly and become clear,—leaves it then fully displayed without danger.

The character of the sounds of the medium

register, imbued with a kind of loftiness tempering a noble tenderness, renders them favorable for the expression of sentiments and ideas the most poetic. A frivolous gaiety, and even an artless joy, seem alone unsuited to them. The clarinet is little appropriate to the *Idyl*; it is an *epic* instrument, like horns, trumpets, and trombones. Its voice is that of heroic love: and if masses of brass instruments, in grand military symphonies, awaken the idea of a warlike troop covered with glittering armour marching to glory or death, numerous unisons of clarinets, heard at the same time, seem to represent the beloved women, the loving heroines, with their proud eyes, and deep affection, whom the sound of arms exalts; who sing while fighting, and who crown the victors, or die with the defeated. I have never been able to hear military music from afar, without being profoundly moved by that feminine quality of tone in the clarinets, and struck by images of this nature, as after the perusal of ancient epic poems. This beautiful soprano instrument, so ringing, so rich in penetrating accents, when employed in masses, — gains, as a solo, in delicacy, evanescent shadowings, and mysterious tenderness, what it loses in force and powerful brilliancy. Nothing so virginal, so pure, as the tint imparted to certain melodies by the tone of a clarinet played in the *medium* by a skilful performer.

It is the one of all the wind instruments, which can best breathe forth, swell, diminish, and die away its sound. Thence the precious faculty of producing *distance*, echo, an echo of *echo*, and a *twilight* sound. What more admirable example could I quote of the application of some of these shadowings, than the dreamy phrase of the clarinet, accompanied by a tremolo of stringed instruments, in the midst of the Allegro of the overture to *Freischütz*? Does it not depict the lonely maiden, the forester's fair betrothed, who, raising her eyes to heaven, mingles her tender lament with the noise of the dark woods agitated by the storm?—O Weber!!

Beethoven, bearing in mind the melancholy and noble character of the melody in *A major* of the immortal Andante in his 7th Symphony, and in order the better to render all that this phrase contains at the same time of passionate regret, has not failed to consign it to the medium of the clarinet. Gluck, for the ritornello of Alceste's air, "Ah, malgré moi, &c.," had at first written a flute; but perceiving, doubtless, that the quality of tone of this instrument was too weak, and lacked the nobleness necessary to the delivery of a theme imbued with so much desolation and mournful grandeur, gave it to the clarinet. It is still the clarinets which play simultaneously with the voice, that other air of Alceste replete with sorrowful resignation, "Ah, divinités implacables."

An effect of another kind results from three slow notes of the clarinets in thirds in the air of *Œdipus*, "Votre cour devient mon azile." It is after the conclusion of the theme, that Polynice, before beginning his air, turns towards the daughter of Theseus, and adds, as he looks at her, "Je connus, &c." These two clarinets in thirds, descending softly previous to the commencement of the voice part, at the moment when the two lovers interchange a tender regard, have an excellent dramatic meaning, and produce an exquisite musical result. The two instrumental voices are here an emblem of love and purity. One fancies, in listening to them, that one beholds Eryphile modestly casting down her eyes. It is admirable!

Neither Sacchini, nor Gluck, nor any of the great masters of that time availed themselves of the low notes of the instrument. I cannot guess the reason. Mozart appears to be the first who brought them into use, for accompaniments of a serious character such as that of the trio of masks, in *Don Giovanni*. It was reserved for Weber to discover all that there is of terrible in the quality of tone of these low sounds, when employed in sustaining sinister harmonies. It is better, in such a case, to write them in two parts, than to place the clarinets in unison or in octave. The more, then, that the notes of the harmony are numerous, the more striking will be the effect.

THE BASS CLARINET.

Lower still than the preceding, is an octave below the clarinet in *B \flat* ; there is another in *C*, however (an octave below the clarinet in *C*); but that in *B \flat* is much more usual. As it is always the same instrument,—constructed on larger dimensions,—as the ordinary clarinet, its compass remains much the same. Its reed is a little weaker and more covered than that of the other clarinets. The bass clarinet is evidently not destined to replace in the upper notes the high clarinets; but, certainly, to extend their compass below. Nevertheless, very beautiful effects result from doubling, in the octave below, the high notes of the *B \flat* clarinet, by a bass clarinet.

According to the manner of writing it, and the talent of the performer, this instrument may borrow that wild quality of tone which distinguishes the bass notes of the ordinary clarinet, or that calm, solemn, and sacerdotal accent belonging to certain registers of the organ. It is therefore of frequent and fine application; and moreover, if four or five be employed in unison, it gives a rich, excellent sonorosity to the orchestral basses of the wind instruments.

THE CORNO DI BASSETTO.

Would not otherwise differ from the alto clarinet in *F* (*low*) than by the little brass bell mouth which elongates its lower extremity, were it not that it has besides the faculty of descending chromatically as far as the *C*, a third below the lowest note of the clarinet.

Like those of the bass-clarinet, the low notes of the corno di bassetto are the finest and the most marked in character.

Mozart has used this fine instrument in two parts for darkening the coloring of his harmonies in his *Requiem*; and has assigned to it some important solos in his opera of *La Clemenza di Tito*.

[To be continued.]

A Protest against Bad Manners.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune.

SIR—I am a quiet, middle-aged person, with a love of music, but of late I have kept away from the Philharmonic Concerts on account of the difficulty of quietly enjoying the excellent entertainment offered there. On Saturday night, however, having heard that efforts would be made to preserve order, I went again. The crowd was great, and I was glad to see it; such concerts ought to draw together a multitude. But I am sorry to say that the behavior of the people in the vicinity of the seat where ill fortune placed me was quite indecent. A group of young men and women, dressed expensively, and, to all appearance, supposing themselves to belong to good society, persisted in chattering aloud or in noisy whispers during the performance. Every one near them was disturbed, and an indignant gentleman, who seemed to be a foreigner, angrily hissed at them once or twice, which for a moment arrested their ill behavior. What they deserved was, to be taken at once to the Police Station and punished in a way to teach them better. For one, I can't conceive of worse breeding than is manifested by a great proportion of our young New Yorkers of both sexes on such occasions. Silly, noisy, impertinent and careless of others, they are only fit to be shut up in barrels, as Carlyle recommends for such nuisances, or spanked and sent to bed. The door-keepers of places of public amusement should never allow them to enter, or there should be a sufficient police force present to make them conduct properly. The worst manners I ever suffered from I have had to endure at the Philharmonic Concerts and at the opera, from people who plume themselves on their gentility, and yet take the very time when a piece of music is being performed which everybody wants to hear, to talk and laugh in a way to disturb and provoke all within the sound of their voices. If they go to these places merely because it is fashionable, can't they at least have the decency to keep still while those who go for the music are listening to it? Your obedient servant,

AN INDIGNANT AMATEUR.

Mozart and Wagner.

From Mr. FRY's criticism in the *Tribune* on the last New York Philharmonic concert we copy the following characteristic observations:

The first piece last night was Mozart's symphony, called *Jupiter*. The dominant good sense and good taste of the composer are shown in this work. His Italian vocal studies—his melodic training in setting music to Italian metres, which every composer must do in a thousand ways to arrive at the ineffable grace of the school, and the only school of singing, whether of the voice or its mimic, the orchestra—these all are beautifully displayed in this so-called *Jupiter* symphony. To the aspirant for musical reputation as composers in this country, we would give a word of advice, as we receive in the course of the year evidences of the awakening talent in that direction. We would say, if they wish to arrive at the mode of constructing musical phrases, of making a vocal statement, whether for the singer or for a performer on an instrument, let them study the Italian school of vocality, as exhibited in the most successful writers, whether for voices or instruments. Thalberg said to us the other day: "As a beginning for playing the piano and composing, I studied Italian singing for five years." It is the want of this vocal training, and the want of a transcendental acquaintance with the manner in which Italian poetry determines the graceful, uninterrupted flow of vocal melody by reason of its syllabification, its caesural pauses, and its metrical softness, which makes the average compositions for voices and instruments so stiff and disjointed. But Mozart, trained in writing operas to Italian words, had probed this secret of melodic continuity, and possessed it in a perfection, or with an unbroken certainty and habit not found in the most original, and to us greatest purely German dramatic composer, Von Weber, and still less in the operatic work of Beethoven, *Fidelio*, or in his *Mass*. This want of lovely flowing melody is felt in the latest expression of the German school, and of its precursor, the French school, of which the great instrumentalist and orchestrator, Hector Berlioz, is the acknowledged chief. As for pooh-poohing down the claims, the aspirations, or even the short-comings of such men as Wagner, Berlioz and others, it is simply ridiculous. They are delvers and divers for pearls beneath the surface, and good comes of such daring; but they are on a wrong track, so far as they neglect the spontaneity of melody. The composer should respect his once child-like aspirations—the early times when a love-melody made him reach the empyrean of ecstasy, and find therein that one of the highest, if not the highest, element of music is the sensuous, or the erotic principle. The Greeks understood it when they made *Apollo*—the procreant sun—the god of music. Now music is to be intellectual. Mercury, the god of mathematicians as well as thieves, is enthroned as the deity. "Intellectual music," so called, is vaunted above the diamonds of melody, the heart's first gush of lyrical joy and affection. In this under-estimate of the superior claim of melody we are reminded of the fable of the fox without a tail; no composer who can make a melody refrains from doing so. The alliance of the most beautiful melody with the most romantic, unearthly, spiritual, religious, or what-not expression, is not only perfectly compatible, but gives us a special interest. Weber has proved it.

The instrumental pieces performed on Saturday evening, Mozart's Symphony and Wagner's Overture to "Faust," were in strong contrast, as representatives of the old and new schools. The new school must connect more of the beautiful with its emotional aspirations, if it wishes to be popular. People will like, for example, the smoothly fluent and continuously wrought-out slow movement of Mozart's "Jupiter" in preference to the wild unrest and calculated melodic phrases—melodies we cannot call them—of Wagner. A melody worth the name can be utterly dissociated from chords or instrumental accompaniment, and be sung and remembered; and we find nothing of the kind in the newly-imported

pieces the Philharmonic Society gives us. Hence such pieces will not please a fresh, true ear for music, though they may one which is jaded, biased, calculating. In speaking thus, we do not wish to be understood as warring against the new school, or as considering the old inimitably fine. But if musical composition take any direction in this country, it should steer clear of fanaticism for either. At present, however, there is no danger of any polemical war on the subject such as has raged in Germany; for we will do our public the justice to say, that they are absolutely indifferent to all artistic discussion of this kind.

The New Organ in the Minster at Ulm.

(Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.)

The long-desired moment when the organ in the Minster should be completed, has arrived. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, the celebrated organ-builder, delivered it into the hands of the authorities of the *Kirchenstiftung* for trial, and on the 12th of October it was solemnly consecrated. This organ, one of the largest ever built, boasted of a long history before it was even completed. Walcker's first plan and estimate date as far back as the year 1838. About the end of 1845, he prepared a third plan for 80 registers, the price of which he calculated at 23,000 florins. In the beginning of 1846, he sent in his fourth scheme, with 94 registers, at an estimated cost of 28,000 florins; this was adopted, but the deliberations concerning the location of the instrument lasted so long, that it was not until the 30th November, 1848, that a definite resolution was adopted, and the agreement with Walcker finally signed, on the 11th January, 1849. The period between the 22nd January and the 17th March, 1849, was employed in removing the old organ, with its sub-structure, the foundation of the new superstructure being commenced on the 26th August, 1850. In the Month of May, 1854, Walcker was enabled to begin the erection of the new organ, and in September, 1856, it was finished; it took, consequently, two years and four months to erect it, while from the signing of the contract to the completion of the organ seven years and nine months elapsed. The instrument has four manuals and two pedals, in all ninety-four sounding voices, with 6,286 pipes, eighteen pairs of bellows, &c. All the technical improvements calculated to raise the work to the highest excellence in organ building have been introduced; and, which is the principal feature, the endless and rich variety of voices and keys is united to such purity and beauty, that the builder has really raised himself, in this work, a lasting monument. On the 13th October, a concert of organ music was given to inaugurate the instrument. In obedience to the public invitation of the consistory, several hundred people streamed in from the adjacent country, and even from the most remote districts, to hear the organ. All were on the tiptoe of expectation, but few were satisfied. We will not take into consideration temporary drawbacks, but there is in the organ itself one defect, which was first noticed by the assembled crowd, and which is attended with irremediable disadvantages. Its position was, from the moment of its selection, condemned in an architectural point of view, but was defended on acoustic reasons; but it is now evident that the latter are false. The organ can only be seen jammed in between the pillars of the tower, and being covered by the profile projection of the large arch between the space under the tower and the middle aisle, is not exhibited at any one point as a whole. Its sound is also considerably obstructed and thrown back by the res-sault of the arch, for acoustic and catophonic laws are, in this instance, nearly allied. In addition to this, the masses of finer tones, which are situated behind the foremost large pipes, cannot be developed to their full value for the ear of the persons listening below in the church, or be fully appreciated: they are weighed down by the objects around them. These disadvantages, inseparable from the position and arrangements of the organ, and which the builder, by the raising of the eighty registers as at first projected, to nine-

ty-four, himself admitted and endeavored partially to obviate, it was his duty, by the choice of some other site, to avoid. It remains a matter of doubt whether his work, in other respects so artistic, does not, in its present position, suffer so much from the currents of air and the temperature, that a considerable portion of the expenses incurred will be thrown away.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 13.—At the suggestion of certain persons, a few of our best amateurs gave a concert at the North Church for the benefit of the funds of that society. The programme comprised selections from Haydn's third Mass, "Stabat Mater," "Moses in Egypt," and sundry light operas. For the benefit of the audience and the singers, a stage was built in front of the pulpit.

The concert opened with an organ voluntary by Mr. FITZHUGH, director. It was rather rough in execution, having none of those delicate shadings which an organ under skilful hands can give to any extempore performance. For loud organ playing a fugue is more to be preferred than a piano-forte fantasia, executed with all the registers and couplers drawn!

The principal solos were taken by Miss HELEN PENNIMANN and Mrs. WELLS; they were charmingly sung, and showed the culture and taste of both performers. The choruses were not quite in time, those from the third Mass in particular. A few more rehearsals would have benefited them.

A duet on themes from *Belshazzar*, for two pianos, performed by Mr. Fitzhugh and sister, was an excellent affair, though we do not think that the selection was at all appropriate to the sanctity of the place over which they were played.

The concert was a success; some \$300 or more were raised. The church was well filled with a delighted audience, though my friend Jones remarked, as we were returning to our lodgings, that "some of the old fogies stayed away because they thought if the singers began to desecrate the pulpit with operatic performances without a rebuke from them, the purity of the place would soon be gone."

It is a fact that, though advertised to be a sacred concert, all the solos were from light operas, such as *La Favorita*, etc. Not a single gem from the "Messiah," "Creation," or "Elijah."

In my last I promised to give you some account of the doings of the musical portion of our citizens. We have a very flourishing society, bearing the name of "Springfield Musical Institute." Mr. EDWARD INGERSOLL, President, T. G. SHAW musical director and leader, ALBERT ALLIN, pianist. The society contemplates giving a concert very soon. It has in active rehearsal such choruses as "The heavens are telling," "Glory to God," (Messiah) etc. and under the admirable leadership of Mr. Shaw is making rapid progress. The old "Philharmonic" orchestra disbanded some months ago, on account of reasons best known to themselves; a few of them, however, still rehearse together, and will furnish instrumental accompaniment to some of the choruses at the concert of the Institute. More anon.

AD LIBITUM.

HARTFORD, Jan. 10.—It is not unfrequently complained that the American people have very little musical taste and appreciation as compared with those of other lands; but it is a consolation that they are all the while rapidly progressing in their love for the beautiful art.

In this thrifty little city we have had of late substantial evidence of this in the erection of two fine organs, concerning which I propose to give you a short sketch. The first has just been erected, in and for the Pearl Street Church, of this city, by Henry

Erben, of New York. The instrument has 3 manuals, each extending from CC to G², and also 27 pedal keys, and registers some 50 stops. The swell organ extends through its entire manual. This instrument has been pronounced by musicians in New York, familiar with Mr. Erben's organs to be superior to anything he has before produced. It was admirably exhibited by Wm. A. King on its erection.

A much greater curiosity than this, however, is the immense parlor organ recently erected for Mr. J. C. Cady, of this place, by Richard M. Ferris & Co., of New York. It is the largest parlor organ ever owned or built in this country, and has two manuals of five complete octaves each, from CC to C⁴ in the altissimo, 27 pedal keys, and registers thirty stops, as follows:

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| <p><i>Great Organ.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Open Diapason. 2. Viol d' Amour. 3. Melodia. 4. Stop Diapason, Bass. 5. Stop Diapason, Ten. 6. Principal. 7. Rohr Flute. 8. Twelfth. 9. Fifteenth. 10. Clarinet. 11. Bassoon. 12. Trumpet. <p><i>Swell Organ.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 13. Bourdon. 14. Open Diapason. 15. Stopped Diapason. 16. Dulciana. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 17. Violiana. 18. Fifteenth. 19. Cornet. 20. Hautboy. <p><i>Swell Bass.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 21. Bourdon—16 ft. 22. Dulciana—metal 8 ft. <p><i>Pedals.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 23. Sub-bass—16 ft. <p><i>Couplers, &c.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 24. Great and Swell. 25. Great and Swell 8va. 26. Pedals and Great. 27. Pedals and Swell. 28. Pedals at octaves. 29. Pedal Check. 30. Tremula. |
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The swell box includes the pipes connected with the upper manual from tenor C upwards.

The stops of this instrument are charmingly voiced, many of them exceeding in delicacy anything of the kind I have ever heard; and what is noticeable, every stop is remarkably characteristic, evincing excellent taste and judgment. The various stops are also so finely balanced that the listener does not hear one part above and distinguished from the rest, but all blend together, forming one full, rich, resonant, and compact body of sound. The mechanism of the instrument is of, as choice material and workmanship as the finest piano-forte; the action works easily and perfectly noiselessly. This organ cost about \$2,500, and nobody doubts but that Mr. Cady has received the full value of his money. It certainly must be a very pleasure-yielding investment.

Yours, &c.,

DIAPASON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The second PHILHARMONIC Concert, on Saturday last, was full as crowded as the first. In fact, almost immediately after the doors were opened; the house presented quite a respectable appearance. The orchestral pieces were MOZART'S C major Symphony, WAGNER'S Overture to "Faust," and another by SCHINDLERMEISSER, to Gutzkow's drama of "Uriel Acosta." The "Jupiter" Symphony was exceedingly well performed, and seemed more beautiful than ever to me on this occasion, from the preparatory study of it which I had enjoyed at the rehearsals and the piano. I never before thoroughly understood or appreciated either the Andante or the Finale (that masterpiece of fuguing,) in all their parts.

You have yourself spared me the task of saying anything to characterize the "Faust" Overture by your analysis of it in your last number. Yet my opinion differs slightly from yours, inasmuch as I do not yet know exactly what to make of this work of "The Future," and can hardly tell whether I like it or not, in spite of having heard it more frequently than you. The three first hearings, however, can hardly be counted, for the composition is so immensely difficult, that it was most tantalizingly broken up at all but the last rehearsal. One could recognize Wagner throughout in those upward flights of the violins, the peculiar modulations and strange, startling harmonies, and now and then a snatch of melody was very beautiful; but the impression I have received is still too disconnected to be very

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 17, 1857.

M. Thalberg's Concerts.

The second concert (Thursday evening, Jan. 8) was about as fully attended as the first. It seems at first a strange sight to see two or three thousand people gathered for a piano-forte concert. Celebrity and novelty still carry the day, reversing the intrinsic order; Thalberg fills the Music Hall, while orchestra and symphony shrink to the measure of the Melodeon. We do not complain, for it is worth one's while to witness for once the best of its kind. And Thalberg, if we mistake not, has given us all a new idea of possible perfection in executive art, besides enabling us to judge fairly and allow full weight to a certain brilliant, ornamental school of composition, which has occupied a large share of public attention since he called it into being, and set all the young pianists on a chase after its Jack-o'-lantern glory.

Mr. Thalberg's selections this time, as before, were chiefly in his own peculiar form of music—the Fantasia on operatic themes, and enabled us to appreciate more closely this his speciality as a composer. Thalberg is emphatically a pianist. His music is the joint product of the piano and of Thalberg. To his pianism, his playing, as the perfection of executive art, we confined ourselves almost exclusively in our notice of the first concert. Now a few words of the way in which his instrument and he have as it were grown up and developed naturally and together; that is to say, of his compositions, by which is to be understood first of all his operatic Fantasias. We fancy to ourselves the first germ of his art in the boy's love of the tones of the piano. We fancy in him, too, a natural sense of beauty in the sphere of sound, of euphony, as well as of symmetry and elegance of form, fine appreciation of accent, &c.; in short, all that leads one to cultivate and refine upon the purely sensuous charm of music. Add, too, an Italian's love of melody, more, however, for the grace than for the passion thereof. He lays his ear closely, fondly to his instrument, this cabinet of hidden tones; he woos its keys with gentle or fierce touch, and draws from it and builds out from it all that it can do towards illustrating with utmost euphony and utmost wealth and brilliancy of ornament, such musical themes—say melodies—as impress themselves most strongly on his own musical temperament and please the general ear. For so far as he has a theory, it is that the aim of music is to *please*; one scarcely fancies his young soul as big with swelling thoughts and aspirations, like a young Beethoven, which must find utterance through or in spite of the best instrument that comes to hand. To make a music which should illustrate the possibilities of the piano, in a way to strike and astonish, but above all to please the general ear of music lovers, was the end for which he wrought. To weave into a beautiful, symmetrical, extraordinary arabesque of tone all the melodic passages and figures, the Aurora Borealis flame-gauze arpeggios, the wide-spread harmonies, the almost orchestrally broad combinations, the wind-like sweeps and swells, the rushing, surging basses, and Æolian tremolos, which he had reduced in detail

to such certainty of precise manipulation; to construct all these technical feats into a pleasing and connected artistic whole, as dancers weave their *pas* into some Ballet of more or less poetic significance: this seems to have been the end and motive of the operatic Fantasias.

Now this is a very different genesis, a very different method from that whereby the master-works of musical genius have commonly been created. It is not in fact the method of inspired creative genius. It is not the method of a soul teeming with inspired musical ideas, which it proceeds with devout earnest, and yet with a young Bacchus joy to develop from within, by their intrinsic logic and the grace of sympathizing gods, until the necessity for utterance is satisfied in a complete, vital, glowing work of Art. How different this Fantasia from a Sonata or Symphony, or even from the freer tone-poems of a Chopin! How different from all the forms that had been held classic! (And yet it is not so much the form as it is the inspiration, that makes a work classic; though inspiration necessarily leaves organic beauties as the record of its visit, and hence *classical forms*, imitated afterwards without inspiration.) They are essentially *virtuoso* compositions—music written for the player and his instrument. The nearest stepping-stone afforded to it in the old classical forms was in the Concerto, in which the display of the performer was made an end, as well as the expression of a thought. We shall see below how Thalberg himself has marked and signalized this stepping-stone in his performance of a Beethoven Concerto.

Enough here to point out this difference. And now let us own that, after hearing Thalberg himself play them, these Fantasias do seem to us a much more genuine thing than formerly; under his hands they justify themselves. Perhaps it would be not far from the truth to say that they are "compositions" in somewhat the same sense that we speak of ornamental compositions in the arts of pictorial design. These luxuriate in a certain freedom of technical execution, yet preserve a unity and symmetry throughout; and while their end is ornament, they yet admit of almost unlimited richness, variety and beauty of invention. They may show feeling, soul withal; though sense of beauty and ingenious calculation are the main ingredients. Always a subordinate branch of Art, compared with a great painting, statue, or architectural monument, but yet legitimately Art. So the Thalberg Fantasia in music. The arabesque designer chooses a figure to work up and multiply and vary through infinity of changes. So the pianist takes a well known theme, a melody, for principal figure and subject in his complex musical pattern. He preludes to it by cunning and insensible approaches, charming the ear by what seems a delicate *impromptu* of his own, in which he hints ever and anon the coming theme, catches the shine of its coming afar off, sports with the piano (as if for the satisfaction of the fingers,) and with the latent theme at the same time, or lets the fingers run awhile their own way, knowing how to recall them gracefully and aptly as the business approaches. Then comes the theme, a vocal melody perhaps from *Norma* or *Lucia*, or sometimes a concerted movement, a whole scene. The voice (or voices) sings itself firmly, clearly and connectedly in the

firm and deep. I hardly think this work will ever be as popular as the *Tannhäuser* overture. Schindeldeisser's musical preface to "Uriel Acosta" is very finely instrumented and full of pleasing melodies, but without great depth. Did space admit of it, I would send you the synopsis of it which was distributed with the programmes; yet, unless you were to hear the music, it would hardly interest you. Mme. JOHANSEN, (or SCHREIER-JOHANSEN, as she now calls herself, having got married since her arrival in this country) sang the "*Non più di fiore*," from Mozart's *Titus*, an exquisite thing, and a bravura aria by Pacini, in which latter she was encored. This lady has a very fine, sympathetic voice; and though I cannot exactly admire her school, I think her the best German opera singer we have ever had here. The remaining two numbers presented the name of Mr. GOTTSCHALK. He first played a movement of HENSEL's grand Concerto in F minor for piano and orchestra—an extremely difficult, but not proportionately pleasing *cheval de bataille* for his instrument. Its effect was, however, spoilt by the orchestra playing too loudly for the piano, and Mr. Gottschalk not loudly enough for the house. His second piece was one of his inevitable own compositions, a "*Morceau de Concert*," on themes from *Il Trovatore*, for two pianos, in which he was most ably sustained by a young brother pianist, Mr. EMILE GUXON, who has just entered upon our musical world, and whose very unassuming demeanor must have won him the favorable notice of many listeners. Gottschalk played with wonderful execution, as he always does. Whenever I hear him I regret anew that such high powers should be thrown away upon the music (music indeed!) to which he almost entirely confines himself. — t —

BALTIMORE, Jan. 12.—Prof. ALLEN's Soirée, the third in order, came off last Monday week, and the following is the programme:

PART I.

1. Overture, "Figaro,".....Mozart
2. Solo Alto: Horn Obligato,.....Rigoletti
3. Piano Solo: { a. "Danse des Sylphes," Godfroid.
b. Etude in A minor,.....Thalberg.
4. Basso Solo: "I praise," &c., and chorus, St. Paul,.....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

1. Quintet, Part 1st,.....Mendelssohn.
2. Quartet,.....Rigoletti.
3. Quintet, Part 3rd,.....Mendelssohn.
4. Alma Virgo; Solo and Chorus,.....Hummel.

I have learned that the "tinsel clink of compliment" is light coin to those most deserving of it, and therefore I avoid bestowing praise where it is so justly due, the more readily, as the affair is considered rather "private and confidential," and the performers, being mostly amateurs, have the good taste to value music more than praise. I assure you it is truly refreshing to meet such a company of devoted, conscientious musicians; and, *confidentially*, their performance would do honor to those of more pretensions.

There was much good music in the churches here on Christmas day, which I was prevented from hearing. At the Cathedral BEETHOVEN's Mass in C was sung with full orchestra.

PARODI and her company appeared at the Assembly Rooms Friday evening; quite a thin and cool audience welcomed them. One must forgo seeing to in any degree enjoy Parodi's singing; her grimaces are frightful. TIBERINI was well received; he looked the sentimental and ogled the girls disgustingly. Little PAUL (though in long coat) continues to delight all with his magical tones.

I hear rumors of an Italian Opera in Baltimore—LAGRANGE, &c. 'Tis most too good to be true, though Baltimore is good game, and a few representations at a high figure pay well. TRUMPET.

middle of the instrument (the thumbs taking much of this duty on themselves), while the harmonic foundation is laid out broadly below, and the other fingers of the right hand are free to weave in and over all a web of delicate and flowery embellishments. Then come variations and transformations, and new forms of illustration and embellishment; perhaps also some more illustrations out of the same opera; and then one of these themes is made the ornament and covering to another, which takes turn as principal. The whole grows onward with a remarkable unity and symmetry; there are splendid climaxes of gathering force, great basses rolling up and breaking in bright treble showers of diamonds, &c., and broad harmonies spread out underneath to lift all up and make what is delicate seem all the airier, and so forth, and so forth:—why describe what is so familiar to our readers! What strikes you in these compositions of Thalberg, apart from the playing, is first a certain winning grace and delicacy in the preluding and connecting parts, in which he discloses a vein of his own, a something that is peculiarly Thalberg, an atmosphere breathed over all from his own mind, and which you recognize again in those smaller works of his which are more purely his own compositions, like his *Andante*, his *Etudes*, &c. Secondly the distinctness and expressive personality with which the theme stands out the whole time,* wearing the dress for fuller self-assertion, and not obscured or smothered in it, or made ludicrous. Thirdly, the grace and splendor of the ornamentation. Then the all-pervading taste and sense of fitness everywhere, making beauty paramount and miracle subordinate, though clearly present. And finally the symmetry, the architectural balance and completeness of the whole work. This is what it is, and what we are compelled to enjoy in it, without asking ourselves what it is not, and whether it can satisfy the passion for undying beauty that torments deep natures. Go to Beethoven for that. Accept this in its way—until you shall grow tired of it.

Mr. Thalberg's Fantasias, however, are not equal in point of unity. This time he played his "Sonnambula," his "Don Giovanni," and his "Lucrezia Borgia." The first was a charming abstract of the spirit of Bellini's opera. The second was wonderful for the treatment of the selected themes, the Minuet and the Serenade, the latter of which was given with the accompanying orchestral melody, and a wealth of illustrating, recalling all that passes on the stage, while each part keeps itself marvellously distinct and sets the other in a clearer light. It was the perfection of clear statement. But the long introductory portion of the Fantasia was not at all in the Don Juan vein; we should sooner have expected a theme from Weber's "Oberon" after it. The "Lucrezia Borgia" is one of his grandest, working up the well-known Trio with a superb climax.

But more than with the Fantasias, were we charmed with Thalberg's *Tarantella*, the marvellous rapidity, delicacy and delirious ecstasy of which, as he plays it, surpassed all the *Tarantellas* we have heard. Will he not some night let us hear some of his *Nocturnes* and *Etudes*; and especially his *Andante* (just published by

Russell and Richardson), or his *Andante Tremolo*—compositions to which we owe a partiality. There is a certain grace and flavor to these little things of Thalberg's own, which, though not indicating a great creative genius, yet place him amongst the minor poets of the piano.

We must say a few words of the singing at this concert. Mme. D'ANGRI confirmed the impression of her exceedingly rich and powerful contralto, and of her rare execution as a genuine Rossini singer. Her middle voice is certainly one of the most beautiful we ever heard. The very low tones gain in roundness as we hear her, but we are not partial to them. The high notes sound hard and common. Her greatest triumph was again in *Non più mesta*. In the duet from "The Barber," her first tones: *Dunque io sono*, &c., were delicious, and the whole was charmingly sung and acted. Sig. MORELLI too supplied the Figaro with fine tact and effect. D'Angri sang also an air from "Betly," and the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia*; the latter in a dashing and voluptuous style, which stirred up most listeners, but not with that truth to the melody or fine poetic fervor which we could desire, if we desired anything just now of so hacknied an affair.

THIRD CONCERT (Saturday evening, Jan. 10.) There was no question this time, as there was the previous Saturday, between THALBERG and BEETHOVEN; for we had them both united. The mountain came to Mahomet; Mr. ZERRAHN and all his orchestra to the great pianist, helping him to bring out one of Beethoven's Concertos, besides contributing of their best stores purely orchestral. And they seemed inspired to do their best. All did their best; the programme was uncommonly good, the Music Hall crowded, the audience enthusiastic (far more than at the first two concerts), and altogether there was left the impression of a most delightful concert. We must record the programme:

- PART I.
1. Overture: Der Freyschütz,.....Weber
Orchestra of the Philharmonic Concerts.
 2. Aria: Semiramis,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri.
 3. Concerto in C minor,.....Beethoven
S. Thalberg.
 4. "Batti, Batti," Don Giovanni,.....Mozart
Mme. D'Angri.
 5. Andante of Fourth Symphony,.....Beethoven
- PART II.
6. Overture: William Tell,.....Rossini
 7. Voi che sapete, Marriage of Figaro,.....Mozart
Mme. D'Angri.
 8. Fantasia: Prayer of Moses,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.
 9. Rondo: Cenerentola,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri.
 10. Fantasia: Masaniello,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.
 11. March: Le Prophète,.....Meyerbeer

The orchestra sounded better in the Music Hall than in the Melodeon, the sounds being better fused and softened, without loss of resonance or freshness. And yet, as before, one felt the need of more seconds and violas to offset the powerful first violins. (Of course a much larger orchestra every way is still the desideratum with us.) The overtures were finely played; the finale to the "William Tell" with rare precision and brilliancy, which of course warmed the multitude to an encore. The Andante to the Fourth Symphony, too, fully renewed its delightful impression of beauty and of tenderest, deepest feeling. It was played better than before. But the memorable feature of the concert was the Beethoven Concerto, played right under the statue of the composer, by one of the world's two first

pianists, and with full orchestral accompaniments. And yet it was a cruel disappointment to be cut short with only the *first movement* of the Concerto in C minor, after the whole had been announced, and after that first movement had proved so wondrously beautiful, that it was hard to tear oneself from the enjoyment of so pure a work of Art, especially as such a chance of perfect interpretation on the pianist's part might never come again. But Thalberg's execution was a miracle of perfection. The orchestra seemed to feel that it must be, and that it must not be spoiled, to judge by the unity and delicacy with which they played the long introduction, and the accompaniment throughout. And what a masterpiece the composition is! To say nothing of its ideas and spirit, worthy of Beethoven, how admirably the instruments are made to lead and blend into the sounds of the piano, what exquisite contrasts and minglings of strings and reeds! Thalberg played it not only with the utmost precision, force and clearness, but with the finest light and shade, bringing out with exquisite feeling and accent all those little melodic phrases which in Beethoven's music melt out of the tone mass, like passing smiles of a celestial meaning and beauty which ever and anon light up a grand and earnest face. The ease with which it was done, too, showed to what excellent account this new power of pianism may be turned in qualifying the player for expressive interpretation of the master compositions. But what held the audience in breathless delight for some minutes was the long and elaborate cadence introduced by Thalberg at the orchestral pause near the end. It was marvellously ingenious and beautiful, an abstract, in fact, of the entire movement, as if it had caught its own image in miniature in a distant mirror. Right knowingly had the pianist seized upon this transition point between the old school and the new, between music as music, and music as illustration, and shown his best art where he had the noblest subject. Now one could not but ask why, interesting as it is in those Fantasias above discussed, this wonderful pianism does not see for itself a higher and more glorious calling in subordinating itself more frequently and as a chief duty to the unfolding of the beauties of inspired works like those of Beethoven. For, although the Sonatas, Concertos, &c., present comparatively fewer difficulties to the fingers than the modern music, yet there is no possible perfection of skill in execution which would be thrown away in the rendering of them. Can the simplest lines of Shakespeare find too great an actor? Certainly it was clearly settled that evening that Thalberg can appreciate and can play Beethoven.

For Fantasias this time he gave us two of his very best; the "Prayer from Moses" and the "Masaniello." The former we have always thought about the first of his works in this kind. There is perfect unity of spirit and of structure throughout. It grows and builds itself up symmetrically, and does not descend to the patchwork character which may be charged on some of these pieces. The opening is in the most delicate, fresh vein of Thalberg, clear as crystal, leading you on from one happy surprise to another, through the light dance themes of the opera, till the harmony broadens and the Prayer follows as of necessity, and is amplified into majestic proportions. We had always felt its power, but found that we did not half realize it until we had heard him play it

* Read the preface to his *L'Art du Chant Appliqué au Piano*, published by O. Ditson & Co.

Mme. D'ANGRI's selections were excellent. The two from Rossini, being in her own peculiar school, exhibited both voice and execution to the best advantage. Between the two from Mozart there was great difference in the rendering. *Batti, batti* suffered; an orchestral accompaniment, to no song more essential, would perhaps have imparted more of its true spirit to the singer. And there stood the orchestra: why were they not used? But *Voi che sapete* was most beautifully sung, in pure, sustained *cantabile* style, and in her best voice. With these tones the delicious melody sounded as it ought to sound. All wished to hear it repeated, and it did a violence to the pure feeling generally excited to have the demand answered by so incongruous a thing as the *Lucrezia Drinking Song*.

FOURTH CONCERT, (Tuesday evening). Another Concerto (i. e. a first movement) of Beethoven: that in E♭. As a composition it warmed us even more than the C minor. The quaint conciseness and boldness of the leading theme, the joyous, elated young Bacchus tread and rhythm of the whole thing, approaching once the ecstasy of the Ninth Symphony, were such as Beethoven only has expressed. Mr. Thalberg played it in the same chaste classical style as the other; only perhaps a little less carefully; and there was no marvellous cadenza to astound the general audience. The orchestra had shrunk to a thin shadow—only two first violins—the effect of sickness and other accidents. Of course this lent a chill to it. The other orchestral selections were accordingly inferior; the weak humdrum overture to *Martha*, another empty one by Kalliwoda, and an "Alexander March." Thalberg played his *Semiramide Fantasia*, chiefly founded on the ghost scene, his *Lucia Finale* and *Serenade from Don Pasquale* and his most sparkling *Elisir d'Amore*. D'ANGRI executed "Variations di Bravura," written for her by Rossini, very admirably; also an Aria from Mercadante's *Saffo*, another from *L'Italiana in Algieri*, and a Cavatina from Donizetti's "Romeo and Juliet." MORELLI made a great hit with Rossini's *Tarantella*, and sang *Amor funesto* in his uniformly artistic manner. His voice seemed somewhat hard, but resonant and telling.

[The following came too late to take its place under "Correspondence"; as it is, a portion of the letter has to be deferred.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 14. Last Tuesday week, Mr. APTOMMAS gave the second of his Harp Soirées at Dodworth's saloon, assisted by Madame SPACZEK, a lady pianist, and by the MOLLENHAUER brothers. Mme. Von BERKEL, from the German Opera Company, had promised to sing, but failing to be present, Mr. OTTO FEDER, volunteered his services, and gave a couple of songs. The feature of the evening was the attempt of Mr. Aptommas to play classical music upon the harp, an instrument wholly incapable of taking the place of a piano-forte. The trio selected was one by ONGLOW; and though Mr. Aptommas played with great skill and correctness, yet the Trio fell rather heavily upon the audience. But in its own peculiar province the harp is most delicious to listen to, and in such pieces as GOTTSCHALK's *Marche de Nuit*, and in familiar melodies, with their variations, I know of no instrument that, under the hands of a master, discourses sweeter music. There is an indescribable dreaminess about it, a perfect enjoyability, that to my ear no other instrument possesses. Perhaps one reason why the harp is such an agreeable instrument is, that it is

the most graceful of any to perform on, and is connected with so many romantic associations. Old Ossian, with his streaming white hair floating upon the wind, sang the song of other days, while his trembling fingers wandered along the chords of his rude harp. King David, when his pious heart broke out into song, cried out, "Awake thou, my lute and harp," and praised the Lord "upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the harp." In our fancies of the other world we see angels with golden harps in their hands, and the idea is beautiful indeed. But how different the effect were any other instrument introduced into the celestial regions! Imagine, for instance, a cherub playing on the violin, a seraph piercing the air with the tones of a flageolet, angels puffing away at ophicleides and French horns, while St. Cecilia is sitting on an adjacent cloud, thrumming on one of Erard's "Grands"!

GOTTSCHALK, who has for some time past been making farewell appearances, previous to departures for Europe, and who, like PAUL JULIEN, seems determined never to leave the country, gave another grand concert *d'adieu* last evening, and announces another one in Brooklyn in a few days. Herr GOLDBECK, the young pianist, whom I have previously mentioned, intends giving a series of piano-forte recitals at the residence of a gentleman in 23d street. Though given at a private house, these matinées will be accessible to the public, the price of subscription to the three concerts being two dollars. Mr. Goldbeck will be assisted by Mme. JOHANNSEN and Mr. DOEBLER, a violinist connected with the English Opera orchestra.

Mr. EMILE GUYON, a pianist and pupil of THALBERG, is rash enough to announce a concert for Saturday evening.

The German Opera Company are in trouble, the prima donna, Mme. JOHANNSEN, not having appeared for several evenings. An indifferent substitute has been found in the person of Miss CRONFELD, a young lady, with a voice of limited power and cultivation. LORTZING's comic opera, *Czar and Zimmerman*, has been produced with this lady in the chief role.

An inexcusable blunder of mine, in my last letter, in which I failed to render unto Spohr the things that are Spohr's, has excited the just and awful indignation of my worthy colleague, Mr. — t —, the Typographical Sphinx. Perhaps he may remember, in the opera of *Trovatore*, where the Count de Luna hears the serenade of the Troubadour, and overcome with inexpressible fear, cries out: "*Io tremo*": so when I see Mr. Typographical Sphinx amiably exhorting me in his New York letter, "*Io tremo*," and I wring my hands, beat my breast, tear my hair, put sackcloth and ashes on my head, and have scarcely enough strength left to sign myself, a la Micawber.]

"The Remains of a Fallen Tower,"

TROVATORE.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first of the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts (the joint enterprise of the members of the orchestra, with CARL ZERRAHN for leader) drew a large audience to the Music Hall, and passed off successfully. The programme ministered to the refined and to the simple appetite in happy proportions. For the former, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and the overture to "Oberon" were a rich allowance. The lighter pieces were quite good in their way. The performance was worthy of the orchestra, which numbered very nearly all who play in the Philharmonic Concerts. A novelty was the first public performance of Master CARLYLE PETERSILMA, a young pianist of about twelve years. He played with orchestra Hummel's difficult *Rondo Brillant* in a way that vouched for diligent practice. It was very well played, for a boy; but whether it was well that the boy should play, is another question.

Rare genius (and what so rare!) may justify it sometimes, but as a rule it is better for the boy, the art, the public, and for all concerned, that he be not stirred up to much haste about self exhibition.

Musical Chat-Chat.

To-morrow evening Mr. THALBERG and his artists, with Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra, and the Handel and Haydn Society, give us "Mozart's Requiem," in the Music Hall. We have never had this great work adequately done here, and only once or twice, a long time since, attempted. It will be the musical event of the season. Mme. D'ANGRI takes the contralto solos, Mrs. LONG the soprano, (Mme. DE WILHORST having joined the Strakosch opera in New York,) Mr. ARTHURSON the tenor, and Sig. MORELLI the bass. In the second part Thalberg will play his "Prayer of Moses," and other pieces, and also for this time only on the *Orgue Alexandre*, besides vocal selections. This is Mr. Thalberg's last performance in Boston, as he proceeds at once to Hartford, New Haven, Troy and Albany.... This evening the "ORPHEUS" Glee Club, composed of Germans, who have long enjoyed weekly practice under the lead of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN, give the first of three subscription concerts at Mercantile Hall. The Club will sing some of the best part-songs by Mendelssohn, Lenz, Maurer, &c., and the chorus: *O Isis and Osiris*, from the "Magic Flute." Miss LUCY A. DOANE will sing: *Thou that killest the prophets*, from "St. Paul." Mozart's *Vedrai carino*, and with Mr. Kreissmann a duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; and there will be sung a "Nightingale Duet" by tenor and bass. Mr. SCHULTZE contributes a violin solo, and Mr. LEONHARD, the pianist, a "Song without Words" by Mendelssohn, and a *Polonaise* by Chopin. Truly a beautiful programme.

Mr. SATTER, it will be seen, offers an inviting programme, and a novel one, for his second Soirée next Wednesday evening. WILLIAM MASON will assist him. A Piano Trio founded upon Byron's "Sardanapalus" must at least pique curiosity, and Liszt's two-piano "Preludes" are reputed among his best works.... The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, having been absorbed into Thalberg's orchestra last Tuesday night, postpone the concert of that evening until Tuesday after next.... CARL ZERRAHN's second Philharmonic will come off next Saturday evening. The Programme will include Beethoven's Second Symphony (in D), Berlioz's overture, *Le Carnaval Romain* (first time), Andante from Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," a Romanza for French Horn, overture to *Zampa*, and more, of which we are not yet informed.... Do not forget the Wednesday Afternoon Concert at the Music Hall.

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Music Hall, Sunday, Jan. 18th.

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NOTICE.

THE members of the ORPHEUS Glee Club respectfully inform their friends and subscribers, that their FIRST Concert of the Series of Three, will take place at

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PROGRAMME.

1.—Sonata: (A flat) op. 28,.....Beethoven.
Gustave Satter.

2.—Grand Trio: (B flat),.....Satter.
1. Allegro molto—2. Romance—3. Scherzo—4. Finale.
Messrs. Schultze, Jungnickel and Satter.

3.—Scene and Air: "Freischütz,".....Weber.
Miss Emma Davis.

4.—Les Preludes: Poésie Symphonique, (for two pianos,) Liszt.
Messrs. Mason and Satter.

Both Satter's Trio and Liszt's Preludes are performed on this occasion for the first time.

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(Continued from page 123.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Changed from Hæroa Bæroa.)

THE FLUTE.

The sound of this instrument is sweet in the medium, rather piercing in the high notes, and very characteristic in the low ones. The quality of tone of the medium, and of that of the high portion, has not a very special or decided expression. They may be employed in melodies, or accents of varied character; but without equalling either the artless gaiety of the hautboy, or the noble tenderness of the clarinet. It should seem then, that the flute is an instrument well-nigh devoid of expression, which may be introduced anywhere and everywhere, on account of its facility in executing groups of rapid notes, and in sustaining high sounds useful in the orchestra for adding fullness to the upper harmonies. Generally speaking, this is true; nevertheless, on studying the instrument carefully, there may be discovered an expression peculiar to it, and an aptitude for rendering certain sentiments, in which no other instrument can compete with it. If, for instance, it were requisite to give to a sad air an accent of desolation, but of humility and resignation at the same time, the feeble sounds of the flute's medium, in the keys of *C* minor and *D* minor especially, would certainly produce the desired effect. One master only seems to me to have known how to avail himself of this pale coloring; and he is Gluck. On listening to the melodramatic movement in *D* minor which he has placed in the Elysian fields scene of *Orfeo*, it will be at once seen that a flute only could fittingly be made to utter this melody. A hautboy would have been too puerile, and its voice would not have seemed sufficiently pure; the corno inglese is too low; a clarinet would doubtless have answered better; but certain sounds would have been too powerful—none of its softest notes could have reduced themselves to the feeble, faint, veiled sound of the *F* natural of the medium, and of the first *B \flat* above the lines, which imparts so much sadness to the flute in this key of *D* minor, where these

notes frequently occur. In short, neither the violin, the viola, nor the violoncello used in solo or in masses, would serve to express this very sublime lament of a suffering and despairing departed spirit; it required precisely the instrument selected by the author. And Gluck's melody is conceived in such a way that the flute lends itself to all the uneasy writhings of this eternal grief, still imbued with the passions of earthly life. It is at first a voice scarcely audible, which seems to fear being overheard; then it laments softly, rising into the accent of reproach, then into that of profound woe, the cry of a heart torn by incurable wounds, falling little by little into complaint, regret, and the sorrowing murmur of a resigned soul. What a poet!

An effect remarkable for its sweetness, is that of two flutes playing in the medium successions of thirds in *E \flat* or in *A \flat* —both keys extremely favorable to the velvet sounds of this instrument. Beautiful examples of this are to be found in the chorus of Priests in the first act of *Edipus*: "*O vous, que l'innocence mème,*" and in the cavatina of the duet in the *Vestale*: "*Les Dieux prendront pitié.*" The notes, *B \flat* , *A \flat* , *G*, *F*, and *E \flat* , in flutes have, thus grouped, something of the sonorousness of the harmonica. Birds of hautboys, corni inglesi, or clarinets, do not resemble them.

The low sounds of the flute are seldom or else ill employed by the majority of composers. Weber, in numerous passages of the *Freischütz*, and, before him, Gluck, in the religious march of *Alceste*, have nevertheless shown what may be done with it in harmonies imbued with sonorousness and thought. These bass notes,—as I have already said,—mingle admirably with the low sounds of corni inglesi and clarinets; they give the softened shade of a dark coloring.

Another instance of this, occurs in the example quoted from Weber's *Freischütz* (page 35). There is something ineffably dreamy in these low holding notes of the two flutes, during the melancholy prayer of Agatha, as she contemplates the summits of the trees, silvered by the rays of the night planet.

In general, the modern masters keep their flutes too constantly in the high range; they seem afraid that these instruments shall not be sufficiently distinguished amidst the mass of the orchestra. It hence results that they predominate, instead of blending in with the whole; and thus the instrumentation becomes hard and piercing rather than sonorous and harmonious.

Flutes form a family of themselves—like hautboys and clarinets; and are quite as numerous. The large flute—of which mention has just been made—is the most used. For ordinary orchestras, no more than two large flute parts are written; nevertheless, soft chords held on by three flutes would often have an excellent effect. A charming sonorousness is obtained from the association of a single flute above, with four violins, sustaining a high harmony in five parts. Notwithstanding the prevailing custom,—for which there is reason, however,—which has always given to the first flute the highest notes of the harmony, there are many occasions, in which a contrary plan might be pursued with success.

THE PICCOLO FLUTE.

Piccolo flutes are strangely abused now-a-days—as is the case with all instruments whose

vibrations thrill, pierce, or flash forth. In pieces of a joyous character, the sounds of the second octave may be very suitable, in all their gradations; while the upper notes, are excellent (fortissimo) for violent and tearing effects: in a storm, for instance, or in a scene of fierce or infernal character. Thus, the piccolo flute figures incomparably in the fourth movement of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony—now alone and displayed, above the low tremolo of violas and basses, imitating the whistlings of a tempest whose full force is not yet unchained—now on the higher notes still, together with the entire mass of the orchestra. Gluck, in the tempest of *Iphigenia in Tauride*, has known how to make the high sounds of the piccolo flutes in unison grate still more roughly, by writing them in a succession of sixths, a fourth above the first violins. The sound of the piccolo flutes, issuing out in the upper octave, produces therefore a succession of elevenths with the first violins, the harshness of which is here of the very best effect.

In the chorus of Scythians, in the same opera, the two piccolo flutes double in the octave the little grouped passages of the violins; these whistling notes, mingled with the ravings of the savage troop, with the measured and incessant din of the cymbals and tambourine, make one shiver.

Everyone has remarked the diabolic sneer of the two piccolo flutes in thirds, in the drinking song of the *Freischütz*. It is one of Weber's happiest orchestral inventions:—



Spontini, in his magnificent bacchanalian strain in the *Danabdes* (since become an orgy chorus in *Nurmahal*) first conceived the idea of uniting a short piercing cry of the piccolo flutes to a stroke of the cymbals. The singular sympathy which is thus created between these very dissimilar instruments, had not been thought of before. It cuts and rends instantaneously, like the stab of a poignard. This effect is very characteristic—even when employing only the two instruments mentioned; but its force is augmented by an abrupt stroke of the kettle-drums, joined to a brief chord of all the other instruments.

These different examples, and yet others that I could cite, appear to me admirable in every respect. Beethoven, Gluck, Weber, and Spontini have thus made ingenious use—no less original than rational—of the piccolo flute. But when I hear this instrument employed in doubling in triple octave the air of a baritone, or casting its squeaking voice into the midst of a religious harmony, or strengthening and sharpening—for the sake of noise only—the high part of the orchestra, from beginning to end of the act of an opera, I cannot help feeling this mode of instrumentation to be of a platitude and stupidity worthy, generally, of the musical style to which it belongs.

The piccolo flute may have a very happy effect in soft passages; and it is mere prejudice to think that it should only be played loud. Sometimes it serves to continue the high scale of the large flute, by following up the latter at the moment when it reaches high notes beyond its command.

The passing from one instrument to the other, may then be easily managed by the composer; in such a way as to make it appear that there is only one flute of extraordinary compass.

[To be continued.]

[From the Lond. Mus. World, Dec. 20th, 1866.]

Handel's Autograph Scores—New Life of Handel.

It is not so much the Sacred Harmonic Society as the British Museum that deserves rating for having allowed the fair copies made from the autograph scores of Handel's oratorios to pass into the hands of a Frenchman. From these copies Handel himself conducted, and Smith, his amanuensis, after him. That alone should have made them desirable, as heirlooms, to a British institution. But they must further contain numberless indications in the handwriting of the composer, not only interesting of themselves, but precious as land-marks. We are always talking of Handel's "traditions;" well, here, in all probability, are many of them, stamped indelibly on paper. Here may be obtained hints as to how Handel would himself have curtailed such pieces as required curtailing. Possibly, too, marks of expression may be found; and these would be invaluable—for more reasons than one. Among other things the question might be set at rest as to how the opening of the chorus, "For unto us a child is born"—up to the fortissimo, on the words "Wonderful—Counsellor, &c."—should be read. Highly as we esteem the judgment of Mr. Costa, we cannot agree with him in this matter. The long-sustained pianissimo appears to us neither more nor less than a contresens, and the fortissimo, when it arrives, an effect of no greater sublimity than the celebrated thump in Haydn's "Surprise," which everyone must be aware was intended by the fine old master as a jeu-d'esprit, nothing more—an ingenious contrivance for awaking certain of his patrons who invariably went to sleep during the slow movements of his symphonies. Handel surely meant something higher than this—to say nothing of the evident irrelevancy of disclosing the great news of the birth of Christ as though it were a secret, treasonable, and dangerous to utter, instead of the announcement of salvation to mankind. If, in the scores possessed by M. Schœlcher, any information can be obtained upon this point, it will be a subject for gratulation. The question concerns not only the peculiar opinion entertained by the eminent chef-d'orchestre of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but Handel himself—since the new reading might otherwise pass into a tradition, and be ultimately defended upon the presumed strength of Handel's own authority.

The history of the discovery of the scores from which the composer of "The Messiah" directed the performance of his oratorios, is worth narrating. Handel died in 1759, and left all his manuscript music, by will, to John Christopher Smith, his friend and amanuensis. Smith, who had conducted the oratorio performances during the period of Handel's blindness, continued them for 12 years after the great musician's death. George III. patronized them constantly, and moreover conferred an annual pension of £200 on Smith. In return for these acts of kindness and munificence, Smith presented the autograph scores of Handel to His Majesty—in all 86 volumes, which have remained in possession of the Royal Family of England, and are now, as every one knows, in the library of Buckingham Palace, where they can be inspected with much more preliminary trouble than would have been the case had they been deposited in the British Museum.

The remainder of Handel's manuscripts, including among other things the fair copies from the autograph scores prepared for his own use in the concert-room, were kept by Smith, who subsequently married the widow of Dr. Coxe (a well-known physician practising at Bath). To the daughter of Widow Coxe (Mrs. Smith) by her first husband, and consequently the step-daughter of Smith, the manuscripts were bequeathed. Miss Coxe, in her turn, married the Rev. Sir Something Rivers, by whom she had issue. The two sons of the Rev. Sir Rivers dying childless, dur-

ing his lifetime, his property and estate devolved to the Rev. Sir Henry Rivers, of Martyr Worthy, Hampshire, in the neighborhood of Winchester, who himself demised in 1851. A year or so after the death of the last named Rivers, by order of a decree in Chancery, the manuscripts which once were Handel's (altogether about 200 volumes) were knocked down by the hammer of the auctioneer at a price something less than what would have been fetched by the same quantity of waste paper. The lucky purchaser was a Mr. Kuslake, who carried on the business of second-hand bookseller, at Bristol. Mr. Kuslake, after holding possession for some years, advertised the volumes for sale, in his catalogue, at the sum of 45 guineas. The fact came under notice, as we are informed, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, "who at once offered to purchase." The Society was nevertheless, too late. How so? Of course, it was not to be expected that the British Museum, which declined to lay out 200 guineas for the autograph manuscript of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*,* would afford even the price of waste paper for these interesting relics of Handel; but we are surprised at the apparent dilatoriness of the Sacred Harmonic Society. More especially have we reason to be astonished, since a French gentleman, M. Victor Schœlcher, who had probably never heard of Handel until he came to this country, was aware of the advertisement in Mr. Kuslake's catalogue, went, or sent, to Bristol, and brought away, or caused to be brought away, the manuscripts. It is true that M. Schœlcher, (a distinguished French patriot, author of the *Crimes de Décembre* and other remarkable political treatises,) has been now for some years gathering materials for a life of Handel. This work he has long contemplated, and intends to be achieved. The task he has set himself no doubt stimulates curiosity, and sharpens his sense of perception, when anything of interest relating to his hero comes within reach. Thus, before the Sacred Harmonic Society heard of these copies of Handel's scores being for sale at a second-hand bookseller's at Bristol, M. Schœlcher had divined it; and when the fact "came under the notice" of the Exeter Hall Committee, the manuscripts were already in M. Schœlcher's possession. The Sacred Harmonic Society, we hear, regrets the loss of what would have been so useful an addition to its library, but acknowledges the readiness with which M. Schœlcher has offered to place the scores at the disposal of the committee, whenever they may be required for any occasion of importance. M. Schœlcher, having outwitted the Sacred Harmonic Society and shamed the British Museum, can afford to be generous.

To conclude, the fair copies from which Handel conducted will be consulted and used at the forthcoming Handel Festival, to be held in the Crystal Palace. In spite of this, however, and all the rest of the advantages likely to be derived from the courtesy of an enlightened foreigner, it is a humiliation to us that Handel's "fair copies" should not have been retained, like Handel's autographs, for England.

* Mad. Pauline Viardot Garcia was more sensible of the value of this precious relic, and gave the price demanded.

Beethoven's Ballet: "The Men of Prometheus."

(Translated from the Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung.)

An opinion—based upon what grounds we cannot say—has prevailed in various quarters, that the above composition by Beethoven was never produced. The totally unfounded opinion is refuted by Dr. Leopold Sonnleithner, in the *Vienna Blätter für Musik*. We reprint the article as an interesting addition to the history of Beethoven's works:

"The ballet, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* was first produced at the Imperial Hof-Burgtheatre, in Vienna, on the 28th of March, 1801, as is proved by the subjoined play-bill, which is given entire, because it contains the names of the actors and the substance of the plot, for the better understanding of the music. The ballet was favorably received, and given tolerably often in

the years 1801 and 1802. It then disappeared for many years from the Viennese stage. It was not until the 18th of November, 1843, that the management of the Kärntnerthor Theatre, in Vienna, produced *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, a mythological ballet in two acts and six parts, invented and put on the stage by Augustus Hns, ballet-master of this theatre, with music by Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn. This ballet is quite different from the older one, but the most interesting pieces in Beethoven's music were used in it. In this form, also, *Prometheus* pleased the public, being frequently represented in the years 1843 and 1844, while from the 1st of October, 1845, it was revived, with a new *mise en scene*. In subsequent years it has not been repeated.

"The overture and several separate pieces of the music in *Prometheus* used to be frequently performed in the Imperial Hof-Burgtheatre, before plays and between the acts.

"On the 22d May, 1843, the management of La Scala, in Milan, produced *Prometeo, ballo mitologico in 6 atti, inventato e posto sulle scene dal Sig. Salvatore Viganò*. The plot and treatment differ essentially from the first Viennese version, as the existing programme proves. Beethoven's music was used, but several pieces by Joseph Haydn and other masters were introduced.

The first time this music was performed in a concert was at Vienna, the 4th of March, 1841, in the Concert Spirituel, on which occasion the introduction and explanation, written by Herr J. G. Seidl, were spoken by Mad. Rettich, of the Imperial Theatres. The Society of the Friends of Music, of the Austrian empire, also performed the work at their concert in the Imperial Redouten-Saal, on the 20th of February, 1853, when Mad. Mitter-Weissbach spoke the connecting poem. Such is a list of the various occasions on which the work was publicly performed, as far as the writer of the present article is aware.

DR. LEOPOLD SONNLEITHNER."

The following is a literal copy of the play-bill in question:

"In the Imperial Hof-Theatre, nachst der Burg will be produced by the Imperial Court Operasingers, on Saturday, the 28th of March, 1801,

"For the benefit of Mdle. Casentini,
"DER DORFBARBIER,
"An Operetta in 1 Act. Founded on the farce of the same name.

"Afterwards, for the first time,
"DIE GESCHÖPFE DES PROMETHEUS,
"An heroico-allegorical Ballet in 2 Acts. Invented and produced by Herr Salvatore Viganò.

"Dramatis Personæ.

Prometheus,	Herr Cesari.
Children,	Madlle. Casentini.
Bacchus,	Herr Ferd. Girja.
Pan,	Herr Aichinger.
Terpsichore,	Mad. Brendi.
Thalia,	Mad. Cesari.
Melpomene,	Mad. Reuth.
Apollo,	
Amfione,	
Arione,	
Orpheus,	

"Subject: This allegorical ballet is founded on the fable of Prometheus.

"The philosophers of Greece, to whom he was known, explain the fable as an attempt to portray him as a person of elevated mind, who found the men of his time in a state of ignorance, and refined them by arts and sciences, and instructed them in morals.

"Proceeding from this basis, in the present ballet two statues, which become animated, are represented, and, by the power of harmony are rendered susceptible of all the passions of human life.

"Prometheus conducts them up to Parnassus, in order that they may receive instruction from Apollo, the god of the Fine Arts. Apollo orders Amphion, Arione and Orpheus to teach them music—Melpomene and Thalia to teach them tragedy and comedy—Terpsichore and Pan to teach them the most recently invented pastoral dances, and Bacchus to teach them the heroic dance, of which he was the originator.

"The music is by Herr van Beethoven.

"The scenery is by Herr Platzer, Imperial Court-chamber painter and scenic artist of the Imperial Theatre. The performances commence at half-past six o'clock."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 21, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—Noticing in your Journal of the 17th a communication from this city, bearing the signature of "Ad Libitum," in which appears some statements that are not true, and its whole tone extremely unfair, permit me to occupy a space in your columns in reply to your correspondent.

The concert was not advertised as a sacred one, but as an "Amateur Concert," nor was it ever designed that the selections should be other than miscellaneous. The charge against Mr. Fitzhugh, that he executed the voluntary on the organ in a rough and unskilful manner is not true; we were agreeably surprised at the artistic skill and dexterity shown; the most intricate harmonies were played with the left hand, and were accompanied by an admirable execution of rapid chromatics with the right, and the pedals well used; we deemed the whole an excellent display of rapid and exquisitely varied harmonies, each succeeding the other in beautiful progression. As a piano-forte fantasia it would have been absurd.

We next observe that "Ad Libitum" deems the sanctity of the place desecrated by the playing of the Duo for two pianos on the theme, "Se il Fratello," from Belisario. We had (ignorantly perhaps) considered all true music as an emanation from the Sublime Author of melody and harmony, and that because at times are found in secular opera themes of exquisite beauty and tenderness, they should be rejected, or played and sung only in the opera, is ridiculously absurd. Why does not "Ad Libitum" speak rather of the desecration of our churches Sunday after Sunday by many of our organists, his own friends, who are in the constant practice of preparing us for the solemn worship of Jehovah by playing as voluntaries such songs as "Old Dog Tray," "Sleeping I dream, love," and sentimental airs from blasphemous operas? We would conclude this remark by referring "Ad Libitum" to the wise saying of Him who spake as never man spake: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Again, the time in which the selections from the third Mass were performed is declared faulty. We have often heard the same movements performed by professional artists in Europe, but never with a nicer regard to time or precision. The soft passages were delicately rendered, and the *Tutti* with boldness and vigor. Surely Springfield ought to be proud that so goodly an array of talent was developed, and of so successful a performance. Amateurs can have but little leisure to devote to rehearsal, and it is unkind in the extreme to criticize them as though they were professionals. We do know that Springfield does appreciate the music performed, and on every hand praise is awarded.

Shame it is that "Ad Libitum" should allow lynx-eyed "Envy" to so dim his perceptions that he cannot appreciate the modest attempt to introduce music which will ultimately drive such trash as has hitherto been sung in our midst into that oblivion it so richly deserves.

At the earnest request of many the concert is to be repeated on Friday evening. MUSICUS.

Uriel Acosta.

At the last concert of the New York Philharmonic Society was performed an overture, by SCHINDELMEISSER, to "Uriel Acosta," which appears to have met with general favor. The programme contained the following synopsis of it, from the pen of Mr. C. B. Burkhardt, editor of the *Dispatch*.

URIEL ACOSTA.—The historical incidents upon which Carl Gutzkow's admirable tragedy is founded, (to which tragedy the present is a highly descriptive

overture,) are not generally known, and a brief synopsis of them may materially assist a due understanding and appreciation of Schindelmeisser's descriptive music.

Uriel Acosta was born in Portugal, of Jewish parents, who by the inquisition had been forced to embrace Christianity. Their son Uriel was baptized, received the Christian name of Gabriel, and was instructed in the Christian faith. He subsequently studied jurisprudence, but being a deep thinker and ardent Bible student, he refused to consider the Roman church as the only true one, and held Judaism as the sole saving religion, since it alone taught the doctrine of only one God. These views he impressed upon his mother and brothers, and the family secretly fled to Amsterdam, where they could openly adhere to the Jewish faith. Here he again assumed the name of Uriel.

His theological studies and researches, however, soon imbued Uriel's mind with dogmas and principles at variance with the learned Rabbis, and the laws of the synagogue. To defend them, he published in 1624, a work entitled "*Examen das tradicoes Pharisaeas conferidas con a ley escripta*," in the Portuguese language, and this led to the most bitter persecutions. His property was confiscated, he was excommunicated, and in the public synagogue, the curses and anathema of the Rabbis were solemnly pronounced against him. At length wearied of all the indignities and sufferings, not only inflicted upon himself but upon those related to him, and also to obtain the hand of her he loved, and who was his disciple, he consented to recant, to denounce his own teachings, and to do the most humble penance. He publicly received lashes, and prostrated himself at the threshold of the Synagogue, that all the people might walk over him. In this position, a relative of his own, (and his seemingly successful rival for the fair Hebrew maiden's hand,) heaped additional indignities upon him; whereat, in the midst of his half finished penance, he suddenly withdrew his recantation in bitter rage, repeated the words of Galileo "*E pur si muove*," and at once re-asserted the truths of his teachings. He next attempted to shoot his rival and bitterest enemy, but failing in this he committed suicide. (1647.)

Gutzkow in the tragedy, has closely followed the above incidents. In this tragedy, however, the beloved of Acosta, who is betrothed to his enemy, marries that enemy to save her father from ruin, and immediately after the ceremony takes poison, which scene in the *dénouement* is quickly followed by the suicide of the hero.

At the very beginning of the overture, in the *allegro* movement, the repeatedly interwoven call of the rams' horns, (which are always sounded at high and solemn Hebrew rites,) indicates the ceremony of pronouncing the anathema, and also the subsequent recantation before the tribunal of the Rabbi. This *allegro* is followed by an *andante maestoso* for wind instruments, pronouncing a sort of a religious *chorale*, which is repeated by the stringed instruments (*con sordini*). An *allegro vivace* which follows, seems descriptive of the struggle in Uriel's heart, when against his solemn conviction, he is forced to recant and recall what he has written. The close is similar to the beginning; the sounds of the horn seem to indicate that fanaticism and persecution have triumphed, and that the lives of two noble beings have been sacrificed at the altar of bigotry. C. B. B.

LOVE.

BY W. W. STORY.

When daffodils began to blow,
And apple-blossoms thick to snow
Upon the brown and breaking mould—
'Twas in the spring—we kissed and sighed,
And loved, and heaven and earth defied,
We were so young and bold.

The fluttering bob-link dropped his song,
The first young swallow curved along,
The daisy stared in sturdy pride,
When loitering on we plucked the flowers,
But dared not own those thoughts of ours,
Which yet we could not hide.

Tiptoe you bent the lilac spray,
And shook its rain of dew away,
And reached it to me with a smile:
"Smell that, how full of spring it is!"—
"Tis now as full of memories
As 'twas of dew erewhile.

Your hand I took to help you down
The broken wall, from stone to stone,

Across the shallow bubbling brook.
Ah! what a thrill went from that palm,
That would not let my blood be calm,
And through my pulses shook.

Often our eyes met as we turned,
And both our cheeks with passion burned,
And both our hearts grew riotous,
Till, as we sat beneath the grove,
I kissed you—whispering "we love!"—
And thus I do—and thus.

When passion had found utterance
Our frightened hearts began to glance
Into the future's every day;
And how shall we our love conceal,
Or dare our passion to reveal;
"We are too young," they'll say,

Alas! we are not now too young,
Yet love to us hath safely clung,
Despite of sorrow, years and care—
But ah! we have not what we had,
We cannot be so free, so glad,
So foolish as we were.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Old Hundred.

The long disputed question whether Purcell or Handel was the author of the grand music of the Old Hundredth has been set at rest by a discovery made a few days since in Lincoln Cathedral library. Purcell died in 1695, and Handel in 1759, but in the Cathedral library a French psalter, printed in 1546, contains the music of the Old Hundredth, exactly as it is now sung, so that it could not be the production of either of the great musicians to whom it had been attributed.—*Telegraph*.

Who ever attributed "Old Hundred" to Purcell? Who to Handel? There is hardly a library to be found in the country, which makes any pretensions to a department of biblical works, which cannot show a copy of Marot and Beza's Psalms, or some old English Psalter, two or three hundred years old, with the tune in it. At Cambridge, for instance, there are some half a dozen copies or more of the tune, as shown long since in the pages of this Journal, printed before the year 1600. Of course the paragraph above is sheer nonsense save in one statement, which we are very sure is false—viz: that a French psalter of 1546 has the tune. Still this is possible, and if so is a very interesting fact to quite a number of persons, and to no one more so than to one who has sought this tune in many of the largest libraries in Germany, and has never found it, "exactly as now sung," in any earlier printed work than a psalter of 1559. Where is the original from which the above paragraph is made? T.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—On Saturday last Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK gave the first of a series of "Morning Recitals," (solve the riddle of this name who can) at a private house, the residence of a gentleman well known in the literary and philanthropic line. There was quite a select audience assembled (though the admission was general to all who purchased tickets), and the small, but most tastefully arranged rooms, filled with Art-remembrances of every kind, shed a very home-like atmosphere over the whole affair, which was also most satisfactory in a musical point of view. Mr. Goldbeck gains a firmer footing with the public at every appearance before them. He proves himself more and more an artist of sterling worth, free from all humbug and trickery, and full of earnest purpose. He has been remarkably prolific for one so young, (he having behind him only the third part of man's allotted years), and, to judge from the specimens which he gave us on this occasion, his creations may be placed in a high rank. He gave us two of a series of smaller pieces, denominated "Aquarelles," in which,

according to his own expression, he has endeavored to represent in music an element analogous to that of the same name in painting. Whoever is familiar with the lovely little Aquarelles of the Düsseldorf painters, and of the beautiful late English water color pictures, will understand his intention, and be able to understand what these writings of Mr. Goldbeck are. Two or three other of his own compositions, which he introduced to us, were also full of merit; in them all there was not the least straining after effect, and a great deal of quiet dignity, united with all the freshness and spirit of youth. They were very refreshing, I can assure you, after some very modern piano compositions which are often inflicted upon us now-a-days, and which I fear are destined still to be more "the rage" than these more quiet ones.

In another thing, too, Mr. Goldbeck differs materially from other young pianists; he not only plays his own compositions very beautifully, but enters fully into the spirit of older and higher masters, as proved by his exquisite performance of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonata, Op. 29, in D minor. He carried his whole audience away with him; I would not wish to hear the Adagio better played. There was a largeness, a depth of feeling in his rendering of it, that could hardly be surpassed. Mendelssohn's Sonata in F minor for piano-forte and violin, was also admirably played on Mr. Goldbeck's part, though Mr. DOEHLE, who took the violin, did not appear to as great advantage in this (probably from nervousness) as in a solo by Schubert, and Gounod's "Meditation sur la premiere Prelude de Bach," which he afterwards played. This young artist has great sweetness of tone and much skill.

These instrumental performances were relieved by some vocal pieces from Mme. JOHANNSEN. "Una voce" was rather too loud and elaborate for the locality, and was somewhat marred too, by a slight veil over the lady's voice. But she fully redeemed her credit by her admirable rendering of Schubert's "Au fenthal" and "Barcarolle." These just suited her really fine voice, and were sung with an ease and spirit which showed that the lady felt completely at home in them. Nor must I omit to mention her remarkably distinct enunciation, which of course greatly enhanced, to those who understood the language, the pleasure in her singing, and which is so rare a merit in singers of every class, that it cannot be praised enough where it does occur.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—All musical enthusiasm, as well as commercial enterprise, has been temporarily frozen by the excessive cold and buried under the falling snow. The opening of the Italian opera season at the Academy of Music, has been postponed by the storm until Wednesday.

I have to record the failure of two operatic speculations—the German Company at the Broadway Theatre, and the English Company at Niblo's; the result in each case being unavoidable from the wretched management of the respective troupes.

The German company includes some very good singers. Mme. SCHEERER JOHANNSEN, the prima donna, is a fair singer of the German school, but full of whims and caprices, constantly subject to stage "indispositions," and addicted to a pleasing little custom of declining to sing on the shortest possible notice. Mr. FROKANEER, the tenor, is a very young, pains-taking artist, and the basso, Mr. WEINLICH, and basso-buffo, Mr. OERHLIN, are passable. The company are competent to produce operas in good style, but during the past few weeks there has been a series of disappointments—operas postponed, indifferent singers substituted, and everything done to disgust the opera-going public. Consequently the season has failed to pay expenses, and the troupe leave next week for Philadelphia.

The English company has but one singer—LOUISA PYNE. The orchestra is wretched, the chorus microscopic, the opera hacknied, and it is only to be wondered at that they should draw as good houses as they have. Mr. Niblo engaged the Pyne and Harrison Troupe for a month, expecting to renew the engagement if they were successful. The month expires next Saturday and the company are not re-engaged; they have failed to draw paying houses, and the result is by no means to be wondered at.

THALBERG is expected to return to New York shortly, and OLE BULL will appear with him at the next series of concerts. Ole Bull has been for some weeks staying at the Prescott House with his family, and talks about returning to his Scandinavian home to spend the remainder of his life, for he is an enthusiastic Norwegian, and thinks there is no place like cold, bleak Norway. He has made a fortune in this country, though it is somewhat impaired by the losses consequent on his unfortunate operatic speculations.

The opening of the Italian opera by STRAKOSCH will be the great musical event of the week. His company is as yet rather weak, the cast of the opening opera, *Lucrezia*, embracing the names of two good singers, PARODI and TIBERINI, and two poor ones, D'ORMY and MORINO. Next week Mme. DE WILHORST, who has left the Thalberg concert troupe, will make her debut in opera as *Lucia*. It is probable that D'ANGRI will be also engaged by Mr. Strakosch, who, should this season be successful, will lease the Academy for a year, with intention of establishing a permanent opera here.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 24, 1857.

Thalberg's Last Concert.

The great pianist gave the fifth and last of the concerts in his own name—his piano concerts—on Friday evening. The Music Hall was packed as full as it could hold; we found a seat with hundreds on the stage. The programme was sufficiently heterogeneous and fragmentary for so more than musical an audience; the vocal distractions occupying eight parts to four of Thalberg—thus:

PART I.

1. Aria: La Favorita,.....Donizetti
Signor Morelli.
2. Aria: Azema di Granada,.....Mercadante
Mme. D'Angri.
3. Tarantella,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.
4. Aria: Sonnambula,.....Bellini
Mme. De Wilhorst.
5. Fantasia: Norma,.....Thalberg
Wm. Mason and S. Thalberg.
6. Duet: Semiramis,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri and Mme. De Wilhorst.

PART II.

7. Duet: L'Italiana in Algeri,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri and Sig. Morelli.
8. Septet: Scherzo, Andante with Variations,
and Finale,.....Hummel
Flute, Mr. Krebs; Oboe, Mr. De Ribas; French
Horn, Mr. Hamann; Alto, Mr. Gärtner; Violoncello, Mr. Jungnickel; Basso, Mr. Stein.
9. Aria: La Fille du Regiment,.....Donizetti
Mme. De Wilhorst.
10. Soirées Musicales,.....Rossini
Sig. Morelli.
11. Rondo: Cenerentola,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri.
12. Fantasia: Lucrezia Borgia,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.

It may be shrewdly planned to catch the multitude, but to a frequent concert-goer these unconnected, for the most part, common-places of Italian opera, interspersed so largely between the real points of interest in a concert, and apropos

to nothing, get to be somewhat tedious. There is a great sameness about it all; the Thalberg Fantasias are themselves hashes of Italian operas; for contrast and relief a little singing is quite welcome; but why continue hashing up the same meat (sweetmeat) vocally? Yet in justice to the artists we must say, that this time their selections were not so hacknied as these things usually are, except in style. The *Non più mesta*, to be sure, seems to be an invariable item of Mme. D'ANGRI's duties; but commend us to Rossini of them all; the comic duet from *L'Italiana*, the stately one from *Semiramide*, and any of the *Soirées Musicales*, are pleasant things to hear, and have not here been heard too often. Of the quality of the singing much of course might be said in praise; but the enjoyment of it was not a little impaired to one seated there behind the singers, with a cold air douche on him from the organ screen. The sounds were thinned and deadened; it was the wrong side of the tapestries. Of D'ANGRI and MORELLI we can say nothing new. Mme. DE WILHORST's bright, soaring, flexible, bird-like soprano, springing from her petite ladyship, had a certain hardness and coldness in it when she sang here first some months ago. This quality was now aggravated either by our unfavorable position, or by something else. She has a great deal of execution, chiefly of the hard, bright, glittering order, and she flings herself out with a bird-like kind of earnestness, not indicative, however, of much depth. The eagerness to hit a high mark sometimes made the note false. In calibre and color, what two voices could be more unlike than her's and D'Angri's! Yet they blended not badly in the Semiramis duet.

The most important feature of the evening, and a rare one in such concerts, was the Septet by HUMMEL (minus the first movement, and commencing with the Scherzo.) Those who heard this splendid composition four years since in OTTO DRESEL's Chamber Concerts, as played first by SCHARFENBERG, and afterwards by JAEHL, heard it to far better advantage than it could be heard now. Of course the principal instrument was played with that perfection of skill, united to full comprehension of the piece, in which THALBERG surpasses all others. It was feast enough to listen to the piano-forte alone; but the piece as a whole, as a concerted piece, was well nigh lost in the great Music Hall; it must be taken nearer home to us to be appreciated. The accompanying instruments—especially from where we sat—sounded dead and mean. The flute and oboe began out of tune, coming, no doubt, from a room of different temperature; the horn, with its all-penetrating sweetness, told better; but that delicious passage in the Trio where it sustains a final note and leads back with a happy surprise into the theme, was ineffective, from the poor blending of the half-starved tones; and the alto, in leading off the fugue theme afterwards, was ludicrously weak and scratchy. No one blames the artists, but the place. What a treat it would be to hear Thalberg in this Septet in a room like Chickering's!

The next most striking feature was the Fantasia for two pianos—not intrinsically for the composition, but as a display of virtuosity. The distribution of the harmonies, to be sure, the alternation of theme and accompaniment from instrument to instrument, the connecting pas-

sages, and the contrivance of sparkling *tours de force*, were as ingenious as the themes were hack-nied. Wonderfully well was the whole thing executed, the younger pianist bearing his banner proudly side by side with the winner of a thousand battles. The difficulties were about equally shared between them, and the ensemble was quite perfect. Yet on Thalberg's side there was the still finer touch, and what was clear before, stood out all the clearer and the bolder when his fingers took their turn. Once a rapid chromatic run, the whole length of the key-board, was executed by each in turn. MASON drew it fine, but THALBERG drew it finer. It was the fine line of Apelles, or whoever was the Greek painter who thus proved his skill against all comers.

The *Tarantella*, in which we had hoped to hear again that beautiful one of Thalberg's own, turned out to be his Fantasia upon *Masaniello*, in the course of which there is a *Tarantella* from that opera—one of his most pleasing Fantasias, and exquisitely played of course. The *Lucrezia Borgia* we could not stop to hear.

Mozart's Requiem—Thalberg and the Handel and Haydn Society.

In spite of the great snow storm following as the resolution of the ugliest and coldest "spell" for years, the Music Hall was filled last Sunday evening. Many were drawn by Mozart's "Requiem," and many by THALBERG and the miscellaneous "sacred" programme of the second part.

To make its full impression the Requiem must be heard many times, as it was almost entirely new to the larger part of the audience. We might go further, and say it should be heard in a cathedral, amid the solemn ceremonies of the service for the dead, with the inward preparation of a Catholic's literal idea of the last judgment, and predisposition to all the terror with which its images are made present by the sublime music of one who composed it as if for the peace of his own soul. Yet was the impression truly grand, as it was. Considering the short time allowed for rehearsals, we were agreeably surprised by the effective manner in which it was presented. The choruses went better than the solo quartets. The latter were not well balanced as to power and quality of voices. Mme. D'ANGRI's large contralto told most admirably in parts, but she appeared indifferent to the music. Sig. MORELLI lacked the deep basso profundo for the opening solo of the *Tuba mirum*. Both were quite out of time in the commencement, one after the other, of that delicate and beautiful piece of counterpoint, the *Recordare*. Mr. ARTHURSON, who possessed the style and spirit of the music better than any of them, lacked more than ever power of voice. Mrs. LONG was perfectly sure and correct in her music, and though not in her best voice, did much to redeem the whole. Yet the beauty of these exquisite quartets and solos was by no means entirely lost. The *Benedictus*, which is one of the loveliest and the least sombre of them all, gave deep and general pleasure; so did the opening of the *Lachrymosa*, which was sung as quartet, although by no means perfectly.

The chorus seats were unusually full, and the singers had made the most of their few rehearsals under their energetic conductor, CARL ZERBAHN. The principal defect was the failure now

and then to come in all at once at the commencement of a piece. This of course is a difficult matter for so large a choir of amateurs, where the movements succeed each other sometimes with sudden change of key, without orchestral symphony or prelude. Trained musicians might do it, but under the circumstances would it not be well to count a bar or two between one movement and another, and allow time for all to find the pitch? The voices, however, were rich and full and musically blended, and the effect in most of the choruses very imposing and solemn. The grave and stately Adagio of the opening sentence: *Requiem eternam dona eis*, poured in its slow and sombre waves upon the orchestral introduction with truly religious effect, preparing the mind for grand and solemn thoughts to follow; and the burst of light upon *Et lux perpetua luceat illis*, excited the imagination to the highest degree. Then the flowing counterpoint, led in with the tenor solo: *Te decet hymnus*, and finally the difficult and complicated fugue of the *Kyrie eleison*, all were sung better than we should have thought it possible, and formed an introduction as poetically sublime as it was marvellously skilful in point of musical composition. The orchestra, too, did its work well throughout, for so small a number of strings; and the instrumentation is wonderful. Only the more sombre of the wind instruments are employed. There are no flutes, no oboes, no horns even. Besides the quartet of strings, there are only two bassoons, two *corni di bassetto* (for which the low tones of the clarinet were here made to serve), two trumpets, confined almost wholly to their lower tones, and occasionally three trombones and drums. The latter told with superb effect in certain choruses. This sombre coloring runs through the entire instrumentation.

The *Dies iræ* (Day of Wrath) chorus, with its wild, hurried *agitato* accompaniment, like wind-borne flames, was tremendous; one almost shuddered at the stern accent of the phrase: *Quantus tremor est futurus!* So of the *Rex tremendæ majestatis*, with its massive, ponderous movement. Again, with wild, agitated accompaniment of the double basses, as it were the stirring up of flames from the bottomless depths and terror from the deeper depths of the soul, the *Confutatis maledictis* spoke most powerfully to the imagination; and how heavenly the change, where suddenly the stormy tumult ceases, and ushered by a lovely violin figure, the sopranis alone, like a streak of pure amber sky opening through the tempest in the west, pour in a soft golden flood of sustained and sweetest harmony at *Voca me cum benedictis*, which gives way again to the darker harmony of the full choir. This and the *Lachrymosa* are perhaps the most beautiful things in the whole Requiem. The *Sanctus* is a sublime piece of simple, solid, church-like harmony, massive and Handelian in character. The *Agnus Dei*, with its wailing melodic accompaniment, is profoundly beautiful and touching; and the return of that solemn opening movement and fugue for the concluding sentence (which has been so stupidly used as an argument to prove that Mozart did not himself complete the Requiem) is precisely what the mind, so first awakened, and then wrought upon by strains of alternate loveliness and terrible grandeur, now requires.

Upon the whole it was a very successful performance, and there is a very general and earnest

desire felt to hear the *Requiem* again, and more than once. There is reason to hope that this wish will be gratified when Thalberg, D'Angri, and the rest return to us a month hence.

And now for Part Second. After the "Requiem," how secular, how superficial, mean and showy sounded that *Stabat Mater* business, which we had served up to us first in the shape of Mercadante's overture, composed of motives of the work cleverly dove-tailed together! Rossini's sparkling, voluptuous, sensuous genius still, no matter what the subject. The overture was finely played; and Sig. MORELLI sang the *Pro peccatis*, not as BADIALLI sings it, yet in an effective and artistic manner. Who could care to hear it, ever so well sung, after Mozart's "Requiem"! Mme. D'ANGRI sang admirably the *Figlio mio* from the "sacred" opera of the *Prophète*, and had to sing it twice, THALBERG did not play upon the *Orgue Alexandre*, as had been once announced, but he did play two of his "sacred" Fantasias. The first, played on his Erard piano, was that founded on the Chorale and other motives from the *Huguenots*; the grandest, as well as most difficult, of his fantasias; what immense masses of tone were rolled out in the full chords of that hymn! It seems as if, in some of these swelling, magnificent climaxes, he created tone, developed it out of the instrument where it hardly existed before, it comes so bigger and bigger at his call and never disappoints you. The other, played on the Chickering piano, was on "Moses in Egypt." This we had thought his greatest fantasia, until we heard the *Huguenots*. On being recalled he played a portion of his beautiful "Andante."

What shall we say of the piano-fortes? In all his concerts since the first, Mr. Thalberg has played more upon the Chickering Grands than upon the Erard, and has appeared abundantly satisfied with such a medium for the interpretation of his music. This does not prove, to be sure, that he esteems the Erard beaten; but it is quite evident that he regards the Chickering instruments as the most formidable rivals, and pays them practically the highest compliment. To our ear there is still a purely musical quality in the Erard tones, which has not quite been reached by others. Forced to loudest effects, they sound a little antique and metallic, particularly in the middle treble octave; yet is the quality still musical, the *altissimo* tones exquisitely so, the bass magnificently rich. The Chickering tones are rounder, mellower throughout the whole compass, but they come upon the ear less distinct, as if the tone were not yet refined to its purely musical element. Perhaps there is a point where these two shall meet (and who more plainly in the way to find it than the Chickering?) which will solve the problem of a perfect piano tone. It is said the Chickering instruments stand in tune the best.

The Orpheus Glee Club.

One of the most enjoyable concerts we have had for a long while was that given by the members of our German Männerchor, the "Orpheus," on Saturday evening, as the first of a subscription series of three. Mercantile Hall was completely filled with a most animated looking audience, to the number, we should judge, of some four hundred persons. Perhaps one half of these were Germans; the rest were of our most musically cultivated native population, who are most in sympathy with German music. Better listeners or heartier applauders are seldom

seen assembled. Decidedly a genial and a happy spirit reigned. The programme was felicitous:

- PART I.
1. Praise of Song.....Maurer
 2. Fantasia on Viollo, from "Lucia di Lammermoor,"...Artot
Mr. Schultze.
 3. Duet: "Le Nozze di Figaro,".....Mozart
Miss Doane and Mr. Kreissmann.
 4. Serenade.....Marschner
(From the works of the celebrated German Minstrel, "Wolkenstainer," who lived in the Fifteenth Century.)
 5. Air: "Jerusalem, thou that kildest the Prophets,"
From St. Paul.....Mendelssohn
Miss Doane.
 6. Chorus of Priests. From the "Magic Flute,".....Mozart
- PART II.
1. The Cheerful Wanderer.....Mendelssohn
 - 2 { a Song without Words.....Mendelssohn
b. Polonaise.....Chopin
Mr. Leonhard.
 3. Duet: "The Two Nightingales,".....Hackel
Messrs. R. Langerfeldt and C. Schraubstaedter.
 4. The Wanderer's Night Song.....Lenz
 5. Air: "Vedrai Carino." From "Don Giovanni,".....Mozart
Miss Doane.
 6. Hunter's Joy.....Astholz

The part-songs were beautifully sung by about thirty select voices from the Orpheus. Indeed we have never listened to better singing by male voices. The parts were well balanced and well blended; the tenors sweet and the basses full and rich, as heard collectively. They stood close together, like so many organ-pipes, in the little arched recess of the stage, and their leader, Mr. KREISSMANN, face to face with his attentive, sympathetic band, so that, what with previous careful drilling, there was no lack of unity. The expression of the various pieces was well rendered. All were pleasing in their way, and some truly beautiful. Marschner's music to the old Minnesinger Serenade was impressive by its depth of feeling and its mystical modulations. The "Wanderer's Night-Song" is the very music of the pines, and admirably conveys the quiet sentiment of Goethe's *Unter allen Gipseln ist Ruh*. There is a religious wholesome cheer in the piece by Mendelssohn, and the first and last choruses sounded jubilant and inspiring,—the last a little droll with its *tra-la-la* accompaniment of voices imitating instruments. The bits of solo occurring in some of the pieces were quite satisfactory. But of all the choruses, that simple and grand old piece of harmony from the "Magic Flute": *O Isis and Osiris*, was the most rich and satisfying, and was extremely well done.

The solo selections were equally choice. The *Figaro* duet was sung delightfully, with true delicacy of style and humor. It is rarely that we hear anything of Mozart so well rendered. Miss DOANE was equally fortunate in the noble aria from "St. Paul," and in *Vedrai carino*. She was encored twice after the last, and sung in answer a couple of English ballads with a grace and truth of style which we much doubt if any singer now in this country could surpass. This lady's voice should be more often heard in oratorios and concerts.

"The Two Nightingales," sung by a pleasing tenor and bass voice, (the latter dragged a little out of its native element,) was delightfully pathetic, and elicited an imperative encore. As to that, however, the programme was nearly doubled by the encores of almost every piece: a vicious habit of our public, although quite natural in so social a concert as this.

Mr. SCHULTZE's violin solo was played with his usual fine taste and expression. Edgardo died again, and Mr. OTTO DRESEL, who kindly accompanied on the piano, did it with an unction, being of course deeply affected by the undying melody.

Mr. LEONHARD's contributions, too, were highly relished, especially the "Song without Words," a swift whirling prestissimo movement, one of the last of the series.

THALBERG'S MATINEES.—At the earnest suggestion of many who wished to hear the great pianist in a smaller room, and in a more private, social way, a subscription was formed for a couple of Matinées at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms.

These were given on Saturday and Tuesday last. A hundred or more ladies and gentlemen were present. This was the true way to hear him; here, after all, one seemed to hear him for the first time, for he played as if he were at home, with only sympathetic listeners. The selections, too, were choicer and more varied than would serve the ends of a concert before two thousand people. On Saturday, besides his *Don Giovanni* and *L'Elisir* fantasias, he gave two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," namely, the *Volkslied* and the "Spring Song," and played them exquisitely; also of his own compositions, the entire *Andante*, (of which he gave a part on Sunday evening,) and his *Etude in A*, (with repeated notes,) which struck us as the most poetical and delicate of his productions that we have yet heard.

On Tuesday he played the "Huguenots" fantasia, with prodigious effect; also the fantasias on "Masaniello," "Sonnambula," and "Norma," (for two pianos,) with WILLIAM MASON. All these were astonishing. But his transcription of Beethoven's "Adelaide," and of the Quartet from *I Puritani*, (simply played from his book: *L'Art du Chant appliqué au Piano*), gave us the most unalloyed delight. It was the perfect transfer of a vocal melody (without any of the personal drawbacks) to the strings of an instrument. We fear we shall never wish to hear "Adelaide" sung again, for it never sang itself so purely, so tenderly and sweetly as under Thalberg's fingers. On both occasions he added a set of his own sparkling waltzes.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The second concert of the "Orchestral Union," on Wednesday afternoon, drew a large audience. The great feature was the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart, which was very finely played, not excepting the complicated fugue finale with four subjects. We were amused a few days since by an attempt of a New York critic to trace the "Jupiter" interpretation through the symphony, whereby much ingenious pains were lost; since the name "Jupiter" was never dreamed of by its author or the Germans. Some member of an orchestra in London, after a rehearsal of this symphony, at a time when it was indeed the last word of Symphony, exclaimed: "This is the Jupiter of symphonies"; that is to say, the beat-all, the king of symphonies; and by that name has it gone in England to this day. Yet the critic found some justification for his poem in the kingly glorious, "cloud-compelling" tone of the composition, which is all joy and majesty and happy sense of power, except the Adagio, which is exquisitely tender and pathetic, and at times awfully tragic.

The *Freyshutz* overture was played again, and splendidly—the fourth time in these two weeks. A luscious set of Strauss waltzes (*Wiener Punschlieder*), and Mr. ZERRAHN's "Polka Redowa," on *Rigoletto*, gave great pleasure. Master PETERSILEA played transcriptions of two of Schubert's songs; the *Ave Maria* and *L'Adieu*, not the prodigious ones by Liszt, but less ambitious, yet by no means easy ones, by E. Wolff. These were very good selections for such an occasion, and the rendering showed talent in the lad, though such melodies, to sing themselves on the piano, demand that expression which could not be expected in a player of his age. The Coronation March from "The Prophet" closed the entertainment.

Musical Chat-Chat.

This evening the PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS make a new beginning. The first was anything but a failure; to the public it was a failure in name, in theory, but a remarkable success in fact. Mr. ZERRAHN alone had reason to feel disappointed, and he magnanimously bore the burden, and was the only sufferer; nine out of ten, at least, of his subscribers thought the extra orchestral pieces more than a compensation for the non-appearance of a solo virtuoso. At his own severe expense Mr. Zerrahn made that concert, a gift complimentary to his subscribers, and commences the subscription series to-night. Surely he has a claim upon all interested in orchestral music. Furthermore this time his soloist, Herr SCHREIBER, will appear, his failure to do so before having been satisfactorily explained by accident beyond the control of either party. Herr S. will play a couple of remarkable trumpet solos. So much by way of "attraction." Then, in the way of substantial orchestral poetry of music, he offers us the grand old C minor Symphony and a favorite piece from Mendelssohn's Symphony-Cantata: "Song of Praise;" for notable novelty the Carnival of Rome translated into an overture by HECTOR BERLIOZ; and for make-weight, the "Zampa" overture and a Romanza with solos for Corno Inglese and Flute. May the Melodeon be so crowded as to send us to the Music Hall the next time!

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce their fifth concert for next Tuesday evening. Mrs. J. H. Long will sing for them a Cavatina from *Lucia*, and Mr. Parker's "Maud" serenade. The Club will play a Quartet by Haydn for the first time, the Quintet, with clarinet, by Mozart, and several choice movements from Mendelssohn's Posthumous Quartet in E, and from a Quintet by Onslow.

A more beautiful sight is not often seen than the Boston Music Hall, filled as it was on Monday last week by three thousand happy children from our Grammar Schools, listening to the strains of THALBERG, D'ANGRI and MORELLI. The graceful kindness will be long appreciated. The entire floor was one wide dense flower-garden of girls, with boys packed in the aisles, as well as in the upper galleries. The selections were of the most appropriate, and Mr. Thalberg was as much the artist before his young audience as he is always. But of course it was too fine to excite them much. The singing, especially the comic pieces from "The Barber," stirred up the multitudinous applause most, and so sharp was the look-out for fun that the whole hall laughed out more than once at some of the singer's flourishes that were never meant for fun. The Rev. S. K. LOTHROP, who presided, made a graceful little speech of thanks to the artists in the name of the committee, and the children, led by their teacher, Mr. BUTLER, returned theirs by singing "Sweet Home," (yet the sound seemed to come from a small portion of them.) It was a sight to warm one's heart with gratitude, for our free schools, for such a hall in which to show their pride, for Art and generous artists.—On Saturday morning the scene was repeated, with a difference, for the benefit of other schools not represented. The crowd and the enthusiasm were even greater than before. The children rose in their seats, waved their handkerchiefs and hurraed for Thalberg, D'Angri and Morelli for five minutes. Young girls loaded the artists with flowers, and the children this time really joined in singing, under their teacher, Mr. SOUTHARD, "Hail Columbia," with exhilarating effect. The eleven thousand free school children have not yet all had their turn, and Mr. Thalberg announces his design to sing to the rest, when he returns.

NATIONAL SONGS.—The Royal Academy of Belgium has offered a prize of a gold medal of the

value of 600*fr.*, for the best treatise on the following subject: "What affinity exists in various countries between popular songs? and the origin of religious songs since the establishment of Christianity? Prove that affinity by monuments, the authenticity of which cannot be denied." The competitors are to send in their productions, written in Latin, French, or Flemish, before the 1st June, 1857.

A "Vocal Association" has been formed in London on the plan of the German *Liedertafel*. It numbers two hundred subscribers, and Mr. JULES BENEDICT is the conductor. The object is to attain, with a large mass of voices, a high degree of excellence and refinement in the execution of such choral music as requires little or no instrumental assistance. Great stores of music are open to the society for this purpose, by the older Italian, the older and modern German, and the English composers.

It is reported in the French papers that the voice of the celebrated tenor, DUPREZ, has changed to a baritone, and that in consequence he has been induced to accept an engagement with the Théâtre Lyrique, and to make his first appearance as Verdi's Rigoletto....Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN has been playing at Copenhagen, before the Dowager Queen, at the concerts of the Société de Musique, and at several soirées....SCHULHOFF, the pianist, is at Milan....Mme. PLEYEL, the pianist, has just finished a triumphant tour in Switzerland, whence she goes to Italy....An Englishman, HENRY HUGO PIERSON by name, author of the oratorio "Jerusalem," has composed and published a bulky volume of "Music to the Second Part of Goethe's Faust." The *Athenæum* says: "Jerusalem was obscure and grim enough to satisfy the wildest of that singular coterie, which believes that music can exist without continuous phrase or intelligible form; but the setting of the second part of *Faust* leaves *Jerusalem* far in the rear."

The New Orleans *Picayune* speaking of theatricals and music in Australia, says:

MISKA HAUSER, he with the "Bird on a tree," had also had a concert, introducing a sextuor, composed by Mayseder, and a quartetto with variations on "God Save the Queen," composed by Onslow, both of which were performed for the first time in New South Wales. His own variations on the national English anthem were greatly praised. "Of his solo playing," says a local critic, "it is unnecessary to offer comment; his perfect tone, the liquid notes which he produces, combined with an extraordinary memory, stamp him as a violinist of the first order." He had announced three Clinical Member concerts, promising to produce in perfection the quintets, quartets, trios, duets, &c., &c., of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Onslow, Hummel, and other great lights of art, who, by their genius, have irradiated the family circle, and whose honored names are "household words" in all climes. He was to be assisted by our other old friend, Mr. George Loder, who had arrived at Sidney in the second week of August. The subscription was to be one guinea for the three concerts, and a brilliant success was anticipated.

By "Clinical Member concerts," in the above, are we to understand Classical Chamber Concerts? We wish Miska Hauser a safe delivery.

A Parisian journalist, giving a sketch of the artistic career of Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, mentions an anecdote too good not to be repeated. He tells us that her *debut* took place in Florence before she was sixteen years of age, and that the role selected, of all others, for the occasion was the terrible *Lucrezia Borgia*! Her appearance, at present extremely juvenile, was then infinitely more so; but, notwithstanding this *invraisemblance*, the opera went off with the greatest applause, until her dispute with the duke, where *Lucrezia* exclaims, "Tremble! Duke Alfonso! Thou art my fourth husband; and I am *Borgia*!" This passage, in the mouth of a child, so completely overthrew the gravity of the audience that an uncontrollable burst of laughter issued from

every part of the Theatre, mixed with plaudits for her talent. The unsuitable nature of the character to her age and appearance did not, however, prevent her having an extraordinary amount of success, which never abandoned her, and she soon after became the idol of Florence and other cities of Italy.

We had to omit from "Trovatore's" last letter the following, which is too good to lose. But our friend evidently does not know the estimation in which ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is deservedly held in Boston, which is more familiar with the charge of being very proud of her:

"From Havana we hear of the great *hit* of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, in *Trovatore*, and I am rejoiced to learn that this delightful and promising young singer is appreciated, as she should be. You must acknowledge that the Bostonians treated this lady with most ungallant coolness, for though LA GRANGE, in her benefit at the Boston Theatre, was rewarded with expensive jewelry, yet Adelaide Phillips, a Boston girl, at her benefit, received not even the empty compliment of a bouquet. Yet she is a very pleasing singer, and promises to become a first-class one. Her voice is deliciously fresh, and she has one note particularly (the G, above the staff, I think) which is enough to set an enthusiastic lover of singing quite crazy with delight. It is a vocal pearl, for which even La Grange could well afford to change some of her vocal and jewel diamonds, and be the gainer. I have no doubt that if Miss Phillips gains a reputation elsewhere, the very critics who treated her so coldly, will be the first to suddenly strike up loud psalms in her praise. Critics are like sheep: let some leading bell-wether start on a certain track, and they all follow blindly, scarce knowing where they go; and let the same bell-wether lead them back on the same track, and they turn around and follow with the most sheepish air imaginable."

☞ A notice of Mr. SATTEN's Concert is unavoidably deferred till next week.

Musical Intelligence.

MANCHESTER, N. H. (From the *American*, Dec. 31.)—The last of Stratton's brilliant concerts came off last night to an overflowing house. There was a great rush for best seats, there being hundreds around the doors long before they were opened; those that came late took their stand around the back part of the hall. Mrs. Long was in good voice, and sung in her usual good taste and style, and was loudly applauded. She is a fine singer, and we regret we cannot hear her more this season. The German Trio were up to the mark again, and performed as only the German Trio can perform. The Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stratton sustained their high reputation in every respect, on this occasion. Are we not to hear them again this season? Why not organize, and have a Philharmonic Society, or something of the kind? We think there is every encouragement for a resident musician to keep the ball rolling, so well put in motion by Mr. Stratton, and have an Orchestra firmly established, with Mr. Stratton as conductor. We think they would be well supported.

ALBANY, N. Y.—George Wm. Warren, the warm-hearted and enthusiastic artist, gave his second annual Concert for the Poor at the Clinton Square Church on Thursday evening. He was assisted by his pupils, including his singing classes, numbering eighty voices, with solos by Misses Hinkley and Palmer, an amateur tenor, and others. The music opened with a charity hymn to old "St. Ann's," and closed with a burlesque potpourri à la Jullien. Taubert's "Lullaby," selections from *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, Warren's "Christmas Carol," and "Jack Frost Gallop" (for piano), a solo on the Organ Melodion (Alexandre), and all sorts of things sentimental, bright and funny, made up the programme. (Much obliged for invitation; but we have not learned the art of setting this terrible Jack Frost to music!)

PHILADELPHIA.—The splendid new opera house, or "Academy of Music," was to be inaugurated on Tues-

day evening by a promenade concert and ball. In a few weeks Mr. E. A. Marshall, the lessee of the building, will commence Dramatic performances in it. Opera, we presume, will be an occasional guest there, as it is at our Boston Theatre.—*Fitzgerald* says:

Our ladies are all in extacies about the weekly concerts now given by the Germania Band, and the Musical Fund Hall is sometimes filled on Saturday afternoon by a bevy of fair faces, who laugh and chat and applaud as if they supposed that it all is intended for their benefit alone. The gentlemen, however, have determined that the fair creatures shall not have all the pleasure to themselves, and are beginning to muster in considerable strength. Happy fellows, those Germanians, to be surrounded by such a collection of beautiful faces; but they deserve it, for a better corps of musicians, we don't desire to listen to.

NEW ORLEANS.—We clip some items from the *Picayune*, to serve as specimens of what is continually going on in the way of opera.

THEATRE D'ORLEANS, (Jan. 3).—We are having good times at the opera, now-a-days. This evening, "Robert le Diable" is to be performed again, with the same great cast as before. On New Year's night, there was a jam, to see the "Child of the Regiment," which was performed admirably. The comic strength of the company is now very great. Nor is that of the grand side of the troupe less so. On Monday evening, M'mes Colson and Bourgeois, and Messrs. Lagrave, Junca, Magne, &c., appear in "Huguenots."

Mr. Boudousquie gives us, for our Eighth of January entertainment, this evening, Verdi's great opera of "Jerusalem," or "The Lombards." M'lle Muller, and Messrs. Moulin, Junca and Magne have the leading parts in this opera, which has not yet been given this season. We may look for a fine house on this occasion, as the opera is ever a great favorite, and the cast a new and a very strong one.

(Jan. 10).—This evening the ever favorite grand opera of Meyerbeer, "Les Huguenots," is to be performed with a superior cast. To-morrow the new drama by Dumas, Jr., author of "Dame aux Camelias," will be presented. It is called "Le Demi-Monde." Monday the fine opera "Si j'étais Roi," by Adam, will be given by Colson and Latouche, Delagrave, Guillot and Magne.

(From the same, Dec. 28).—The musical taste of New Orleans, our friend Dwight thinks, is quite a remarkable reflex of that of Paris. He is partly right and partly wrong in this opinion.

Our French Opera House is situated in the old, or French, part of the city, and there it has been situated for nearly, if not quite, half a century. Every year the *habitués* of the Opera are solicited to engage the loges and balcony-seats, lattice boxes and parquet chairs for the season of five months, for two nights in each week—Fridays and Saturdays, which are the regular subscription, and, of course, the fashionable nights. Besides these, there are performances on Sunday (dramatic), Monday and Thursday evenings, or, as we call them, "the off-nights." On these the visitors go in comparative *deshabille*, and the auditorium, in consequence, does not present the brilliant appearance it wears on the subscription nights. But it is on those that we get the first taste of a new *débutant*, or a new opera—the subscribing patrons being, perforce, content with the second cut at these luxuries.

Now, it is a fact that will make itself apparent to any one who will observe, that the French Opera is in a very great degree, if not in the larger, supported by the people who reside or sojourn out of and above the French section of the city. Among the season subscribers there will be found, we think, a preponderance, even, of this part of the population; and certainly, if the opera were to be altogether deprived of the support of that portion of the community, it could hardly be a profitable concern to its conductor.

True it is, we get most of our operas and all our singers from France, but we are not ready to admit that we import our musical taste from its capital: certainly not all of it, nor even in any such degree as to strike an understanding observer as remarkable. A very considerable portion of our population here is German, and we had a proof, the other evening, on the occasion of the concert of our "Athenée" association, that there is such a thing in New Orleans as a decided taste for German music; while English and Italian opera, oratorio and concert singing are received with a degree of favor, and an appreciativeness, that show the existence of something besides a French musical taste in our midst.

We should like to have an opportunity of showing the accomplished and able editor of the Journal what we are doing and can do in the musical way in New Orleans. It is very pleasant and gay here, just now; cannot be run down, and pass a few weeks with us?

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—The concert given on Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Orphans' Home, was well attended, and gave very general satisfaction to the audience. Some of the amateurs gave evidence of good natural abilities and careful training, and they may appropriate to their own use very considerable praise. Next Tuesday evening the Orpheus Society

will give its first public concert. This society has been formed since the demise of the old Mozart, and bids fair to rival that in the estimation of the public. The Orpheus is composed of German musicians mostly, if not entirely and will discourse most eloquent music. On Tuesday evening they will be assisted by some of the best amateur talent in the city, and produce the best choruses of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Abt. E. W. Gunter, director, and G. Zoller, pianist.—*Democrat*.

Advertisements.

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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

There exist two works of Mozart, an Opera and a Mass for the dead, in which the phenomenon of his moral individuality and his mission as a musician announce themselves with a wonderful evidence for the critic as well as for the biographer. We have seen under what auspices *Don Juan*, the opera of operas, saw the light. Mozart wrote it in his finest days, in the midst of enjoyments, surrounded by glory and in a state of health, and yet the great voice of death sometimes reached him in the midst of these thousands of enchanting voices; it spoke every night to him. *Don Juan* thus appears as the result of an equal conflict, or as the equilibrium of two contrary influences. The *Requiem* announces the decisive victory of one of them. The opera is the whole problem of life laid before our eyes; the Mass for the dead is its solution; one leaves off with the grave, the other begins there. While the investigation instigated by Godfrey Weber has disturbed the air of miracle or the romantic coloring which attached to the historical origin of the *Requiem*, it has at the same time formally confirmed the really marvellous thing about it; I mean the moral relation between the work and its author. It has completely established two main points: first, that the *Requiem* was the last work of Mozart; secondly, that Mozart, when he wrote it, thought he wrote it for himself. * * * Mozart, keenly occupied with the thought of his near death, thinks he finds a hint from Heaven in the order he has just received. Such an impression is extremely natural, and one cannot see why it should have operated with more or less

power on the mind of the sick man, had the work been ordered by one of his acquaintances instead of by an unknown person. But perhaps he took Count Walsegg or his messenger to be a supernatural being or the angel of death in person! We leave these fancies to the poets, who have celebrated the last moments of Mozart; they can find no place in a biography, from which, as my readers already know, they are excluded by several accredited and rather prosaic facts; for instance, the ducats paid beforehand, the confessed delay, the offer of increased compensation. One may believe in a hint from another world, without having to imagine that the person or the circumstance, which serve as a premonition, are themselves initiated into the mysteries of fate. Have we not seen sick persons turn pale at the scream of an owl, and others make their will when they have heard a dog howl beneath their window? Surely an individual who orders a funeral mass of a musician who feels himself on the brink of the grave, seems a much more significant and trustworthy omen of death than a four-footed beast, that howls, or a bird that shrieks out in the gloom of night. * * * It is for us a want of the heart and a duty of the writer to recur to particulars already related in the form of a simple biography.

It will be remembered that Mozart in tears embraced his friends in Prague, whom he did not hope to see again. As soon as he gets home he completes what he has still left to do upon the *Zauberflöte*; he directs in person the first representations of this opera. And now he is pressed to fulfil his obligations and finally to employ in a work of some extent the high church style, which he so greatly loved, and to which he had devoted the most persevering studies, of which the labors of his childhood and youth, as for instance, his *Misericordias Domini* and his *Davidde penitente*, the extracts from Handel which he preserved in his portfolios, and finally his *Ave verum corpus* and the Chorale in the *Zauberflöte*, prove. Mozart sets himself to work to commence the *Requiem*, when a thought, which had without doubt seized upon his soul from the day of the order, illumined his dawning conception like a flash of lightning. Terrible light! This grave, for which harmonious tears are asked of him, is his own. No doubt, no hope more—he must die! Every moment this depressing thought gains more consistency, and fixes itself more firmly in the sick man's mind; but the inspiration which he draws from it, lends him thus far unknown immeasurable, supernatural powers. He writes, and all else is forgotten. Henceforth the night may follow the day, or the day the night; for the minstrel of eternity there is no time more. The light, which

once more rises, without bringing hope to him, the darkness which envelops the earth, without lapping him in repose, leave him and find him always in the same place, thinking, writing, without any cessation. An inexpressible interest, a painful inspiration, chains him to this labor, which is his last business in this world; and yet he sees death at the end of his labor; he sees him opposite himself—as he moves, approaches nearer and nearer, with his hollow eyes and hideous skeleton grin. He sees him, and the fear of not being able to bring the sublime hymn to an end, drives him to more and more strenuous toil. The pages of the *Requiem* are filled, and the life of the inspired singer melts away like the remains of a wax candle, which burns before the image of the Savior, and which, as in tears of devotion, consumes drop by drop its last existence.

But hasten as the musician would, the inexorable phantom was quicker than he was; he could not complete the work.

Scarcely had Mozart laid himself upon his death-bed, when we see a sudden and happy change take place in his fortunes. Already has the popular success of the *Zauberflöte* taught all Germany to speak his name with pride; already all contemporary celebrities begin to pale before his wonderful star; yet a few years and this star would with its immeasurableness and its splendor, have filled the whole musical horizon of Europe. Even fortune, tired out, and ashamed to persecute the great man longer, reached out to him the hand of reconciliation. They had given him an honorable position; orders poured in on all sides. And when at last the path of success, of glory and of independence seemed to open before him, which everything had prophesied for him from his cradle, which musicians without a future had traversed before his eyes with rapid and triumphant steps; when finally fortune seemed disposed to shower her favors over him, ah, then it was too late! God called the laborer to himself at the moment when he was about to grasp the reward for all his earthly toil! Is there anything finer and more dramatic in the infinite drama of human destiny, than this development, which coincides with the catastrophe? than this young man, who called himself Mozart, and for whom the tardy justice of contemporaries is nothing but the first homage of posterity?—this crowned and dying wrestler, who in the bitterness of his heart exclaims: *And now must I go away, just when I might live quietly! now leave my Art, when, no more the slave of fashion, no longer chained by speculators, I might follow the impulse of my feelings, and write freely and independently just what my heart inspires me! Now must I forsake my family, my poor children, in the*

very 'moment when I should have been in a condition to provide better for their welfare!

Thus he spake, and this so touching speech, so calculated to draw tears, was after all but a mistake in the lips of the predestined man. No—Mozart was neither the slave of fashion nor the foot-ball of speculators; but the instrument of Providence. If he was not free in the choice of his labors, it was because his free choice in the future would not have served the cause of music so well as the fatality of circumstances, which he obeyed against his will. He was obliged to go, because his mission was at an end; he had to leave his Art, but not before he had attained its highest summit. What should he have made after *Don Juan*, after his last Symphonies, after the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, and after the *Requiem*? He must have ceased to live while yet a young man, because his vital powers were exhausted (so to say) by the production of super-human works; a genius growing old would have been incapable of these; the condition and the price of such was necessarily an early end. He left his wife and children nothing; but the inheritance of a name ever dear and glorious in the memory of nations must have shaped itself fruitfully in the hands of Providence. The widow's was an honorable lot, the orphans received a good education. Ah, if our hero could have thought more cheerfully or more resignedly, in these fearful moments, upon something else than his approaching death and those strongest, sweetest ties of nature, which it threatened to sunder; if it had been possible for him to cast a calmer look backwards, and to recapitulate that wonderful life, which in ten years included more than a century; if the most glorious annals of Art which are found registered in the catalogue of his works could have unfolded themselves before the eyes of the dying man in a long perspective of imperishable harmonies, then Mozart would have understood his destiny; complaint would have grown dumb upon his lips, and he would have left the earth as the Christian victor leaves the battle-field, commending his actions to the heavenly mercy.

[To be continued.]

(Continued from page 130.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE FRENCH HORN.

The horn is a noble and melancholy instrument; the expression of its quality of tone, and of its sonorousness, are, nevertheless, not those which unfit it for figuring in any kind of piece. It blends easily with the general harmony; and the composer—even the least skilful—may, if he choose, either make it play an important part, or a useful but subordinate one. No master, in my opinion, has ever known how to avail himself of its powers more originally, more poetically, and at the same time more completely, than Weber. In his three finest works, *Oberon*, *Euryanthe*, and *Der Freischütz*, he causes the horn to speak a language as admirable as it is novel; a language which Méhul and Beethoven alone seem to have comprehended before him, and of which Meyerbeer, better than any one, has maintained the purity. The horn is, of all orchestral instruments, that which Gluck wrote least well for; the simple inspection of one of his works suffices to lay bare his want of skill in this respect. We must however quote, as a stroke of genius, those three notes of the horn imitating the couch of Charon in the air from *Alceste*: "Charon now calls thee!"

They are middle C₂, given in unison by two horns in D; but the author having conceived the idea of causing the bells of each to be closed, it follows that the two instruments serve mutually as a sordine, and the sounds, interclashing, assume a distant accent, and a cavernous quality of tone, of the most strange and dramatic effect.

Rossini, in the hunting-strain of the second act of *Guillaume Tell*, conceived the idea of causing a diatonic phrase to be executed by four E₂ horns in unison. It is very original. When four horns are thus united, either in a sustained air, or in a rapid passage which requires the use of closed sounds and open sounds, it is far better (unless the idea be based on this very variety and inequality of sounds) to put them all in different keys; the open sounds on some, thus compensating the small sonorousness of the corresponding closed sounds on others, preserve the balance, and give to the scale of the four combined horns a kind of homogeneity. Thus, while the horn in C gives the E₂ (closed), if the horn in E₂ gives the C (open), the horn in F the B₂ (open), and a horn in B₂ the F (closed), there results from these four different qualities a quadruple E₂ of a very beautiful tone; and, evidently, it is nearly the same with all the others.

I have said that the horn is a noble and melancholy instrument, notwithstanding those *jocund hunting flourishes* so often quoted. In fact, the gaiety of these strains arises rather from the melody itself, than from the quality of tone of the horns; hunting flourishes are only really *jocund* when played on *trumpets*,—an instrument little musical, whose piercing sound, even in the open air, bears no resemblance to the chaste and reserved voice of the horn. By forcing in a particular way the emission of the air from the tube of a horn, it is brought, however, to resemble that of the trumpet; which is called making the sounds *brassy*.

This may sometimes be done with excellent effect, even on closed notes. When there is need to force the open notes, composers generally require the performers—in order to give the sound all possible roughness—to take off the bells of their instruments; and they then indicate the condition of the horns by these words:—"Bells off." A magnificent example of the employment of this means is to be found in the final outburst of the duet in Méhul's *Euphrosyne et Coradin*:—"Gardez vous de la jalousie." Still under the influence of this fearful yell of the horns, Grétry one day answered somebody who asked him his opinion of this tempestuous duet:—"It is enough to split the roof of the theatre with the skulls of the audience!"

THE TRUMPET.

The quality of tone of the trumpet is noble and brilliant; it suits with warlike ideas, with cries of fury and of vengeance, as with songs of triumph; it lends itself to the expression of all energetic, lofty, and grand sentiments, and to the majority of tragic accents. It may even figure in a *jocund* piece; provided the joy assume a character of impulse or of pomp and grandeur.

Notwithstanding the real loftiness and distinguished nature of its quality in tone, there are few instruments that have been more degraded than the trumpet. Even including Beethoven and Weber, every composer—not excepting Mozart—has persisted in either confining it to the unworthy limits of fillings-up, or in causing it to sound two or three commonplace rhythmical formulæ; as vapid and ridiculous, as they are incompatible, very often, with the character of the pieces in which they occur. This detestable practice is at last abandoned; all composers, now-a-days, of any merit and style, make accord with their melodical designs, with their form of accompaniment, and with the trumpet's powers of sound, all the latitude, the variety, and independence which the nature of the instrument affords. It has needed almost a century for the attainment of this much.

Trumpets with pistons and with cylinders have the advantage of being able, like the horns with pistons, to give all the intervals of the chromatic scale. They have lost nothing of the quality of

the ordinary trumpet, by the super-addition of these facilities; and their correctness of intonation is satisfactory. The trumpets with cylinders are the best: they will soon come into general use.

Keyed trumpets, still employed in some Italian orchestras, cannot be compared to them in this respect.

THE CORNET A PISTONS.

The cornet a pistons is very much the fashion in France at present, particularly in a certain musical world where elevation and purity of style are not considered essential qualities; and it has thus become the indispensable solo instrument for quadrilles, galops, airs with variations, and other second-rate compositions. The habit which exists now-a-days of hearing in ball orchestras melodies devoid of all originality and distinction executed on this instrument, together with the character of its quality of tone, which has neither the nobleness of the horn, nor the loftiness of the trumpet, renders the introduction of the cornet a pistons into the high melodical style a matter of great difficulty. It may figure there with advantage, however; but very rarely, and on condition of its playing only phrases of large construction and of indisputable dignity. Thus, the ritornello of the trio in *Robert le Diable*, "O my son," &c., suits well with the cornet a pistons.

Jocund melodies will always have to fear from this instrument a loss of a portion of their nobleness, if they have any, or, if they have none—an additional triviality. A phrase which might appear tolerable, played on violins, or on wooden wind instruments, would become poor and detestably vulgar, if brought out by the snapping, noisy, bold sound of the cornet a pistons. This danger is obviated if the phrase be of such a nature that it can be played at the same time by one or more trombones; the grand sound of which then covers and ennobles that of the cornet. Employed in harmony, it blends extremely well with the general mass of brass instruments; it serves to complete the chords of the trumpets, and to contribute to the orchestra those diatonic or chromatic groups of notes, which, on account of their rapidity, suit neither the trombones nor the horns.

[To be continued.]

Herr Dorn's New Opera.

(Translated for the Lond. Mus. World, from the "Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.")

A new opera is an event for every theatre, especially for one of the first rank. It was, therefore, natural that the most general interest should be manifested in the production of a new opera by the Capellmeister, Herr Dorn. This interest was necessarily more lively in Berlin, as, from the position of the composer, and the extraordinary success of his last opera, *Die Nibelungen*, public expectation was raised to the highest pitch. The opera is called *Ein Tag in Russland* (*A Day in Russia*), the text being taken from the French by that skilful libretto writer, Herr Grünbaum, who has portioned out his subject into three acts, of which the last is, properly speaking, to be considered only as a ballet conclusion of the whole, and is, therefore, not to be included in it. But the two acts alone are, perhaps too long and circumstantial for the subject, because the action is really not sufficiently great to be limited to a few dramatic scenes, if it is intended to excite any interest. A noble Russian discovers, immediately after his marriage, that his young bride is far from possessing amiable qualities, and determines to cure her in a peculiar manner. He sets out for St. Petersburg, and proceeds to a joiner, adopting measures for the carriage, in which his young bride is travelling, to break down in the neighborhood, so that the lady is compelled to seek refuge in the house of the joiner, while the latter mends the vehicle. She here finds her husband as a workman, and is not a little astonished at a noble countess, like herself, being married to such a person. The deception practised by her husband excites her anger to the highest pitch. After the most decided efforts have been made in the joiner's work-shop, on the part of the youthful wife, to strike fear into

the whole plebeian set, and on the part of the latter to behave in the best possible manner towards their visitor, the authorities make their appearance, and carry off the entire company. The scene is now transported to the castle of the Count, and the latter's sister espouses so far the cause of the youthful wife as to manifest her willingness to aid her in obtaining a separation from the joiner's journeyman. The lady, who, in the meantime, feels more and more disposed to love her husband, regrets this, and, while she is still hesitating what resolution to adopt, the supposed journeyman enters, and the question of a divorce is thus quashed of itself. The concluding ballet ends the whole most pleasingly. The explanation afterwards is very simple, and contains no really comic motives. Whatever comic element there may be in the book consists merely in the delineation and treatment of separate traits and situations. The most piquant scene of this description occurs at the beginning of the second act, where the baroness draws a picture of the effect which will be produced, at the Court of St. Petersburg, by so strange a marriage. She calls to mind a Lord Chamberlain, an equerry, and a general's wife, who speaks broken German or French. This is a species of comicality which is merely external, but, when rendered by so talented and delicate a dramatic artist as Mlle. Johanna Wagner, it produces a decided effect, and obtained an extraordinary degree of success during the whole representation. The composer, whose skill in expressing musically comic situations of this kind is universally acknowledged, employs the musical means at his disposal very effectively in this instance also. Out of the grand air, likewise, sung by the Baroness previous to this scene, and in which she draws a picture of the brilliant round of parties and balls in Paris (for in the Baroness we have to fancy a character in which a certain amount of good nature is united to a partiality for external magnificence, and an aristocratic, social mode of life), the composer has produced an interesting whole. The whole composition, and not alone its first arrangement and plan, forms a tastefully finished piece of music. We must especially acknowledge the skill with which entire passages from Weber, Mozart, Spohr, Meyerbeer, etc., are interwoven in the author's intentions (for the Baroness has even to dance in this air, which task, *à la Pepita*, Mlle. Wagner executes with the best possible taste, by implying rather than actually carrying it out). Although this is an ornamentation composed of borrowed plumes, and imparts to the music the stamp of a pleasing *pot-pourri*, we must prominently notice the technical skill which has, notwithstanding, produced one whole out of this scene. Whether such a style of treatment is one to be artistically justified, and whether it ought to be adopted in opera, even in comic opera, is another question. The Inspector's "Knutenlied" (Knout-song), also, is very cleverly worked out, painting and portraying the situation in the most lively fashion. Whether it will produce a comic impression on every audience is a question we will leave undecided, for this would, perhaps, depend on the manner in which the entire *libretto* was received. Should it, however, find a cold reception, people would scarcely be inclined impartially and justly to appreciate the musical talent contained in the composition. As it appears to us, the principal fault of the work is that the composer should have employed his talent and his art on a subject which may, possibly, produce at the very outset an unfavorable impression. Still, it is not beyond the limits of possibility that, by omitting certain portions, these drawbacks might be surmounted, and a more favorable result assured to the whole. We were very agreeably impressed with a ballet fugue, which begins the third act. It is, at any rate, something now to write a complete fugue for a dance. True it is, that for the perfect success of this piece we require as excellent a *corps-de-ballet* as that which we possess, and as admirable a *maître-de-ballet* as M. Taglioni. But, however this may be, the effect of the ensemble is, in the highest degree, attractive. The dances of the third act are, in consequence, of a very pleasing character. The first act, which must be improved by curtailments in the music,

contains detached passages, which are attractive and musically pleasing, but weakened by want of interest in the story, which contains too little action. There is not the slightest doubt that, when it has received the necessary alterations, the work will gain on the public. We must, however, leave it to the composer to display the proper tact under such circumstances. As the Baroness stands out prominently in the foreground, and as Mlle. Wagner is a most admirable representative of the part, to her belongs a principal share of the manifestations of applause with which the work was greeted. The other parts, which, also, were well supported (Madame Herrenburg-Tuczek, the Countess Poleska; Herr Formes, the Count—and joiner's journeyman; Herr Krause, the master-joiner; Herr Bost, the inspector; and Mlle. Guy, the joiner's daughter) possess animation, when regarded separately; they contain, also, many pleasing and happy musical effects, and will come out more strongly when the whole is more concentrated. May the composer find some happy hours for this purpose. The audience received the opera favorably; the composer was called on after the first act, and considerable applause bestowed on the artists.—*Berlin, Dec. 28.*

THE GAMUT OF ODORS.—Scents appear to influence the smelling nerves in certain definite degrees. There is as it were an octave of odours, like an octave in music. Certain odours blend in unison like the notes of an instrument. For instance almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, verbena, and orange peel, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The figure is completed by what are called semi-odours, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half-note; petty-gain, the note; neroly, a black key, or half-note; followed by *fleur d'orange*, a full note. Then we have patchouly, sandal-wood, and vitiver, with many others running into each other.—*Piesse's Art of Perfumery, 2nd Edition.*

The New Grand Opera House in Philadelphia.

(Special Correspondence of the New York Tribune.)

Philadelphia. Monday, Jan. 26, 1857.

It is now about sixteen years since the project of erecting a grand opera house in Philadelphia was agitated. The time was unpropitious, as well on account of the immaturity of that city in population, wealth and musical culture, as of the financial embarrassment commencing in 1837, and which had then (in 1840) prostrated credit and enterprise all over the country. In face, however, of these disadvantages, our Quaker neighbors were the first community in America to entertain seriously the scheme of a lyrical and dramatic institution comparable in all points to the largest and most complete in Europe, and to this end the attempt so far prospered that an adequate lot was secured, and subscriptions for the building made to the amount of about two hundred thousand dollars.

At this point, owing to the difficulties referred to, the effort was abandoned. To the architectural, economical, moral and artistic features of that enterprise, however, is due whatever has since been achieved in the same direction in our City of New York and elsewhere in the United States.

The Philadelphia Academy of Music, which is inaugurated to-night by the greatest ball ever given in the city, is a most honorable approximation to the reality of the original project which I have just mentioned. The Academy faces eastward on Broad street—a noble avenue one hundred and twenty feet wide, bisecting the old city-plot between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, at the distance of about a mile from each. The northern flank of the house is on Locust street, and the southern on ground reserved for the purpose, so as to insulate it by a court of adequate width. Chestnut street, where fashionable shops, and Walnut, where fashionable dwellings, predominate, are respectively only seven and five hundred feet distant. The building is one hundred and forty feet front, one hundred and fifty feet in the rear, and two hundred and thirty-eight feet deep. The material of the first story is brown stone, the superior walls of the finest pressed brick, the cornice of iron, sanded to correspond with the basement, and the roof of plates of galvanized iron.

The style of architecture is simple and imposing, and judiciously adapted to the mixed material. The front has five high arched doors extending along a projection of ninety feet, and one grand window at each extremity. Over the doors is a solid stone balcony. The openings of the second story—the external appearance of the house being only two stories—correspond with those of the first. On the side streets, there are thirteen similar openings to each story, five of them being doors in the first, protected also by a stone balcony. The height of the building is apparently about seventy feet. It is altogether exceedingly well conceived.

Access to the interior is provided by five doors, each ten feet wide on the Broad-street front, and an equal number on each side street, making the total openings in the clear 150 feet—distributing the audience by its exits in different directions, and insuring the clearing of a full house in a very few minutes. The front doors extend along a line of 73 feet, giving admission to a vestibule of the same length and ten feet deep. At each side of the vestibule are ticket-offices, communicating respectively with the managers' and directors' rooms, about 25 feet square, which occupy the two front corners of the building. These rooms are provided with fire-proofs of the best description, and have private doors communicating with other departments of the building. A ticket-office on Locust street, for the upper tiers of boxes, also opens directly into the manager's room, thus bringing two of the receivers under his immediate supervision.

Passing through the front vestibule by arched doors, corresponding in number and size with those of the exterior, the grand vestibule is reached—a noble apartment, ninety feet wide and thirty feet deep. It is flanked by two grand stairways, each thirteen feet wide, and rising right and left parallel to the front of the house. The inner wall of this hall is pierced by doors opposite to those in front, also corresponding in proportions with them. Between the doors are pilasters. These and the walls are frescoed in imitation of various fine marbles, and the ceiling is relieved by deep and enriched panels. The newel-posts of the stairways are very massive, of carved walnut, forming the base of stands of the same material, which support elegant gilt candelabras, topped by bronze Mercuries. A handsome chandelier decorates the centre of the hall. Proceeding inward on the same floor the lobby of the parquet circle is entered, which compasses the auditorium. It is thirty feet wide, except at the extremities, where it approaches the stage department, narrowing there to nine feet. On one side of the house this lobby communicates with a ladies' retiring-room, and on the other with a gentleman's. A handsome elliptical staircase affords interior communication with the first and second tiers of boxes, and under the grand front stairways access is had to the gentlemen's refreshment room in the basement, which is eighty by forty feet.

From the lobby, thus described, admission is had to the parquet-circle, and to the parquet, by several doors and corresponding aisles at convenient distances. The lobbies of the other tiers are of the same proportions as the lower. That of the next or principal floor connects with the dress-circle, and on the front with the *Foyer* or grand saloon. This is a very beautiful apartment born in proportions and style. It is over the entrance and grand vestibules, 90 feet long and 40 feet wide, with a groined ceiling 35 feet high. It is lighted by five great arched casement windows 16 feet wide each over the front doors, and opening upon the stone balcony above described. At each extremity it communicates with large and elegant lounging or refreshment rooms, and also with the main stairways. Throughout its length on both sides are sixteen Roman Ionic columns in full relief upon pilasters and surmounted by ornate entablature. Ten brilliant glass chandeliers depend from the spring of the arches in the ceiling, and between the arched doors at either extremity are very large mirrors. The walls of this sumptuous room are white, but will be frescoed when sufficiently seasoned. On the same floor, and pertaining to the dress-circle lobby are ladies' and gentlemen's private retiring-room, also of simple dimensions. Each upper story is similarly provided. These suites of rooms with their ante-rooms are on the north and south sides of the building—the ante-rooms having large high doors corresponding with the side windows—the doors when shut serving to exclude perfectly the noise of the street, or when open in Summer to admit the outer air. At each extremity of the lobbies adjacent to the stage-department, and at each angle of them adjacent to the front of the house are stairways (other than those already mentioned) seven feet wide. These make in all seven stairways in the audience department of about 50 feet gross width, distributed around its entire periphery, and all at

their respective bases within 10 or 15 feet of the exit doors. The steps of the stairs are heavy and plank, the ballusters oak, and the rails massive walnut. The walls are frescoed to resemble blocks of Sienna marble. The lobby walls are tastefully paneled, and also frescoed to represent various delicate marbles. They are further decorated by Ionic columns at the head of the stair-halls, and lighted by chandeliers of novel and appropriate designs.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Encore Swindle.

[From Punch.]

Mr. Punch cannot recognize more than a single view, upon the subject of an encore. But his own preternatural wisdom and rectitude—he admits the fact with due humiliation—sometimes prevent his making allowances for the ignorance and injustice of others. He will therefore condescend upon the present occasion, to explain how the matter in question stands. He is moved thereto by a variety of correspondence which has been addressed to him, and by an article in the *Musical World*, in which some ridiculous provincial censures upon Mr. Sims Reeves, the vocalist, are disposed of by a reply so unanswerable that it has already excited the wrath of the illogical. For it is in imperfectly educated nature to begin to revile when it ceases to reason.

Complaints were made, and what in the provinces passes for sarcasm was let fly against the singer we have named, for his excusing himself, on the ground of indisposition, from fulfilling a certain engagement. Now Mr. Punch has occasionally had his good-humored joke with Mr. Reeves on this subject, and begs to premise that nothing herein contained will bar Mr. Punch of his right to say just what he likes to Mr. Reeves or anybody else. Nor, again, will Mr. Punch's condescending to joke upon the subject, in any manner prevent his recognition of Mr. Reeves as one of the most admirable artists in the world. *Nunc tunc*, as Virgil might have said, if he had chosen.

The answer to these complaints is, that British audiences consist of swindlers. It is shown that Mr. Reeves, in common with many other artists, is compelled by a dishonest British public to do double the work which he contracts to do. It is set forth by extracts from the newspapers, detailing a long provincial tour (during which Mr. Reeves has not once failed to appear when due,) that the audiences have always exacted from him precisely twice the quantity of music which they were entitled to ask. They have habitually encored every thing. And when an exhausted singer has ventured to substitute something else for the fatiguing air which is dishonestly demanded, they have encored the substitution. The consequence of this selfish injustice was that Reeves, lacking the courage of Alboni and Mario, who will seldom "take" an encore, got knocked up, not being a mere singing machine, and had to give his throat and lungs a few days' holiday. This brought out provincial censure and sarcasm, completely met, as it appears to Mr. Punch and every honest person, by the *Musical World*.

By what right, we beg to ask, does an auditor cheat and rob an artist by encoring? A play bill announces that if you will pay a specific sum you shall have a specific song. You pay the money, (or go with an order,) and you demand twice the music you have bargained for. Do you serve anybody else so except an artist? If you buy a pair of trousers, and they please you, do you encore those trousers, that is, require the tailor to give you another pair? Do you encore a dozen of oysters, asking the second lot for nothing because the first were sweet and succulent? Do you encore a portrait, and because a painter has succeeded admirably in taking your likeness, do you clap and stamp about his studio until he paints you another copy for nothing?

But "O!" says John Bull and Mrs. Bull, with their usual vulgarity, "these are real things, with a value, while a song's nothing but air (hair, very likely, Mrs. Bull calls it) coming out of a man's mouth; and it has no value, and he ought to be very proud that we are pleased with him."

Get out of the theatre, you old idiots! Get out,

you dishonest old ignorant wretches, and go to Mr. Spurgeon, or a police magistrate, or somebody, and learn your duty to your neighbor! Get out, we tell you!

And yet why should Mr. Punch be wrath with you! Your fathers thought in the same way about books, and wondered at an author's impudence in calling mere words by the sacred name of property. And the notion is not quite extinct yet. There, we retract, we feel compassion for you, you old creatures, not anger. You may stay. But mind this. You have no right to steal music. If your housemaid stole your snub-nosed Patty's dog's-eared copy of the "Troubadour" from the pianoforte, you would call that housemaid a thief, and send for a policeman. What are you, that steal four songs in one evening? Take that hint to heart, and when next you are delighted with an effort that it has cost an artist years of expensive and laborious study to bring to the perfection that enchants you, and you feel disposed to cheat him out of it again, remember snub-nosed Patty and her dog's-eared music.

Were Mr. Punch a manager, he would borrow a hint from the omnibus, and write across the curtain—*All Encores must be paid for*—and the money-taker should go round, attended by a detective, to require a second payment of the price of admission. On the other hand, if it could be shown that singers, or music-sellers, or friends with orders, had caused the encore, (for all sorts of tricks are resorted to in order to puff up indifferent wares,) the night's salary of the singer supposed to be benefited should be forfeited to the General Theatrical Fund. As Mr. Punch is not a manager, he obligingly makes a present of these suggestions to the editor of the *Musical World*.

A Letter from Mr. Satter.

Boston, Jan. 24, 1857.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music:

DEAR SIR—You ask an explanation of the motive which prompted me to call my Trio "Sardanapalus." Before I give you the reason, let me say a word about the motive which induced me to write a trio at all.

Pianists, as a general thing, have to contend with a prejudice, which denies them the capability of writing anything but the trashy hobbies of display, with which they sometimes enrich their publishers, and most always hurt the influence of good music. Fesca, Litolf, Liszt, Willmers, Charles Meyer and Rubinstein have never been supposed to write anything but easy, tickling, sentimental titbits, clad in gorgeous and brilliant array. Each of these men, however, has proved by one or two compositions, that they have got the faculty of writing something good, let the treatment of this very faculty be ever so poor. I do not mean to say by that, and cannot affirm as a true musician, that any of the six above mentioned pianists has created a sterling and standard composition, whose themes and working up of themes may astonish future generations, and throw a magic glance upon the musical era of pianists comprising the years 1830 to 1850. But the will is, in a moral point of view, as good as the deed, and it must give satisfaction to the spirits of Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn (I omit the name of Haydn, as his delicious simplicity of style has never found any lucky imitator) to know that the dazzling radiance of their atmosphere has attracted hosts of lesser spirits, who considered it a privilege to hover round and bask in this region of incontestable genius.

The writer of these lines, being unfortunately a public performer, has of course spoiled a good many sheets of music paper in order to apprise the public, first, that he could write music, and secondly, that he could play it. He has had his run; his compositions have very deservedly had none. One day last summer, when in Newburyport, and after having dreamt a month of the frailty and trickery of earthly sayings and doings, a congenial friend advised him

to read Dickens. It did for a while, but it would not do. Extremes meet; so let us read Byron. Byron found his way to the U. S. Hotel in Boston, and the tragedy of "Sardanapalus" was relished with a most profound appetite. Not that there is any peculiar depth or even moral in this poem; but the sublime, "let-go manner" of the Eastern king, and the idea of extinguishing a flame with flames had something so gloriously eccentric in the eyes of the musician, that he involuntarily thought of his equally eccentric friend, Berlioz, in Paris, and he thought, thought, and thought over the thing, till he came to the conclusion, that if Berlioz, Esq. had burnt his Sardanapalus, he, Satter, could probably do the same if nobody had any objections; so "here goes."

The Trio was born. It was not made for show; neither was it destined to hold a place in musical libraries. The ideas came; the ideas were written down. Two notes were extended to Schultze and Jungnickel, inviting them to try it; three rehearsals were held. I said it did not answer my expectations; they said it did theirs (although that was possibly anything but a compliment). I spoke about backing out; they said I was a fool; I said I was not; so we had a pitched battle until the memorable 21st came, when this great Trio was performed, to the delight of both friends and enemies, and to the especial delight of a painfully strict reporter, who must have left Ordway Hall or a nigger barber shop, as he detected a melody in the last movement of the Trio, which made him laugh right out. Next day, one paper was delighted with the Trio (thank you!) another paper said I spoil the third movement by beating stunningly; another said that imaginative powers were required for composition—that I had strong imaginative powers, but I'd better stop; and the *Evening Gazette* seasoned my breakfast with the intelligent news that I had talent for nigger melodies, and that both the themes and their working up were very bad. I wish to give my best thanks to all these gentlemen for the trouble which they took, and feel inclined to tell them two little stories.

1. Beethoven was considered a fool until he died.

2. A blind man was considered a fool because he judged of colors.

And to the public and to you, who would certainly not like to form an opinion without being responsible for it, I take the liberty to announce, that at my next concert (heedless of storms and clouds blackened with printer's ink) I shall repeat this very Trio, at the unanimous request of my subscribers, and give them, as an additional matter of interest, a new Quartet in four movements, consecrated to the memory of Kosciusko, the unfortunate attempter of Poland's liberation.

By publishing this silly act of self-defence you will confer as great a favor upon me as you will by hearing the Trio with its "nigger movement" once more, and carefully attending the first rehearsal of the Quartet, when I hope to hear from you truth, and nothing but truth. Yours respectfully,

GUSTAV SATTER.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 27.—It is at present the fashion to be charitable. It is considered "the thing" to patronize "Women's Hospitals," and "Children's Nurseries." Wealthy dowagers sit around like so many Mrs. Pardiggles, visiting poor people, and giving them sound advice, and red flannel. Elegant young ladies spend their time in making dolls for charity fairs, and really much good is done to the poor. The excellent benefactors are fully aware of the extent of their efforts, and are willing that other people shall know them too; for with all their charitable feelings and charitable actions, they sometimes

forget that charity vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up.

One of the most popular and prevalent modes of being charitable, is by calling in the aid of music, and giving what are termed "Amateur Charitable Soirées." Probably the most pretentious of these kind of affairs came off one evening last week, and being present, I have thought a brief description of the entertainment might not be uninteresting.

It took place in one of the most superb mansions that can be found in New York, and may altogether be considered the most *recherché* affair of the season. Indeed, I was informed that the company comprised the *élite* of the city, that the *bon ton* was out in force, that everything was *comme il faut*, and I actually began to think that an entire French phrase book had been gotten up expressly for this occasion. I was also told that no one was invited who was not "one of us," which information was of course vastly agreeable. For you must know that, though a public affair, and the tickets duly sold at two dollars each, yet the proposed concert had not been allowed to be announced in the papers, for the *dile*, and the *bon ton*, et cetera, were particularly desirous that the *soirée* should be exceedingly *recherché* and *comme il faut*, et cetera, and that the *verve* and *empressment*, et cetera, which the performers were expected to throw into their *arias* and *cavatinas* and *romanzas*, et cetera, should be by no means diminished by the fears of the *critiques* and *resumés*, et cetera, of the daily papers.

The singers were mostly young lady amateurs of this city, assisted by a few professionals—Mr. AP- TOMMAS, the harpist, Mr. KYLE, the flutist, and Mr. GUIDI, the tenor. Programmes were printed with the names of the performers, of which I annex a copy:

PART I.

Trio—Te sol questa anima—Attilla.Verdi.
Mrs. Riggs, Mr. Van Zandt, and Sig. Guidi.
Solo—Piano-forte.Mr. Boker.
Cavatina—Anch'io dischiuso sin giorno—Nabuco.Verdi.
Miss Randolph.
Duo—Da quel—Linda di Chamounix.Donizetti.
Miss Herndon and Sig. Guidi.
Solo—Flute—Cavatina—Sans Parole.Clinton.
Mr. Kyle.
Aria—O luce di questa anima—Linda.Donizetti.
Mrs. Riggs.
Grand Etude Galop—For Piano-Forte.Alfred Jaell.
Miss Cholley.
Scena ed Aria—Der Freischütz.von Weber.
Miss De Roode.
Quatuor—A te o cara—I Puritani.Bellini.
Mrs. Riggs, Mr. Van Zandt, Mr. Hewitt, and Sig. Guidi.

PART II.

Solo—Piano-forte.Mr. Boker.
Duetto Buffo—Dunque lo son—Il Barbiere.Rossini.
Mrs. Riggs and Mr. Van Zandt.
Swiss Song—written for Sontag—"Mein einz'ger Schatz"Eckert.
Harp Accompaniment—By Mr. Aptommas.
Miss Randolph.
Duetto—Parigi o cara—La Traviata.Verdi.
Miss Chase and Sig. Guidi.
Cavatina—Allor—Attilla.Verdi.
Miss Herndon.
Harp Solo—Fantasia from Lucresia Borgia.Alvares.
Mr. Aptommas.
Aria—La poupée de Nuremberg.Adam.
Miss De Roode.
Quatuor—Chi mi frena—Lucia.Donizetti.
Miss Randolph, Mr. Van Zandt, Mr. Hewitt, and Sig. Guidi.
Accompaniments by Messrs. Millet and Albites.

I believe I before mentioned that the *soirée* took place in a splendid up-town mansion, the use of which had been kindly proffered by the owner, a gentleman who, if I may use a poetical license, has soared aloft to fame and wealth on the wings of a Sarsaparilla bottle. It is considered, I think, the most palatial of New York residences, and never exhibited a more brilliant appearance than on the evening of the 22d. If I were able to do it up like the fashionable reporters, I might tell you of the splendor of the chandeliers, the magnificence of the ladies' dresses, the height of the arched hall, the expense of the bouquets, the price of the carpets, the suavity of the gentlemanly host, the general effect of the *tout ensemble* and *coup d'œil*, et cetera. All this appeared in a few papers of the following day, with an additional item relating to a "table bountifully spread with edibles," which to my poignant grief I did not discover at the time.

But I have chiefly to do with the musical portion of the entertainment, and I must say that it was much better than most amateur attempts. Of the professional performers it is wholly unnecessary to speak—they did as well as could be expected, considering that but very few took the trouble to listen to them. The other singers, though amateurs, have still challenged criticism by having their names printed on the programme; yet one cannot feel privileged to point out their defects as freely as if they were public singers, for the nervousness of a first appearance prevented them from appearing to as great advantage as they might on other occasions.

The performer who appeared to create the most favorable impression was Miss Randolph; this young lady is the step-daughter of a prominent city editor, and has enjoyed in Paris the privilege of being a pupil of Rubini. Her voice is very rich and pleasant, with some splendid lower notes, and her execution is fair. Excessive timidity had its effect upon her performance, and greatly marred the more elaborate passages of her first aria, and she did not wholly recover her self-possession during the entire evening. Yet enough was shown to prove that Miss Randolph has sufficient talent to take a high rank among amateur singers, and even, with practice, rival many professionals.

With an inferior voice, but better execution, Miss Herndon, a daughter of Lient. Herndon of the U. S. N., created also a very favorable impression. She rendered the cavatina from "Linda" very brilliantly, but she does not sing with expression.

Mrs. Riggs has the same musical virtues and faults as Miss H. With a facility of execution I have rarely heard equalled off the stage, she pleases, but does not *enthuse* (as R. S. Willis says) her hearers. The music she attempted was too high for her voice. In the duet from *Il Barbiere*, a selection which requires no expression, she sang admirably.

Miss Chase is, I think, a Boston lady, and though she sang in but one piece, the duet from *Traviata*, evinced considerable musical talent. It would be impossible to speak more definitely without hearing the lady in a solo, which should have been assigned to her.

But the finest singer of the evening was a German lady, Miss De Roode, who has been in this country but a short time; she has evidently been under the best instruction, and sings like an artiste—a "full-fledged prima donna," as the critic of one of the city papers terms her. It is very seldom that the aria from *Freyshütz* has been given with more sweetness and taste, though the effect was greatly marred by the incessant chatter that was kept up by a portion of the audience. The second selection of Miss Roode was a poor one, and did not give satisfaction, though extremely well performed. Of the lady pianists, I can only say that they played very well, and of the gentlemen singers, that they were "tolerable, and"—you know the rest of the quotation.

The programme was long, and many of the audience dropped away before it was finished, the last piece being listened to with a sense of relief. Indeed, I very much doubt whether these charity concerts really please any one excepting the performers, for the singers cannot be expected to equal those we hear in the public concert room; however, their friends come to hear them, and they are listened to with a bland fortitude, that fully bears out St. Paul's maxim, that "Charity endureth all things."

While all this music was going on inside, and the illuminated and heated mansion was thronged with gay guests, there was a very different scene taking place outside the door. The night was the coldest of the season, the mercury an incredible distance below zero, a biting wind blowing, the snow lying on the ground, and exposed to all this inclemency were over two hundred coachmen, shivering and freezing, and awaiting the departure of their masters and mis-

tresses. It may have been very improper, but I could not help thinking, that it was a pity that with all the charity represented inside, none could be spared for these freezing unfortunates, who had to wait in the cold the beck and bidding of the charitable patrons of the grand charity concert, and in my ignorance I wondered whether this was a fair exemplification of that blessed quality of which St. Paul speaks, where he says, "Charity is patient, is kind." As I passed out of the door into the dark, gloomy night, and saw these men, waiting, and paralyzed with cold, it seemed to me that the fashionable music, floating from the other end of the noble hall, sounded very much like sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. But I may be mistaken.

The opera season has fairly commenced, with PARODI as prima donna, and STRAKOSCH as conductor. The company, with the exception of Parodi and TIBERINI, is formed of very inferior artistes, and the season has not been remarkably successful as yet. Mme. DE WILHORST will appear as Lucia on Wednesday night, and it is said D'ANGRI will shortly join the troupe. It certainly needs some such accession.

Mr. Ullmann, Mr. THALBERG's agent, is in town, and Thalberg himself is expected here about the 14th inst.

The PYNE and HARRISON troupe give a grand farewell performance to-night, and then they depart—where is not known—perhaps to the "land of the White Rabbit," or of the "northwest wind, Kee-waydin." TROVATOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JAN. 24.—Last evening the amateur concert of the 12th was repeated at the North Church. Owing to the severe cold out of doors, the attendance was somewhat less than at the first concert. It was an excellent affair, and several encores testified to the delight of the audience.

Among the pieces worthy of notice was a trio, "Te sol quest' anima," from *Attilla*, sung by Mrs. WELLS and Messrs. HOLLAND and CHAPIN. Though taken a little too slow, it was admirably performed. Mr. Holland has a very sweet tenor voice, clear and equal in its upper register. Mr. Chapin's voice did not "tell" so well in the trio as in the duet from *La Favorita* with Miss FITZHUUGH. The trio and duet were the gems of the single pieces of the evening. The choruses were more accurately sung, and consequently more effectively rendered, though the soprano was weakened by the absence of Miss PENNIMAN's powerful voice.

The music of Haydn's third Mass is somewhat new to a Springfield audience. A week's thought on the concert of the 12th but made the repetition of the same music more appreciated and more enjoyable. This shows the truth of a certain writer's remark, that "a discriminating ear can be formed only by listening to classical music, rendered by true tone-artists,"—by the way, not *all professional* singers are such—"by studying to appreciate the why and wherefore of certain progressions, which at first displease the undisciplined ear." It is a notable fact that some people will yawn, stretch, and sit uneasily during the singing of a solo from a favorite opera by a Sontag, Alboni, Parodi, or Lagrange; but when the trills, cadenzas, and clap-trap of the voice strikes their ear, when a high C is reached, they turn to their neighbors and look wise; if Mr. So-and-So applauds, they are uproarious in their delight, and think, as they prepare for the next number on the programme, that they *do* appreciate music.

I think, as does my friend Jones, that the appreciation of an audience is not to be measured by uproarious applause, but by the eyes, "windows of the soul." If they glisten, as the theme and working up

* Musicians please take notice. Travelling musicians are the ones referred to.

of a composition gradually unfolds itself to the minds of the hearers under the inspiration of the performer, then rest assured that both composer and artist are not superficially appreciated.

The "Institute" has a concert in preparation for the 4th of February.

Mr. BLAISDEL, from the South, is here, and intends giving Root's "Flower Queen" very soon, with the assistance of some of our public schools.

AD LIBITUM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Dec. 30, 1856.—This winter, as the last, Berlin has a perfect flood of concerts. If the public here is hardly in a condition to enjoy the fulness of what is offered, yet in comparison with other centres of Art, as Paris, Leipzig, Vienna, there is really so much that is *classical* performed, and for the most part in so worthy a manner, that it is perhaps not presumptuous to declare Berlin now the first metropolis of Art.

So much the more is it to be lamented that the very institution, which, as regards its means of achieving something important, ought to take the lead of every other enterprise and set an excellent example—I mean the Royal Opera—falls altogether short of what it once did in the earlier period of its bloom, under men like C. M. von Weber and Spontini, under intendants like Count Redern and especially Count Brühl, and naturally short of the urgent demands of the present time. It must be considered, however, that the earlier kings were much more partial to the opera, and gave it larger subsidies, while at present a narrowing pressure from above is quite perceptible, and the present intendent, in his now far less independent position, is induced to be as economical as possible. Formerly the king's private chest was regularly opened to meet the annual deficit. There is no mistaking the good will of Herr von Hülsen, the present intendent, nor his leaning to a more sound direction in Art; but he lets himself be led too much by the two royal kapellmeisters, DORN and TAUBERT, and in so one-sided a manner, that since the appointment of these two gentlemen, not a single novelty has been produced upon the Berlin stage except their own productions.

As regards the strength of the company, there is a superfluity, often of three or four fold, of every class of voices, not reckoning the many *Gast-roles* (star performers). Yet among all these singers you will scarcely find artists of the first rank, or even of such rank as the theatres of most great cities have to show. Since the singers, on retiring from the stage, receive a very high pension, they are cautious how they allow a once highly prized but now *passed* artist to retire; and hence most of the performances naturally make the impression of an Invalids' institution, which principally excites recollections of a past period of bloom. In spite of so many principal voices in each part, the leading rôles are very inadequately, very partially and arbitrarily filled, and intrigue or vanity on the part of the older members surely has its share of influence in the matter. The most important, or at least the most esteemed, are still JOHANNA WAGNER, by her ever powerful voice and by the irresistible fire of her dramatic delivery; FRAU KOESTER, in tender, feminine characters; and FRAU HERRENBURG-TUCZEK, who is distinguished by the bell-like purity of her voice and by her natural gracefulness and ease. Some of the gentlemen have much that is good about them, but taken collectively they are deficient.

As for concerts, the most successful and most brilliant are those of STERN'S Orchestral Union, in connection with his singing society of some 500 for the most part very clever dilettanti. These performances, under their distinguished director, one of the ablest, certainly, that now exists, are rehearsed with the

minutest care; all the finer *nuances* are admirably brought out. Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht* especially has met again universally with the warmest reception.

The "Sing-academie," devoutly founded by FASCH, about a hundred years ago, for the exclusive practice of religious music, is no longer in the flourishing condition that it was thirty years since under the united zeal of such fostering spirits as ZELTER, MENDELSSOHN, MARX and DEVRIENT. Yet within the last year it has aroused itself again, and the performance of Haydn's "Seasons" may be called a particularly successful one; it was followed with the liveliest applause by the enthusiastic public, whose numbers the hall was far from being able to contain.

The "Opera Academy," founded a few years by the exertions of Dr. ZOPFF, for the cultivation of dramatic song and the performance of comparatively unknown operas, has during the short time of its rapid growth not only raised up a number of very able singers and teachers of singing, by means of its vocal conservatoire, under the direction of the well-known Dr. PYLLEMAN, but by the concerts, which it has again arranged this season, has justified the hope that an important future lies before this institution, under such earnest, indefatigable and talented direction.

The royal Dom Choir, composed of paid singers (the soprano and alto being sung by boys), under the direction of the very careful Musik-director NEIDHARDT, has become so famous throughout Europe, that several courts have followed its example in establishing similar liturgical institutions. It still keeps up its old fame by concerts in the hall or the cathedral. Yet a large portion of the public have been gradually coming to the conclusion that it is not best to listen too long or too often, since the very carefulness of the rehearsals often runs into a soon fatiguing monotony, and in its continual *piano* occasionally reminds one of the *forte* of the Russian horn music.

The Symphony Soirées of the military kapellmeister, LIEBIG, exert here a great influence in the ennobling of taste and sentiment. With singular persistency this man with his military *kapelle* has worked his way up to one of the most considerable orchestral associations, and the throng to his concerts, in which he gives almost exclusively classical music, especially Beethoven's and Haydn's Symphonies, is far greater than to similar soirées of the Royal Chapel. The comparatively very small price of admission to these concerts enables the middle classes in Berlin, who are very industrious and animated by the best spirit, to educate themselves by the hearing of these truly edifying and ennobling master-works, and, what is a real blessing, draws this extremely important portion of society away from the trivial recreations and the low, sensual indulgencies, which have hitherto alone been accessible to our industrial public by their cheapness.

Among the concerts given here by individual resources, the Trio Soirées of Baron von BÜLOW, together with Concert-meister LAUB and the Kammer-musikus WOHLERS, have been particularly distinguished. Baron von Bülow, confessedly Liszt's greatest pupil, and the first teacher in the Berlin Conservatoire, unites with a singularly finished technique in piano-playing, an equally intelligent and profound conception of classical and modern works, and by his performance of several works which are almost never heard (on account of their impracticable demands for the host of untalented virtuosos), particularly of Beethoven's remarkable thirty-three variations on a very feeble waltz by Diabelli, has won our especial gratitude.

Berlin is almost too rich in clever Trio and Quartet Societies; the public has a special fondness for them. The entire literature of chamber music from Haydn and Beethoven, nay, from Sebastian Bach to

Schumann, is here brought to hearing, and the same works, like old acquaintances, are gladly again and again greeted by the lovers of this class of music.

ff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 31, 1857.

Concerts of the Week.

GUSTAVE SATTER gave his second "Philharmonic Soirée" at the piano rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., on Wednesday evening of last week. The room was filled with listeners. The programme was decidedly novel, and consisted of just four pieces. Although three of these were of considerable length, the whole was agreeably shorter than most concerts.

First came the piano Sonata in A flat (Op. 26) by BEETHOVEN. It is that beautiful and well-known one, which commences with the Andante and variations, and has for its third movement the wonderful funeral march (*Marcia sulla morte d'un eroe*). Of course Mr. Satter is too accomplished a pianist, and is too well acquainted as a German with these most familiar sonatas of Beethoven, not to have played it in some respects admirably. But it struck us that there was considerable exaggeration of the forte and fortissimo parts, especially in giving such abrupt and startling accent to the full chords which occur ever and anon in the exquisitely light and sportive melody of the finale. In a tendency to too great loudness and too great rapidity, indeed, we missed the character which we have fondly associated with most of the movements. Must we say that there seemed to be more execution than sympathetic feeling of the music. It struck us as a less serious effort than the young pianist has shown himself capable of in connection with such music in times gone by.

Next came Mr. Satter's Grand Trio, for piano, violin and cello, the composition of which is based, as the programme informed us, upon Byron's "Sardanapalus." We certainly were at a loss to trace any connection between its musical ideas and movements and that poem. But the author himself has come to our rescue in a characteristic letter, which will be found in another column, explaining under what promptings and in what spirit he composed the work. The letter is amusingly frank, and proves that Mr. Satter, whether he have musical genius or not, has a decided gift for language. Verily there was enough of the "let-go manner," of the reckless, devil-may-care character of the oriental monarch about it, without much hint, that we could trace, of the finer qualities with which Byron makes him so attractive; nothing, for instance, of that lottier and lovelier element which he embodies in the Greek slave, Myrrha. But we are promised another hearing. Meanwhile we can only say, that the first movement (*Allegro molto*), apart from any thought of poetic interpretation, interested us not a little by its well contrasted, well worked themes; the second (a Romance) still more so, having ideas that struck us as somewhat original. But the Scherzo and the Finale were noisy and grotesque, a monotonous succession of dashing Bacchanalian passages, now thundering in the bass, now striking out sparks in the topmost octave, like noisy, fire-like piccolos in some

new-school orchestral production, where all is sacrificed to brilliancy. It certainly displayed the brilliant virtuosity of the player; and Messrs. SCHULTZE and JUNGNIKKEL bore well their parts, the latter having some good singing passages for his violoncello.

Miss EMMA DAVIS is quite a young lady, with a voice of rare natural power and richness; but she lacks school and style as a singer, as well as general cultivation, too much to do justice to such a piece of music as the scena and aria from the *Freyshütz*.

What shall we say of "Les Preludes," a *Poesie Symphonique* by LISZT, for two pianos, performed by Messrs. WILLIAM MASON and SATTER? This also purports to have been reared on a poetic basis, to-wit, Lamartine's "Meditations Poétiques." The poetry we listened for in vain. It was lost as it were in the smoke and stunning tumult of a battle-field. There were here and there brief, flitting fragments of something delicate and sweet to ear and mind, but these were quickly swallowed up in one long, monotonous, fatiguing *melée* of convulsive, crashing, startling masses of tone, flung back and forth as if in rivalry from instrument to instrument. We must have been very stupid listeners; but we felt after it as if we had been stoned, and beaten, and trampled under foot, and in all ways evilly entreated.

What did Liszt mean by such a work? We fear that we shall have to join the London *Athenæum*, *Musical World*, &c., in their crusade against the "Music of the Future," if we have no other specimens. The two pianists were each abundantly equal to the great difficulties of the piece, but in this case we can hardly blame Mr. Satter for playing as if to drown difficulties and dangers out of sight and hearing. We find we speak the general impression, or we might hesitate about confessing all of our experience in the matter of this famous work by Liszt.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The second (first of the regular series) nearly filled the Melodeon, and doubtless would have quite filled it in any other than that most Arctic week. As it was, it was the most musical audience of Boston; the right faces were there, and we trusted Mr. CARL ZERRAHN was not quite unrewarded for the generous spirit he has shown regarding these concerts. Here is the programme:

- PART I.**
1. Symphony No. 5, C minor, Beethoven.
 2. Solo: Cornet-a-Piston. Grand Fantasia from "The Huguenots," introducing some beautiful echoes, Meyerbeer.
- Louis Schreiber.
3. Second Part, (Allegretto un poco agitato,) from the Symphony-Cantata, "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn.
- PART II.**
4. Grand Overture: "Le Carneval Romain," (first time in Boston,) Hector Berlioz.
 5. Solo: Cornet-a-Piston. Fantasia on "I would I were a boy again," arranged with Variations, by Louis Schreiber.
 6. Romanza from the opera "L'Eclair," Halévy.
- With Solos for English Horn and Flute, by Mr. De Ribas and Herr Koppitz.
7. Overture: "Zampa," Herold.

We cannot say it was so good a programme as one covets, when he thinks how few such concerts are vouchsafed us in a winter. The second part adds little to one's store of rich remembrances. The overture to *Zampa* is hacknied and makes merely a dashing conclusion. No one cherishes it in his soul as music. The Romanza from "L'Eclair" was decidedly a pleasing thing for the moment, and Messrs. RIBAS and KOPFITZ played their solos charmingly. From the "Carnival" overture of BERLIOZ we hoped more than we

found. It is an ingenious, amusing compound of fun and grotesque frolic, full of singularly bold and odd and sometimes beautiful combinations of instruments, and sometimes made us think of Mr. FRY'S "Christmas Symphony." It is masterly in its way, but belongs apparently to the grotesque in Art. Then as to Herr SCHREIBER'S trumpet solos, we can only say that they were most skilfully played, with faultless intonation, purity and richness of tone, and sure command alike of cantabile melody and rapid florid passages. But it does seem child's play to hear a sentimental English ballad discoursed on a noble instrument like the trumpet, and still more to hear the same instrument go so far out of its way, and so smooth away its character as to warble rapid variations as if in rivalry with a flute.—All of this was excellent in its way, but it is the way that we complain of. We pass to pleasanter things;—the pleasantest last, although it came first.

The glorious old C minor Symphony was played with admirable spirit and precision. Nothing was wanting but a larger orchestra, in a larger hall, to enhance and freshen the impression of a work, which glorious as it is, has grown to be far more familiar to our public than any other Symphony. But so much the more were the public able to appreciate the excellent rendering. Almost equal satisfaction did we derive, under the circumstances, from that beautiful movement from Mendelssohn's Symphony-Cantata: "Hymn of Praise"; the alternation of the choral strains of the brass with the sweet and pensive melody of the softer instruments was made finely effective.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The fifth (postponed) Concert took place on Tuesday evening, with the following programme:

- PART I.**
- 1.—Quartet, No. 68, in G, (first time,) Haydn.
- Allegro moderato—Adagio—Minuetto, Presto—Finale, Presto.
- 2.—Cavatina from "Lucia," Donizetti.
- Mrs. J. H. Long.
- 3.—Andantino and Scherzo from 24th Quintette, Onslow.
- PART II.**
- 4.—Andante con moto and Scherzo from the posthumous Quartet, op. 81, in E, Mendelssohn.
 - 5.—Serenade, from Tennyson's "Maud," J. C. D. Parker.
- Mrs. J. H. Long.
- 6.—Clarinet Quintet, in A, op. 106, Mozart.
- Allegro moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale, tema con variazioni.

Mr. AUGUST FRIES was at his post again, after an illness of some weeks. The night was a most unfavorable one for getting through the streets—a warm January thaw with rain, after intense cold, and all the ways mountainous with snow. Yet there was a goodly audience. Still more unpropitious was the dull, steamy atmosphere to musical strings, so that the violins in the first Quartet sounded uncommonly *scratchy*; (the evil, however, was in a great measure overcome in the following pieces.) Besides, that No. 63 of Father HAYDN did not impress us as one of his most interesting works; the Minuetto, however, was quite bright and genial. The two movements from ONSLOW'S innumerable Quintets are among his best productions, and gave great pleasure as they always do, especially that striking staccato passage in the bass. Very characteristic and beautiful were the posthumous Andante and Scherzo from MENDELSSOHN; in the Scherzo we had his fine fairy vein in one of its freshest sounding varieties; and it was finely played. MOZART'S Clarinet Quintet was delicious; it always brings refreshment amid things less spontaneous and less simple, yet not more full of genius. The tones of the clarinet are in themselves refreshing, and Mr. RYAN played his part delightfully.

The Cavatina from *Lucia* (a piece not usually given in the opera, but which DONIZETTI wrote, as it is said, for Mme. BOSIO) was sung with remarkable finish and delicacy by Mrs. LONG. Her rendering, too, of Mr. PARKER'S graceful "Come into the garden, Maud," was received with great delight, and the song had to be repeated.

On Tuesday evening next (Feb. 3) the Club invite their subscribers to an extra concert, commemorative of the birth-day of Mendelssohn.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The GERMAN TRIO give their third concert to-night. A novelty in the classical form will be a Trio by THALBERG, (for piano, violin and 'cello.) There will also be a string Quartet by SPOHR, songs by Miss TWICHELL, and solos by Messrs. HAUSE, GABRIELER, and JUNGNIKKEL. The ORCHESTRAL UNION, we are glad to hear, are quite encouraged by the success of their Wednesday Afternoon Concerts, and will continue them until further notice. Next time they will play the C minor Symphony. Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony and the "Egmont Overture" were given last time, but we were not able to attend. The excellence of the concerts fully justifies a large attendance.

Next Tuesday is the anniversary of MENDELSSOHN'S birth-day, (born Feb. 3, 1809; died Nov. 6, 1847). The evening will be celebrated in Boston by two separate Concerts by the Societies which bear his name. By the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, at Chickering's Rooms, (subscribers to their Concerts receiving complimentary invitations. The music will be all by Mendelssohn, consisting of Quartets, Quintets, piano pieces played by Messrs. PERKINS and PARKER, and songs by Mrs. WANTWORTH. By the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, at the Rooms of Hallet, Davis & Co. Their programme will consist of three parts: the first, extracts from "St. Paul," choruses, arias, chorale, &c.; Part second, miscellaneous—piano solos, part-songs for male voices, songs, anthems, &c.; Part third, arias and choruses from "Elijah." The fine chorus of this Society, and the aid of solo artists, with such choice selections, will make this a very attractive concert. We only regret that two such feasts should come at the same hour; for we would not willingly lose either.

CROWDED OUT.—A letter from New York, about Elfield's Concert, an account of a delightful private Concert by the Club under the direction of Otto Dressel; a Chapter on "Bells"; notices of new music; Musical Intelligence; Notices of the "School of Design," &c. &c. Most of it will appear next week.

WORCESTER, MASS.—From the *Palladium*, Jan. 12. Another of those delightful soirées which are beginning to create a sensation in circles other than what are called strictly "musical," took place on Friday evening at Allen's music rooms. The programme was well made up of the following choice materials: Beethoven's Sonata in A, Op. 12; two part-songs—"Oh! that we were Maying!" by B. D. Allen, and Mendelssohn's Evening Song; Chopin's Funeral March; Beethoven's "Adelaide," Schubert's Polonaises, Op. 167, Nos. 4, 5, and 6; Adagio from the Beethoven Sonata in A, Op. 30; a Barcarolle by Schubert; Piano Solo by Mendelssohn; "Su l'Aria," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; and four piano-forte duets by Schumann. The first number was finely performed by Messrs. Allen and Burt, the violin of the latter bringing out the richness of the Andante movement with singular purity and truth. More sympathetic playing than was evinced in the performance of this, as well as of the very beautiful Adagio which opened the second part of the programme, one seldom hears. It left nothing to be desired. Mr. Allen's performance of the Funeral March well interpreted its massive grandeur; while the selection from Mendelssohn was given with remarkable brilliancy and power, showing the rare command which this gentleman has over his instrument. The Schubert Polonaises were played with grace and spirit by Mr. Allen and Mrs. A. S. Allen; and the concluding number of the programme gave us some choice specimens of the genius of the lamented Robert Schumann, viz: the dainty "Garland Weaving," the wild, Hungarian-like "March of Croats," the placid and spiritual "Dream," and the bubbling, sparkling piece, "By the Fountain," all of which were well performed by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, to the former of whom we have been indebted for more than one glance at the works of this composer. The vocal performers were Mrs. Allen and Miss Fiske. The former's rendering of the "Adelaide" was true to its rare beauty; while Miss Fiske's singing of the Barcarolle was pretty and tasteful. The Mozart duet,

and the two-part songs, were very well sung by both ladies. These soirées are doing faithful service in the cause of Art in our vicinity. They are educating those who are favored with the privilege of attendance upon them, up to a recognition of the highest standards, and are doing for music what a well selected gallery of paintings or statuary does for its sister arts.

Advertisements.

Mendelssohn's Birth-Day Festival.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give a Concert in honor of the Birth of Mendelssohn, on TUESDAY EVENING, Feb. 8d, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms.—The following artists have kindly volunteered their services, Mrs. M. A. WENTWORTH, Messrs J. C. D. PARKER, and C. U. PERKINS. The programme will be composed of Mendelssohn's most characteristic works, for which see programme.

Tickets, One Dollar each, may be had at the usual places. Subscribers, not having received their complimentary tickets before Tuesday, will receive them by calling at Richardson's music store.

Commences precisely at 7½ o'clock.

Mendelssohn's Birth-Day Festival.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY will give a Musical entertainment in commemoration of the birth of Mendelssohn, consisting entirely of selected a from his works, at the Piano Forte Warerooms of Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., No 409 Washington street, on TUESDAY EVENING, February 8, commencing at 7½ o'clock.

A limited number of Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the Music stores, and of the Secretary, at 350 Washington street.

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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 188.)

In recalling the last days and moments of the composer, we have at the same time commenced the critical examination of his last work. Biographical facts not only control the entire analysis, but they form the most important part of the analysis itself; they alone can explain the work and its effect, which (judging from myself) resembles nothing else, and which in fact surpasses all that music has produced, if I may judge from the number of listeners upon whom it has worked with irresistible power, independently of the place in which they have heard it, of religious faith, and even, to a certain extent, quite independent of their own degree of musical culture. I have heard the *Requiem* performed at different periods of my life, in church, in concert halls, and even in private dwellings, and everywhere did certain pieces of it produce on every one the same impression. Few musical tragedies, written in the most dramatic style, and sung and played with the highest talent, will compare with the *Requiem*, even when the sublime act for which it is intended does not lie before one's eyes, nor the majesty of the temple, the sight of the grave, the solemn procession of the mourners, and at times too the spectacle of a real and deep grief make the minds of the hearers more susceptible. I have seen persons grow pale and tremble on hearing the *Confutatis* and the *Lacrymosa*, who understood nothing of music, and whose ears had never been accustomed to the smooth Italian style. The *Requiem*, however, in its *ensemble* is far more learned music than that

of any opera. We have elsewhere remarked that a hearer, who is totally incompetent to judge of a church composition as a work of Art, may nevertheless feel it in the truth of its Christian expression; a remark applicable above all and in the highest degree to Mozart's *Requiem*. No one mistakes the meaning of this music: God, death, judgment, eternity! One does not need to be a Catholic, nor to understand Latin.

Before Herr Weber, it was a pretty general conviction that a work of this character, which is understood by all who believe in God and the necessity of dying, could only, independently of the genius of the musician, be the result of a prolonged moral and material death struggle. A German writer, whose name I am not permitted to mention, expresses himself about it in the following words: "During the last years of his life Mozart had reached the point of comprehending Art in its extremes, and of seizing and reproducing with equal perfection all that music can express. But experience has too clearly taught us that extraordinary intellectual powers are seldom compatible with the conditions on which the duration of human life depends, since they can only be exercised and developed at the expense of the physical powers. . . . When Mozart felt his end approaching, he fell into a sort of melancholy, which entirely served to disturb the relations on which the co-existence of the two principles of our nature depend. One might say that already he no longer lived while he composed the *Requiem*, and that his work was the superhuman effort of a spirit, which had half broken through its mortal hull. Only in this way could Mozart compose just such a *Requiem* as his was. Had he written under other circumstances, with less protracted sickly exertion and enthusiasm, and had he not spent the greatest part of the nights upon this labor, he never would have bequeathed the like thereof to the admiration of posterity."

It has been said that the style of the *Requiem* seems to date back more than a hundred years, compared with that which reigned in the church music of Mozart's time, and which he himself had used in the Masses written for the Archbishop of Salzburg. To justify the remark, it must be considerably limited, since it neither applies to the ensemble of the work, nor to the totality of any one piece, nor above all to the instrumentation of the *Requiem*. It only concerns the character and form of several vocal melodies, which, proceeding from the Catholic choral song, remind one of the masters of the seventeenth, and those at the end of the sixteenth century. And even in this regard several pieces of it belong altogether to the modern music. Yet the use of a melodic style, approaching the Oratorio and the

Drama, seems to be but an exception in the *Requiem*, suggested by the nature of certain texts, as we shall see below. In general the coloring of the work is antique. It is very important to remark, then, that Mozart, who had lent an entirely new aspect to the lyric drama, who, together with Haydn, had reformed, or rather say, created the Symphony, the violin Quartet and Quintet, the whole instrumental music—that Mozart, when he had to write in the high church style, knew of nothing better he could do but to reach into the past, and in regard to melody go back to the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, that is, to Bach and Handel, so far as fugued choruses and fugues were concerned.

In my review of the history of music I have indicated the epochs of transition or of preparation, and the definite results to which the Art in some of its branches had attained. These results, by which we mean the forms and creations which had retained vitality in music ever since it had begun to exist, were in sacred music: 1) the Choral Song of Palestrina and his followers; the *alla capella* style. 2) The perfected instrumented fugue of Bach and Handel, founded on the modern scale. Church music, therefore, was the only kind that was definitely constituted before Mozart; and for this reason the great reformer, in several numbers of the *Requiem* which we shall indicate below, would neither use the melody of his time, as being too rich in phrases and of a too worldly elegance for the church, nor the secular fugue, such as he had himself employed in the finales to the Quartet in G, and to the Symphony in C, and in the *Zauberflöte* overture. Thus it is demonstrated that for him the high church style was synonymous with the old church style.

Truth occupies the mean between two extremes. Nowhere is this important mean so seldom found as in the sphere of music. We have too many exclusives among us. One likes only the old music; the other shows a profound indifference, if not an uncommon contempt, for all before the eighteenth century. While on the one hand Mozart was reproached with a too conscientious cleaving to the traditions of the Catholic church; while Herr Weber, no particular admirer of the old music, wanted to bring a sort of criminal suit against him for rendering certain texts of the *Requiem* too faithfully; other critics on the contrary, who carried the worship of this music to fanaticism, maintained that Mozart had overstepped the limits of the sacred style; that the true church music admits no melody except psalmody and the choral song, or something like it; that it admits neither orchestra nor any sort

of instrumentation, not even the organ. According to them, the Masses of Haydn and Cherubini are no Masses; still less those of Beethoven. In Mozart's works they say that there is nothing church-like but the *Requiem* (i. e., those parts of it which are treated in the old style); but that the Catholic church must reject the musical intentions of the *Dies iræ*, the *Tuba mirum*, and the *Confutatis*.

As these are the very numbers (to which we must add also the *Lacrymosa*) in which Mozart more or less has not entirely departed from the church style proper, and since they are the ones in which he has employed victorious, impassioned, lively melody, we must first of all examine their texts. What do we find? A sort of epic and descriptive poetry, in which are sketched the most terrible pictures which imagination can suggest; the day of wrath, which will be for all the world the last of days: *Dies iræ, dies illa*; the trump whose call sets all the bones in motion and breaks open all the graves: *Tuba mirum spargens sonum*; Death stupefied with terror at the thought of giving back *en masse* his booty: *Mors stupebit*; the book, which contains all that has been done, said, felt and thought since the creation, opens and shows to every one that is to be judged the page concerning him: *Liber scriptus proferetur*; the condemned are plunged into the flames of hell: *Flammis acerbis addictis*; the elect take possession of an unspeakable and endless bliss: *Voca me cum benedictis*. We must confess that, if there is an art which is capable of lending a sort of reality to such pictures—at least so far as it is possible within the too narrow frame of human reason and imagination—it is music.

I ask now in the first place if there is any kind of vocal music which forbids the composer to write in the spirit of the words, or which even leaves him free to do the contrary. Then again I ask any one who has the slightest idea of the difference in styles of composition and their respective means of performance, whether there were any means of translating the texts just cited into the form of the old church style.

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Tribune.)

The New Grand Opera House in Philadelphia.

(Concluded from p. 140.)

THE AUDITORIUM.

It is this part of the Philadelphia Academy of Music which, in respect to its adaptation to the purposes of sight, sound and comfort, claims special notice. Its form, or horizontal section, as indicated by the box fronts, is that of a segment apparently of about one third of a circle, continued by the tangents, and extending, as the distance widens between them, to their contact with the proscenium. The depth of this area from its front wall to the proscenium line, is 90 feet, and the transverse measure of that line the same. The proscenium is 13 feet deep, thus making the depth of the auditorium, including the stage boxes, 103 feet. The parquet floor, from its level behind the orchestra, rises, with what railroad engineers call a heavier gradient than is usual in theatres. This secures to the rows of seats, as they retreat from the stage, an elevation which prevents any obstruction of the view. The level of the parquet-circle is somewhat higher, and instead of an inclined floor is a series of platforms—such as box-tiers usually have. The dress-circle (actually the second tier) has the same bounds as the first. The third tier has its front retreating three feet within the vertical line of the next below; and the fourth tier is similarly reduced. Thus, the aspect of the auditorium, determined by lines touching the boxfronts, from the highest down to the parquet, is amphitheatrical, enlarging as it ascends, and hence more graceful, airy, and at the

same time imposing in its display of the audience. From the parquet floor to the ceiling the height is seventy feet.

In the decorative features of this part of the house substantial elegance seems to have been more studied than superficial gorgeousness. The sweep (or rake, as a sailor would term it) of the tiers of boxes is exceedingly graceful. Each tier is sustained by a series of 14 fluted iron columns, placed not on the front line, but about 10 feet within that of the lower tier. They are finished with a capital, Corinthian in expression, although not in detail; in advance of them extend modillions, while between them spring elliptical arches, from the topmost course of which rises the dome. The proscenium is flanked by six massive columns, about 35 feet high. Between two of these, standing obliquely on each side, are the tiers of proscenium-boxes; and over their entablature, following the line of the columns, are Atlantes—gigantic figures, bending beneath the crowning entablature and pediments, from which springs the wide ellipse spanning the stage in front of the curtain. The two other columns on each side of the proscenium stand against the edges of the curtain and sustain the architrave behind which it depends.

Such is briefly the size and the form of the auditorium. It contains 1,700 permanent seats in the parquet and in the parquet-circle and dress-circle, and about 650 in each of the upper tiers, making 3,000 in all; beside places for about 400 moveable seats. The stationary seats are sofas of black walnut, upholstered with springs and curled hair, covered with plush, and divided by arms for each person, except in the upper tier, the construction of which is less costly. The space allotted to each sitter, is 22 by 36 inches, being, as I think, full three inches each way more than is allotted to the choicest parts of our New-York Academy of Music, but yet not wide enough by two inches. Had the other proportions, however, of the Philadelphia seats been as liberal as the space allotted to them, reasonable fault could not be found. But most unfortunately, the depth of each seat, from the front to the inside line of the back, is only 16 inches—a depth, as fair experiment proves, entirely insufficient for comfort during one, two or three hours' sitting. The leg of the sitter lacks support under the knee, and a bolt-upright position is also necessitated by the height of the seat, which is 22 inches from the floor, full two inches too much. Now, if the Directors wish to do justice as well to the public as to their own repute for knowledge of ordinary comfort—luxury out of the question—they will reform these seats altogether. They are a sad incongruity in a house preëminent in the advantages of its construction.

As regards facility of vision, from every place in the house, the highest and the lowest, those immediately next the proscenium walls, and those most remote against the front wall, the stage is fairly in view, from the footlights to the flies. Of course, on the extreme flank, a part of either adjacent range of wings must be lost—but not the ordinary scenes of action. In this respect the radical shape of the auditorium, the inclination of the tiers of boxes, and the pitch of their floors, are indefinitely superior to any example of theatrical architecture with which I am familiar, either in this country or in Europe. It is difficult to conceive of a more perfect fulfilment of the requisitions of sight. Those of sound appear to have been not less thoroughly accomplished. I tested its acoustic properties at a time when only a few persons were present, by occupying different places in the highest and lowest tiers. From the remotest points a conversation was audible, held in a moderate whisper with a person standing behind the curtain line. This must be due in great part to the form of the house; but also to the fact that the walls of the auditorium are lined with wood (boards tongued and grooved and carefully fitted), with an interstice through the whole extent of about an inch between the lining and the solid wall. A wide well dug under the parquet, also makes its floor a great drum-head. The dome may aid the effect, being constructed entirely of ribs of iron to which stout wire gauze being attached, serves to receive and hold the plaster regularly through its whole extent. Another help is probably the lobby-doors, which are flush with the inner wall, and without prominent mouldings to break the even surface. While the sound is thus perfectly conveyed, there is no echo to confuse it, so far as my experiments were a test.

The aspect of the auditorium with reference to artistic effect is a proper medium between severe simplicity and excessive ornamentation. The fronts of the box-tiers are enriched by various devices carved in full relief. Those of the dress-circle consist of bold festoons of fruit and flowers, holding groups of musical instruments, alternated by counter-sunk panels with courses of mouldings above and below.

The prevailing color is a cream-white, with pink in the panels, and the carvings and mouldings burnished gold. The iron columns—fourteen in each tier, rising one on another of each series—are white with gilt fluting and capitals. They are specially noticeable. The six proscenium columns, which we have described, are elegantly designed and executed. The shaft of each, from about one third above the base, is embraced by acanthus leaves; the upper portion of it is fluted; the capitals, (if I observed rightly) are Corinthian; the entablature, etc., in keeping. The proscenium-box fronts project elliptically between the two columns, their heads being two arches separated by a pillar and set off by crimson satin curtains. The color and gildings of the whole correspond with the tiers of box-fronts. The pediment of one side of the proscenium has the city arms, and the other side the State arms sculptured, crowning the entablature supported by the colossal Atlantes above noticed.

The front arch over the curtain has a pediment adorned with reclining statues of Poetry and Music, resting on a medallion encircling a bust of Mozart. The audience seats are covered with crimson plush, and the wall of the auditorium with velvet paper of the same color. The ceilings of the box tiers are paneled and frescoed. The material of the dome is already described. Its decoration is elaborately elegant, consisting of four principal and twelve secondary panels. In the former are allegorical groups of three figures each, representing Music, Dancing, Comedy and Tragedy. Four other panels contain children typical of the seasons; and the remaining four artistic insignia. An arabesque border surrounds the dome. Its centre, with a diameter of about twenty feet, springs more suddenly upward, and is colored azure, studded with golden stars. The painting is in oil-colors, by Mr. C. Keyser, and the groups, &c., by Mr. C. Schmolze. The conception is chaste and appropriate, and the execution artistic. The house is lighted by a superb gilt and glass chandelier, 50 feet in circumference, depending from the centre of the dome, with 240 gas-burners, and by numerous beautiful brackets against the wall of each tier. These fixtures—as all those of the house—are the designs and work of the celebrated firm of Cornelius & Baker.

THE STAGE DEPARTMENT.

Whatever commendations I have deemed it just to bestow upon the parts of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, already described, I must award equal, if not greater praise to the Stage Department. Measured from the front of the stage, this occupies an area of 90 feet in depth by 150 in width. The opening of the curtain is 49 feet; and the height of the opening, at the apex of the proscenium arch, is 50 feet. The height above the stage is 70 feet, allowing the drop-scenes to be lifted clear of the flies. The stage floor is in numerous transverse sections, for the purpose of dropping scenes also below it, and of elevating by machinery portions of it, so as to form bridges, terraces, platforms, etc., without the necessity of building them up. The excavation under the stage is nearly 30 feet deep, with an intermediate sub-stage, if I may so term it, having traps corresponding with those of the upper floor, to admit of the dropping of scenery. On each side of the stage are stair-cases of easy ascent and neatly finished, and sundry apartments. Among them is the Green Room, 20 by 42 feet, spacious and handsome; the Stage Manager's Room, ample, also, for chorus rehearsals; the Property-man's Rooms, and several dressing-rooms. Under the Green Room is the Supernumeraries' Room, and near the orchestra the Musicians' Room. The upper stories on the stage sides are devoted to numerous dressing-rooms, all nicely and completely furnished; to wardrobes, carpenters' and scene-painters' rooms, etc., of the most ample dimensions.

CONSTRUCTION, WARMING, VENTILATING.

The walls are massive and solid throughout. The foundation walls are four feet thick—the inner as well as the outer walls—and some of them, the auditorium for instance, three feet at the top of the house.

The timbers match the walls in strength, and all the wood-work is of the most substantial material and proportions. The ornamentation, by the way, of the box-fronts, the proscenium, the saloons, etc., is all carved out of solid wood; the ordinary material of such decorations (papier maché and stucco) being wholly omitted. I have stated that the entire roof, as well as the frame of the dome is of iron. The timbers sustaining the floors of the box-tiers are bolted together with intermediate plates of boiler iron to stiffen them. In a word the structure is honestly reared for posterity—built long but built strong.

The heating of the house is effected entirely by steam—no less than six miles of pipes being used in

it for the purpose. Two large boilers are placed outside the basement of the building. The warming of the house has been tested for several weeks, and during the recent severe weather, with the thermometer out of doors nearly at zero, the stage and auditorium and every room pertaining to both have been kept perfectly comfortable. This is an achievement worth mentioning. The ventilation is effected by numerous flues, with registers in the walls, all conducted to a central shaft over the dome. Fresh air may be also artificially propelled, in warm weather, by a fan, worked by a steam-engine in the basement, which also throws water into reservoirs on the top of the house.

The architects of this fine building are Messrs. Le Brun and Runge, the former a native of Philadelphia, the latter a German long resident there.

We have thus described the Philadelphia Academy of Music, because in the essential requirements of a great lyrical and dramatic edifice, it is the first in the United States to answer the demands of those arts: and its erection, therefore, is an era in their cis-Atlantic history. Not that in all particulars we approve of the internal aspect of the building. The devices on the box-fronts, for instance, might have been much more definite and varied. The paper—dark crimson on the auditorium wall—is a damask pattern with no freshness of design, and the color has nothin akin to the delicate tints—almost white—of the projecting box-tiers, their barriers, columns, modillions, &c.; but, as a correspondence with the covering of the seats, and as a back-ground for the relief of the light toilettes of ladies in the audience, it may be judiciously chosen. The proscenium, however, is very elegant, and I could not venture a suggestion of improvement. The same of the painting of the dome. On the whole, the effect of our own Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street—of its auditorium—is much more striking and gorgeous than that of the Philadelphia house, though unfortunately all our decorations of form—the caryatides and what not—are unsubstantial papier-mache or composition, instead of the solid, durable sculpture of the other. In point of extent, too, the latter has greatly the advantage.

The following figures compare the two.

	Area in square feet.	Area of Stage Department.	Area of Audience Department.
N. Y. Academy.	24,020	9,760	14,260
Phila. Academy.	34,000	13,000	21,000

The dimensions of the latter are certainly sufficient for all practical purposes, and in view of the economy of the divisions of the whole space and the actual floor room of all the stories, it compares favorably with the greatest houses in Europe. I estimate roughly the floor room of all the auditorium stories to be full 85,000 square feet, and of the whole stage department 45,000 feet. If real comforts of light, heat, ventilation, water, stairways, exits, and so forth, be taken into account, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it much in advance of any foreign theatre. The cost of this noble establishment is about \$375,000 including the lot. The Directors are short about \$25,000 of this amount—to meet which the Inauguration Concert and Ball were given.

Mendelssohn and his Music.

(From an English Review.)

In the early life of Mendelssohn not one favorable augury for a noble future was wanting. The very race from which he sprung was the primeval fountain of sacred melody. He held kinship to Miriam, and "the sweet singer of Israel." His more immediate genealogy was not undistinguished. His grandfather was Moses Mendelssohn, a kind of Hebrew German Plato; who, in the years when German literature was putting on its strength, stood with mild philosophic countenance by the side of Lessing, Wieland, and Klopstock, and was in no degree dwarfed by the stature of his contemporaries. To the dignified Theism of the grandfather the sacred music of the grandson seems to succeed in the same relative order as the new to the old dispensation. While, however, a great Jew philosopher was well enough for the penultimate link in Mendelssohn's ancestry, the ultimate was still better, for his father was a rich banker, possessing all resources to lavish upon the culture of the son, and an eye to see in him something worthy to tax them all. The genial banker occupied his proud intermediate position between Moses and Felix without sharing the genius of either; but that position was not to him the "point of indifference,"

for he showed a humorous appreciation of the honor in habitually saying, "When I was a boy people used to call me the son, and now they call me the father of the great Mendelssohn." Nor was there wanting to the early direction of the great composer's powers that blessed influence which has entered as a primary element into nearly all that is great in human deed—the fostering care of a tender and thoughtful mother. She was of a distinguished family of the name of Bartholdy, but it was her chief distinction and happiness that she gave to her son his last name and his first musical impressions.

Mendelssohn, the second of four children, was born in Hamburg on the 3d February, 1809, in a house behind the church of St. Michael, which house the author of the German "Memorial" takes care to inform us was left standing by the great fire of Hamburg—a circumstance which, in these degenerate days, we find it difficult to attribute to any remains of that musical susceptibility which the elements were wont to show in the days of Orpheus and "old Amphion." The child's leading taste displayed itself at an amazingly early age, and it was carefully nurtured, and every applause furnished for its development. No need in this case, as in poor little Handel's, for stealthy midnight interviews with a smuggled clavicord in a secret attic; nor, as in the case of Bach, for copying whole books of studies by moonlight for want of a candle, churlishly denied. Mendelssohn's childhood and youth present as fair a picture of healthy and liberal culture as educational records can show. A warm and discerning affection charged the atmosphere in which he grew up with every influence that could elicit and strengthen his latent capacities. About his third or fourth year the family removed to Berlin, and here, under the training of Berger, he acquired his mastery over the piano-forte, which in his eighth year he played with wonderful finish; while in the theory of music he had made so much progress under rough old Zelter—best known as the friend and correspondent of Goethe, that his tutor was fond of telling with a grim smile how the child had detected in a concerto of Bach six of those dread offences against the grammar of music—consecutive fifths. "The lad plays the piano like the devil," says Zelter to Goethe, amongst many other ejaculations of wonder at Mendelssohn's early musical development. Finally, in 1821, he brought his pupil on a visit to Goethe at Weimar, and with this event commenced the long standing friendship and correspondence between the composer and the poet. We find amongst Goethe's minor poems a stanza to Mendelssohn, commemorative of this visit, and inviting its repetition. It is to be presumed that at this period Goethe was interested in the boy chiefly as a musical prodigy, but he soon found in him points of closer intellectual contact with the circle of his own genius. The immense musical faculty of Mendelssohn had not been allowed to stunt and maim his other powers of mind. He was a good classical scholar, and in 1826 he drew warm praise from Goethe by a translation of the Andria of Terence. He was skilful, too, in drawing, and could afterwards fix his impressions of the Hebrides or the Alps in other forms than they assumed in his great pictorial symphonies. This became to him a great resource as a diversion to his mind in the intervals of his wonderful musical activity. In general Art-criticism he always displayed an insight and knowledge which might have done credit to the *specialité* of Waagen. Mendelssohn's mind was, indeed, as rich and facile in all departments of modern intellectual culture as if he had no *specialité* of his own. But whatever might be the sources of Goethe's regard for Mendelssohn, there is evidence enough of its strength. When the young composer, on his first visit to England, in 1829, was thrown from a gig in London and wounded in the knee, the poet wrote to Zelter thus: "I wish to learn if favorable news has been heard of the worthy Felix. I take the greatest interest in him, and am in the highest degree anxious that one who has done so much should not be hindered in his progress by a miserable accident. Say something to reassure me." And when, in 1830, Mendelssohn had spent a pleasant fortnight

in Weimar, Goethe thus characteristically reported the results to himself of this visit:

"His presence was particularly beneficial to me, for I find my relation to music is ever the same; I hear it with pleasure, sympathy, and reflection, but I like most its history; for who understands any phenomenon if he is not master of the course of its development? It was therefore of the greatest importance to find that Felix possesses a commendable insight into this gradation, and fortunately his good memory brings before him the classics of every mode at pleasure. From the epoch of Bach downward he has brought to life again for me Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck; has given me adequate ideas of the great modern theorists; and finally, made me feel and reflect upon his own productions, and so is departed with my best blessings."

The original works thus mentioned may seem to be brought into perilous conjunction with the greatest names of the musical Pantheon, but to those who know them there will seem nothing anomalous in the association. "Although scarcely twenty years old," says Mr. Benedict, "he had at this period composed his Ottetto, three quartets for piano and stringed instruments, two sonatas, two symphonies, his first violin quartet, various operas, a great number of separate Lieder, or songs, and the immortal overture to A Midsummer Night's Dream." In some of these works there were the inevitable crudities of boyish ambition, for the wings of early genius are not equable in their very first movements. In most of them, however, and notably in the great Shakspearean overture, composed at the age of sixteen, there are all the splendid vigor and symmetry of the young eagle sunning his newly perfected pinions.

The rapid outburst of a fresh and consummate creative power, differing essentially from all its predecessors, is not to be lazily regarded as an event of ordinary evolution, nor are its results to be valued only for their novel *gout* upon a jaded mental palate. The unlikeness of genius in its essence to any other thing dreamt of in our philosophy is here realized almost to our very senses. An ardent and thoughtful boy—but one to whom leap-frog and cricket are by no means unfamiliar processes—takes his Wieland Shakspeare, and is caught away by the moonlit fantasy of the great fairy drama. He feels the beauty of the scene translating itself into exquisite rhythm in his brain, and, impelled by a resistless inspiration, he throws all the resources of his art into the process, until the trickiness of Puck, the delicate grace of Titania, and the elvish majesty of Oberon, are so made to alternate and to blend in the movement, that it forms a perfect tone-picture of the poet's dream, finally fading away in a few high, soft chords, like a dissolving view, at the first obtrusive ray of morning. Everywhere a genial and fluent fancy is apparent, but this by no means completes the wonder. The boy has that great cunning of his art so to control his melodic conceptions, and knit them up into strength by the use and distribution of modern orchestral resources that the science seems a portion of the inspiration, and the dream is the more dream-like that thoughts woven into its filmet tissue. And so the youthful hand jots the signs which fix and convey his ideas, and henceforth there is in the world a new pleasure of a new kind. It is unfortunately possible that some may see in all this only a fresh impulse to an already too strenuous catgut; but in the mature and masterly workmanship of the boy Mendelssohn we discern a clear pledge of a new endowment for the world, and see something of that stout fibre out of which is spun the thread of a great destiny. We now understand something of old Zelter's prophetic raptures.

It was the performance of this work in London which initiated Mendelssohn's great and ever increasing English reputation. Without taking up a permanent abode amongst us, he became after this so frequent a visitor in England, with such an accession of pleasure and repute on each occasion, that his name and fame seemed to become as steadily English as were those of the more thoroughly domiciled Handel in his day. Nine times (not seven only, as Mr. Benedict says)

he came to England, finding in our scenery and society, and in the immense executive resources placed at his disposal, constant impulses towards new "heavens of inventions," which continually opened up before his daring intuition. It is true his life was spent mainly in the "Fatherland," and his journeys out of it were not always in the direction of this country. In Italy, for instance, he imbibed with intense enjoyment that air to which the artists of all lands go to see their own aims and outlines clearly. Rome was to him, as to all men of his temperament, at once a school and a shrine; and the society which he enjoyed there, of such men as Vernet, Bunsen, Liszt, and Berlioz, must have exerted a healthy and expansive influence upon his mind. But Italy could not supply the *aliment* needful for his earnest and active nature; and London and Birmingham were really more to Mendelssohn than Rome and Naples. In Paris, whither he went twice, he found nothing to induce a frequent recurrence of his visits. At Dusseldorf, Leipzig, and Berlin he spent fourteen active and chequered years, through which we cannot minutely follow him, holding various appointments, and producing a constant succession of works in every department of composition—the products of each year gaining in depth and grandeur until his genius and fame reached their culminating point in the marvellous inspiration of *Elijah*.

By social position, by the happy balance of his own cultivated nature, and by that greatest of mortal blessings, a thoroughly sympathetic marriage, Mendelssohn was sure in any place to find his enjoyment of life less influenced by local limitations than most men find it. He was comparatively exempt from that wretched class of incidents which has infused into the lives of so many great composers all the bitterness of Marah. But this exemption could not, in Germany, be entire. At Dusseldorf the joint management of the theatre bred a coolness and ultimate alienation between Mendelssohn and Immerman the poet, even after that sacred symbol of German friendship, the pronoun "*du*," had passed between them. Leipzig was enthusiastic, and Mendelssohn was its "favorite," but a composer like Schumann could be its favorite too, and it could yield to the arrogant dogma of Wagner that Mendelssohn was "mechanical;" and so, hardly was the "favorite" off the scene before *Elijah* was performed to a room half-filled. Berlin had its royal commissions for Mendelssohn, with some pleasure and much profit appended; but in the city of cliques and criticism, with its intellectual atmosphere rarefied to the last point of negation by Voltaireism and Hegelism, his genial nature must have felt as if in an exhausted receiver. We reflect with pride on the fact that the composer's connection with England was chequered with no such *desagrémens*. His love of this country struck root early, and the plant, when acclimated, grew as hardily as a native.

But our pride is not merely that Mendelssohn's genius linked itself to our highest literature by his Shakspearean music, nor to our scenery by his Ossianic Overture to the "Hebrides," and the Symphony in A minor, nor even that the grandest tones which have clothed the Christian verities since the "Messiah" was written, first awoke at his bidding in the noble hall of one of our great manufacturing towns. He gave England much, but from England he won no niggardly response. It is not mere insular complacency to assert that here all the greater works of Mendelssohn woke the echoes of the world. The sympathy which they elicited in London and in our festival cities was the electric current, and the British press was the conducting medium through which his fame was flashed over Europe. In this country the taste of the public had been kept faithfully true to the large and solid type. The masterworks of Handel and the "Creation" of Haydn had for many years been far more frequently produced in England than in any country in Europe. So familiar had the wonderful choral movements of these works become, that in many a country village the assembled peasants or artisans might be heard practising, with clear or cracked voice, the invocation to the "Everlasting

Doors," or the ascription by the heavens of "Glory to God," while every plain and plastered conventicle was doubly consecrated in its turn by the sound of the one great Hallelujah. In our large towns these works were known to a great proportion of the people of all classes. It was a grateful change for the workmen to pass from the thunder of looms and jennies to the more harmonious resonance of Handel, while the shopkeeper gladly betook himself for a Christmas treat to his twentieth "Messiah"; and it is out of these circumstances that has arisen that singular vocal efficiency which has given to the Lancashire chorus so wide a fame. But this interest and efficiency arose from the very narrowness of the field within which, up to that period, they could be displayed. Handel was in oratorio not only supreme, but was almost alone. Besides Haydn, no other great composer took up an abiding position within the sacred circle of scriptural drama. Mozart had written no oratorios. One movement only of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives"—the Hallelujah—has ever seized upon the popular imagination, while the ingeniously modulated music of Spohr's "Crucifixion" and "Last Judgment" seems too thin and filmy to lodge within the common memory. It seemed indeed doubtful whether any composer could or would arise who might combine with the breadth and body of Handelian ideas all the wonderful uses which the orchestra has developed in the last hundred years. We almost imagined ourselves shut up to Handel for the form of our millennial praises whenever their predicted period should arrive.

The sway of Mendelssohn's baton dissipated this doubt. "St. Paul," "The Hymn of Praise," and "Elijah" appeared successively. They were felt to be emphatically new, yet great enough to be matched with the old. The special triumph of these works is that they met with their earliest and fullest acceptance in this country, where the stature of Handel was the inevitable standard applied to them. Here at last was music which neither asked for any reduction of the proportions of the temple of religious musical aspiration, nor set us to perform chamber devotions in a cathedral. Amidst all those qualities of fulness, freshness and finish which are more expressly elements of modern composition, was recognized that structural grandeur, both in the successive movements and in the total dramatic design, which was the attribute an older time. For such reasons these works were sure of a wider and heartier appreciation here than any musical compositions have ever or anywhere met with on their first presentation.

Enthusiastic ovations for the composer, on conducting his works, show how the faculty of the country had been unconsciously trained for their recognition. It had hungered and thirsted for music of this express order. We well remember the scene in the great hall of one of our provincial cities, when, in April of the fatal year 1847, Mendelssohn in person unrolled the great harmonies of his "Elijah" before six thousand people, to most of whom the name and genius of Handel were familiar. The interest, amounting indeed to excitement, everywhere displayed, was something curious and suggestive to one who could so far free himself from the same feeling as to become an observer. Every member of the executing force, from the "first ladies" in front to the agitator of *tympani* in the remotest rear, seemed bent with earnest devotion on realizing the great artistic will which gleamed with regal power and courtesy from the dark eyes and pale face of the composer. A motion of a hand drew the great composite choral unity through transitions and shades of tone which no nicety of the conductor's art or docility of the executive medium had ever produced in our hearing.

The whole vast area was charged with one emotion of wonder and delight. The dramatic interest of the scenes of drought and of rain seemed reproduced with a double significance. As regards sacred composition the heavens had long been "as brass" to our laments and invocations; but here at length were "the water-floods;" and the great chorus of "Thanks be to God," resounded as if in its own existence were

sufficient motive for the grateful adoration it embodied.

But if in this sense Mendelssohn was the prophet who was instrumental in quenching so noble a thirst—the prophet, too, who, in the language addressed to him by Prince Albert in this very year, "when surrounded by the Baal-worship of corrupted Art, had been able by his genius and science to preserve faithfully the worship of true Art"—he was no less the prophet (and where, alas! is his mantle?) destined to be too soon caught up from the sphere of his earthly labors, to be followed with sorrowing looks along the shining track of his translation. From this last visit to England he went, worn and weary, back to Germany. In Frankfort he met news of the sudden death of his sister, Madame Hensel, to whom he had always been ardently attached. He fell to the ground with a shriek, and though he afterwards rallied and even labored hard, because, as he often said to his wife, "the time of rest was approaching for him too," the blow was already struck upon his fine nervous system which was to shatter and destroy it. In October he wrote his last composition, a solemn melody to a night song of Eichendorf, "Departed is the light of Day," and on the 4th of November he expired, in his thirty-ninth year.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From a Lecture on "Bells" by A. W. Thayer.

If we may rely upon the results to which the careful and minute researches of Hawkins and Burney led them, the bell has, from its introduction into use as a call to worship, been a "church-going bell." It belongs, then, to Christianity alone; and it is one of the pleasant associations which belong to it, that it owes its origin to and has been perfected by Christianity. The Pagan Constantine conquered under the sign of the cross, and adopted the religion of which that sign was typical. Paganism fell. Some space of time it struggled, but at length the Christian was victor. The church in Italy grew wealthy and powerful. No longer hiding herself in catacombs and secret places, she began to consecrate the temples of the Greek and Roman divinities to the true God, and to erect other temples of her own, adorned with every beauty of art. Paulinus about the year 400 was Bishop of Nola, a city in the rich copper-producing province of Campania, in the kingdom of Naples. He adorned the church of St. Felix with paintings, and put the finishing touch to the edifice by suspending thereon the first "church-going bell." How large it was, how constructed, what the exact uses to which it was put—of these we have no record. This we know—that the triumph of Christianity and the introduction of the church bell were nearly enough coincident to associate the events in our minds, and make us hear in the peals rung out in steeple and campanile, the voice of iron tongues shouting for joy over the long-contested and hardly won victory. Thus the associations of fourteen centuries, which cluster around the bell, are all in some form Christian.

Moore, in his well-known lines, "Those evening bells," refers only to childish associations with some particular chime; but when an American first treads European ground, and the deep, solemn tones of old bells, swinging high in cathedral towers, strike upon his ear, he listens to the voice of past ages, and a new and wondrous fount of feeling is touched. He walks the streets of Paris, and suddenly from some old belfry come down the tones which rang jubilant over the suc-

cesses of Joan of Arc, and which sounded the tocsin on the awful night of St. Bartholomew. In Spanish cities bells which hailed the conquering Ferdinand and Isabella, and the returning Columbus, which tolled the knells of the Inquisition's victims, call to him with their deep voices. All through Europe, on the banks of the Thames, in the old cities of the Rhine and Danube, on the shores of the Swiss lakes and upon the hill-sides of the Hartz and the Black Forest, the same bells will call him to the same cathedrals, churches and chapels, that called knight and squire to the solemn services with which they consecrated themselves and vowed to fight the battles of the crusades. In the old cities of Saxony still hang the same bells that called Luther to the pulpit to utter his fiery words, or that called the people together to listen to the Bull of Leo X., which devoted the Reformer and all his followers to the eternal horrors of a world of woe.

Thus as we walk those old streets of European cities, and the pages of history unfold themselves to us as living realities—as we live in ages that are past, and people the streets in our imagination with the bustle of ancient traffic, the noise and confusion of the fair, the splendor of imperial coronations and royal progresses, the roar of sieges, the clash of arms and the shock of armies—above all and through all come sounding in the ear of fancy the deep tones of the bells.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 7, 1857.

Mendelssohn's Birth-day.

The practice of celebrating the birth-day of great musicians, artists, poets, is a good one and indicates advancing civilization. The time will come, unless the human race is doomed beyond a certain point of progress to sink back, when politics and trade will become secondary in importance, and the main interests of the whole social life be moral and artistic. Life is to be made a Fine Art; and they who inspire their race with high and beautiful ideals in those arts which keep alive the sense of divine beauty and perfection, and make us feel related to the Infinite, will be esteemed the world's best benefactors. Even if there were danger of excess in this direction, it were a wholesome and a hopeful symptom in a people so unartistic as ourselves.

Our two musical societies, who bear the name of MENDELSSOHN, could not do less than hold some festival commemorative of the birth-day of their patron saint. A great musician leaves us in his music just the most effective means of bringing himself back to us; in his music we have his essential life and influence. Nothing so fit, therefore, for such a festival as a performance of the great composer's works. Hence the programmes of the two concerts were entirely of the works of Mendelssohn.

Unfortunately both commenced at the same hour on Tuesday evening, Feb. 3. Not having heard the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY at all this winter, while we have enjoyed the QUINTETTE CLUB so often, we sought the former first, and found the saloon of Messrs. Hallet & Davis filled with a very interested audience. The programme was as follows:

PART I.—From the Oratorio of "St. Paul."

- 1—Chorus: Lord! thou alone art God.
- 2—Chorus: To God on high be thanks and praise.
- 3—Aria: Be thou faithful unto death.
- 4—Chorus: Happy and blest are they.
- 5—Aria: But the Lord is mindful of his own.
- 6—Recitative and Chorus: (O be gracious, ye immortals.)

PART II.—Miscellaneous Selections.

- 1—Piano-forte Solos:—a. Fantasia.—b. Songs without Words.
- 2—Four-part Song, for male voices: "Huntsmen's Farewell."
- 3—Song: "The first Violet."
- 4—Song: "Maid of Ganges."
- 5—Song: "Over the mountain."
- 6—Four-part Song, for male voices: "The Voyage."

PART III.—From the Oratorio of "Elijah."

- 1—Aria: Hear ye, Israel.
- 2—Chorus: Be not afraid.
- 3—Aria: O rest in the Lord.
- 4—Chorus: He, watching over Israel.
- 5—Aria: If with all your hearts.
- 6—Quartet: Cast thy burden upon the Lord.
- 7—Scene: Recitative, (Look down on us.)
Air and Choruses, (Thanks be to God.)

The Chorus numbered about 150 voices, with a fine fresh set of soprani and contralti, of a more youthful aspect than we have commonly seen in our oratorio societies. The parts were well balanced; the ensemble of tone remarkably pure and musical, and although too powerful for so small a room, we found it quite inspiring. The conductor, Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, appears to have perfect control of his choir, and the rendering of the grand opening chorus and Chorale from "St. Paul," as well as of the more delicately shaded "Happy and blest" and "O be gracious," with such admirable precision and expression, proved that his drill had been most thorough. There was a *pianissimo* at the close of one of the choruses executed to a charm.

The songs and arias were mostly sung by amateurs, and are hardly fair subjects for criticism. Mrs. MOZART and Miss TWICHELL contributed in this department. We were struck by the rich and musical baritone of the gentleman who sang "Over the mountain." The four-part songs, sung by eight voices, were creditable specimens of male part-singing, but the style was somewhat too level, and lacked fine shading. The Fantasia and several "Songs without Words" were played quite tastefully by Mr. WM. R. BABCOCK, one of our best organists, who also played most of the accompaniments.

Leaving the selections from "Elijah," we repaired to Chickering's, in the vain hope of hearing the second part of the programme of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. We were just in time for the last piece, an exquisite quintet Adagio, and never did the strings blend to our ear with a more tantalizing sweetness. The room had a most home-like aspect; for there were they whose genial presence had become identified for years with chamber concerts of this classical character; and the room was unusually full. The bust of the composer, laurel-crowned, was placed in front of the artists' platform. The general report was enthusiastic, but some thought the selections averaged of too grave a character. Here is the list of them:

PART I.

1. Quintet in A, op. 18.
Allegro con moto—Intermezzo—Andante Sostenuto—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro vivace.
2. Air, from the 42d Psalm: "For my soul thirsteth."
Mrs. E. A. Wentworth.
3. Andante, Intermezzo and Finale, from the Piano Quartet in F minor, op. 7.
Messrs. Perkins, Meisel, Krebs, and W. Fries.

PART II.

4. Adagio Molto and Scherzo, from the Quartet in F minor, op. 80, of the Posthumous works.
5. Andante from the Sonata for Piano and Violoncello in B flat, op. 45. Messrs. Parker and W. Fries.
6. Air, from St. Paul: "Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets."
Mrs. E. A. Wentworth.
7. Adagio Molto from the Second Quintet in B flat, op. 87, No. 16, Posthumous works.

A PRIVATE CONCERT. The beautiful programme and performance of the Club of amateurs, who sang at the Messrs. Chickering's saloon on Monday evening of last week, must not pass without a record here. In these days, when we have more concerts than a man all ears and curiosity can keep the run of, but when it seems to be a settled thing withal that more or less of clap-trap has to enter into every one to make it pay, it is refreshing and encouraging to know that music is sometimes selected and performed, and what is more, enjoyed, purely for music's sake, and with a view to have the best. This is the Club whose members last year gave the complimentary concert to their director, OTTO DRESEL, under whose wise and careful teaching they have met every week in a private house for the past three winters, for the practice of the best German vocal music—compositions for the most part never heard here in our public concerts. The club consists of about twenty ladies and gentlemen, chiefly amateurs, with the addition of a few professional or semi-professional voices; and they together form an ensemble of voices of such purity and freshness and fine musical blending, as one may hear nowhere else. On this occasion their friends, to the number of some two hundred and fifty, were invited, and the Chickering room was crowded with the most refined and appreciative audience, to listen to the following programme:

PART I.

1. Kyrie Eleison, Chorus and Soli,.....R. Franz.
2. Oratorio of Christus,.....Mendelssohn.
Recitative—Trio for male voices: "Say, where is he born, the King of Judea, for we have seen his star and are come to adore him."
Chorus—"There shall a star from Jacob come forth and dash in pieces princes and nations."
Recitative—Chorus—"This man have we found perverting all the nation, and fobbing to render tribute to Cæsar," &c.
Recitative—Chorus—"He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them."
Recitative—Chorus—"Away with Jesus, and give Barabbas to us."
Recitative—Chorus—"Crucify him."
Recitative—Chorus—"We have a sacred law; guilty by that law, let him suffer."
Recitative—Chorus—"Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children."
Choral,.....J. S. Bach.
3. Selections from Orpheus,.....Gluck.
Dance of Furies.
Chorus—"What mortal dares enter these shades, guarded by Cerberus?"
Solo—Orpheus answered by Chorus of Furies.
Chorus—"Unhappy mortal, what brings thee hither?"
Solo—Orpheus—"Endless woes, unhappy shadows," &c.
Chorus—"Ah, by what magic does this mortal irretrievably sooth our fury?"
Solo—Orpheus—"Infernal Gods! pity my despair."
Chorus—"Let him enter the infernal gates."
Chorus—"Enter the abode of the blest, noble hero, faithful lover."
4. Two-part Song for Treble Voices: "Die allerhöchsten Schäfchen, die hat der goldne Mond,".....Otto Dresel.
Four-part Song: "Come let us roam the greenwood," and the "Vale of rest,".....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

5. Choral,.....Bach.
The Music to Racine's Athalie, for Chorus and Treble Solos,.....Mendelssohn.
Overture.
a. Tutti alternating with Soli.
b. Chorus—Recitative; Duet for two Sopranos with Chorus; Tutti alternating with Soli.
c. Double Chorus.
d. Tutti of Trebles and Chorus; Trio for Trebles with Chorus.
e. War March of the Priests.
f. Chorus—Tutti alternating with Treble Soli.
Choral,.....Bach.
6. Chorus of Sea-nymphs, from Oberon; and Chorus of Gipsies from Preciosa,.....Weber.

The only drawback in this programme was its length, and that only for a portion of the audience. Too much of Mendelssohn in one evening, rich and admirable as it all is in detail, is apt to cause a sense of sameness. The "Athalie" had been the club's winter's work, and therefore naturally claimed a place. It is a noble composition, with one of Mendelssohn's best overtures, which was very effectively played upon a Chick-

ering Grand by Messrs. DRESEL and TRENKLE, with a march, too, which would be striking but for its family likeness to the "Wedding March"; and with fine alternations of chorus with solos, duets and trios for contralto voices, which were sung with rare taste and feeling. The whole performance was admirable; but the work is very long, and came after the mind had been tasked with the digestion of much other solid music. Had the *Athalie* come earlier it would have been heard with fresher appetite.

The exceedingly dramatic and impressive fragment of the "Christus," and those wonderful extracts from Gluck's "Orpheus" (when shall we hear such a work of Art upon our stage?) left such a memory last year that there was no omitting them. The impression was as delightful as ever; and all felt that such perfection of chorus singing, with solos rendered with such feeling and refinement, and accompanied so perfectly, were an event in one's musical experience. Among the solo-singers known to the public, who acquitted themselves to the great general satisfaction, we may mention Miss DOANE, Mrs. WENTWORTH, and Mr. ARTHURSON, who gave the recitatives in the "Christus" in a style worthy of all imitation.

In the solid church style we never listened to any music with more satisfaction than to that *Kyrie* by Franz, which grows with every hearing, and those grand Bach chorales. If we could hear them nearly as well sung by a great mass of voices, like our Handel and Haydn Society, we should count it a great privilege. The lighter pieces flung in their bits of dancing sunlight in a most cheering manner. The Mendelssohn part-songs were old favorites; but the two choruses from Weber, with their delicious and imaginative accompaniments, startled the wearied sense by their fresh beauty. Mr. Dresel's two-part song, too, sung by so many sweet, pure treble voices, was choice and delicate as it was brief.

What may not be done by one artist who is in earnest, with such a circle of earnest pupils round him!

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—The want of a little æsthetic foresight, so to speak, in the first laying out and subsequent "improvement" of our American cities, is felt by all persons of taste. In view of proposed improvements and adornments of old Boston, we are happy to present the following timely hint from an esteemed correspondent:

It seems to be determined at length that Boston is to have one of the most superb streets in the world, in case the architectural taste to be exhibited in its buildings should be found to correspond with the magnificence to be displayed in laying it out. We refer of course to the contemplated grand avenue across the lands between the milldam and Roxbury. When finished, nothing can be finer than the drive will be from the city to the rural loveliness of Brookline. But there should always be some point to such a drive, something to be looked for at the end of a ride, beyond the ordinary pleasure of passing by beautiful country residences, and catching glimpses of beautiful scenery from elevated points in the road, and from openings in orchards and groves. In the old world this is invariably cared for, and if an eminence rises in the neighborhood of a city, affording a good view, there is foresight enough to secure it and make it public property. Now, we venture to say that few cities in the world—save those lying in mountainous regions—can show more beautiful points of view from the highlands about them, than can our own city of Boston. Yet in most cases the hills which rise about us have already been cut up into house-lots and are no longer open to the public eye.

There is still one beautiful exception; one eminence is still free from the destructive "march of improvement," and one which offers a prospect of really extraordinary beauty. We refer to Corey's Hill in Brookline. We would suggest the propriety of securing if possible at least all the upper portion of that beautiful spot as public property forever, to be laid out in a suitable manner, with easy avenues of approach, and to be crowned with some appropriate building of granite, which may stand both as a monument of the taste of this generation, and as a point whence to enjoy one of the noblest prospects in the world.

Cannot this be done? If it can be it must be done soon, or it will be too late. Can a finer termination to a drive along the new avenue be found or even imagined?

T.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—Wonderful to relate, the weather was good last Tuesday, and EISELDFELD'S Soirée was in consequence uncommonly well attended. The programme was a very attractive one. To begin with, we had a glorious Quartet by Beethoven, one of the Russian set, Op. 59 (not 19, as the programmes incorrectly had it). BERGMANN and his party gave us this work last winter at one of their Matinées, but in so unsatisfactory a manner that it was for the most part incomprehensible, and the hearing of it was only an aggravation. I remember wishing, at the time, that I might hear it played by Eisfeld's Quartet, and their rendering of it on this occasion fully justified my wish. Under their skilful hands it came out clear as sunshine, and stood forth distinctly in all its grandeur of conception, as well as beauty and originality of idea. My favorite still, as at the first hearing, is the Allegretto Scherzando (I think that is the heading), in which, under a superstructure of inimitable, rollicking humor, there runs an under-current of such mournful tendencies as to stir the inmost depths of one's heart. The Adagio, too, is one of Beethoven's loveliest, while in the Allegro and particularly the Finale, with its quaint Russian theme, all the eccentricities of the great master seem gathered together. In spite of the obviously great difficulties of the work, it was played with the greatest precision and correctness of both time and execution. The only drawback was the occasional roughness of the first violin. Setting that aside, I hardly think Europe can show a better instrumental quartet than this of Mr. Eisfeld. Their rendering of Haydn's Op. 63 was also admirable; the composition, however, though very beautiful, is not one of my favorites among the many of the old "father." GOTTSCHALK was announced to take the piano part in Carl Eckert's Trio, but he being confined to his bed by illness, Mr. RICHARD HOFFMANN had kindly volunteered to take his place; with which change I for one was entirely satisfied, as I have long considered Hoffmann as the best of our resident pianists. Without previous rehearsal, and at but very short notice, he performed his part to perfection on this occasion, doing full justice to Eckert's very pleasing and able work. In addition to the instrumental numbers I have mentioned, Mrs. BRINKERHOFF sang twice—a most exquisite aria from Gluck's *Iphigenia en Tauride*, and Beethoven's *Freudvoll und leidvoll*, from "Egmont." This lady sings with much feeling and appreciation of her subject; but her voice, though always true, is so piercingly sharp as to make it almost painful to listen to her, particularly as the extraordinary contortions of her face impress one with the idea that she herself suffers tortures while singing.

FEB. 3d.—Mr. GOLDBECK (or Herr Goldbeck as he calls himself,) gave his second Matinée yesterday, at the same place as the first. In point of agreeable outward influences, this occasion was as well favored

as the last, but the selection of the programme was not quite as good, nor, I am sorry to say, can I give such unqualified praise to the performances. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Violon—Nocturne élégiaque (Mr. W. Doehler).....L. Spohr
Piano—(Herr Goldbeck).....Goldbeck
a. Prière, b. Rêve de bonheur, —Nos. 8 and 9 Aquarelles.
Sacred Song—Ave Maria (Miss Brainerd).....Cherubini
Harp—Lucetta Fantasia (Mr. Aptommas).....Alvares
Piano—(Herr Goldbeck).....Chopin
a. 16th Prelude. b. Etude de Sixtes.

PART II.

Sonate Pastorale, Op. 28—(Herr Goldbeck).....Beethoven
a. Allegro—b. Andante—c. Scherzo—d. Allegro ma non troppo.
Lieder—(Miss Brainerd).....Fesca
a. Springtime—b. Der Wanderer.
Harp—"La Source" (Mr. Aptommas).....Blumenthal
Piano—(Herr Goldbeck).....Goldbeck
a. La Complainte—b. Valse interrompue.

Mr. DOEHLER (why not Herr Doehler, too?) acquitted himself very well in the rather mawkish nocturne of Spohr, but will never make a first-rate player. APTOMMAS showed, as usual, perfect command of his instrument, particularly in his last piece; but as I never can like the harp as a solo instrument, I did not enjoy his share in the performance much. Miss BRAINERD'S really fine voice did not show to advantage in the low, crowded rooms, nor were her pieces (two of them at least) at all "grateful," to Anglicise a very convenient German expression. Besides this, she had, as Mr. Beames (the inevitable) announced, only just arrived in town from a two weeks tour in Canada, having been delayed until that late moment by the bad state of the railroads, so that we all would have been heartily willing to excuse far greater deficiencies than were apparent. She made a happy hit in substituting for the last song on the programme Mendelssohn's *Zuleika*, which she sang with far more of the requisite tenderness and longing than at one of Eisfeld's soirées this winter.

The two "Aquarelles" of Mr. Goldbeck were again very beautiful, particularly the first one, which I like best of all that I have heard. His other compositions did not please me as well, though the *Valse Interrompue* was very brilliant and well worked up. But it was in the two remaining numbers that I had to find fault with him. In the Prelude of Chopin, which I anticipated great pleasure in hearing from him, he disappointed me very much. He seemed not to have entered at all into the spirit of that tender, sighing first part, but played it in a really matter-of-fact manner, too fast, without the least delicacy, and with nothing of the "rubato," which, like so many of Chopin's compositions, it so evidently requires. The second part, with its mysterious chords in the bass and its grand crescendo movement, he interpreted far better. The Sonata of Beethoven was, as a whole, very well played and conceived, but the first part and Andante were taken too rapidly. In the latter, particularly, the mournful stateliness and the "heart-break" in it (as a friend calls it) were in a measure lost by this hurrying, and the beautiful ending—I regret to have to say it—was completely spoiled by a few notes.—One or two of these occurred, too, in the Scherzo, or its Trio, I forget which. I hope sincerely that such things as these were only accidental, and that we shall not find Mr. Goldbeck only a new broom that swept clean.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—Though our metropolis cannot begin to hope for an opera house, yet there is dispersed among our sparse population a good share of musical taste and talent.

There is a Quartet party which meets at the residence of Alexander H. Lawrence, Esq. once a week, which it is my privilege to attend. Mr. Lawrence is a gentleman alike eminent for his talents as a lawyer and his skill as a musician. He has a large and costly collection of the best quartet music by Beethoven, von Weber, Hummel, Reszinger, and other great authors. Mr. Lawrence is possessed of one of

the violoncellos brought to this country by KNOOP, the famous performer, and which bears the marks of high antiquity. But the violoncello which Mr. Lawrence prefers, for its smooth, clear and powerful tone, bears the name of "Scheinlein, Langerfeld prope Nuremberg, A. D., 1781," who, according to Spohr, was a manufacturer of preëminent skill. This is undoubtedly a rare instrument, and its history is perfectly authentic from its maker.

Mr. Lawrence has recently purchased a "Thalberg" Chickering Grand Piano. This noble instrument was sent here by the Chickering for the use of M. Thalberg at his public concerts, and is regarded by Thalberg as the highest attainment and perfection of the piano. Its tones are rich, round, deep, and every note throughout the whole keyboard is full of sweetness.

We remember to have seen a Grand piano made by Broadwood of London. The change and expansion of the piano has kept up with the music which has been written for it. The score of a piece by Thalberg would have been regarded fifty years ago as far beyond the reach of human hands, as it certainly exceeded the grandest of the Grand pianos of those days.

Our quartet party consists of Mr. Kley, as pianist, Mr. Samuel Carusi and Mr. William Burke, who play the violin and viola, and Mr. Lawrence on the violoncello. They meet every Tuesday evening. That you may be able to understand the music they play, I will give you the pieces played on the last evening, viz: the first two movements of the Grand Quatuor for the piano-forte, violin, alto and violoncello, by von Weber; the Adagio, Allegro, Andante and Finale of the grand Quintuor, arranged as a Quatuor, by Beethoven, Op. 16; the Scherzo of Quatuor by Reissiger, Op. 70, and the first, second, and last movements of Mendelssohn's Quatuor, Op. 1.

I have addressed you this note, believing you will be glad to know that amid all the bickerings of party politics, we have in Washington some sons of Apollo, whose pleasure it is to cultivate and promote the interests of musical science.

With great respect,
"PETER SCHLEMIL IN AMERICA."

BERLIN.—(From a recent private letter.)—Now I come at last to what you doubtless expected in my first line—the music. The battle has commenced, and both hearer and musician are armed with fresh strength. The "Sinfonie Soirées" in the concert room of the theatre, where the three strings of Orpheus' Lyre, Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, sound their accords, are in full progress, and those evenings, filled up with their truly classical performances, seem to give us strength for those other concerts, not so nobly filled, showing us as they do the goal which later composers are striving to attain. Having drunk at these pure fountains, we gain strength and patience to go on with those who are struggling to find the same paths, some still erring in darkness, but some already catching glimpses of the brightness they seek, as did Mendelssohn.— Might he not at length have reached it? Who knows?

The "Orchestra Verein" gave its first concert last week, and began with a symphony by ROBERT SCHUMANN, of whose death last autumn you surely heard. His veiled spirit a few days before his death regained its former clearness, and he was able to recognize his wife and feel grateful for all her care in his sufferings. He reposes in the beautiful churchyard at Bonn, and many friends including his best—Music—united in paying the last honors to his remains.

The symphony I mentioned has five movements and is very fresh. It is one of his last works, and contradicts better than anything else the opinion that

his illness did not come upon him suddenly, and that his later works show its influence.

The second piece on the programme was Mozart's *Ave verum*, so beautifully executed by the pupils of Mr. STERN, the leader of these concerts, that it had to be repeated. I heard it still better last year at the celebration of Mozart's one hundredth birthday, when the Dom choir sang it without accompaniment; and one was tempted to believe the angels had descended to sing their *Ave verum*.

Then HANS VON BUELOW, Liszt's first scholar, played Beethoven's Concerto, Op. 5, a work of such beauty that one cannot stop to admire the ability of the performer, and filled with such glorious melodies that you are irresistibly borne away to higher regions. A psalm by Schubert brought me entirely down to earth again, and as to the overture, I was too fatigued to pay it much attention. It was the *Melusina*, by Mendelssohn, of a style similar to the *Hebrides* overture, but not of such original invention.

The anniversary of Mendelssohn's death was, as usual, celebrated by the performance of some of his psalms and passages from his oratorios.

I do not know whether the celebrated quartet of the brothers MUELLER is known in America. About twenty years ago it made a *furor* in Germany, and it was much feared that, as three of them within a few years past have died, the quartet was gone forever. But the phoenix seems to have risen from its ashes, for the remaining brother has four sons, who have inherited all the talents of their uncles, and the new "Müllersche Quartet" is as beautiful as the old, and Berlin rejoices not only to have this lineal descendant of the old quartet, but to have actually regained that which was lost.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The third PHILHARMONIC CONCERT will take place to-night, and if the love of good orchestral music has not died out among us, the Melodeon should be crowded. Mr. ZERRAHN has secured the assistance of that admirable violinist Mr. EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, who will play one of Ernst's fantasias, and one of his own. The Symphony will be a new one to us, namely the last of the four Symphonies by the lamented SCHUMANN, a work which in spite of all attempts to trace the signs of mental derangement in his later works, will be found (by those who can appreciate any great work on the first hearing) to be as clear and vigorous, and full of fine original ideas, as his Symphony in B flat, and quite as interesting as one of Mendelssohn's. So we judge, at least, from hearing one rehearsal. We shall have another opportunity too of better understanding and enjoying the "Faust" overture by Wagner. The other orchestral pieces will be the Allegretto (again) from Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," the overture to *Semiramide*, and the Trio from *Attila* arranged, with solos for clarinet, English horn and bassoon. We are sorry to learn that the last concert barely paid expenses; 'his was ungrateful to the pains-taking conductor; but the extreme cold then was some excuse.

Messrs. A. Williams & Co., the enterprising booksellers at No. 100 Washington St., have issued a neat little pocket Diagram of the Boston Theatre, prepared by authority of the Management. It shows the position and number of all the seats in parquet, parquet circle, balcony and first circle, and gives the rules of the establishment. Theatre and Opera-goers will find it a great convenience.....The Afternoon Concert last Wednesday drew, we are told, an increase of audience. The principal piece was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; after which a Cornet solo by Mr. HEINICKE, Strauss's *Lorely* waltz, the *Miserere* from the "Trovatore," a new Quadrille by Zerrahn, and the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*. These concerts are deservedly popular: but why insult the audience and the art by such a quack style of printed programmes? you take up what you suppose to be a programme, and

find that you have got somebody's advertising sheet, eked out with silly and vulgar paragraphs of reading matter. O, reform it altogether! Next Wednesday will be presented Mozart's lovely Symphony in G minor; and, for a novelty, an orchestral Fantaisie by Carl Zerrahn, based on the "Carnival of Venice," with variations by all the instruments in turn. They say it is a most amusing thing.

The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are still busy upon "Eli." To-morrow night they rehearse it with orchestra, which looks as if it were almost ripe for public hearing. Why will not the Society give us another or several more hearings of Mozart's "Requiem"? There is a general desire to become more familiar with it. They are abundantly able to perform it without the aid of Mr. Thalberg's singers; and what an interesting programme might be made by putting the "Requiem" in the first part, and making up the second part of songs and choruses from Mendelssohn and Handel, with a few of those Chorales of Bach (published by Ditson) which would sound so grandly, sung by that large choir! Think of it, Mr. President and Council....By the way, Ditson has published a very convenient and cheap edition of the "Requiem" entire, in octavo form, with Latin and English words, which will be a great help in the hands of the listener....We see that the "Requiem" has lately been performed in London, with Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise" for a second part. An excellent contrast.

THALBERG's management is out in the New York papers with another imposing manifesto, relating to the Farewell Concerts, which he is about to give in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Washington, previous to his departure for the West, in March, and for Europe in May next. These are to commence at Niblo's on the 16th inst. A new repertoire of pieces is set forth with great formality, and the motives thereof explained with tender anxiety for the musical culture of us all. The great pianist is not only to play a new list of his own works (including Songs without Words, the *Tremolo*, *Marche Funèbre*, &c.); but, to avoid "monopolizing the attention of the moment," and "exhibiting an unbecoming professional jealousy," et cetera, et cetera, he "will likewise interpret those works of the great masters, which time and merit have stamped as models, to be admired and studied by all those whose aim lies beyond mere frivolity." For this purpose he will play Beethoven's Trio in B flat, "Kreutzer," "Moonlight," and "Patetic" Sonatas; Mendelssohn's "Allegro Capriccioso," Sonata with cello, Concerto and Songs without Words; Bach's Preludes and Fugues (of course all of them!); Chopin's *Marche Funèbre*, Notturmes, the Scherzo, and Mazurkas; and Hummel's Septet. But this disinterested zeal goes further, and "at the loss of some hundred seats to the management," who "will find an equivalent in the better enjoyment of the music," the platform at Niblo's "will be moved to the centre of the saloon, thus presenting a more drawing-room-like appearance," et cetera, et cetera.Thalberg played on Thursday to 3500 school children in Philadelphia; Mme. JOHANNSEN, as well as D'ANGELI, assisted.

MORELLI has joined the STRAKOSCH Troupe in New York, and appeared last night in *La Favorita*, with PARODI, TIBERINI and MORINI. Mme. DE WILLHORST seems to have made a good impression by her début in *Lucia*....Of MARETZKY's Opera in Havana some reports say that he is having immense success, especially with "The North Star;" others that his singers are leaving him because their salaries are not paid; Miss PHILLIPS has gone to Charleston.

Advertisements.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club's SIXTH CONCERT

Will take place on Tuesday, Feb. 10, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. Programmes will be out soon.
Half package of four Tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$2.50;
Single tickets \$1 each, may be found at the music stores.

Advertisements.

To secure insertion, Advertisements should be sent in as early as Thursday Evening.

MELODEON.

THE THIRD OF THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS,

(Being the SECOND of the regular series of four) will be given on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 7, at the MELODEON, with the assistance of

Herr EDUARD MOLLENHAUER,
THE CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.

The principal pieces will be: Symphony in D minor, (No. 4.) by R. Schumann, (first time in Boston); Overture, Faust, by R. Wagner; Grand Fantasia for Violin, by Ernst, and La Sylphide, performed by Herr Mollenhauer; Overture to Semiramide, etc. etc.

Subscription Lists may be found at the principal music stores, where also tickets can be obtained. Packages of 4 tickets, \$8; single ticket \$1.

Doors open at 6½: Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.
CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

NOTICE.

THE Members of the ORPHFUS GLEE CLUB inform their friends and subscribers that their SECOND Concert of the Series of Three, will take place at

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On SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 14th, 1857, on which occasion they will be kindly assisted by

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Mr. JOSEPH TRENKLE, Pianist.

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Feb. 7. 66
GEORGE F. ROOT.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting will be held at the REVERA HOUSE, on MONDAY, the 16th day of February, at 7 o'clock, P. M.
H. WARE, Recording Secretary.
Boston, Feb. 1, 1857.

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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 146.)

Every one must confess that this style is admirably adapted to the lowly prayer, to the outpourings of a crushed and broken soul, and to the solemn hymns, which praise the glory and the works of God. Accordingly whatever there is in the *Requiem* of supplication, prayer, ascription, praise, meditation or Christian feeling, is treated in fugued or in simple counterpoint, as the *Hosias* for instance, yet always upon old and purely church-like melodies. On the other hand, it is no less certain that the church style, as it was used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by no means afforded that epic and tragic character which several of the numbers composing the *Dies iræ* demand. Here he was compelled to use throughout a phrased and pathetic melody, with a choice of chords; a modern modulation, and a complete orchestra; at the same time avoiding, be it understood, any direct or most remote resemblance with theatrical music, by means which the composer of the *Requiem* used, and of which we shall speak hereafter. Where is the composer who would undertake to-day to write a *Dies iræ* for voices alone? The admission or rejection of instrumental music in works for the church can no longer be a question of Art for any one. Instruments are admitted by the Roman Catholics; in the Greek church they are not. That, however, is a matter of church discipline, with which we are not here concerned. Why should the Catholic church reject the musical intentions of the *Dies iræ*, in which Mozart has done nothing but reproduce, through the only

means his art afforded him, texts which had been consecrated by the ritual of the church?

Will earnest men, learned musicians, bring us back to the simplicity of Palestrina and Orlando Lasso, that is, to the childhood of musical art? Because you are writing for the church, will you renounce expressive melody, even when it has intrinsically a religious character? Will you renounce nine-tenths of the chords available, banish the orchestra, which did not exist in Palestrina's time, and only accept an extremely insignificant fraction of the whole technical and æsthetic material of an art, which has been perfected through three centuries of progress? In truth, men who write and print such things, make merry with their readers. Such imitation of the old masters to-day could produce nothing but a worthless copy or impression. To imitate Palestrina were not so extremely difficult a thing; but where is one to get the spirit of Palestrina, which was that of three centuries ago?

The sole end of this polemical digression has been to show how the text and liturgy of a funeral Mass among the Catholics conspired to form out of the *Requiem* a bridge of connection between the ancient and the modern music, under the pen of a composer like Mozart. Here are blended and reflected in the focus of one universal genius, the contemporary of all ages, the different tendencies which have predominated in church music since it has entered the actual state of Art. Here you find the antique melody of the choral song, which the Roman school had the honor of reconciling with counterpoint, in restoring to it whatever there was edifying in its lofty and original simplicity; there shine the treasures of harmony, heaped up by that learned school of organists, which arose and spread itself in Germany in the sequel of the Reformation, and of which the glorious representatives are Bach and Handel. In another passage you find, in just the right place, and in an incomparably superior degree, the elegance and the melodic charm, which distinguish the sacred works of a Pergolesi and Jomelli, yet without any admixture of the theatrical and antiquated forms by which these are disfigured.*

The Abbé Stadler said: "So long as figural music shall maintain itself in the Catholic church, this giant work (the *Requiem*) will be its crown." But why? Is it merely because Mozart, being by the date of his birth farther removed from the source of tradition, had carried its chain out to the limit where religious Art finally ceased, and because he united within a single frame the great models of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? Was

* The *Stabat Mater* of the latter especially.

this historical cosmopolitanism, this perfect fusion of the elements which time and genius had prepared, the only title by which the composer of the *Requiem* placed himself above all church composers? Certainly not; for there is also something in the *Requiem* which distinguishes Mozart generally and essentially above all others; and something which even he was only once, by way of most extraordinary exception, in a condition to give.

We already know that Handel was the one among the old masters, from whom Mozart borrowed the most directly. From him he took, or is supposed to have taken the thought of the opening number: *Requiem æternam*,* &c., which every one recognizes as one of the most sublime in the whole work; and Herr Weber cites the beginnings of the two works (the Anthem: "The ways of Sion do mourn," and the *Requiem*) as a most victorious argument in support of his singular view.† * * * *

We admit that the thought is just the same, which without doubt is granting a great deal. Two preachers have preached on the same text; but what a difference already from the introduction! How much more learned and sublime is Mozart's commencement! How it breathes that lofty evangelical sorrow, those tears, that fragrance, and that antique poesy of the Roman Church, of which Handel, as well as most of the Lutheran composers, constantly fell short. And when from the midst of this mournful chorus a voice lifts itself to attune the words: *Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion*, does not one seem to hear the voice of an archangel and of St. Cæcilia herself with her organ, sounding a fugued accompaniment, which the most laborious efforts of mortals never could have power to reach? Here the

* Text to No. 1:

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.

Exaudi orationem meam; ad Te omnis caro veniet. Requiem, &c.

Kyrie eleison; Christe eleison.

Rest eternal give unto them, O Lord, and may light perpetual shine on them.

To thee belong hymns, O God, in Sion, and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Hear my supplication; unto Thee shall all flesh come. Rest eternal, &c.

Lord have mercy; Christ have mercy.

† M. Oulibicheff here also cites the first sixteen measures of Handel's anthem, and the corresponding eight measures of the *Ritornel* or instrumented prelude of the *Requiem*. The *theme* is nearly identical, but the treatment essentially different, and the whole resemblance is confined to the *ritornel* and following bars of the *Requiem*.—Ed.

chorus gets possession of the figure of the instrumental theme, which has accompanied the solo. The song announces itself in canonical windings, which, long drawn out, like the echoes of a hymn from the first days of Christendom, resound through the galleries and tomb-stones of a vast catacomb. At the words: *Et lux perpetua*, repeated in alternate phrases, the orchestra descends in majestic unison upon the intervals of the chord; the trumpets sound the sublime farewell; the choir conclude with a soft and mysterious solemnity upon the dominant: *luceat eis*. Has he not already stepped into the eternal light invoked for the dead, he, who has written these first eleven pages of the *Requiem*, so much do they seem to transcend all ordinary human manifestations of power!

And these are the monstrous plagiarisms, under whose weight Herr Weber would fain crush his opponents, who, as he said, slandered Mozart far more than he himself did, when they assumed that Mozart put his name to such *youthful studies*!! But what if the plagiarist had never thought at all of Handel's anthem, or had not even known it? The reader shall judge for himself. While I copied off these broad citations, I sought in my memory for the theme of the *Misericordias Domini*, which Mozart is supposed have borrowed from Eberlin,* and judge of my astonishment, this theme is precisely the beginning of the *Requiem*:

Moderato.



The relationship is here much clearer, since as regards the voice part, i. e., the subject itself and its answer in the fifth, it amounts to identity. But for the rest, the *Requiem æternam* no more resembles the various fugued developments of the *Misericordias Domini*, than either of these compositions does the anthem of Handel. As the Abbé Stadler tells us, the thematic subjects in works of the fugued style, are common property, like themes proposed for academic competition. Whenever Mozart chose a borrowed theme, which was harder to treat than a theme of his own invention, he deemed the thought worthy of another and no doubt a better development. He certainly would never have employed it to treat it worse than they who had used it before him.

The Allegro of No. 1—that is, the Fugue of the *Kyrie eleison*—is worthy of the slow tempo which it follows, and to which it is adapted by the plan of its figures in sixteenths and by the elevated, solemn character by which it is distinguished. But it presents difficulties in execution which few choirs can quite victoriously surmount. It is a pity that the ludicrous should so threaten the sublime in this masterpiece of choral composition. If the *Kyrie* is badly or indifferently sung, it is intolerable, or of a more than ambiguous effect; but with a masterly delivery it is sublime.

[To be continued.]

The worth of Art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted. It is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses.

Goethe.

* So says the Abbé Stadler.

Mendelssohn and his Music.

[Concluded.]

The life and labors of Mendelssohn thus were ended. In glancing at the labors in relation to the life, we are first struck with the vastness of their quantity. A hundred works, many of them, of the fullest proportions, testify to an industry almost unparalleled. But indeed, composition was not the task—it was the instinctive occupation of Mendelssohn's mind. At all times and in all places he was engaged in the conception or development of musical ideas. This process was incessantly carried on during his numerous journeys, and at every resting place his first requirement was a table, that the results might be securely noted. Music was at once the medium and material of his thoughts, and those thoughts flowed with a freedom only less marvellous than their symmetry and intrinsic worth. It is said that his music to the *Antigone* was the work of only eleven days—a feat that equals Handel's alleged composition of the *Messiah* in three weeks. He was present in the Birmingham Town Hall on an occasion when Handel's Coronation Anthem was with other works, to be performed. The concert was already begun, when it was discovered that a recitative, the words of which appeared in the text-books given to the public, was omitted from the part-copies. Noticing the perplexity of the managers, Mendelssohn quietly said, "Wait a little, I will help you;" and sitting down, composed within half an hour a recitative with complete orchestral accompaniments, which were re-copied, distributed, and while yet wet from the pen, were played at sight. How spontaneously not only his thoughts and feelings, but even impressions derived from scenery, took with him a melodic form, is shown in the origin of his finest overture. On his return from Scotland, in 1829, his sisters entreated him to tell them something of the Hebrides. "That cannot be told," said he, "it can only be played;" and seating himself at the piano, he improvised what he afterwards expanded into the Overture to *Fingal's Cave*. The Songs without Words, which are now amongst the most popular parlor music in the world, had a similar origin in the habitual necessity for musical expression in place of verbal. The apparent anomaly involved in their title ceases when it is remembered that these charming wordless lyrics were really the native language of the composer, and that he is in them as truly descriptive, thoughtful, impassioned, or even satirical, as if he had held the pen of Barry Cornwall or Heinrich Heine. That they convey varied impressions to different minds, by no means implies that the ideas embodied in them by the composer were not clear and specific. What they mean we should be sorry here to guess, with the knowledge that most musical readers have somewhere near them some more pleasant interpreter holding the known credentials of sensibility and fancy!

But there would be an injurious error in supposing, because music is described as the natural speech of Mendelssohn's mind—thus accounting for the great breadth covered by its permanent record—that therefore his works are a mere diary of personal thoughts and feelings. Mendelssohn did not belong to the diseased ultra-subjective school of poets which haunt this age like so many unblest and bodiless ghosts, but rather to that higher order which includes Shakspeare and Goethe—the order of healthy, synthetic genius, which uses the whole realm of nature and the wide range of human character as an open magazine of materials for new and individual creation. The works of Mendelssohn are as various in kind as they are vast in quantity, enriching every department of composition except Opera. Even in this last direction fragments remain which only want completeness to rank with the highest efforts of Gluck, Mozart, and Weber. In his detached *scena*, entitled *Infelice*, and the published portions of "The Son and Stranger," the true dramatic life throbs as powerfully as in *Fidelio* or *Zauberflöte*. How facile and splendid was the instinct of representative truth thus imperfectly utilized, is shown in the equal ease with which it rose to the highest level of the two opposite schools

of Drama, the Romantic and the Classical. The harmonies he gave to Shakspeare and to Sophocles seem to be no gift, but a part of the organic growth of the works they illustrate. He does not so much sing in the two realms of Fancy and of Fate, as that they themselves endow him with their own voices. This instinctive fidelity to occasion and character is indeed visible through all his works, from the song, with or without words, up through quartets, symphonies, psalms, and oratorios. The mannerisms charged upon Mendelssohn, which do not vary with the occasion, may be all conceded, for, like the Claude light and the Rembrandt shadow, they serve only to identify the artist's work. Probably, for instance, no other composer ever wound up so many productions with flights of high soft cords *con sordino*. It was his habit, more than that of any composer known to us, to *concert* his music—the voices, or the voice and instrument, making quite separate contributions to the total effect. There are also occasional recurrences of phrase and figure, instantly to be recognized as Mendelssohnian. But all this in no way interferes with the integrity of each individual composition. The Italian symphony is as unlike the Scotch as Childe Harold is unlike Marion. The one is full of blue sky, gaiety, and passion; the other is misty, rugged, and charged successively with solemn and martial memories. Every work of Mendelssohn known to us is stamped with the same consistency. All his melodic wealth—and what composer has left so many fine airs floating in the memory?—and all the resources of his masterly part-writing, are made to subserve a clear prevision and intent, thus securing artistic unity in the work, and conveying to the mind a satisfactory impression of keeping and completeness.

But in the chief representative action of Mendelssohn's genius, the mere dramatic faculty seems to pass out of sight in the splendor of a pure inspiration. He is preëminently the musical interpreter of the Christian Evangel. Many before him had embodied sacred sentiments and incidents in noble compositions. Anglican service-music and Catholic masses are rich with many a strain worthy of the uses to which they are consecrated. But Handel alone, before Mendelssohn, had risen to the full height "of this great argument." In the *Messiah*, the spirit of faith and of praise found expression so sublime that it would seem as if no form of ascription could be worthier of the Divine Object. Nor can it be at all pretended that Mendelssohn has exceeded or even equalled Handel in the grandeur of his choral movements, though the already named "Thanks be to God," and the concluding chorusses of his Hymn of Praise and Forty-second Psalm, might suggest a doubt on that point. And yet is his, of all music, the most entirely true to the spirit of the new dispensation. To the great utterance of praise he has added the sentiment of love in its most exquisite forms, and to faith he he has given a character of touching confidence. In his harmony the human and divine seem to be harmonized; the aspiration of man is attuned to the nature and precept of Christ. Those who remember the alto song, "Oh, Rest in the Lord," and the chorusses, "Happy and blest are They," and "I waited on the Lord," will feel all the truth of what we write. This spirit is, indeed, transfused, with all the harmonizing power of light, through Mendelssohn's oratorios and psalms; and judging from the fragments of the unfinished oratorio of *Christus*, it would probably have found its finest development in that work. Serner elements, however, are not wanting in these compositions. The invocations of the Baalites in Elijah, and the exclamatory chorusses of the persecuting Jews in St. Paul and Christus, are terrible in their fidelity to the fell spirit of fantastical rage. The Jewish chorusses, especially, give so startlingly real a presentment of ruthless fury in the mobs who stoned Stephen and crucified Christ, as to set us musing with curious interest on the psychological question how far the composer's Hebrew descent in this case modifies the action of imagination. The chorus, "Stone him to Death," has intense cruelty in every bar of its broken and complicated rhythm. But all this, though in itself

fine dramatic portraiture, has its finest use in eliciting, by contrast, and in musical expression, the Christian spirit of faith and love. In realizing that contrast, Mendelssohn's happy and original conception of the use of chorales in Oratorio has greatly aided, however we may doubt whether his success has justified Meyerbeer in extending the practice to Opera. After the fierce tumult of sounds which precedes the stoning of Stephen, with what a sacred and soothing simplicity ascend the harmonies of the fine old German tune which follows—harmonies which well might be supposed fit to rise to heaven with the passing soul of a Christian martyr! By the occasional introduction of these adapted hymns, Mendelssohn strikes the dominant tone of his sacred works; and the fact that the impression they produce is sustained and even intensified by his own richer and more elaborate movements, surely justifies the claim we have made on his behalf, that he is preëminently the musical interpreter of Christianity.

(Continued from page 138.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

TROMBONES.

There are four kinds of trombones; each of which bears the name of the human voice to which it bears the nearest resemblance in quality of tone and compass. The *Soprano Trombone*,—the smallest and highest of them all,—exists still in some parts of Germany, but is unknown in France; it has scarcely ever been used in the scores of the great masters; which is no reason, however, why it should not figure there sooner or later, as it is by no means certain that trumpets with pistons—even the highest—can advantageously supply its place. Gluck alone, in his Italian score of *Orfeo*, has written the soprano trombone under the name of *Cornetto*. He has made it double the soprano voices of the chorus, while the alto, tenor, and bass trombones double the other voices.

These three last-named trombones are the only ones in general use; and it should also be added, that the alto trombone does not exist in all French orchestras, while the bass trombone is almost unknown among them; it is even almost always confounded with the third tenor trombone, which has the charge of playing the lowest part, and to which, for this reason, the name is very improperly given of bass trombone, from which it materially differs.

Trombones are instruments with slides, of which the double tube can be lengthened or shortened instantaneously, by a simple movement of the player's arm. It may be conceived that these variations of the length of the tube must completely change the key of the instrument,—which is the case. Whence it follows, that trombones, possessing, like all brass instruments, all the notes resulting from the natural resonance of the tube in all positions, have thereby a complete chromatic scale, interrupted only at one point below, as will be presently seen.

The sound of the bass trombone is majestic, formidable and terrible; and to it belongs, of right, the lowest part in all masses of brass instruments. Nevertheless, we have the misfortune, in Paris, of being utterly deprived of it; it is not taught at the Conservatoire, and no trombone player has yet been willing to acquire its familiar practice. Whence it follows, that the majority of modern German scores, and even of ancient French and Italian scores, written for orchestras which possess, or did possess, this instrument, must be more or less deranged when they are performed in Paris. Thus, in Weber's *Freyschütz*, there are some low D's beneath the staff, in the accompaniment of the huntsman's chorus; and farther on, where the hermit enters, there are some low E's,



These notes are therefore of necessity carried into the octave above, because the three players in the Opera orchestra exclusively make use of the tenor trombone, which has them not. It is the same

with the sustained low C's, in the chorus of Gluck's *Alceste*: "Pleure, O patrie;" only, here, the effect of these double C's is extremely important, which makes their transposition truly deplorable.



The bass trombone cannot lend itself to rapid movements with the celerity which others of the same family can command; the length and size of its tube requires rather more time to be put in vibration; and it will readily be imagined that its slide,—manœuvred by the aid of a handle which supplies, in certain positions, the length of the arm,—does not admit of great agility. Hence the real impossibility for German artists who use the bass trombone, to execute a crowd of passages in our modern French scores, which our trombone-players render as well as they on the tenor trombone.

The trombone is,—in my opinion,—the true chief of that race of wind instruments which I have designated as epic instruments. It possesses, in an eminent degree, both nobleness and grandeur; it has all the deep and powerful accents of high musical poetry,—from the religious accent, calm and imposing, to the wild clamours of the orgy. It depends on the composer to make it by turn chaunt like a choir of priests; threaten, lament, ring a funeral knell, raise a hymn of glory, break forth into frantic cries, or sound its dread flourish to awaken the dead or to doom the living.

There have nevertheless been found means to degrade it,—some thirty years since—by reducing it to a servile redoubling, as useless as grotesque, of the double-bass part. This plan has been at present almost abandoned. But there may be seen, in a host of scores, otherwise very beautiful, the basses doubled almost constantly in unison by a single trombone. I know nothing less harmonious, or more vulgar than this mode of instrumentation. The sound of the trombone is so markedly characterized, that it should never be heard but for the production of some special effect; its duty, therefore, is not to strengthen the double-basses, with the sound of which, moreover, its quality of tone has no sort of sympathy. Besides, it should be understood that a single trombone in an orchestra seems always more or less out of place. This instrument needs harmony, or, at least, unison with the other members of its family, in order that its various attributes may be completely manifested. Beethoven has sometimes employed it in pairs, like the trumpets; but the time-honored custom of writing them in three parts appears to me preferable.

The character of tone in trombones varies according to the degree of loudness with which their sound is emitted. In a *fortissimo*, it is menacing and formidable; particularly, if the three trombones be in unison, or at least, if two of them be in unison, the third being an octave below the two others. Such is the terrific scale in *D* minor, upon which Gluck has founded the chorus of Furies in the second act of his *Iphigenia in Tauride*. Such also is—but still more sublime—the immense shout of three united trombones, answering like the wrathful voice of the infernal gods, to Alceste's summons:—"Ombre! larve! campagne di morte!" in that prodigious air the original idea of which Gluck allowed to be perverted by the French translator; but which, as it is, has dwelt in the memory of all the world, with its unlucky first verse:—"Divinités du Styx! ministres de la mort!" Let us here moreover remark, that towards the close of the first movement of this piece, when the trombones divided into three parts respond—imitating the rhythm of the air,—in this phrase: "Je n'invoquerai point votre pitié cruelle!"—let us here observe, I say, that by the very effect of this division, the quality of tone of the trombone assumes instantly something ironical, hoarse, frightfully joyous,—very different from the grand fury of the preceding unisons.

In simple *forte*, trombones, in three-part harmony, in the medium particularly, have an expression of heroic pomp, of majesty, of loftiness, which the prosaic commonplace of a vulgar melody could alone impair or destroy. They then acquire—with enormously increased grandeur—the expres-

sion of trumpets; they no longer menace, they proclaim; they chaunt, instead of roar. It should be remarked, merely, that the sound of the bass trombone always predominates more or less, in such a case, over the two others; particularly if the first be an alto trombone.

In *mezzo-forte* in the medium, in unison or in harmony with a slow movement, trombones assume a religious character. Mozart, in his choruses of the *priests of Isis*, in the *Zauberflöte*, has produced admirable models of the manner of giving these instruments a sacerdotal voice and attribute.

The *pianissimo* of trombones, applied to harmonies belonging to the minor mode is gloomy, lugubrious, I had almost said, hideous. If, particularly, the chords be brief, and broken by rests, it has the effect of hearing some strange monsters giving utterance, in dim shadow, to howls of ill-suppressed rage. Never, to my thinking, has there been better dramatic effect deduced from this special accent of trombones, than by Spontini, in his matchless funeral march of the *Vestale*:—"Périssè la Vestale impie," &c.; and by Beethoven, in the immortal duet of the second act of *Fidelio*, sung by Leonora and the jailer, while digging the grave of the prisoner about to die.

Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spontini, and some others, have comprehended all the importance of the trombone's duties; they have applied the various characteristics of this noble instrument, with perfect intelligence, to depicting human passion, to illustrating the sounds of Nature; and they have, in consequence, maintained its power, its dignity, and its poetry. But to constrain it—as the herd of composers now do—to howl out in a *credo* brutal phrases less worthy of a sacred edifice than of a tavern; to sound as for the entry of Alexander into Babylon, when there is nothing more forthcoming than the pirouette of a dancer; to strum chords of the tonic and the dominant in a light song that a guitar would suffice to accompany; to mingle its olympian voice with the trumpery melody of a vaudeville duet, or with the frivolous noise of a quadrille; to prepare, in the *tutti*s of a concerto, the triumphal advent of the hautboy or a flute;—is to impoverish, to degrade a magnificent individuality; it is to make a hero into a slave and a buffoon; it is to tarnish the orchestra; it is to render impotent and futile all rational progression of the instrumental forces; it is to ruin the past, present, and future of Art; it is to commit a voluntary act of vandalism, or to give token of an absence of sentiment for expression amounting to stupidity.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven's Early Sonatas.

Few, if any, biographies of artists afford us much insight into the formation and development of their minds. Such a void is filled in the life of BEETHOVEN by those earlier works (before 1798). They were to me a great anthropological lesson, and are the same, I have no doubt, to many others. This, and the fact that the note of "A. W. T." demands a reply, induces me to claim some more space for them in your paper.

My own impression is, that I have seen when a boy more than three Sonatas in manuscript; and to assure myself, I have examined catalogues and biographies on the subject until I found in the *Universal Lexicon der Tonkunst*, now published in numbers by E. Bernsdorf, Liszt, Marschner and others, in the article "Beethoven," p. 357, that B. published and dedicated six Sonatas to the Prince Bishop of Cologne.

The article in which this statement occurs is unquestionably the best of all that I have been able to read, and therefore entitled to some consideration. Still it may be a mistake of the printer, who has worse mistakes to answer for than this one. Nevertheless it may be that Beethoven composed and published another set of three Sonatas, and I wish with all my heart that this may prove to be the case.

What an interesting parallel those earlier works of

Beethoven form to those seven plays of Shakspeare not included in the collection of his works, but for which no other author can be found! How desirable it is that "A. W. T." should, either through your columns or in his anxiously expected biography, devote a chapter to those disowned children of Beethoven's youthful fancy!

F. W. M.

Roxbury, Feb. 12.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—There is one branch of music, which, though extremely popular with the masses, seldom is thought worthy of notice by writers; I refer to organ music—not the organ fugues of Bach or the studies of Rink; not the harmonious thunder of diapason or sub-bass; but the more common and more popular street-organ music. Some wretched creatures who have no music in their souls, are continually grumbling about the annoyances of these musical demonstrations; but this unhappy class of persons are few and are daily growing fewer. The fact is, there has recently been a very great improvement in street organs. The music is generally much better in quality than formerly, and the instruments themselves are now really a pleasure to hear. Often, at night, when the streets are still and quiet, on returning from the opera your ear will catch the distant tones of some air you have just heard warbled by Lagrange or Parodi, floating from afar, like a sweet echo. At one corner the death-song in *Lucia* is wasting its sweetness on the desert air of Broadway, while in the next block the *Miserere* of *Trovatore* brings back memories of Brignoli or Tiberini, who sing their swan-like songs in the little cylindrical prisons in which they are supposed to be confined. Then the next moment we hear the *Casta Diva*, and as we pass on it merges into some of Verdi's passionate arias, till frequently a night walk in Broadway is one continued concert. There is one air from Verdi's *Lombardi*, which belongs to the repertoire of almost every street organ, and is unconsciously whistled by news-boys and hummed by everybody else. Verdi is now the reigning musical genius in New York, as well as in Italy.

There is one air, however, without which a street organ would no more be a street organ than a man without a head would be a man. After Verdi and Donizetti, the street organs fall back upon the inevitable "*Mira Norma*," of Bellini, as if it was their normal condition. When you see a boy in New York approaching you, in nine cases out of ten you will be safe in the conclusion that his Christian name is John; and when you hear the tones of a street organ in the distance, but too far off to distinguish the melody, you may be certain that it is "*Mira Norma*." As a distinguished poet aptly remarks:

"Be weather clear, or damp, or stormy,
They're always playing "Hear me, Normy."

Talking about *Norma* naturally reminds one of the opera at the Academy of Music, where PARODI and TIBERINI and MORELLI have been singing away to swarms of dead-heads, every evening's performance entailing a considerable pecuniary loss upon the unlucky manager. STRAKOSCH has made a great mistake in refusing to advertise in other than the three prominent morning dailies. The smaller papers, and especially the Sunday press, exercise an immense influence in musical and theatrical affairs, and are by no means to be disregarded. Strakosch has offended these journals in their most tender place—their pockets; and as his company is by no means perfect, the critics can find plenty of crevices into which to insert their critical crowbars.

The other evening at the opera I met a friend—one of those mysteriously "knowing" persons, who are gushing over with tattle and small-talk, and can tell you everything about everybody. He was a

regular *habitué* of the opera, and it was with no small pleasure that he found in me a listener; and I must confess I was greatly interested in his garrulous gossip. He knew everybody, and volunteered an indefinite amount of information in general.

"For instance," said he, "you observe sitting in the parquette circle an elderly gentleman with iron-grey hair, rather stooping shoulders, a pair of spectacles, and an opera-glass?" Yes, I had seen him every night sitting in the same seat near the stage, and apparently enjoying the music most intensely. I had not known who he was till Jenkins (that is my gossipy friend's name) told me it was Bancroft. There may be seen night after night our great historian, whose Ferdinand and Isabella (!) and Phillip the Second (!) have brought him an income of \$30,000 a year, applauding a cadenza and drinking in the delights of Italian music. He is one of the features of the opera, and Jenkins told me he knew him well, and that he had greatly assisted him in the compilation of Phillip II. But I never placed much confidence in these assertions of Jenkins.

Jenkins asked me if I knew how many dead-heads were present, and volunteered to point some out to me. So he directed my attention to a row of ladies seated on a front seat of the parquette; they were elegantly dressed, and attracted considerable notice from their beauty and self-possession, yet unassuming deportment. They were a family of fashionable Broadway *modistes*, who by industry and energy have amassed a fortune, and own several of the finest stores on Broadway. I knew not what Jenkins meant by pointing them out to me, until he told me they were all dead-heads! The Paterfamilias, the Mater, and some six children had every night their free seats in the parquette. Why? Because they were friends of a well-known musical agent, who has the free entrée of the Academy and the use of an indefinite number of seats.

An elegant gentleman, arrayed in unexceptionable broadcloth, with carefully trimmed moustache, lemon colored kids, and a white ivory opera-glass, arose near me, shedding an odor of Fraugissani on every side. I was at once impressed by his magnificence, and inquired of Jenkins as to his identity. "Oh," said Jenkins, "I know him well. He is a newspaper correspondent, and gets books from publishers, sells them, and is altogether a perfect specimen of that peculiar race of literary hacks, a shabby-genteel Irish literary man." "But," said I, "surely that elegant person is not a dead-head!" "Precisely so," was the answer; "he is a dead-head."

A number of boys and young men made a little noise here, and I remarked how annoying such ill-mannered persons were. "Not to be wondered at," said my Mentor. "One of the young clerks in a Broadway music store had some twenty-five free tickets given him, and has distributed them among his friends." "Then," said I, "they're all dead-heads?" "Precisely so," said Jenkins.

An elderly gentleman, wearing a gigantic pair of green spectacles, who constantly flitted about the different boxes, had long excited my attention. He is the most uneasy man I ever saw. At one moment he is quietly settled in a stage box, gazing at the audience through a huge opera-glass; a few minutes after, and you are surprised to see him talking with a lady in the parquette; then you are astonished to meet him but a moment after in the lobby, in deep conversation with an Italian artist; you hasten to your seat, and are petrified at seeing him sitting calmly on the next chair, as unruffled as if he had been there all the afternoon. He seems to be perfectly ubiquitous. I seized the opportunity of asking Jenkins who he was. "Bless me!" said Jenkins, "everybody knows Count Gogglescrowsky, the author of 'Lapland as it isn't.'" "Is he a real, live Baron?" I gasped. "Yes," said Jenkins. "Is he a—a—a—" I faltered, unable to speak the word.

"A dead-head?" inquired J., coming to my relief. "Oh yes, certainly; the Count's a dead-head of course, from his connection with a daily newspaper."

I was gratified at seeing at this moment a long vista of acquaintances, who were related to each other, and altogether formed quite a formidable array of crinoline, fine bonnets, and immaculate neck-ties. In conversation they assured me that they came every night to the opera, because, as they said, their friend Mr. Smith was a friend to somebody who had loaned money to the management, and of course he always had about fifty secured seats for nothing, and he kindly distributed them to his acquaintances. After this Jenkins pointed out to me the families of the different artistes, and a cloud of witnesses, who he assured me "belonged to the press." He also told me that the stockholders, having bought their shares in the concern long ago, of course paid nothing, and were *de facto* dead-heads. At last he promised to show me a sight not often seen at the Academy of Music, and pointed out a party of three, seated in the balcony. "There," said he, "look at them well. They paid their way in. Look at them well, for you may ne'er see their like again."

By this time I had grown bold, and so I said to Jenkins, "Are you a dead-head?" Jenkins said, "Precisely so." I then asked him whether that party of three were the only persons in the house who were not dead-heads. Jenkins said not a word, but pointed upwards. I thought he saw a piece of the ceiling about to fall, but he explained that he meant to direct my attention to the third tier and amphitheatre, where for 50 and 25 cents the real lovers of music go, and little dream that the fashionable crowd below is one mass of dead-heads.

So you may suppose that poor Strakosch, crushed by the indignation of the Press, and the weight of the Deadheads, cannot fail to lose money in his operatic speculation. His company is poor;—PARODI has not taken well with the audience, and the only *hit* of the season has been the undoubted triumph of CORA DE WILHORST as *Lucia*. She sang the part exquisitely, and good critics say that no one in the country can sing the Andante of the mad scene, *Alfin son tua*, as well. With the exception of SONTAG, I have never heard any artiste in this role, who pleased me better. Unfortunately, however, the excitement of a debut has had a reactionary effect, and Mme. De Wilhorst is confined to her room with illness, and will not be able to appear again in public for a long time. The opera season closes this week, to the grief of the Deadheads, and of

TROVATORE.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 5.—The "first grand concert," for the benefit of the poor, of the Springfield Musical Institute, last evening, was a decided success. The City Hall was filled to overflowing, notwithstanding the slight fall of rain out of doors. The choruses were sung with energy, precision and power, and showed the thorough training to which their director, Mr. SHAW, must have subjected them.

"Adey's Orchestra," under the direction of Mr. FITZHUGH, did noble service in the heavy choruses. The overtures, introducing each part of the programme, were performed well, though we have heard them played somewhat smoother and in better time at their rehearsals in Adey's Music Rooms. This was their first appearance, and it is hoped not their last.

The solo performances of the evening were excellent. The best was the obligato solo, "*Inflamatus*," from the *Stabat Mater*, sung by Mrs. BAKER. Her voice is a pure soprano, rich in quality, and reminds us of Miss ANNA STONE's, of old. The voice accompanied by the chorus to parts of the solo was given with remarkable effect.

"Wind of the winter night," sung by Mr. WINCHEL, was an excellent affair and well deserved the encore it received. Mr. Winchel has a superb bass voice, powerful as well as flexible. His rendering of the solo in "Crowned with the tempest," from *Ernani*, was admirable.

The "Mocking Bird," sung by Miss PENNIMAN, received an encore. A flute obligato, by Mr. BEEBE of the orchestra, added much to the success of the piece. But one of the gems of the evening was the "Holy Friar," sung by Mr. CHAPIN. His rich baritone voice and true enunciation gave a peculiar charm to the quaint satire of the song, and called forth a hearty encore.

The duet from Spohr, "Children pray this love to cherish," by Mrs. WELLS and Mr. KIMBERLY, formerly of Boston, was well sung, though it did not bring out the lady's voice as a song of a different character would have done. The slight tremolo of her voice gives much grace and effect to her singing in public.

The trio sung by request lost some of its effect by the substitution of another tenor.

Of the choruses, "The heavens are telling" and "Hallelujah" call for more than a passing notice. The orchestra, piano and voices so blended together that a perfect whole was the result. The grand mass of harmony filled every part of the large hall, and had Haydn or Handel been listening, they would have been proud of the interpretation of the performers.

Among the basses we noticed a Mr. MOZART of Boston. He is making arrangements for a concert here by subscription.

Of the debut of our young townsman, Mr. ALLIN, as pianist, we must express ourselves much pleased. His timidity will probably wear off with one or two more appearances before the public. In the humble position of pianist of the society, he performed his accompaniments with much credit.

We were somewhat annoyed by the hissing behind the dress curtain during the overtures. "A word to the wise," &c. More anon. AD LIBITUM.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 14, 1857.

THE ORGAN FOR THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL. We are happy to state that the question who shall build the Great Organ, is settled. WALCKER, of Ludwigsburg in Germany, is the man. The basis of a contract has been effected in Germany, which, like the recent conference of the four powers, is to be reconsidered and finally settled and signed in Paris and London. The reasons of the choice we doubt not will be obvious to any one who, like the worthy president of the Music Hall Association, the zealous originator and agent of the noble project, will make the organ tour of England, Holland and Germany, as thoroughly and intelligently as he has. During the past three months Dr. UPHAM has examined most of the finest organs, old and new, in England, Paris, and the German cities, conferred carefully with the prominent builders in all those places, procuring plans and specifications from not a few of them, and taken advice of the best organists and experts in the matter. The selection has been made with a full view of all the considerations which should govern in the execution of a commission of such magnitude and importance.

In fixing the preliminaries, nothing (it is thought) has been left unsuggested, which com-

pleteness, effectiveness and all attainable perfection could require. Of course it was a great work to digest such a document; and, to make all safe, the final agreement (as we have said) is still open.

The instrument, as now proposed, is to contain 85 stops, arranged upon four Manuals and a Pedal with compass from CCCC to f^{III} or e^{III} , as desired; Swell, embracing the second Manual and piano division of Pedal; separate Swell and Tremulante for Vox Humana and Vox Physharmonica; and Grand Swell or Crescendo and Diminuendo for the whole work (4 manuals and pedals). It will have composition pedals; the "Pneumatic Lever;" a forte and piano division of the Pedal keyboard; a new and effective method of tuning the free reeds by means of nut and screw; new and improved pallets, guarding against variation of temperature and hygrometric changes; an improvement in the metal Diapason pipes, giving them wonderful purity, fulness and richness of tone; and all the modern and approved mechanical contrivances of the French and English to be gained by personal inspection.

The whole is to be constructed of the choicest materials and in the best manner, and warranted by a sufficient guaranty to withstand all disturbing causes (accidents accepted) for ten years. The number of pipes and cost of each register are named in the contract; and—a very important stipulation, which could not be obtained in England—the *weight and precise composition of the metallic stops*. Bellows of modern pattern, with channels and wind-chests philosophically and mathematically calculated. The organ to be so constructed, that it may be worked by two men at the bellows, or by *power*, (Cochituate water, or other,) as may be deemed best.

From two and a half to three years must be allowed from the time of signing the contract to the completion of the organ in the hall. The cost of the work complete (without case), set up and tuned in the workshop at Ludwigsburg, is to be \$13,000. All other expenses, of transportation, duties, case (to be made probably in Boston), alterations necessary to receive it into the hall, &c. &c., are estimated at \$10,000, making the entire cost \$23,000. One third of the first cost (\$13,000) is to be paid on the signing of the contract. It will be remembered that \$25,000 have been subscribed or guaranteed already for the purpose. When completed, this will be by far the most perfect instrument of the kind extant. It will add as greatly to the architectural as to the musical attractions of our noble Hall. The metal pipes will be displayed, and the superb structure, very broad and very high, will probably project in the middle and widest part some ten or fifteen feet upon the stage, with wings retreating gracefully, as is the custom with the organ fronts in Europe. It will complete architecturally the stage end of the Hall, by bringing the beauties of its design as it were to a worthy focus.

The whole work, when completed, is to pass under the careful scrutiny of the German government inspectors, and of any two persons whom the purchaser may select from England and Germany, to ensure that the minutiae of the contract shall be strictly complied with before the organ is accepted. The builders also pledge their own reputation and good name to produce, in every respect, an artistic work; one by which they shall be willing to be judged; and they engage furthermore to incorporate all essential improvements,

if any should appear during the construction of the work, without additional charge.

This, of course, is a very imperfect description of the plan. We shall have the full particulars, doubtless, in a few weeks, on the return of Dr. Upham.

Manners in the Concert Room.

We have received the following among other communications, all setting forth the same grievance. Our readers should be interested in the matter. We have selected for publication three which treat the matter from different points of view, so that it will be well to read them all.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.: Dear Sir—Is there no way of reaching the visitors of the Wednesday afternoon concerts, and urging upon them, as a matter of justice and duty and common politeness, either to find their seats before the commencement of the concert, or to enter the hall only during the pauses between the movements of the Symphony? If a half minute or even a minute's pause should be necessary for this, doubtless Mr. Zerrahn would willingly allow so much time. Many purchase tickets to these concerts simply to hear the symphonies. Is it right that the satisfaction for which we part with our money and time should be taken from us by late comers and chatter-boxes? If people have no regard for us auditors, they should have some thought of Mr. Zerrahn's and his fellow laborers' interest, for we cannot be expected long to pay for hearing symphonies, if we are allowed no chance for quietly listening to them. Vigorous measures have been taken this winter to prevent talking at the New York Philharmonic rehearsals. I pray that the good sense and politeness of our people may prove sufficient to secure quiet without any resort to a similar movement here. Yours respectfully,

Thursday, Feb. 3.

J. Q.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 4.

Mr. DWIGHT: Dear Sir—It has been a constant topic of complaint in the papers for years that the lovers of the so-called "light music" do not allow the lovers of your "classical" music to listen to symphonies in peace and quiet. I am not ashamed to confess myself (even in your columns) fond of hearing potpourris, Strauss' and Lanner's Waltzes, the similar productions of Zerrahn, and the feats of solo playing given at the Orchestral Union concerts. Being fond of this music, I wish to have opportunity of listening to it in the same peace and quiet which the symphony lovers demand. But no—they are excessively indignant if I and my friends dare to whisper during a long and tedious piece of *classical* music; but when the lively strains of the waltzes are heard they turn up their noses with a Peckeniffian air of lofty disdain quite refreshing to see. "That's only Strauss," or "That's nothing but a hash up of Verdi. We are above that!" and to show their contempt of Italian music, they begin to discourse in a very edifying manner, no doubt.

Now, Mr. Dwight, I will only add, that if your "classicists" wish us to refrain from annoying them during the symphony, let them set us the example during the other part of the concert. If A, B and C wish to hear Beethoven, they must allow D, E and F opportunity to hear Verdi. "With what measure ye mete it shall it be measured to you again."

VERBUM SAT.

MY DEAR DWIGHT—"Pity the sorrows of a poor" unfortunate who has been attempting to draw delight from the Wednesday afternoon concerts, but almost in vain. Unluckily I am a lover of music both "classic" and "light." I enjoy the grandeur and sublimity of a symphony by Beethoven with the most devoted admirer of that great man; and on the other hand, I sit with no little delight—of a different kind to be sure—through the racket, and confusion, and hurrah-boys of a potpourri from Verdi's "Traviata," such as we had on Wednesday. But unluckily I must hear music in quiet to enjoy it; and here comes in the misfortune. During the symphony the light

music lovers are chatting, passing the compliments of the season, moving about from place to place, and the like, to the great annoyance of the lovers of that special kind of composition. Then when the second part comes, the symphony people take their turn, and pay off the former in their own coin. The result is, that we neutrals have a hard time of it. Now I paid my dollar the other day for tickets, and should be very thankful to people if they would not cause me to consider it a dollar thrown away. That they whose musical culture has not elevated them to the standard of the C minor Symphony should grow uneasy and chat, seems not so strange to me, as that those who are above lighter music and supposed to possess great musical knowledge, should remain during the second part of the concerts at all, if they can draw no edification from the music. Yours,

A LOVER OF QUIET.

We would decidedly advise the lovers of Symphony to heed the hint of No. 2, and listen to the pot-pourris and polkas with all the gravity they can command. It is certainly worth the sacrifice, if that will disarm the symphony disturbers. Let us even be willing to do penance for the sin and privilege of hearing a good symphony in peace by sitting through the "Verdi trash" with most respectful silence. At all events, if we cannot stomach it, we can retire, and that in the most courteous and quiet manner. But while the "classicists" are willing to make this concession, many of them doubtless will suggest, that probably the real objection to the symphonies is, (if it were honestly stated) that such music does not admit of conversation, and does require thoughtful attention. The lovers of "light" music do not perhaps care for any music which requires careful listening to. Their idea of Afternoon Concerts is literally of "promenade" concerts; the music to be but a light and sparkling accompaniment, or piquant sauce, to gossip and flirtation, and no more to be made an object of attention, as such, than the music in a dance, from which an enlivening influence is derived without a voluntary effort of the mind. It may be questioned, therefore, whether these persons are disturbed by the conversation or inattention of others during the performance of their favorite polkas. The whole difference is summed up in a word: the one class regard music purely as an amusement; the other regard it as Art and as an object of thought or feeling, as they would read a fine poem.

We add to the above the following quiz on Philharmonic manners, which has found its way into Willis's New York Musical World:

The Philharmonic Rehearsals—Rough Notes by Squabbs.—Like music—dislike bag pipes—went to Philharmonic Rehearsal—weather rather frigid—house cold—mercury below everything—listened to the Symphony—shivered through the slow movement—saw Mr. Fecher submerged in very red tippet—took snuff with him—said "wedder was much gold as was goot"—agreed with him—sauntered about the house—saw Emma Jane in private box—invited me in—accepted—introduced me to Sarah Angeline and Maria Mary Ann—Orchestra very annoying—too loud—could not talk without great exertion—Mem.—Orchestra should play very *Pianissimo* at rehearsals and not disturb conversation of the house—Went down stairs—saw Timm shivering, *Allegro*, in two overcoats—told him orchestra was annoying—said he would have it subdued—saw Gottschalk—winked at him—heard a lady say "he was two sweet for anything"—returned to Emma Jane's box—Gentleman from Germany, with orange hair, calls at our box—said he "was one of the management"—said "we mustn't talk, talking was prohibited"—Emma Jane suggests something about "a free country where freedom of speech is tolerated"—*Bravo*—Gent from Germany becomes disgusted and disappears—[Query for Hunt's Magazine, if one can't talk in one's own box at rehearsals, what is one to do to amuse one's self?—noticed large hat walking around with small boy under it—rehearsal concludes—found myself in a jam on the staircase—Hoops pressure very great—stood firm—Hoops obstinate but obliged to yield—Emma Jane and Sarah Matilda make a sandwich of me—Performed an *Andante* movement descending stairs, and an *Allegro Vivace* through Fourteenth street home.

CONCERTS.

Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER, in his third concert (Wednesday evening of last week) fulfilled his promise of repeating his "Sardanapalus" Trio, and producing his new piano quartet, composed "in memory of Kosciusko, the defender of Poland." Indeed, with the exception of the two vocal numbers, it was entirely a concert of original MS. compositions, performed by the author.

The Trio led the procession. Our impression of it on a second hearing was essentially the same as before. Without identifying it any more clearly with Byron's drama, we were struck with a certain degree of originality and beauty in the two first movements, and the want thereof, the reckless, Bacchanalian, mere physical impetuosity of the Scherzo and Finale. The whole seemed put together with great readiness and glibness, and not a little mastery of means. The Romance is really striking in ideas and treatment. The Allegro has a distinct leading and answering theme (the latter somewhat captivating), which are worked up in quite regular and logical sonata form; we observed a return, too, of its second theme, disguised somewhat, among the medley motives of the finale, thus giving the end of the work a sort of outward connection with the beginning. With this exception, we may say of Mr. Satter's music, both in the Trio and the Quartet, that it is more in the spirit of theatre music than of the Sonata Quartet style. It has ideas which interest you for the time being, and shows not a little talent and adventurousness; but it is fragmentary; thoughts come and go, and work together to no ultimate conclusion. It is chiefly episode; continually a passage sounds as if preparatory to a new scene or action on the stage.

The Quartet seemed to us a happier effort than the Trio, although perhaps less striking to most hearers. Its first movement is a strong and stirring Polonaise, indicative, we suppose, of the free and manly nationality of Poland. The "Legend" which follows, is sad, wild, pensive, full of reverie, reminding you now of Chopin in its melodic figures, and now a little of Schubert by its modulations, and march-like rhythms, and major chords ending a minor passage. The Minuetto, in the minor mood, is really delicate and beautiful; and the Finale restless, vigorous, and full of summoning up of courage as for a last effort.

The third piece was purely of the bravura order, a Fantasia on themes from *I Puritani*. It was made to display astonishing execution, and did it; but as music it was worse than nothing. The quartet: *A te o cara*, which can have no sense save as the melody sings itself simply, was ornamented, trilled and twirled upon in every note from the outset; and the noisy *Suoni la tromba* was, by way of "variation," turned into a sickly minor tune; the winding up was universal slam-bang.

Miss EMMA DAVIS sang a couple of Scotch songs with considerable acceptance, and showed that she had studied *Robert, toi que j'aime*; but she is scarcely prepared to sing such music in a public concert.

An extra concert, complimentary to Mr. Satter's subscribers, was announced. See advertisement.

The third of Mr. ZERRAHN'S PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS was enjoyed by a considerably larger

audience than hitherto, and proved a concert of uncommon interest. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.
1—Symphony No. 4, D minor, (First time in Boston.) R. Schumann.
2—Grand Fantasia for Violin,..... R. Schumann.
Herr Eduard Mollenhauer.
3—Second Part, (Allegretto un poco agitato,) from the Symphony-Cantata, "Hymn of Praise," (By request) Mendelssohn.
PART II.
4—Grand Overture to Goethe's "Faust," (By request.) R. Wagner.
5—La Sylphide: Grand Fantasia for Violin,..... Mollenhauer.
Herr Eduard Mollenhauer.
6—Terzetto from the opera "Attila,"..... Verdi.
With solos for Clarinet, English Horn, and Bassoon, by Messrs. Schultz, De Ribas and Hunstock.
7—Overture: "Semiramide,"..... Rossini.

To our astonishment the new Schumann Symphony made a "hit" with the audience. In spite of its novelty, its depth of thought, its earnestness of purpose and for the most part sombre coloring, in spite of the absence of merely taking melody, and of all trivial commonplace and clap-trap, it was heard eagerly and applauded warmly. So far as we could judge from a single hearing, it is in the main a noble composition; the three first movements worthy of the best days of its lamented author. We understand that its best portions were composed some eighteen years ago, and the whole completed in its present form and first produced at the Dusseldorf festival in 1853. The various movements succeed each other without pause, so that the symphony forms one uninterrupted whole. A crash in unison of the whole orchestra, commands attention to a slow introduction, with a 3-4 movement, the middle instruments, reeds, &c., flowing in thirds, with pleading, passionate accent, which soon quickens into the fiery, earnest D minor theme of the Allegro. This is a grand movement, with something of a Beethoven-like earnestness and directness of purpose, but without the celestial, Beethoven-like victory and sweetness in the midst of its sadness. The leading motive, however, is worked in like organic fibre everywhere. This leads into a Romanza in A minor, whose quaintly beautiful and serious melody, sung by oboe and violoncello in octaves, mingles itself with a reminiscence of the introduction, and then alternates, in D major, with a delicious, cool, fresh passage in triplets (sixteenths) by the first violins, while the undercurrent of that first theme flows in in the wind instruments. Then a bold Scherzo in the original key—the same sharply accented three-four movement, of which Beethoven gives a model in his ninth Symphony, succeeded by a Trio in B flat, which is exquisitely fascinating and original, the first violins first leaning on a syncopated note and then gliding off in a smooth, liquid passage, made of phrases of six notes. A reminiscence of the first fiery Allegro leads in the Finale, which seems a strangely fragmentary, restless and unsatisfactory effort to conclude; not, however, without fine passages, especially one sweet gush of tenderness which seems to come out of the heart of the Choral Symphony. The bit of martial fugue, the loud and stern brass passages, and the rushing Presto at the end puzzled rather than edified us; so that the symphony, full of ideas and power as it is, has not made the impression of so pure a whole as his earlier one in B flat, which was several times attempted here some years ago, and which we should greatly like to hear played by the better orchestras of this day. The new symphony was finely played, save only that there is a tendency to too much noise and

too little real musical tone in the brass. Since the first visits of the Germanians, we have not heard quite such smooth and musical blending of the brass in our orchestras as we could wish.

Wagner's "Faust" overture, also, was well received, and seems to improve upon acquaintance. It is not so brilliant—if it were, it would not be true to its subject—but it is a more original and more poetic work than the overture to *Tannhäuser*. It expresses the profound unrest, the high imaginative hopes and soul-sick yearnings of Faust with wonderful power, and yet, despite the monotony and pain of such a theme, excites and interests you to the end. The instrumentation is masterly, clearer and more euphonious, it seemed to us, than much of Schumann's.

The *Semiramide* overture was splendidly played, and Rossini's refreshing and spontaneous melody and harmony were just the thing to close such a programme. The well-worn Terzet from *Attila*, acquired a certain freshness from the instrumental arrangement, and its soprano, tenor and bass voices sang with tasteful expression, and good contrast, in the three reed instruments. Mr. MOLLENHAUER's violin solos were most rare specimens of finished virtuosity. There can be but very few violinists in the world, who have so perfect a mastery of the instrument. The pieces were of the ordinary unmeaning variation kind; a melody chosen to string variations upon, and not variations to illustrate the melody;—which surely is putting the cart before the horse and a false tendency in Art. We may say, he played an infinite deal of nothing with a wonderful deal of skill. For certainly, as regards any musical meaning, such variations are nothing; whatever the piece be called, when you listen to these solo-players, it is still the "Carnival" over again; that is to say, the same style of variations, the same figures, same ornaments, same passages, same tricks. The only question is, whether to string them upon this melody or that. Mr. Mollenhauer plays a melody so sweetly, that we would fain hear him more either in simpler or in more truly artistic music. His manner was modest; he shrank from repetition; but it was the demonstrative portion of the audience that insisted on having it all over again.

The Music Hall was all but crowded at the last Afternoon Concert. It seemed like old "Germania" times. The programme included Mozart's beautiful G minor Symphony, which was greatly relished apparently by most, especially the slow movement and the Minuet and Trio; the overture to *Zampa*; the "Vienna Punsch-Lieder" Waltz of Strauss; the *Attila* Trio; the Carnival of Venice, (an orchestral burlesque); and the "Wedding March." All these were capitally played. Mr. ZERRAHN's "Carnival" made a great hit, and will have to be repeated next time. It opened with a brisk and stirring introduction, with four trumpets, representing the rush of the people to the square of St. Mark, and leading ingeniously into the familiar Paganini air, that piquant, pregnant theme of endless variations, played first by flute and clarinet. Then came variations of all descriptions, "major, minor, heroic, pastoral, sentimental, heathenish," first for all the first violins, then the flute, then the violas, then the bassoon, then second violins, then clarinets, then 'cellos and double basses, and so on in turn by horns, trombone (rapid and

flowery, and played with great skill), oböe (in the best style of Senor RIBAS), trumpets—all, in short, but drums and piccolo, which ought to form a *coda*. The last variation is ubiquitous, phrases of the tune answering from trombone, bassoon, &c., from all corners of the galleries, in a most funny, startling manner; and finally a grand crash. The variations were cleverly contrived, most of them difficult, and all extremely well played. Of all musical nonsense commend us to the "Carnival," fruitfulest of themes.

Of the Chamber Concerts, by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, the GERMAN TRIO, &c., we must speak next week.

Musical Chat.

This evening will be a busy one among the bees of our musical hive. Mr. SATTER gives his fourth and last concert (complimentary to his subscribers—such seems to be the fashion of the day) at Hallet, Davis & Co's, assisted by Mrs. MOZART, Mrs. FOWLE, and Mr. ADAMS, vocalists. Beethoven's great Sonata, op. 101, for the first time in Boston, will be a feature in the programme. At the same hour, the German "Orpheus," conducted by Mr. KREISSMANN, with the aid of the sweet voice of Miss DOANE, the violoncello of WULF FRIES, and Mr. TRENKLE, the pianist, give another of their delightful concerts at Mercantile Hall. And at the same hour again in the great Music Hall the HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY will be making their full and final rehearsal of Costa's oratorio, "Eli," preparatory to the public performance to-morrow evening. We think that "Eli" is destined to be very popular, and doubt not there will be a large audience present to hear it. No work has ever, to our knowledge, been brought out here with the advantage of such thorough and effectual rehearsal, as this has had under the wise and patient energy of Mr. ZERRAHN, with the best co-operation of the government of the society. The choir, in all four parts, are uncommonly well trained; the orchestra is fuller than any we have had this winter and at home in the accompaniments, which are quite rich and interesting, and the best available solo voices are secured. Mrs. LONG takes the principal soprano; Miss HAWLEY, contralto, the part of Samuel, which she sang with distinction in New York; Mr. C. R. ADAMS and Mr. S. B. BALL the tenor solos; Mr. THOMAS BALL (in the part of Eli) and Mr. WILD the bass. It will certainly "go" well.... Mr. ZERRAHN's next Philharmonic Concert will take place next Saturday evening. The programme is not settled, but we understand there is a prospect of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and Schumann's "Manfred" overture (for the first time.)

We regret to learn that Mr. ARTHURSON, our tasteful tenor singer, is about soon to leave us. He proposes to spend a few weeks in Montreal, and then return to England. Mr. A. for several years past has been of invaluable service to our best concerts, especially of sacred music. In the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn he has afforded the only true model of that rarest of all arts among our singers—the expressive delivery of Recitative. And in his singing of fine, classical melodies, however wanting he may sometimes have been in power of voice, we have always found the higher charm of a true style and feeling. His example will be missed. He has done much, too, to aid concerts for charitable and public purposes. We suggest that it would be no more than a fair return to offer him a complimentary concert before his departure. Will not the members of our various choral societies gladly co-operate in such an expression, and make it a substantial bene-

fit?... We are happy to announce the appointment of our townsman, Mr. CHARLES C. PERKINS, as Lecturer on Art at Trinity College, Hartford, Ct. This is the beginning of a movement in the right direction. It is quite time that our colleges should recognize the Art element in their programmes of instruction. Why shall languages and sciences be taught, and not the Fine Arts? Why Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Racine, and Goethe, and not Michael Angelo, and Raphael, and Beethoven?—Does not a liberal culture equally include these latter; and is not the artistic as practically conservative and renovating an element in the whole social system, as any so-called useful study? Measures are also on foot at Trinity College to establish a Professorship of Music, and thus complete the department of Art. Doubtless much of the impulse to this good move has been imparted by another Boston gentleman, Mr. SAMUEL ELIOT, who for some six months past has occupied the chair of Literature and History in the same college. Let our older and larger Universities be looking to their laurels!

Dr. S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN delivered an interesting lecture before the Boston Art Club, on Thursday Evening, on "the Church Music of the Old and New World." His remarks upon our psalm book manufacturers were particularly spicy. We have no room this week to report the lecture.

Advertisements.

To secure insertion, Advertisements should be sent in as early as Thursday Evening.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

M. COSTA'S new and exceedingly beautiful Oratorio,
"ELI,"

Will be performed at the

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
On Sunday Evening, February 15th,
With the Vocal assistance of

Mrs. J. H. LONG,

Miss MARY E. HAWLEY, of New York,

Mr. C. R. ADAMS,

M. S. B. BALL,

Mr. THOMAS BALL,

Mr. H. WILDE,

And a large and efficient Orchestra. The whole under the able conductorship of

CARL ZERRAHN.

F. F. MUELLER,.....Organist.

Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal music stores and hotels, and at the door on the evening of performance, or of the Secretary.

Doors open at 6 o'clock—Concert to commence at 7.

L. B. BARNES, Secretary.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

PROGRAMME TO BE PERFORMED BY
GILMORE'S
SALEM BRASS BAND,

AT THE ABOVE HALL,

On Monday Evening, February 16, 1857.

PART FIRST. 1—Overture. Fra Diavolo. 2—Obligato for B flat Cornet: Selections from Domino Noir, performed by Mr. L. Newinger. 3—Anvil Chorus, from Il Trovatore. 4—Two pieces, No. 1, Song, "I've waited for thy coming"; No. 2, New England Guards' Polka, dedicated to Capt. G. T. Lyman. 5—Solo for E flat Cornet: Fantasia on Old Folks at Home, performed by P. S. Gilmore. 6—Grand Duo for Violins. 7—Scotch Medley, introducing twelve popular melodies, and closing with twenty variations on Yankee Doodle.

PART SECOND. 8—Marion Walts. 9—Trumpet Solo: variations on a Swiss air, performed by Mr. H. Kehrhaun. 10—Pot Pourri, Battle of Sebastopol. 11—Quadrille, dedicated to the Charlestown City Guards. 12—Divertissement from Robert le Diable. 13—Battle Galop. 14—Grand Finale: Rogers' Quickstep, by Dodworth; dedicated to the Boston Light Infantry.

Tickets, 25 cents each, can be had at the Hotels, Music Stores, and at the door on the evening of the Concert.
Doors open at 6½: Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

MELODEON.

THE FOURTH OF THE

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS,

(Being the THIRD and LAST BUT ONE of the regular series of four) will be given on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 21, at the MELODEON. Particulars hereafter.

CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

THE FOURTH AND LAST OF
GUSTAVE SATTER'S
PHILHARMONIC SOIRÉES

Will take place at the
ROOMS OF MESSRS. HALLET, DAVIS & Co., No. 409
Washington Street,

This (Saturday) Evening, at 7½ o'clock.

Mr. Satter will be kindly assisted by Mrs. MOZART, Mrs.
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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY AN OVERSEER.

(Continued from p. 154.)

Mozart saw fit to divide the *Dies iræ* into six pieces of music, not that the execution and nature of the text required this division, but in order to obtain a greater variety of expression and of form within this noble sphere. After the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*, those models of the most sublime and learned church style, comes the No. 2, the commencement or introduction of the *Dies iræ*.^{*} Written for the chorus, in simple counterpoint, D minor, *Allegro assai*, this piece is of an imposing and sombre character, of a wonderful dramatic effect, if you will, but not at all theatrical. By the church-like cadences of the periods the composer has avoided reminding one of the theatre. I am sufficiently an enemy to formalism in opera music, and generally in all music, but sacred music forms a very natural exception. There the melodic formulas, by which I mean the ancient ones, are more than permitted; they are indispensable, like the obligato endings of the

* Text to No. 2:

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Day of vengeance, day of burning,
Seer's and Sybil's word confirming,
Heaven and earth to ashes turning!

O how great the tribulation
When the judge shall take his station,
Judging strictly man's probation!

Lutheran Choral. They are the seal of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and nothing more positively determines the character of age, unchangeableness and holiness, which are the most essential attributes of church music.

No. 3. The *Tuba mirum*^{*} forms a contrast with the preceding piece: Andante, in B flat major, four solos, executed by a quartet of solo singers. This piece has already been confessed as incomparably the weakest in the work; and yet with another text and in any sort of an oratorio, it would be a masterpiece. Never have religion and the thought of death inspired a musician with a sublimer melody than the tenor solo. Is there anything more noble than to hear the words: *Mors stupebit* by a fine, powerful voice? What divine charm! What elegiac loftiness! It is necessary to understand, too, that from the line: *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus*, with which the fourth solo commences, the tapers are extinguished, the odor of frankincense is dissipated, and the catafalk has vanished. We find ourselves no longer in the halls of God. This total darkening of the church style lasts to the end of the *Tuba mirum*. A spot of 23 measures in a score of 118 pages (Härtel's edition). One must

* Text to No. 3:

Bass. Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Tenor. Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Alto. Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Sopr. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

B. Hark! the angel trumpet sounding,
Thro' sepulchral realms rebounding!
See the dead the throne surrounding.

T. Death and nature view, affrighted,
Dust and spirit re-united,
Man aris'n to judgment cited.

Then is shown the book containing
Written deeds the world arraigning,
Open guilt and guilty feigning.

A. When the judge supreme is seated,
All's disclosed that's now secreted,
Ev'ry wrong's redress completed.

S. Trembling at his indignation,
Where shall I make supplication?
Scarce the righteous find salvation.

not analyze with this severity the sacred music of our day, even the works of the most celebrated masters. It would almost annihilate them, with a few exceptions.

No. 4. But at once the church style reappears in all its grandeur and sublimity: *Rex tremendæ majestatis*,^{*} G minor, *Grave*. Those descending tones, falling with tremendous unison, that thrice repeated and sublime exclamation of the chorus: *Rex! Rex! Rex!* strengthened by all the metallic voices of the orchestra, do they not show us the earth shaken to its axis, and the Lord of hosts, borne upon the wings of seraphim, descending slowly from the heavens! Out of the midst of the trumpet crash of the Judgment Day you hear the universal prayer resound—a prayer in canonical movement, slow and full of earnestness and humiliation, a thoroughly Christian prayer. The thunders of Sinai are hushed at length, to let the last vow, the last feeble cry of departing humanity approach the feet of the Judge: *Salva me! salva me!* The conclusion is in the minor chord of the fifth, to connect itself better with

No. 5. *Recordare, Jesu pie*,[†] Andante, F

* Text to No. 4:

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

King tremendous! Judge all-seeing!
Yet by mercy sinners freeing,
Save me, great and holy Being!

† Text to No. 5:

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Iuste iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus.
Supplicanti parce, Deus,

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihî quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benignè
Ne perenne cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Kindly, Jesus, recollect me,
Though thy cross with shame affect me,
In that awful day protect me.

major, for solo voices, like the *Tuba mirum*. Here the text of the *Dies iræ* naturally required a new contrast with what went before: *Supplicanti parce Deus! qui Mariam absolvisti et latronem exaudisti, mihi quoque spem dedisti*. This expresses the sinner's hope in the merits of the cross and of the blood of Jesus Christ, but a hope accompanied with contrition and shame; *Ingemisco tanquam reus, culpâ rubet vultus meus*. As a work of art and science the *Recordare* appears to me to be in vocal music what the overture to the *Zauberflöte* is in instrumental—a wonder without precedent, and which no one has sought to imitate. With regard to expression, it includes in itself all that there is church-like, and at the same time it is extremely delectable to the ear. Antique learning and modern euphony raised to the highest degree, and emulously tending to one goal! In vain have I searched among the patriarchs and doctors of Italy and Germany for a model of the *Recordare*; but I am convinced it can nowhere be found. We may remark in the first place, that, take away the instrumentation of this piece, there would still remain very beautiful vocal music, which might be executed without orchestra in any church or elsewhere. This remark, which in itself anywhere is of great importance, when we speak of sacred compositions, is applicable to most of the pieces of the *Requiem*, as well as to the works of other masters, who have treated this style with a perfect knowledge of its laws. But what is far more extraordinary is, that the accompaniment of the *Recordare*, without any addition, and simply by making a few abbreviations, would afford a perfect masterpiece of instrumental music, a wonderful church-like interlude for orchestra or for the organ; and it is unnecessary to say, that the figures of the instrumentation present themselves quite independently of the voice parts. Its leading movement is a Canon for two voices in the second, or, more accurately speaking, in the seventh below; which Canon alternates on the one hand between the contralto and the bass—on the other between the soprano and tenor. It is almost a fugued choral song. In passages where the words demand shades of a more pathetic expression, the melody assumes a more modern form, and the voices, united in quartet, perform ensembles and imitations in the free style with wonderful variety of design. During these movements and combinations of the voices, the orchestra works out a totally distinct fugue with strict imitation, with several subjects, wonderfully em-

bellished by the master's hand, but flowing full of grace and beauty from the source. From time to time the fugue is interrupted, to give place to a simple accompaniment; then is heard anew that incomparable bass, ever varied and ever singing, which through a thousand melodious windings and a thousand contrapuntal ramifications, pursues the thread of a serious, persistent meditation on the Infinite, while the violins and the violas weave other significant and mystical comments around the solemn discourse recited by the singers. The effect of this unheard of combination between the voices and the orchestra borders upon the marvellous, like the labor that produced it. Like the *Zauberflöte* overture, the *Recordare* seems to date from the oldest of all forms, fugued music; it is a *canto fermo* with improvised voices in fugued style; beyond this you find no coincidence between the two pieces; they are diametrically opposite in character, and as to the working up, the *Recordare* admits of no comparison with whatsoever else.

[To be continued.]

Originality in Music.

(From the New York Musical World.)

Originality, for the present purpose, shall be considered as a property or mark of distinction standing out boldly, in the productions of extraordinary minds when compared with those of the average calibre. To be thoroughly original a work of art must be totally unlike every other work, saving only in those general properties which belong to the species of art to which the specimen pertains. Thus, each of two pictures may be perfectly original in its character, notwithstanding they are both alike in one respect—that they are representations of visible objects, produced by coloring matter laid upon a surface.

There is such a thing as *undesirable* originality, the result, not of the genius of a master mind, but of a morbid desire after notoriety. This leads to extravagance, oddity, eccentricity. Its products, 'tis true, are not cast in the common mould; but neither are they of a nature to be admired or sought after. Its deviations from ordinary standards are but so many censurable obliquities. Such deviations there may be in every walk of Art, but it is not our present business to explore them. Obliquities of moral character and deportment there may also be, affording ample field for observation, as so many specimens of attempted originality; but neither is our business with them. The remarks which follow will relate to originality as manifested in *musical composition*.

Originality in music is of two kinds. It may exist in the *subject* or theme, and in the *treatment* of that subject. Where originality is discoverable both in the subject and in the manner in which it is handled, (an exceedingly rare case,) there of course the claim to the distinction is doubly strong. To invent a new phrase of agreeable melody is to exercise in a certain sense a creative power. It is a power conferred upon few individuals of the many millions of which the population of the earth is made up. To string musical notes together in harsh and unpleasant sequence, such as is not to be found in any known composition, would be a comparatively easy task. Such passages, had they by possibility occurred to the imagination of any gifted composer, would never have been allowed to escape his pen. With that branch of originality we are now concerned.

What must be the extent of a melody before it can, in this age of the world, claim the merit of originality, may well be questioned. Quite certain it is that no two or three notes can be put together which have not followed each other in a similar manner before; perhaps no short single phrase whatever. But when we come to longer

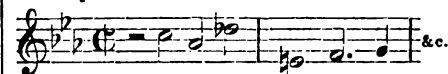
phrases, or to *successions* of short phrases, the possible variety increases in a ratio which it would task the powers of the arithmetician to calculate. Then there is room for invention; and the workings of a master mind, having the grasp of such materials, soon make themselves manifest.

This may be illustrated by a reference to literary composition. We do not look for an original composition consisting of *two or three words only*. Perhaps such a composition is not possible, provided good sense be the essential condition. Yet what an illimitable scope for the display of inventive power do the words of our language,—of any language indeed present!

As *melody* is the leading feature of all music, we have placed it in the front rank as regards originality. In *harmony* there is not so much room for invention; perhaps, at this time of day, there may be thought to be none at all. Certainly it would be hard to discover a new combination of musical sounds, such as human ears under any circumstances would tolerate. But new *successions* of chords or harmonies may possibly be introduced; at all events, *original effects* may be elicited by such collocations. This point, however, relates rather to *treatment* than to the *subject*.

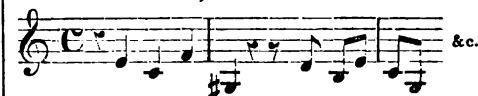
We have heard sometimes of an "original style." This, however, means nothing more than the mode of treatment, which may be almost infinitely diversified. Of course, as we shall not be so insane as to attempt to *frame rules for the creation of original melodies* (!) so neither shall we make the slightest endeavor to define novel plans of treatment. Every composer must manage those matters for himself. "Every art is best taught by example." The student therefore will do well—it is very old advice, and we make no claim of originality for it,—to study the works of acknowledged classical masters. He will there frequently find similar ideas, almost identical phrases, employed by those whom we esteem amongst the most gifted with inventive genius; yet with such dissimilarity of treatment, that the remembrance of one composition is seldom recalled by another, although founded upon nearly or quite the same theme. The case is paralleled by two sermons written upon the same text; yet perhaps having, when examined, scarcely two ideas in common.

We shall exemplify this idea by quoting a remarkable instance. Few of our readers can be unacquainted with Handel's "Messiah," and the majestic fugue chorus at the words, "And with his stripes." Here is its text.



And with his stripes we are healed

Now turn to J. Sebastian Bach's celebrated forty-eight preludes and fugues. At the 44th fugue (the 20th of the 2nd set, when the work is divided into *two sets*) the theme is thus announced:



The leading phrase transposed to another key, is precisely the same as Handel's; yet the two compositions bear no further resemblance to each other. Which of these two great men, Bach and Handel, first broached the idea, perhaps never can be determined; and it is needless to enquire. A *third* party, as great as either of them, has employed the same melodic thought. The concluding chorus of Mozart's celebrated *Requiem* Mass gives out its principal text thus:



Cum sanc - tis tu - - is, &c.

A counter subject in the alto commences in the second bar, and gives a decided color to the whole fugue. It will be good for the student to make a serious study of those three movements. The *text* is the same in each case, (for the proportionate elongation of the first note of the phrase in the last cited instance makes no essential difference,) and yet the products are totally unlike.

Now Mozart must have seen and known Han-

Painfully thy passion bought me,
Long thy wearied spirit sought me,
Thro' such suff'ring hope is brought me.

Judge, to whom revenge pertaineth,
Pardon grant me while love reigneth,
Ere consuming wrath remaineth.

Wounded conscience me accusing,
Guilty blushes me suffusing,
Spare the sinner sin is bruising,

Thou, who Mary's love perceivedst,
And the dying thief receivedst,
Even me with hope relievedst.

Tho' my prayer unworthy grieve me,
Lord most gracious, still relieve me,
Lest eternal fire receive me.

'Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside Thee.

dal's use of the phrase, and there is a very great probability that he was also well acquainted with Bach's treatment of the same theme; and yet, with all his extraordinary inventive powers, he chose to adopt it as the finale of his last, perhaps his greatest work.

A similarity of subject then must not be set down to the account of poverty of invention; it may be rather considered as an *allowable quotation*. We have it in literature, why not in music? We remember to have heard the famous Samuel Wesley express his wish that we had some equivalent in music for the *inverted commas* of ordinary quotations. The adoption of some such symbol would screen many a poor fellow from the charge of plagiarism.

Dr. Tuckerman's Lecture.

(From the Traveller, Feb. 13.)

CHURCH MUSIC IN THE OLD WORLD AND IN THE NEW. The sixth lecture before the Boston Art Club was delivered last evening by Dr. S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN, who discoursed of the rise, progress, decline and present condition of church music in the old world, and of the state of the art in America at this time. In commencing, he remarked that in all ages of the world, as a part of religious worship, music had been held in high estimation. It was coeval with society. It attained a high degree of excellence in the days of the Hebrew kings. At the dedication of Solomon's Temple, 200,000 musicians assisted in the grand ceremonies of the occasion; but during the century preceding, little mention is made of the music of the Jews, who think there must not be much music before the coming of the Messiah. The music of the early Christians was tinged with Paganism. During the first five centuries after Christ, considerable progress was made in musical science, and near the close of this period the introduction of discords was made. Mention was made of nearly all the distinguished artists that have lived in Europe, and especially of the immortal Handel. The bright era of musical art initiated by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, was particularly mentioned, and the credit of being the great nurse of musical art awarded to the Catholic church.

The decline of church music, which commenced at a time in the reign of the Stuart kings, was attributed to its debasing and corrupting union with the dramatic and ornamental style.

In speaking of the modern school of church music, the lecturer complained that it was full of devices and superficial arts for the sole end of producing an effect, which was only the same as that produced by a performance of the Anvil Chorus in *Trovatore*. By such arts the taste of the listener grows depraved, the temple of God is dwarfed into an opera house, and the creature is worshipped before the Creator. Genuine church music, said the lecturer, like the Gothic temples in which it used to resound, is founded upon immutable principles, and was alike beautiful in all ages.

(From the Courier, Feb. 13.)

In the second portion, Church Music in this country was spoken of. In America, the lecturer said, the term Church Music has no other meaning than to denote the character of the music usually found in our endless collections of psalm and hymn tunes. Within the past thirty years many hundred different collections of psalm tunes have been published in the United States; and we may safely say that, if from the contents of all of them we would rake out the bad music, the residue would scarcely suffice to make one respectable collection of good and appropriate church tunes. The manufacture and sale of such works as these can have no other effect than to create a vulgar and profane taste, as well as an appetite for a style of music which is radically bad; and the use of such compositions, whether for private practice or for public worship, is not only destructive to all the decencies and proprieties of Church Music, but will most assuredly result in totally unfitting us for the proper enjoyment and appreciation of all good music.

The lecturer advocated the total abolition of hymn books, and a return to the best metrical version of the "Psalms of David," thus substituting a devout and sober psalmody in place of the many objectionable hymns now in general use; also the discontinuance of Quartet singing, with all its prettiness, feebleness, and glee-like effect; and the provision of choirs of not less than sixteen voices. Let the ministers of all denominations, said he, study, in some degree, the art of "Church Music," sufficiently so, at least, to enable them to determine whether the music they are listening to is a good church tune, constructed upon ecclesiastical principles, or the adaptation of some pretty melody from the last Opera; and, as in olden time the Church's ministers were, at once by choice and compulsion, the Church's musicians, let not their successors at the present day esteem it beneath the dignity of their cloth to study and acquaint themselves with genuine Church Music—such as Martin Luther pronounced next in importance to Theology.

In this country, the church organist enjoys neither importance nor consideration of any kind. Of the three classes which may be found, the man of real ability and merit must speedily grow disgusted with his position, and will either resign his office or else pursue his own inclination in defiance of censure and opposition; the performer of somewhat humbler rank will remain stationary in acquirement, or dwindle into insignificance; and the mere piano-forte player, who knows the Organ only by the white and black of its manuals, will snap his fingers at Art, pamper the ignorant follies of his auditors, and achieve his only aim:—a trifling addition to his income. It is often asserted that there is no occasion to employ men of science and skill for the little music that is done in our churches; that if an organist can after some fashion get through or over a psalm tune and a chant, and make sufficient noise upon his instrument to cover the final retreat of the congregation, it is enough. But it is not enough for the necessities of the church, who, in her anxiety to spiritualize men's minds, must not forget that they need some preparative influence which it is beyond the power of ordinary pulpit eloquence to provide, and that, in treating Music indifferently, or as a thing of nought, she casts from her the surest means of the power she covets.

The lecturer concluded by urging that with the Clergy and the Organists and Choirs of our churches rests the power to effect an immediate and thorough reformation. Let our Clergy, said he, obtain such an acquaintance with church music as will enable them to form just and correct opinions, both in regard to the selection as well as the performance of all music within their houses of worship. Let our organists contemplate and study the works of the great ecclesiastical composers of the sixteenth century; let them discountenance musical quackeries in every form and shape, and strive to elevate the dignity and importance of their office. And for the uses of the church, let them cultivate only that pure and legitimate style of music which the voice of history, as well as the experience of centuries, has declared to be eminently fitted above all others for this high and holy purpose.

"Brummagem" Piety.

(From Punch.)

We learn from a (spirited) paragraph in a (highly respected) weekly contemporary (*The Musical World*) to which, of course, "a press of more important matter" has prevented any earlier allusion, that a majority of the Members of the Birmingham Town Council have acted recently in such a manner as to render it desirable to have their portraits taken, and sent in to the association for wholly closing Sunday, as candidates for the Cant Gallery which we hear is in formation. The act by which they have immortalized themselves (for, being introduced in *Punch*, their reputation is undying) has been the prohibition of a concert of purely sacred music, which it was proposed to give in their Town Hall on Christmas Day, at prices that would render it accessible by "the people." The debate upon the question is said to have been

a long one, and in proportion to its length was the narrowness of mind which was evinced by those whose votes had the majority. As a sample of the oratory by which they professed to expound their views, and justify their opposition to the leave which was applied for, we are told that—

"One expressed his opinion, that sacred music was not different from polkas, except that it is played slower. Another observed, that he did not individually object to music of any kind, but he didn't like sacred music blown through a trumpet."

Had it been proposed at this Christmas Concert to perform the *Hallelujah Chorus* on a pair of bagpipes, we should think this latter gentleman would have not withheld consent to it. His objection, it would seem, is directed not so much against the music as the instrument; and in instancing the trumpet as his particular aversion, he is probably moved by a spirit of rivalry, as he perhaps is in the habit of blowing his own. Now in the bagpipes he in no way need have had such fear of competition; while its tone might in some measure have "improved the occasion," by reminding those who heard it of those sermons in drones which we most of us have listened to.

When ears are stopped with the cotton of Cant, they are rendered deaf not only to reason, but to music. However long a fanatic's auriculars may be, he can hear no difference between a psalm tune and a polka, at least if the former be played out of Church-time. Having "no music in his soul" all music sounds alike to him, whether it be the Handel of the organ-loft or the handle of the street piano; and having himself "no mind for" it, he compounds for other sinfulness by condemning that as such.

It is a common phrase to speak of articles of doubtful origin as being "Brummagem" ones. And we think such spurious sanctity as that which would prevent even the music of the *Messiah* being played on Christmas Day, may be fittingly set down as "Brummagem" Piety.

Madame Clara Novello.

We have no finer oratorio singer than Madame Clara Novello; no soprano voice heard at our concerts is richer, more artistic, or more sustained, than hers. Perhaps, also, no lady, known to the professors and admirers of music, has run a more distinguished career; for though she has never created an enthusiasm to rival the *furor* raised by Jenny Lind—though her name has not been blazoned by Barnum puffery, or heralded by mock litigation—she has gone on, from year to year, with an increasing fame, and now stands among the ornaments of her profession.

She was born on the 15th of June, 1818, and is the daughter of Mr. Vincent Novello, an organist and musician of no inconsiderable repute, chiefly esteemed, however, on account of his arrangement of Mozart's masses. Many others of the same family have attained distinction in the melodious, and even in the literary art, but Clara Novello is, undoubtedly, the most illustrious of the name.

Before she was six years old she began her studies; and, by the advice of the celebrated Fétis, she was presented, some time later, as a candidate for admission among the pupils of the Academy of Sacred Music, in Paris. The brilliant Choron was then at the head of the establishment. He asked the little girl to sing; she obeyed, and sang "The Soldier Tired." That was enough for Choron. He waved all the ceremonies of the institution, and received her at once. No circumstance could be more fortunate for the youthful student. She threw herself into her studies with the utmost ardor, and even took part in the public performances of the Academy, though upon these occasions her height and age were so disproportionate to those of the other competitors, that she had to be mounted upon a stool.

The Academy was unfortunately suppressed, in consequence of certain matters into which it is unnecessary to enter, though it should be stated, that in no way did they reflect upon its directors or pupils. Clara Novello, then still very young, returned to England, and commenced her brilliant career as a concert singer. This she continued for a considerable time, in England and in Ireland,

appearing twice in Norwich, at the opening of a Catholic chapel, and at the theatre, during the performance of "Acis and Galatea." We should mention that it was at York she received the rudiments of instruction, and that, when she appeared in public in that city, the "childish treble" of her voice, now mellowed into sweetness and power, was remembered, and applauded with sympathetic admiration. At length the great master of German music, Mendelssohn, hearing of her talents, invited her to make her appearance in Germany; she accepted the proposal; she sang before a critical audience at one of the most fastidious of continental capitals and her triumph was at once announced and confirmed. Germany is essentially a country of music, where no mean professors of the art can satisfy the cultivated ear of the public in the great cities, so that Clara Novello's success in all directions elevated her to a distinguished rank. She was then invited to Russia, and the Russian *connoisseurs* appreciated her no less highly than the Germans. Returning a second time to England, Malibran and Rubini, the stars of the operatic stage, were interested in her reputation, and counselled her parents, with the most sincere friendliness, to secure for her voice the advantages of an Italian discipline, that she might come forward and grace the Italian stage. To Italy, therefore, she went, and received the advice and assistance of the illustrious Rossini, at Bologna, who recommended her to the well known Cavalière Micheroux, of Milan, in the Austrian territories, then considered one of the most proficient musical instructors of the day. With his aid, Clara Novello advanced to the highest department of her profession, and not only attained a perfect command of the language, and the native method of employing it for dramatic purposes, but actually appeared in the principal theatres of Italy—at Fermo, at Bologna, at Padua, and at Rome. Her success was remarkable; her reputation increased every day. As an illustration of this we may mention that when Rossini produced at Bologna, under the directorship of the celebrated Donizetti, his wondrous work, the "Stabat Mater," he offered to Clara Novello the homage of asking her to sing it. Many a *prima donna* in Italy would have felt a glow of pride at receiving from such a master such an invitation.

Two years passed. All Europe had now heard of Clara Novello's performances. She then married, in Italy, the Count Gigliucci, and retired for awhile into private life. But the burning tempest of 1848 swept over the Continent, and after the events of 1849 the Countess Gigliucci was determined, by a concatenation of circumstances, to resume the toils and the triumphs of her favorite profession. Once more the London season was graced by her presence; once more the theatres of Rome, Florence, Lisbon, and Madrid resounded with her praise, which even swelled aloft under the unrivalled roof of the Scala, at Milan.

Other circumstances of her career, in addition to those of purely professional interest, may be enumerated. It has been said by a musical critic that she not only acquired her excellent constitution, but much of her power as a vocalist from the healthy life she passed during her childhood in Yorkshire. She was accustomed to pass whole days together at a pleasant farmhouse on the Yorkshire moors, breathing the most bracing air in England; living with pastoral simplicity upon home-baked bread, home-made cheese, home milk, home-fed poultry, and bacon; and, as we are informed by her account, "her rations were like a sparrow's meal at harvest tide." In London, while quite a child, she used to entertain her parents, friends, and patrons, with "The Soldier tired," variations upon the Irish melody, "My lodging is on the cold ground," and the air in the Beggar's Opera, "Cease your funning," the favorite of Madame Catalani and Mrs. Salmon. Moreover, her father and mother were acquainted with the widow and sister of Mozart; and at Paris she acquired her well known solid and firm *sostenuto* from singing without accompaniment in the choral pieces of Palestrina, Leo, and Handel. It was while singing in one of these that she excited the admiration of the French king Charles X., who might have been a happier and a better man had

he never attempted to be anything more than a musical critic. The Prince de Polignac, on this occasion made some very flattering observations to the youthful singer. It is said that upon the outbreak of the revolution, Clara was so terrified by the confusion and clamor around, that she sank into a stupor, and remained in that condition for six and thirty hours.

In England, she sang in the celebrated "Ancient Concerts," and in the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, where she sang the *Per Pieta* of Mozart, at a time when she was not fifteen years old. A high honor, at such an age, to be invited to take a solo part at the most distinguished instrumental concerts then resorted to by the musical world! In the same year, 1833, she made her first appearance at a provincial festival at Worcester, and, twelve months later, was one of the orchestra at the Centenary Handel Festival, held in Westminster Abbey. At sixteen she was elected an associate of the Philharmonic Institution, a new wreath being thus placed upon her brow.

The quality of her voice is admitted to be of the finest character. The utmost art, conjoined with the utmost ease, pervades her intonation. She is devoted to a pure, natural, and healthy style, introducing no capricious, showy, or eccentric variations, but always sweet and equal, whether when warbling a ballad, or singing some of the difficult pieces of Spohr or Cimarosa. Her forthcoming appearance in London is expected with uncommon interest, there being no singer in the country from whose performance the amateur may be more certain of deriving delight and satisfaction, than the elegant and accomplished lady, Clara Novello.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Owing to various circumstances, I heard THALBERG last night for the first time. I had heard and read enough about him to know exactly what to expect, and I was neither agreeably nor disagreeably disappointed. I can find no better mode of expressing my opinion of this prince of *virtuosi* than by subscribing fully to your own most pertinent and just remarks about him; I found that they agreed with my impression in every particular. Nor can I refrain from quoting to you the opinion of a friend whose judgment I value highly, and which, given as it was in a private letter, is too good to be lost to the public. My friend says: "I have heard Thalberg. I give him all credit for his marvellous execution; I find a great sensual enjoyment in its perfection. There is a beauty and delicacy of touch, a peculiar art of bringing out the vocal powers of his instrument, which I never heard before. But how infinitely does all the pleasure which I derive from his operatic airs, enveloped in halos and sparkling notes, and runs, and arpeggios, fall short of the deep, heart-felt satisfaction with which I have listened to CLARA SCHUMANN's performance of the deep, soul-filling works of Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart! Why is it that so few can feel the difference? Why will mere glitter so far outweigh solid gold with the multitude? At one of Thalberg's concerts he gave us a movement from Beethoven's Concerto in E-flat. That one movement, with orchestral accompaniment, was worth all the rest together, singing and all, yet it fell dead upon the audience, while I drank it in as the mown grass does the rain. A great soul was speaking to mine, and I communed with him, as the preachers say. The Fantasias, fine as they are, seem like arabesques in gaudy colors, when compared with the soul, the deep, heart-felt power of love and beauty in a face by Raphael. One such face outweighs acres of common canvass. So does a true musical work outweigh whole realms of fantasia-covered music-paper. Why, one evening with young RUBINSTEIN's storm and calm, in which his powerful nature puts forth its utterance by his skilful

fingers, is worth more than all I heard from Thalberg; for Rubinstein has a soul beyond and above the mere exhibition of finger gymnastics in varying operatic love-songs. What are Thalberg geniuses but superb musical pastry cooks? The tables glitter with jellies and candies, and beautiful works of art constructed in sweets, but there is no strong meat there. Children in Art, as well as other children, like sweetmeats; but is the greatest he who can give them the best sugar-plums?"

Thalberg gave us last night his Fantasias on *Don Giovanni* and Russian airs, his variations on *Elisir d'Amore*, and his "Andante." The first and third of these I can say nothing new to you about. I enjoyed the Minuet in the first exceedingly; and so, too, the real singing of the pretty Russian airs. I have a weakness for popular melodies, and greeted old friends in the "Rothe Sarafan," and the National Hymn. These were worked up with the utmost perfection; it was really curious to watch and follow their labyrinthine evolutions. The beautiful Andante was beautifully played, but not being familiar with it beforehand, I shall have to hear it again before giving a decided opinion about it. There was a new arrangement made in the disposition of the platform. It was in the middle, and held two Erards, at which Thalberg played alternately, so that we could see by turns his fingers and his face. And when in the latter position, it was marvellous to notice how, during the most difficult passages, he would calmly raise his eyes and pass them over the audience, as if he were but twirling his thumbs, instead of, as a gentleman near me remarked, "playing a different variation with each of his fingers." I never saw so calm and quiet a pianist; one can hardly realize at first the perfection of his "pianism," accustomed as we are to see modern virtuosi earning their laurels "by the sweat of their brow." Mme. D'ANGRI, with her abnormal voice, sang *Ah mon fils*, an aria from *Donna del Lago*, one from *Betty*, for which her voice is almost too heavy, and where, in the Swiss refrain, she is more true to Nature than to Art, and her *cheval de bataille*, the Rondo from *Cenerentola*. In the latter she roused all the admiration I can give to faultless passage singing. Her *floriture* were marvellous. Mme. JOHANNSEN also took part in the performances of the evening, singing the Aria from the *Freyshütz* and a couple of German songs very finely. Her voice has improved during her season of rest. The remaining number of the programme presented a new feature, a "Declamation," which, according to the European custom (!!!) had been added to the entertainment by way of variety. Mrs. DAVENPORT ranted, and gasped, and whispered, and mouthed out Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." Of the first two-thirds I caught only now and then a word, but towards the end I consoled myself for the bad delivery by the beauty of the poem. I do not think our public would be much offended if this part of the performances were omitted.

I must beg Mr. BURKE's pardon for having forgotten to mention his share in my enjoyment that evening. It was so great, through his admirable rendering of De Beriot's "Tremolo," that I hardly see how I could have made such a mistake.

You have probably seen from our papers that Thalberg intends giving three "Matinées," and will play at each one several classical pieces. I anticipate great enjoyment from them. To-morrow night, too, he plays Chopin's "Funeral March." He has his hands full, for after playing yesterday morning for the schools, and giving a concert last night, he is announced in New Haven for to-night. To-morrow he again plays twice, as on Monday, Thursday in Brooklyn, Friday morning in a matinée, and evening at a charity concert, and Saturday gives another concert.

Your printer is incorrigible. He spoils the mean-

ing of two or three of my sentences the last time by leaving out a word in one place and changing one in another. I spoke of a current of mournful tenderness (not "tendencies,") running beneath the humor of a Scherzo of Beethoven, and wrote that Goldbeck spoilt a movement by a few false notes, instead of "a few notes."

At a private house, not long ago, I heard OLE BULL once more after many, many years. The poor man looks worn and broken down by sickness, misfortune and disappointment, and there was something very touching in seeing him stand there with his eyes shut, and his beloved violin pressed to his breast, drawing forth from it, in sounds as sweet and pure as ever, the plaintive airs of his native land. He is certainly a genius, if he is not much of a musician, and though he has a considerable load of humbug on his conscience.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 21, 1857.

Costa's "Eli."

The enterprise and industry of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY in procuring so early and studying so thoroughly this new oratorio, (first produced at the Birmingham Festival in August, 1855,) were rewarded by a very large and highly interested audience on Sunday evening. Never did first performance of an oratorio here pass off more successfully. The larger portion of the music seemed to give great pleasure, particularly the second part, which introduces the young Samuel; the first part, in spite of many admirable pieces, was rendered somewhat heavy by the dullness of the part of Eli, with its frequent, long-drawn recitatives. The text, by Mr. BARTHOLOMEW, of London, the well-known translator of musical texts, borrows its materials from the first book of Samuel, which he has worked up with some skill and poetic addition. On the whole it is a meagre plot, without much aim or unity. The beautiful story of the child Samuel undoubtedly formed the chief attraction of the subject; and then there was musical suggestion in the idea of a temple service; a ministering priest Eli for a central figure, capable of being treated like Mendelssohn's Elijah, only without much of a history; the suffering and prayer and joy of Hannah and Elkanah; and for gay and stirring contrast, the orgies of Eli's unpriestly sons, and the war with the Philistines. Of the musical contents of the work a brief sketch must suffice.

The Overture consists of a soft choral prelude on the organ (F major), followed by a short orchestral fugue in D minor, and is not of particular interest. Eli (bass voice) in recitative commands the trumpets to blow for a solemn feast, and the trumpets blow. Then follows a temple service. The opening chorus: *Let us go before the Lord*, &c., commencing in whispered staccato, and gradually worked up to great power and splendor at the words: *Make a joyful noise*, is one of the best things in the oratorio, and was very finely sung. Elkanah (tenor solo) mingles his praise with that of the chorus. Then comes an air by Eli, a tender bass melody, somewhat "Elijah" like: *Let the people praise thee*, which is taken up by the choir in full harmony and canon; and then sentences of benediction chanted

or intoned by Eli, with responsive Amens in harmony, quite church-like and impressive. Next a cheerful chorus: *Blessed be the Lord*, ending with an Amen fugue, elaborately wrought and showing abundant technical mastery of the art, if no peculiar grandeur of effect; the instruments follow it with a reminiscence of the opening staccato chorus, and this closes what we may call the first scene.

In the next we have the prayer of Hannah: *Turn thee unto me*, quite an expressive melody, in rather a common German style, of mezzo soprano range; the rebuke of Eli and her reply: *I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit*, &c.; his *Go in peace*, and the chorus: *The Lord is good*, sweet and soothing in its character, with arpeggio triplets in accompaniment, an exceedingly clever imitation, whether conscious or not, of Mendelssohn's *He watching over Israel*, or *Happy and blest are they*. The dialogue between Elkanah and Hannah: *Hannah, why weepest thou*, is an expressive piece of recitative, helped out, like all the recitative in the oratorio, by orchestral suggestions. Their duet: *Wherefore is thy soul cast down*, is beautiful and touching, if not strikingly original.

Here follows a long Bacchanalian, Verdi-ish sort of chorus, introducing the two profligate sons of Eli, to the words: *For everything there is a season; let us eat and drink; there is a time to laugh*, &c., which is rather necessary to the explanation of what follows, and might serve to brighten up somewhat the sombre gravity of the first part. But this it was thought best to omit on a Sunday evening. The recitative and air of Eli: *My sons! my sons!* &c., fails of the effect of corresponding passages in "Elijah," which M. Costa seems to have had in mind in his whole treatment of this character; in its dull solemnity, its ambitious instrumentation and redundancy of dark modulation, it is open to the same criticism with much of Spohr, though not particularly like Spohr; with all its wealth of means and appliances, it lacks some vitalizing element. How much an inspiring manner on the singer's part might serve to supply this we know not; it did not have it in this instance. This remark may serve for long stretches of Eli's recitative, which we shall pass lightly over. A brief chorus of Levites, for male voices, leads in a Chorale in C minor: *How mighty is Thy name*, plain and imposing in its harmony. The sacrifice is suddenly interrupted; the "Man of God" appears, denouncing their polluted offerings. The Levites answer in phrases of recitative chorus. A quite dramatic effect is produced here by a single rapid sentence of unison by the people: *They have profaned it!* The Man's denunciations are declaimed in startling intervals, with trombone accompaniments, and followed by a brief chorus of muttered indignation: *We are become a reproach to our neighbors*.

The scene changes, to the "neighbors," the camp of the Philistines. Saph, their "man of might," shouts out his war song, with immense martial trumpeting in the orchestra, and valiant responses of the chorus: *War against the Israelites!* The song is in a very commonplace heroic style, although worked up all together to quite a stirring pitch, and is an ungracious task for any ordinary singer. It requires a tenor of the most robust and trumpet quality. The chorus of the Priests of Dagon is sufficiently solemn and bar-

baric, and vividly suggestive at the words: *See! his glance in vivid flashes. He speaks in thunder-crashes*, &c.

Another air by Eli, sorrowful and penitential in its tone: *Hear my prayer O Lord*; chiefly remarkable for the beauty of the accompaniment and the dramatic figure in the violoncello which preludes to it and pervades it. The Man of God appears again, clothed with new terrors, by the grace of trombones and low reeds and dreadful *Don Giovanni*-like modulations. He announces the death of Eli's sons. A better model than the statue scene surely could not have been found for this purpose; but the model is far more simple and more grand than the copy.—Passing over the Mendelssohnish duet between the two basses, (Eli and the Man,) and its fine orchestral modulation into another chorale: *O make a joyful noise*, with more recitative by Eli, we come to the joyful song of Hannah: *I will extol thee, O Lord*, a bright, soaring melody, which cannot fail to recall Handel's "Rejoice greatly," although its style is not Handelian. In a high B flat, sustained through three full bars, it reaches its climax of ecstasy, taxing the powers of the soprano singer. A short recitative between Hannah and Eli, about the future of the child, Samuel, leads into the chorus: *Hosanna in the highest!* which is a learned fugue with two subjects, and perhaps the most impressive composition of this form in the oratorio.

Part Second opens with the Morning Prayer of the child Samuel, followed by Recitative between him and his parents, Trio, and Quartet with Elijah, asking and receiving counsel and blessing. The music of all this is chaste, pure and tender. The Quartet, unaccompanied, is the same choral strain which we heard from the organ preluding to the overture.

Next follows a March of Israelites; very long and very stupid; recitative of Eli, exhorting to the fight; short chorus, invoking divine wrath upon the foe, introductory to another, one of the most elaborate in the work, with wild intervals and rushing accompaniments: *O God, make them like a wheel, as the stubble before the wind*, &c., and leading into the hard and cruel-sounding fugue: *So persecute them*, &c., which has some terrific discords, furious accompaniment throughout, and is hard to sing and hard to hear sung. This was omitted, and we had next the martial hymn, to the tune of the march: *God and King of Jacob's nation*, &c., followed by the march itself again in abridged form. It would seem that the author was partial to it. So are not we.

Very beautiful, at least with orchestra, is the Evening Prayer of Samuel; the *decrecendo* as he falls asleep is managed to a charm; and the angel chorus: *No evil shall befall thee*, for female voices in four parts, with harp accompaniment; follows as naturally as possible. This was found one of the most pleasing pieces.

A messenger announces bad news from the war; chorus with agitated accompaniment: *Woe unto us, we are spoiled*, followed by perhaps the grandest and most telling chorus in the work: *O God, when thou wentest forth*, &c., *the earth shook*, &c., *save us, O God!* It is indeed a masterly descriptive chorus.

The recitative which follows, between Eli, sleepless, "scared with dreams," and the young Samuel: *Here am I, for thou didst call me*, is finely dramatic and conceived in the true spirit of the subject. It is followed by chorus of Le-

vites (tenors and basses), a *staccato* martial movement, quite slow: *Bless ye the Lord*, ending in four parts: *The morning is gone forth, the day is come*. Here were omitted a long recitative in which Samuel recites again the divine judgment against the house of Eli, with the shivering *Don Giovanni* chords once more; an air by Eli: *Although my house be not with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, &c.*; a wild dirge-like chorus: *Howl, howl, O gate*; scraps of recitative announcing the further defeat of Israel, and the death of Eli; Samuel, bidding the trumpet blow (as in the first scene) for a solemn assembly, &c. &c.—all rather essential to the completion of the narrative, and some of it by no means of the least interesting in a musical point of view. The oratorio concluded with the chorus: *Blessed be the Lord*, and *Hallelujah* fugue, quite elaborate, but not inspiring,—at least judging from one hearing.

As a whole, "Eli" is a noble and impressive oratorio. The composition is learned and musician-like, and generally appropriate, tasteful, dignified, often beautiful and occasionally grand. It is by no means a work of genius, but it is a work of high musical culture, and indicates a mind imbued with the best traditions and familiar with the best masters of the Art, and a masterly command of all the modern musical resources—except the "faculty divine." Neither in ideas, in treatment or in style can it be called original. Even in the parts where you cannot identify any special relationship with some greater author, you recognize no stamp of a decided individuality; there is nothing of which you may say, when you meet the like of it again, this is and can be only Costa; for it is the style, the character of no one in particular, and simply shows the author well at home and able in a good conventional style:—in the Chorales and the Fugues, for instance, which it is equally idle to compare with Handel or pronounce original. But very much of it, as we have seen, betrays a direct relationship. In its subject, dramatic treatment, instrumentation, and even in the character of much of the music itself, it seems to have been suggested by "Elijah." The whole part of Eli is modelled upon that; its recitatives, alternately *parlando* and *cantante*, moulded so large and stately, and with such ambitious wealth of dramatic instrumentation, have all the form of Elijah, but lack the poetic charm and are quite tame and heavy in comparison. And where in its melodies or in its choruses, beautiful, descriptive, grand as they are often, do you find any such felicitous and marked creations as haunt you after hearing Mendelssohn or any true creative genius? One may use Milton's diction well and not be a Milton. The tone of the work, as we have said, is high and earnest. It does not descend to trivialities, or poor commonplace, except it be in the war-song and the march. In melody it avoids the sickly, sweetish sentimental. For the work of an Italian it is wonderfully German. But M. Costa is a learned musician, has conducted operas, oratorios and symphonies in England for many years, and is thoroughly experienced in the music of the great German masters. He knew well the sources of oratorio style sure to satisfy the English; it was enough to know Mendelssohn, Handel and the English cathedral music; and these impressions mingling with a thousand others, formed a general medium in which so clever a

musician could paint without directly copying any one.

In the performance the Handel and Haydn Society did itself great honor. The choruses were all admirably sung and showed the excellent fruits of Mr. ZERRAHN'S training. The orchestra was uncommonly complete and rendered the rich and difficult accompaniments with nice effect; nor did Mr. MUELLER'S labors at the organ fail to approve themselves to the ear. Of the solos, the part of Eli, dull in itself, was rendered more so by the inanimate singing and frequent false intonation of Mr. THOMAS BALL; his voice is rich and powerful, and he has earned the character of a conscientious and correct singer; but it requires more to lift the load of Eli. Mr. WILDE'S fresh and resonant baritone told to good advantage in the denunciations of the Man of God. Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang the tenor solos of Elkanah with clear, sweet, telling voice and good expression; he is an improving singer. In the war song of Saph Mr. S. B. Ball did all that could be expected; it is an ungracious song and needs a Braham's lungs. The female solos left little to be desired. Mrs. LONG gave her recitatives and arias with her usual expression and effect, and her clear, flexible soprano glided through the intricacies and sustained itself in the level heights of the joy song with ease and grace. But it was with a new and a peculiar pleasure that we listened to the refined and musical contralto (or rather mezzo-soprano) of Miss HAWLEY, from New York. Her voice lacks power in the lowest tones, but otherwise her rendering of the music of Samuel was purity itself; the voice, style of singing, look and manner were finely suited to the part.

"Eli" will be repeated to-morrow evening.

CONCERTS.

We had not room last week for mention of the sixth concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

- 1—Quartet, No. 68, in G,.....Haydn.
Allegro moderato—Adagio—Scherzo.
- 2—Adagio from the Sonata in B flat, op. 22, arranged for Quartet and Clarinet by J. C. D. Parker,.....Beethoven.
- 3—Piano Trio in E flat, op. 98,.....Hummel.
Allegro con moto—Un poco Larghetto—Finale,
Allegro con brío.

Messrs. Hamann, Meisel and W. Fries.

PART II.

- 4—Quartet in B flat, No. 8,.....Mozart.
Allegro vivace assai—Minuetto moderato—Adagio—Finale, Allegro assai.
- 5—Andante, arranged for Violoncello obligato and Piano, by Burchard,.....Haydn.
Messrs. W. Fries and A. Hamann.
- 6—Andante and Scherzo from the Quintet in A, op. 18, Mendelssohn.

It does make a great difference whether a piece be played well. That Quartet of Haydn, at one of the preceding concerts, we found uninteresting. Then the air was warm and close, the leader sick, the strings scratchy, and the attempt unfortunate. No wonder that the Club wished to play it under better circumstances; it was worth at least one fair hearing, and this it now had. It was played remarkably well; the instruments went smoothly and in tune; and though by no means a very striking composition, we found a taste of Haydn quite agreeable. It was well to leave off the last movement; there was enough without it.

It was a novel idea, and not an altogether bad one, to arrange that Adagio from Beethoven's Sonata for string quartet, with a clarinet to sing the melody which runs continuously through it.

It is a Sonata which we only know in private, and this Adagio especially could never greatly interest a concert audience, played in the original form; yet we have long had a liking for it; the melody is truly beautiful, the modulations worthy of the author, and, as now interpreted, making the melody so prominent, it charmed in spite of its length and uniformity. It was finely rendered.

Of Hummel's Trio in itself we need not speak. His music is always elegant, classical, masterly, and of the best that can be without ever betraying a spark of genius. Of the pianist, Mr. HAMANN, we may say that he acquitted himself very creditably for a first public appearance in that character, and for one who has only devoted himself to the piano during the past year or two. (He has been better known and of late missed as an excellent horn-ist in our orchestras; a young man of artistic and musician-like character.) His playing was evidently timid, and therefore a little tame, but showed good comprehension and capacity. The Andante by Haydn was quite a pleasing piece, and Mr. FRIES'S violoncello sang expressively as ever.

We are sure of a good time whenever there is a Quartet by Mozart on the bill. This No. 3 is not one of the most remarkable, but the infallible Mozart grace and spontaneity, the child-like, Olympian power are there. The Allegros and Minuetto have a pastoral gaiety; the Adagio is full of beauty and of feeling; the whole was nicely played. The Mendelssohn fairy Scherzo seemed a little weak and manneristic after Mozart.

The second concert of the German "Orpheus" filled Mercantile Hall again to overflowing. The entertainment was as delightful and the audience as happy as at the first. The programme was a choice one:

PART I.

- 1—An Das Vaterland,.....C. Kreutzer
- 2—Fantasie, on the Violoncello,.....Lindner
- 3—Duet, from Idomeneo,.....Mozart
Miss Doane & Mr. Kreissmann.
- 4—The Cheerful Wanderer,.....Mendelssohn
(By request.)
- 5—Aria, "Dove sono," from Le Nozze di Figaro,.....Mozart
- 6—Die Jungen Musikanten, (The young Musicians),.....Knechen

PART II.

- 1—Reiterlied, (Rider's song),.....Gade
- 2—{ a. Rondo Capriccioso, for the Piano,.....Mendelssohn
b. Song from Weber, Transcribed by.....Liszt
Mr. J. Trenkle.
- 3—Aria, From "Die Entführung",.....Mozart
Mr. Kreissmann.
- 4—The Wanderer's Night Song,.....Liszt
(By request.)
- 5—Barcarole,.....Schubert
Miss Doane.
- 6—Der Jaeger Abschied,.....Mendelssohn
(The Huntsmen's Farewell.)

The Part-songs were all sung with beautiful precision and expression, except in one instance, where the voices swerved from pitch during a somewhat difficult modulation, and where the piano-forte, instead of holding them together, only made the discord more apparent. They were all fine and effective pieces. The hymn to "Fatherland" is peculiarly manly and thrilling. The song of the "Young Musicians" begins and ends in a right jovial and buoyant strain; and has a sentimental tenor solo, a charming invocation to the "sweetest maiden," which was exquisitely sung by their leader, Herr KREISSMANN. Miss DOANE sung *Dove sono* with fine taste and dramatic feeling; and the dreamy, poetic *Barcarole* of Schubert in a style so satisfactory, that, in spite of our aversion to encores we did inwardly crave a second hearing. (She answered with a little English song.) It is a rare treat to hear such a song as that in the

concert room. OTTO DRESEL played the accompaniments.

Mr. Kreissmann's singing of the tenor air from Mozart's "Seraglio": *Gieb, Liebe, mir nun Freude*, was so perfect in feeling, style and execution as to excite a most imperative demand for repetition. The Duet from *Idomeneo*, too, was very satisfactory. Mr. TRENKLE's playing of the Rondo by Mendelssohn, and more especially of the exquisitely imaginative transcription of Weber's *Schlummer-Lied*, by Liszt, was eminently artistic. The young pianist has gained in elasticity of touch, in fineness and delicacy of outline, and renders the spirit of a fine composition as few among us can. The violoncello solo by Mr. WULF FRIES also gave great pleasure.

The sixth Wednesday Afternoon Concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION drew an immense audience. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony (third time this season, and always new and speaking to the soul), and Weber's delicious "Oberon" overture (a thoroughly imaginative tone-poem, which never wears out), formed the valuable part of the programme. Wittman's Waltz: "Magic Sounds," the *Miserere*, arranged from the *Trovatore*, Mr. Zerrahn's "Carnival," of all the instruments again, and his new "Concordia Quadrille," also found plenty of admirers. Judging from the steady increase of audience, we are happy to say that there does not seem to be any imminent danger of the Afternoon Concerts coming to an end.

On the same evening occurred Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER's fourth and last concert. We were not present, but the following windfall, having alighted on our desk, shall make report.]

To Mr. Dwight, Editor of "Journal of Music":

I live in the country; went to town Saturday, Feb. 14, in pursuit of pleasure. Saw yellow poster, "SATTER'S COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT." Very fond of music; struck by his remarkable letter in your Journal. Came across a ticket; concluded to go and hear him; arrived at rooms about 7.25 P. M.; well filled; apparently few heads deceased (not sure on this point); particularly struck by the architectural embellishments; thought hunting scenes on the walls very novel and pretty idea; have a tendency to distract the attention from the musical character of the entertainment, and open a field of enjoyment in striking contrasts and agreeable surprises. Became very much interested in looking at the dogs and trying to make out their game; concluded they were bore hunting; recalled stories I had read of such hunts in the Black Forest; became oblivious of surrounding things and very much excited; consciousness restored by applause of audience on entrance of the performers. Entertainment opened with "Duet and Trio" from *Il Trovatore*; very well sung. Manrico manifested considerable feeling in requesting his *madre* to retire and dream; *madre* pleasantly consented, and they were quite harmonious. Theoretically *madre* began to slumber. Leonora added her voice to the scene, which would probably have caused some disturbance but for the theoretical sleep in which *madre* was plunged; quiet preserved, however, and Leonora retired with *madre* and Manrico just before her death; audience quite gracious—not enthusiastic.

Sonata in A, Op. 101, Beethoven, by Mr. Satter. Mind wandering a little; wondered if Shakspeare's Hamlet was as good as Forrest's; said to myself, suppose Forrest prefers *Metamora* to Hamlet, would he be likely to season Hamlet with a little Indian? Upon the whole thought he would. Audience very

enthusiastic. Mr. Satter responded; played minuetto of Mozart's; very happy effect; audience much quieted. No. 3. "Com' e bello," Mrs. Fowle. (Mem. Donizetti's music altogether too florid; wonder I never noticed it before.) Audience encored.

No. 4. Fantasia de bravoure sur, *I Puritani*. Mr. Satter. Indulged in pleasant memories; thought of Badiali and Amodio, and how the "house" always "came down" when they rushed up to the foot-lights and waved their little cotton flags in the liberty duet; imagination very much excited by quite audible echoes of duet from piano-forte; growing louder; become quite fearful; getting confused; looked at dogs; discovered one with mouth open; wondered if he had been howling; tumult suddenly ceased; thought of the dog; absurd; smiled; audience rapturous. Mr. Satter made an effort to shake the petal from the "last rose of last summer," with what effect time alone will tell.

No. 5. Air from "I Masnadieri." Mrs. MOZART. Heard this lady sing at festival a few weeks since; sang "Hear ye, Israel," with much beauty and force of expression. (Mem.—Verdi is very much like Donizetti in some things.) Audience very cordial.

No. 6. Fantasia de bravoure sur, "Robert le Diable." Thinking about piano-fortes; wondered if 'twas possible to gauge their musical capacity and determine what pressure to the square inch (applied to the key-board) was necessary to exhaust it; quite pleased with the idea; wished it could be done; thought it would save the pianist a great deal of labor and the public generally some disagreeable experiences. Audience very decidedly gratified; left the room inaudibly warbling, "Home," &c.

SUBURB.

The Concerts of the GERMAN TRIO have been continued at irregular intervals, making it impossible to attend them all. There have been three since our last notice. In two of these the features were a Sonata for piano and violoncello, No. 4, by Mozart; Trio, op. 70, by Beethoven; Trio, by Thalberg, op. 69; Trio in C minor op. 1, by Beethoven. Also violin Concerto by De Beriot; air from the "Magic Flute," sung by Mr. ADAMS; songs, by Miss TWICHELL; Songs without words, composed and played, by Mr. HAUSE; Elegie for violin, by Mr. GAERTNER, &c., &c.

The fourth concert took place last Tuesday evening with this programme:

- PART I.
1—Sonata in B flat, for Piano and Violin.....Mozart.
Allegro moderato—Andantino sostenuto e cantabile—
Allegro Rondo.
- PART II.
2—Romanza from Guillaume Tell.....Rossini.
3—Solo for Violoncello.....Kummer.
4—Grand Duo for Violin and Piano.....De Beriot & Osborne.
5—Aria: "Porgi amor,".....Mozart.
6—Freischütz Fantasia for Violin.....Mocessor.
- PART III.
7—Trio in E flat, op. 1, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello,
Beethoven.
Allegro—Adagio cantabile—Scherzo, quasi Allegro assai—
Finale, Presto.

The Sonata and the Trio were both from the earliest published works of their authors; both beautiful compositions, and well rendered. Mr. GAERTNER's violin never to our ear sounded better; his playing in these pieces was free from the exaggeration in which he sometimes indulges, and but for which he is one of the best of violinists. Mr. JUNGNIER as a violoncellist is always satisfactory when he plays good music. A more sympathetic touch, in addition to the rare execution, of the pianist, seemed all that was wanting to make the charm of the Sonata and Trio complete.

We felt the same drawback in the accompaniment to the "William Tell" romanza: *Selva opaca*,

&c. which Mrs. LONG sings so finely, as she did, also the well-known aria from Mozart. The violoncello, for its solo, sang *Robert toi que j'aime* quite feelingly. The Duo for violin and piano recalled many memories of one of the most delightful of operas, Rossini's "Tell," and very pleasantly too, although the violin could not escape a violent recurrence of its mad fit in the military finale from the overture. Yet this and a like furor in the *Freischütz* fantasy stirred up the plaudits of the crowded room. An artist must learn to resist his audience; for audiences spoil artists, if artists will be spoiled.

Musical Chat.

CARL ZERRAHN's "Philharmonie" to-night will be the last but one—bear that in mind. He will give us Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, and Schumann's Overture to "Manfred," (for the first time); and for lighter attraction he announces a repetition of Mr. MOLLENHAUER's brilliant violin solos. The feast will be rich and rare.....THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce Miss DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN for next Tuesday; and we may hope for another hearing of those fine songs sung at the "Orpheus." We are glad to see a Beethoven Quintet in the bill, where Beethoven's name has not figured much this season.The many admirers of Mrs. J. H. LONG's artistic singing will be pleased to see a Complimentary Concert announced for her. It will take place at Chickering's next Saturday evening, and we are happy to know that most of the tickets were bespoken before the announcement. A few, however, still remain for those who apply early.

Oliver Ditson gives us a truly valuable book in "Bassini's Art of Singing: an analytical, physiological and practical system for the cultivation of the Voice; by CARLO BASSINI; edited by R. STORRS WILLIS." From what we have read of it, as it first appeared by chapters in Willis's *Musical World*, (now, however, much more complete, with exercises and illustrations) we are convinced that it contains more instructive hints and more philosophy than any School for the Voice with which we are acquainted. We reserve it for fuller notice.

The STRAKOSCH Opera will recommence in New York on Monday evening, Mme. CORA DE JUNKERST having sufficiently recovered to appear in *Lucia*.... The superb new Opera House in Philadelphia is soon to be opened for operatic performances. The MARSTZEK troupe—minus LAGRANGE, who has a brief engagement in New Orleans—arrived at Charleston from Havana, to assist in the opening. A new prima donna from Italy, Mme. GAZZANIGA, arrived at Boston in the Europa; and we hear also of a new tenor Sig. ARNOLDI—not our old friend of that name—both destined for Philadelphia. The *Trovatore*, of course, will be the first opera to set its stamp upon the institution, Mozart, Rossini, Beethoven, Weber, &c., having become "old fogies" and not fit to live. The leading parts, it is said, will be sustained by Mme. Gazzaniga, Miss Philipps, Sig. Brignoli, and Sig. Amodio.

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Half package of four Tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$2.50; Single tickets \$1 each, may be found at the music stores.

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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULINICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 162.)

No. 6. The terrors of the *Dies iræ* reach their climax in the *Confutatis maledictis*,* Andante, A minor. In regard to effect this piece vividly reminds us of the last scene in *Don Juan*, and yet nothing can be less like that as it regards idea and style; this is the finest eulogium which could possibly be bestowed upon No. 6 of the *Requiem*. Appalling as this composition is, especially in the four-part chorus that concludes it, yet the absence of declamatory forms, the canonical passages, the antique endings impress unchangeably upon it the stamp of high church music. What a touch of genius is that figure in unison, which, heaving and rebounding like a gigantic wave, seems to hollow out and lay bare the burning bed of the damned! Have we ever heard the soprano and contralto modulate as in the same figure after *Voca me cum benedictis*: C minor and G major; G minor and D major; D minor and A major; A minor and E major; the

* Text to No. 3:

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acerbis addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro, supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

When the cursed are confounded,
With avenging flame surrounded,
With the just my name be sounded.

Hear me praying, lowly bending,
Conscious guilt my bosom rending,
Guard me thro' the solemn ending.

minor chords giving the tonic and the major chords the dominant, beat for beat, on each of the four times of the measure, and upon an instrumental ground-work which makes all shudder! The basses of the chorus and the tenors, strengthened by the trombones, embrace in long, alternating passages, the successive keys represented by these coupled chords. What shall we say finally of the *Voca me*, when it returns in the tonic of the piece, and is developed as imitation with a figured accompaniment of the violin alone, which seems to be a sort of reminiscence of the *Recordare*? Ineffaceable melody, mysterious blossom of the soul, which, pressed down by the tempest of the day of wrath, opens at last its trembling cup to the rays of the divine mercy! The whole orchestra lets itself be heard at the end of this *pianissimo* fragment; the chorus, until now divided, unite upon *Oro supplex*; the chill of death has penetrated to the veins of the listener. Yes, it is the breath of the grave, it is nothingness itself that animates this fearful harmonic or unharmonic radiation and these vocal periods of four measures, which fall so regularly upon their cadences (veritable phantoms for the ear, so unexpectedly they come), as if the choir of the living, while uttering the last words of each verse, were already mere dust. It is the sublimest of the sublime. Thou hast bestowed thy grace, my God, on him who wrote this holy music to thy glory, and mayst thou forgive us likewise when our hour shall come!

No. 7. The grand and splendid picture of the *Dies iræ* could not close more happily than with the *Lacrymosa*,* the most impressive of all religious or profane choruses, which more powerfully than any other form of remorse and terror expresses the highest anguish and religious supplication. Even Herr Godfrey Weber, with his strange doubts and still stranger criticisms, has paused at the *Lacrymosa*, although Stüssmayer claims it from the ninth bar as his work. I should not have used so much forbearance. With a determination to tear the *Requiem* to pieces, I should have known how to find as much fault with No. 7 as with all the rest, and my criticism would have turned out no worse in this case than in many others. I would have said, that the elegiac and often highly pathetic melody of the *Lacry-*

* Text to No. 7:

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Quæ resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

Day of mourning, day of weeping,
When from ashes rise the sleeping,
Guilty men to hear their sentence,
God of mercy spare repentance.

mosa was not exactly what is called church music; and, by an exception rarely met with among writers who espouse a desperate cause, I should have said the truth. But after I had said this, I should have been very careful to add, that the solemn, earnest rhythm (*Larghetto*, 12-8), the orchestral figures, the sublime crescendo at the words: *Judicandus homo reus*, the entrance of the trombones, which sob in unison with the voice, a thoroughly church-like harmony, which in the accented parts supplies the natural chord of the dissonances by prolongation, and finally the sublime church cadence upon *Amen*, take from the melody the character of dramatic pathos, which it might have had with another instrumentation, another harmony, another rhythm—so much so, that were one to hear the *Lacrymosa* in the theatre, to whatsoever words, every hearer of good taste would resent it as a profanation. Would you then dispute the right of church music to excite wholesome and holy tears—tears not shed for our own luxury, over imaginary sufferings, but tears wept for ourselves, in view of the most certain thing in the world for all of us—Death!

(Conclusion next week.)

(Continued from page 155.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE BUGLE, OR CLARION.

We conclude the discussion of wind instruments by a few words on the bugle family.

The simple bugle, or clarion, is written on the G clef, like the trumpet; it possesses in all, eight notes,—



and even the latter, the high C, is only practicable on the deepest bugle; while the low one is of a very bad quality of tone. There are bugles in three keys: in B \flat , in C, and in E \flat ; they are seldom to be found in any other keys. The flourishes played upon them, lying always exclusively on the three notes of the common chord, are necessarily so monotonous as to be almost wearisome. The quality of this instrument is rather ungraceful; it generally wants nobleness; and it is difficult to play it well in tune. As it can execute no diatonic succession, shakes are necessarily precluded upon it.

Bugles appear to me to rank no higher in the hierarchy of brass instruments, than fifes among wooden instruments. Both the one and the other can hardly serve for more than leading recruits to drill; and to my idea, such music should never be heard by our soldiers young or old, since there is no need to accustom them to the ignoble. As the sound of the bugle is very loud, it is not impossible that an opportunity may occur for employing

it in the orchestra, to give additional violence to some terrible cry of trombones, trumpets, or horns united; and this is probably all that can be expected from it.

In cavalry music, and even in certain Italian orchestras, bugles with seven keys are found, which traverse chromatically a compass of more than two octaves, beginning from B \flat beneath the staff, up to the C above.

It does not want for agility; many artists play it in a remarkable way; but its quality does not differ from that of the simple bugle or clarion.

The Bugle with pistons has a lower compass; it is much better worth than the keyed bugle; it produces a good effect in playing certain melodies of slow movement.

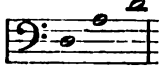
THE BASS OPICLEIDE.

Opicleides are the altos and basses of the bugle. The bass opicleide offers great resources for maintaining the low part of masses of harmony; and it is also the most used. It is written on the F clef; and its compass is three octaves and one note.

The quality of these low sounds is rude; but it does wonders—in certain cases—beneath masses of brass instruments. The very high notes have a wild character, of which perhaps sufficient advantage has not yet been made. The medium, especially when the player is not very skilful,—too much recall the sounds of the cathedral serpent,* and of the cornet à bouquin; I think it should rarely be allowed to be heard much displayed. There is nothing more coarse—I might almost say, more monstrous,—or less fit to harmonize with the rest of the orchestra, than those passages, more or less rapid, written in the form of *solos* for the opicleide medium in some modern operas. It is as if a bull, escaped from its stall, had come to play off its vagaries in the middle of a drawing-room.

THE SERPENT.

Is a wooden instrument covered with leather, and having a mouth-piece; it has the same compass as the bass opicleide, with rather more agility, precision in tune, and sonorousness. There are three notes,—



much more powerful than the others; hence those startling inequalities of tone, which its players should apply themselves with all care to overcome as much as possible.

The quality of tone, essentially barbarous, which distinguishes this instrument, would have suited better with the rites of the sanguinary Druidical worship, than with those of the Catholic religion; where it always figures, as a monument of the want of intelligence, and of the coarseness in sentiment and taste which, from time immemorial, has directed in our temples the application of Musical Art to Divine Service. There must be exception made in favor of the case where the serpent is employed, in masses for the dead, in doubling the terrible plain-chant of the *Dies Irae*. Its frigid and abominable blaring doubtless then befits the occasion; it seems to invest with a kind of lugubrious poetry, those words expressive of all the horrors of death, and the vengeance of a jealous God. It would be no less well placed in profane compositions, where ideas of this nature had to be expressed; but then only. It mingles ill, moreover, with the other qualities of orchestra and voices; and, as forming the bass to a mass of wind instruments, the bass-tuba, and even the opicleide, are greatly preferable.

LAUTERS ET LE TROUVÈRE.—A London correspondent writing of the recent production of Verdi's *Troutre* at Paris in a French version, says that Madame Lauters made her debut in the part of Leonora, and was very well received by the public. That occasion has given birth to a new method for appreciating the talents of an actress, which we beg to be allowed to set as an example to other countries. One of these speculating tradesmen who discount the future of a fair singer, a rich cabinet-maker, offered, before

the representation, to Madame Lauters, to supply her *en attendant* with a handsome suit of furniture. She accepted gratefully, expressing a wish to have her sitting-room fitted up in rosewood. Our manufacturer, however, found that too expensive, and being but imperfectly acquainted with his young customer's voice, he refused to go beyond simple mahogany. But when he beheld, with all Paris, her beautiful personal appearance on the stage, when he heard her expressive singing, he was charmed by the enchanting lights and shades, the delicate touches of each note. Madame Lauters was behind the curtain, receiving the homage of the manager and a crowd of enthusiastic admirers, when the cabinet-maker approached her and pronounced, bowing very low, the magic words, "Madam, it shall be rosewood." Envy pretends that the fair Leonora preferred this compliment to the most high-sounding sentences by which her literary and artistical courtiers endeavored to flatter her vanity. It will be a new expression in the theatrical slang, and many a debutante will pretend to sing "rosewood," although her voice may scarcely be worth "mahogany."

THE DONATION OF GEORGE PEABODY.—We find in the Baltimore papers the letter in which Mr. PEABODY announces his gift of three hundred thousand dollars to the city of Baltimore for the establishment of an Institute for the "moral and intellectual culture of the inhabitants of Baltimore, and collaterally of those of the State, and also the enlargement and diffusion of a taste for the Fine Arts,"—the donation to be hereafter increased to five hundred thousand dollars. The letter would occupy nearly one of our own columns, and goes extensively into detail in respect to the scheme and organization of the institution. The donor brings into his design—*first*, an extensive library, to be well furnished in every department of knowledge, and to be free for the use of all persons who desire to consult it, but the books not to be taken out of the library except in very special cases—its general plan and regulations resembling the Astor Library of our own city—*second*, the periodical delivery of lectures by the most capable and accomplished scholars and men of science who can be procured; and, in connection with this, yearly prizes to the graduates of the High Schools—*third*, an Academy of Music, affording all facilities necessary to the best exhibitions of the Art, the means of studying its principles and practising its compositions, and periodical concerts aided by the best talent and most eminent skill—*fourthly*, a Gallery of Art, to be supplied, to such an extent as may be practicable, with the works of the best masters, and the admission to which to be free—and, *fifthly*, ample and convenient accommodations for the Maryland Historical Society. It will be seen at once that an institution founded upon such a basis, must prove an inestimable blessing to such a city as Baltimore, especially if conducted in conformity with the following impressive injunctions, with which the donor closes his letter:

I must not omit to impress upon you a suggestion for the government of the Institute, which I deem to be of the highest moment, and which I desire shall be ever present to the view of the Board of Trustees. My earnest wish to promote, at all times, a spirit of harmony and good will in society, my aversion to intolerance, bigotry and party rancor, and my enduring respect and love for the happy institutions of our prosperous republic, impel me to express the wish that the Institute I have proposed to you shall always be strictly guarded against the possibility of being made a theatre for the dissemination or discussion of sectarian theology or party politics; that it shall never minister, in any manner whatever, to political discussion, to infidelity, to visionary theories of a pretended philosophy which may be aimed as the subversion of the approved morals of society; that it shall never lend its aid or influence to the propagation of opinions tending to create or encourage sectional jealousies in our happy country, or which may lead to the alienation of the people of one State or section of the Union from those of another. But that it shall be so conducted, throughout its whole career, as to teach political and religious charity, toleration and beneficence, and prove itself to be, in all contingencies and conditions, the true

friend of our inestimable Union, of the salutary institutions of free government, and of liberty regulated by law. I enjoin these precepts upon the Board of Trustees and their successors forever, for their inviolable observance and enforcement in the administration of the duties I have confided to them.

George Peabody has, in this donation, built for himself a monument which will endure as long as civilization finds a home upon this Western Continent. His name will go down from generation to generation enshrined in this institution, and associated with all that is noblest in mercantile character. We cannot well imagine a grander achievement than the calling into being a new agency like this, for the improvement of society. If measured by their permanent influence upon the progress of the race, the exploits of conquerors are insignificant in comparison.—*Cour. & Eng.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Musician's Dream.

BY DAISY.

CHAPTER I.

"All great desires that God has given
Are prophecies of powers;
But genius, though the gift of Heaven,
Demands laborious hours."

"Where have you been, Berthold? All day have we sought for you, and we feared evil had befallen you; besides, our good cousin Philip called to engage you to play your violin at his wedding."

"Then he may ask some one else, mother. I will not touch my violin again till I can bring forth music at my will."

"What do you mean, Berthold?"

"Listen, mother," he replied. "Everywhere, from the earth and the sea and the sky, arise strains of celestial harmony, as if the Spirit of Music—if such there be—could speak; but when I would render the notes upon my violin, I make only harsh, unmeaning sounds. O! if I knew something about music!"

Berthold Weimer was considered one of the best musicians in his native town and for miles around; but all the praise he received on this point only served to remind him of his still great ignorance. Often, after playing for hours to a delighted audience, he would seek the solitude of the forest, and study and compose by himself and as often he would finish by throwing aside his instrument in despair, and resolve never to touch it again. In vain his mother (whose earthly hopes were centered in him) and his friends remonstrated with him for his lack of pride; he was not satisfied with flattery, and they were obliged to console themselves with the thought that he was yet a young man. "When he grows older," they said, "he will be ashamed of his foolish enthusiasm."

Soon after the conversation just related, Berthold bade his mother good night and retired to his own room, and ere long, wearied with the mental labors of the day, he was overcome by that (to him) most welcome visitor—Sleep.

Suddenly he heard a voice, like music from afar, calling: "Berthold! Berthold!" He started and looked to see from whence the sound came, but no one appeared.

"What is it, mother?" he inquired; for it seemed now broad daylight, and he was sitting in the little parlor with his mother as usual; and even as he spoke the sweet voice came: "Berthold!" but this time a beautiful melody swept by, such as never before had charmed his ear.

"It is the Spirit of Music!" he cried. "She

(* An instrument much used in French churches.—*Translator.*)

is calling me; I will go to her temple, and perhaps, dear mother, I may return to you a musician." And hardly waiting long enough to say good-bye, he took his violin, and started on his journey.

But a little while had he walked ere he heard some one calling to him to stop, and turning round, he saw a young man named Ernest, a friend of his, who was trying to overtake him.

"You, too, are going to the temple of Music, are you not?" he said.

"Alas! I know not if I shall ever reach it. Yet if I might be permitted—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other. "Of course you will; but why choose this road? Is there no easier path?"

"None but this will lead us thither," replied Berthold. "You know the old saying: 'There is no excellence without great labor.'"

They were both silent for an instant; then Ernest exclaimed:

"Come along, Berthold. We shall never get there at this rate."

And so they went on; but in two or three days Ernest began to grow weary, and at his own request Berthold left him, to journey alone once more.

Through many intricate turns and many a dark corner the path led, in some places so narrow he was in danger of losing his footing; or it would diverge into so many by-roads that it required a nice discrimination to decide which was the right. In all these times of danger, he seemed to hear that faint voice urging him to press on, and he always followed in the direction whence it came. He met many others travelling on the same errand, but some were distracted from the true path by hearing of the temple of *Fame*, which they said stood near that of Music; and some were lost in their self-confidence, which led them to choose at the outset the most difficult places in the road, wholly neglecting all appearance of ease in their way. Only Berthold was untiring in his zeal and devotion to the art of Music, and if sometimes he felt inclined to go back, he thought of those words he had spoken to Ernest, and they gave him renewed courage as he journeyed on.

CHAPTER II.

It was the last night of Berthold's pilgrimage, (though he knew it not) and feeling more than usually fatigued, he gladly lay down to sleep.

He was awakened in the morning by the noise of myriads of instruments, and voices joining in a song of welcome; and directly before him on an eminence stood the temple of the Spirit of Music. The air was full of melody; even the birds sang sweeter and clearer, and the very trees swayed to and fro in unison with the glorious strains. But what was his amazement, as he reached the entrance of the temple, when he saw written upon the gate the thought that had cheered him so long amid his toil: "*There is no excellence without great labor.*"

He had only time to notice this, when the door of the temple swung open, and the form of one so surpassingly lovely met his gaze, that he involuntarily knelt at her feet. This beautiful being was the Spirit of Music.

In one hand she held her chosen emblem, the lyre; the other was extended to greet Berthold. She wore a robe of snowy whiteness, and on her

head was a crown of gold and laurel entwined. She spoke, and he recognized the voice that had thus far led him on, and every word that fell from her lips thrilled his heart with joy, as she said:

"Thou hast done well, Berthold. Thou art now worthy of the highest title it is in my power to bestow. Arise! for thou art now a *Musician* indeed."

Then she placed on his head a crown resembling her own, only far less beautiful.

"O spirit!" he murmured, "tell me, I pray thee, what became of Ernest and all those whom I met on my way. I would fain bring them into thy presence, that they also may receive thy gifts. I am not worthy such great honor."

"It cannot be," she replied. "Didst thou not behold the inscription written upon the gate?"

"I did."

"Know then," she continued, "the reason why Ernest came not with you. He wished to have a thorough knowledge of music, but he was destitute of courage; he thought himself able to find me with no exertion save that of will."

"And the others?" said Berthold.

"Some were more eager for *fame* than for a true right to the name of musician, and some pretended to seek me, that they might the more easily deceive others by teaching in my name; and some were too sure of the victory to take the requisite steps to merit it. None must offer me a divided love, who would be ranked among my servants in the art."

"But I would know more than all who have yet reached thy temple, O Genius!" said Berthold.

A frown passed over her features for an instant, as she replied sternly:

"There is yet more for thee to learn ere thou shalt go farther. *Beware of jealousy.* Be not envious of any; avoid only false pretenders and would-be artists, who have not the true fire of genius within their souls; they only have a right to be jealous. Now listen, Berthold."

She waved her hand over the lyre, and immediately there burst forth a strain of music, so harmonious and joyous that Berthold felt almost perfect happiness in listening to it. Of such music he had never dreamed, and as it ceased it seemed to him that it was impossible for any one to compose a more soul-stirring piece; but even while he was too lost in ecstasy to speak, there arose a soft minor prelude, plaintive and low at first; gradually it seemed as if striving to pass into a major key, and then it was like a heroic song breaking forth; but through every change there was still that same minor chord, as if a spirit were struggling to burst the bonds of earth and reach its heavenly home, and calling its companions to release it.

As the music finally ceased, Berthold felt a strange calm within him, yet he could not refrain from weeping. The silence that ensued was broken by the Spirit, as she asked:

"Why dost thou weep at this tune, Berthold, and not at the other?"

"I weep because the last piece spoke to me of a longing, which cannot be filled—of another world, whither I would but cannot go. It is like a voice from the 'better land.'"

"Thou hast well spoken, Berthold. The first melody was but intended to give thee joy; it was indeed music, but its language was of this world.

In the other is shadowed forth the highest and purest use to which the art of music can be consecrated; and the longing of which thou speakest is the cry for the more perfect knowledge which may be found in the home of thy inheritance above. Endeavor in all thy compositions to mingle the two thoughts, that thou mayst cause thy fellow-men not wholly to despise the present life, and yet to desire that existence immortal, unchanging, even the rest that remaineth for the people of God's kingdom. Behold now this wonder." She showed him a silver cord, one end of which was attached to her lyre—the other was lost in the clouds; he could just trace its course a little way above the earth. "The other end of the cord," she continued, "is in heaven, from whence comes the noble art of Music, whose guardian I am on earth. Seek thy inspiration from on high, and it will never fail thee. Thou canst never weary of the sameness, for in no art or science can any one be perfect. Earnestly seek for truth in whatever thou shalt write thyself, and play only such pieces as will tend to elevate the art. Above all, have patience and perseverance by thy side, and thou shalt never fail in interpreting my voice, and I will be with thee always."

She passed away, and again arose a soft melody in the air. Berthold's eyes grew heavy, and he sank to the ground in slumber.

The sun shone brightly through the windows of Berthold's room, and the birds chirped and sang their songs in the trees, as he awoke in the morning, with a prayer of thanksgiving in his heart for the vision of the night before. It was indeed but a vision, but he made its lesson a reality. In after life, when he heard young students in the art of music indulging in egotism, or in danger of giving way to undue despondency, he never failed to tell them the "*Musician's Dream.*"

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MA., FEB. 12.—The two concerts lately given by the MUSICAL INSTITUTE, have brought out some talent worthy of notice in your journal. These concerts have been perfectly successful. The popular idea, that none but foreign artists can perform music of a high character is a false one, although we are willing to concede them the highest place in the profession. The Institute is made up strictly of home talent, and will compare favorably with the societies of New York and Boston, except in point of numbers. Your correspondent, "Amateur," a few weeks since noticed the Society very handsomely and acceptably. The choruses from "Samson," "Elijah," and the "Creation," were finely sustained, and with a uniformity and expression quite unexpected.

The sopranos, who particularly distinguished themselves, were Miss PENNIMAN, Mrs. BAKER and Mrs. WELLS. They all rank high in our estimation, but we cannot forbear expressing our preferences while we would not disparage any. Miss Penniman has without doubt the finest voice and the best method; she sang Bishop's "Mocking-bird" song at the first concert with a natural grace and elegance which few of her age could achieve, and at the second concert, Donizetti's *O luce di quest' anima*, with the same natural perfection and ease, astonishing even her most ardent admirers. She has great compass, singing the lowest treble notes with smoothness and power, and as high as C with equal beauty and richness. Aside from her articulation she has no supe-

rior in the vicinity. Mrs. Wells possesses many of the same characteristics, with the exception of strength of tone. She enunciates better than Miss P. in many respects; has had more experience, being considerably older, and deserves much credit for the perseverance with which she has improved the few advantages it is said she has received, but has not the volume of tone or beauty of person which Miss P. can boast. Mrs. Baker as an oratorio performer has no superior in the city. Her voice is strictly soprano, and though her low notes are rather light, in Rossini's *Inflammatus* she excelled beyond expectation, carrying the audience with her in that magnificent production. With a little more confidence she would sing creditably in any of the societies of our larger cities. The basses were of the finest we have ever heard, not excepting the Choral Societies of New York. Among those we knew, who came up to our standard, were Mr. WINCHELL, Mr. CHAPIN, and Mr. MOZART,—the latter being, we believe, a Boston singer of considerable note, who is to give a series of concerts in this city, and who kindly volunteered upon this occasion. Mr. Winchell distinguished himself in "Crowned with the tempest," and Mr. Chapin in several duets and quartets, showing a degree of cultivation very creditable to himself and the society. There were others whose names we were unable to learn, who deserve notice, both tenor, bass and soprano, and who acquitted themselves creditably. The programmes of both concerts were performed in a superior style, fully deserving the commendation they received from two of the largest audiences ever convened in the city. Mr. SHAW, the director, has certainly achieved a triumph, establishing his reputation in that capacity, and securing the unqualified approbation of the society as well as of the public.

A SPECTATOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 17. The first of "Mozart's Series" came off last evening. Owing to disagreeable weather the hall was but partly filled. The concert was an excellent one. Mrs. MOZART, in the cavatina from *Beatrice di Tenda*, shows an excellent voice, of pleasant quality, and a charming method. Miss TWICHELL, with her winning smile, pretty manners, and extraordinary contralto voice, sang herself into great favor with the audience. "The dearest spot on earth is home" was exquisitely sung. Mr. ADAMS, in "The Wanderer," by Fesca, exhibited as good a tenor voice as has ever honored Springfield with a visit—rich, sweet, and in tune. He received an encore. Mr. MOZART was enthusiastically received in a ballad: the "Old Sexton," and in "Rooked in the cradle of the deep."

Master MCCARTY, the blind pianist, did wonders. We suppose "knowing ones" would have called his first solo from the "Magic Flute" the best, but his second, "Medley of popular American airs," brought down the house. Some people cry "gammon," "clap-trap," when a ballad, medley, or the like is introduced in the programme, but gammon or no gammon, such things work well in the end,* for after laboring through cavatinas, arias, etc., the ear likes a trifle to rest the mind and give greater zest to the next "gem." Certainly, no less agility of fingering was displayed in the latter than in the former solo. Call it not a sign of depraved taste when some familiar tit-bit is seized by a listening audience, who go into raptures as the pianist piles difficulty upon difficulty on such a simple foundation.

Mr. FITZHUGH, of this city, performed the accompaniments on a Grand piano from Boston for the occasion. The quartet: "Ye spotted snakes," was the finest four-part singing we have ever heard

* We hope our correspondent does not expect us to endorse this. Does the devouring of "yellow-covered" literature prepare one to enjoy Shakspeare, or Bacon, or Plato? And as to his second reason, is the display of agile fingering the end of music?—ED.

without accompaniment. The delicate shadings and modulations were finely sung. One place in particular, where the contralto strikes the major third in closing a minor phrase, produced an excellent effect by its accuracy.

The Quartet, assisted by Mr. Fitzhugh, sing in Hartford to-night, and give two more concerts here on Wednesday and Friday evenings. This as a Coda from

AD LIBITUM.

NEW YORK, FEB. 24.—THALBERG continues his successful career, and is rapidly adding another fortune to those he has already obtained in Europe. He has introduced the feature of Piano-Forte Matinées, in which he is the only performer, playing about five of his own compositions, a fragment of classical music, and an operatic fantasia on the *Orgue Alexandre*. The number of tickets is limited to four hundred, which are subscribed for chiefly by ladies. During an intermission in the performance, colored waiters, ridiculously dressed in old-fashioned knee breeches, pass around ice-creams, and other light refreshments, and the Matinées resemble a pleasant little sociable party rather than anything else. For the forthcoming Evening concerts, the Opera troupe of the Academy of Music has been engaged, including PARODI, TIBBINI, MORELLI and Mme. DE WILHORST. They will appear at Niblo's Theatre, and produce Mozart's *Requiem*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and oratorio music. The expenses of the management are enormous, but the receipts are correspondingly great—the agent of Mr. Thalberg is a man of tact and ability, and yet he is himself astonished at the remarkable success of Mr. Thalberg's American career.

Mr. STRAKOSCH has recommenced his opera season with CORA DE WILHORST as Lucia. She sang even better than on her first appearance, and if she is as successful in *La Sonnambula*, her next rôle, her fame and fortune are secured. Mr. Strakosch promises no novelties, and it is impossible to say what is forth coming at the Opera House. He continues to snub the "minor press," who retaliate by a contemptuous silence. He even neglects to send them the usual complimentary tickets, at which their indignation knows no bounds.

A Miss DE ROODE, a Belgian young lady, who sang with great success at Mr. S. P. Townsend's famous Fifth Avenue Charity Concert, has further appeared in public, at Mr. GOLDBECK'S Pianoforte recitals. The lady is desirous of appearing in opera, and there is no reason to doubt her success, should she obtain an engagement. She is at present a governess in an up-town family, and probably the finest resident soprano in our city.

The PYNE sisters are still in this city. Mr. HARRISON, it is said, has gone to England for materials for a new English opera company. By the way, there may perhaps be few that are aware how Louisa Pyne first became a professional singer. Many years ago, she and her sister Susan were engaged as soprano and contralto in a church—Surrey chapel, I think—in London. From long practice, their voices assimilated most exquisitely, and they soon obtained an enviable local reputation. Crowds flocked to the chapel to hear the warbling of the sisters, and their performance was probably far more attractive than the sermons of the worthy pastor. One day, or one night rather, a musical entertainment was to be given, before the Queen, and an indefinite number of titled folks. The programmes were all made out and the parts distributed, when it was suddenly discovered that the principal soprano was indisposed and could not attend. What was to be done? No other soprano could be found to fill her place! The conductor was in a state of perfect agony of mind, for Royalty was to grace the concerts with its benign presence, and the idea of disappointing, or in any manner, doing, saying and thinking anything that by

any construction might be made to imply the slightest ghost of disrespect towards Royalty or Nobility is, as you are aware, sufficient to throw any independent manly Briton into convulsions. So the conductor was quite beside himself with anxiety; at last some one suggested Louisa Pyne; she was sent for, came and sang the music on the programme—which proved to be from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*—to the conductor. He was struck by the sweetness and purity of her voice, and engaged her to sing in the evening at the concert. She did so, was successful, the Queen took an interest in her, and from that time her fortune was made; she quickly became what she now is—the most delightful and most popular of English singers.

I have noticed as an agreeable little peculiarity of newspaper writers, that whenever they make a very stupid blunder, they at once attribute it, with the most naive simplicity, to a "typographical error." This is a very convenient custom, and deserving of all praise. Consequently, you will please remember that when, in a recent letter, I attributed to the pen of Bancroft certain famous works of another historian, it was only "a typographical error"—by no means owing to the carelessness of TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, FEB. 24.—THALBERG's plan of giving Matinées has proved eminently successful. The tickets (limited to four hundred) sold so rapidly, and there was such a great call for more, that very soon a second series of Matinées was announced, and within a few days, before the second has even commenced, a third. Two of the first series have taken place, with the following programmes:

FIRST MATINEE.

- 1—Fantasia—Sonnambula.....Thalberg
- 2—Andante.....Thalberg
- 3—Sonata in C sharp minor.....Beethoven
- 4—"Il Trovatore" (on the Alexandre Organ).Thalberg
- 5—March Funèbre.....Chopin
- 6—Etude "La Légende".....Thalberg
- 7—Fantasia—"L'Éclair d'amour".....Thalberg

SECOND MATINEE.

- 1—Trio in B major, (Piano, Violin and Violoncello). Beethoven
- 2—Fantasia—"Don Giovanni".....Thalberg
- 3—Sonata in C sharp minor.....Thalberg
- 4—Etude, (Repeated Notes).....Thalberg
- 5—Finale—"Puritani" (on the Alexandre Organ).Thalberg
- 6—Mazurkas.....Chopin
- 7—Lucresia Borgia.....Thalberg

Mr. Thalberg, to give *ton* to these entertainments, could do no better than to put all the arrangements for them, with the exception of his own small personal share, into the hands of BROWN, the great, (in more senses than one) the inimitable, the indispensable, whose fame has surely reached your ears. Brown, whose original office is that of sexton in Grace Church, is, besides, the factotum of upper tendom; no ball or party can be given within its limits without Brown to provide the supper and army of waiters, to order the carriages into rank and file—in some cases even to introduce the guests, with the utmost pomp and suavity, to the mistress of the house. Brown also keeps on hand a list of "available gentlemen," for the use of such ladies as are obliged to go beyond their acquaintances for the requisite number of "beaux" at their entertainments; and for the Gothamite Coelebses, he knows by heart the names, fortunes, and qualities of all the heiresses in town. Everybody knows Brown, and Brown knows everybody—except Curtis, of whom he "did not know what right he had to write the Potiphar papers. Who was he? He had never met him in good society."

At Thalberg's matinées, therefore, Brown could not be missed, and showed himself in the new light of a patron of the Fine Arts. He surpassed himself on these occasions; the room was well ventilated and not overcrowded, and the startling announcement on the programme of an "intermission for lunch," (which raised great speculations as to whether Mr. Thalberg would take his lunch at that time, or whether there would be a bar, etc.,) was explained by the appearance of half a dozen dusky waiters bearing trays with chocolate, ice cream,

cakes, and sandwiches, of which such as sat near the passages could partake freely. Mr. Brown also condescended to make a speech, expressing Mr. Thalberg's thanks to the audience for their presence, (did he include dead-heads, I wonder) and his willingness to play any piece, not on the programme, which the ladies (there were so few gentlemen that they might well count for nothing) would suggest.

I will pass over the Fantasias and other compositions of Mr. Thalberg, only saying that they were played with the usual perfection, which makes one forget what one is hearing, and that I learned fully to appreciate the beauty of the "Andante," and speak more particularly of the new features on the programmes, the pieces by Beethoven and Chopin. The March by the latter was exquisitely given, with all the breadth and grandeur in the first part, and delicacy and tenderness in the second, which it requires; but the Mazourkas did not please me at all. There was a harshness, a loudness, an utter want of gracefulness in their rendering, which astonished me. Of the Sonata and Trio of Beethoven I hardly know what to say; they left an unsatisfied feeling. There was an uncertainty in Mr. Thalberg's performance of them, which gave one the impression that he did not feel at home in them. His conception of the first movement of the Sonata was so different from the usual one (he treating it entirely as a Song without Words, bringing out the melody with exquisite beauty, it is true, but making a mere subordinate accompaniment of the triplets), that I, for one, could not enter into it at all. The Menuetto was faultless, but in the Finale the want of spirit, as well as of neatness, was painfully apparent. Of the Trio he only played three movements, transposing the Adagio and Scherzo, and ending with the latter. The artist manifested rather more enthusiasm in this than in the Sonata, but, I am very sorry to say it, made so great a mistake in the first movement, that BURKE and BERGMANN, who performed their parts very finely, found it a difficult matter to keep up with him. Apart from this, however, there was a great charm in the smoothness and clearness with which this great work was rendered, and to the majority, who, not knowing the piece well, did not notice the mistake, it probably gave unalloyed enjoyment. In compliance with requests from the audience, Mr. Thalberg gave us, the first time, "Home, sweet home"—and how beautifully!—and the exquisitely delicate, restless, graceful *Tarentella*. To-day the choice was less happy; some one had asked for his waltzes (why not polkas?) which proved very sparkling and graceful, but only that, and for the finishing off we had the *Don Pasquale* Fantasia.

On Saturday evening the MENDELSSOHN UNION gave their second concert, and performed Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, a vocal Quartet by Wm. Mason, and Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*. The society committed two great faults in making the performances entirely too long and in commencing them very unpunctually, more than half an hour after the time announced. One of the two longer compositions, with some trifle besides, would have been quite sufficient for enjoyment without weariness; but under existing circumstances half the audience left before the end. I must plead guilty to having done so myself, though very reluctantly, as I was charmed with the music to *Athalie*. It is very characteristic of the tragedy, and full of beauty, but of course, not having heard the whole, I can hardly criticize it. The solos in this, as well as in the *Stabat Mater*, were divided between quite a number of ladies and gentlemen, of whom I may name Mrs. CRUMP, Mrs. BRINKERHOFF, Miss TINGLE, and Messrs. GUIDI and WERNEKE as the best. The latter gentleman particularly, who is a new star in our musical heaven, sang the *Pro peccatis* admirably, as also Mrs. Crump the *Inflamatus*. The choruses gave, as in

"Eli," evidence of very careful training and thorough understanding of what they were singing, for which great credit is due to Mr. MORGAN, the conductor. In "*Athalie*" the vision of Ichoida, spoken to music, was very ably delivered by Mr. GEO. S. PARKER, the President, I think, of the society, and an earnest amateur musician. He is a brother of Mr. J. C. D. Parker of your city. The Quartet by Wm. Mason, a Serenade, "sweet and low," like Tennyson's Cradle Song, was sung by all the voices with good effect. I hope we may yet some time hear the *Athalie* alone or at the beginning of the evening, when our minds are fresh.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 28, 1857.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The "BOSTON MUSICAL JOURNAL," recently edited and published by B. F. BAKER, Esq., having been discontinued, we have entered into an arrangement to supply each of its subscribers with DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, for the balance of his year, and as much longer as he may choose to signify by complying with our printed terms.

This list contains many names of persons who have been subscribers and receivers of the B. M. J. for the larger portion of the current year, but who are still indebted for the subscription price (\$1.00). All such dues should be immediately forwarded to this office, (Dwight's Journal of Music, 21 School St., Boston,) we being authorized by Mr. Baker to collect them. Of course we are under no obligation to continue to supply those who do not remit, since *payment in advance* was a condition of subscription. But we send our present number, at least, to all whose names we find upon the list, and trust that most of them will take measures (very easy measures) at once to cancel the old obligation and secure the continuance of a musical paper which we hope to make acceptable and worthy of their support.

Mr. Baker's journal was issued fortnightly at \$1.00 per annum; ours is weekly, at \$2.00. Each subscriber to the former, therefore, will receive the full number of papers to which he is entitled, but at more frequent intervals. Meanwhile we shall endeavor so to interest them in the weekly reading which we shall send them about musical matters, that they shall miss nothing of what they have found valuable in their former paper, while they shall gain a greater quantity and variety of matter. To this end we shall labor to adapt our paper somewhat to their peculiar demands, by more frequent treatment of the practical topics in which they have been interested. Through these columns, too, the words of their old teacher will (we have reason to trust) occasionally reach them.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Mr. ZERRAHN was cheered on Saturday night by a larger audience and a more substantial response to his unsparing efforts to gratify the love of fine instrumental music. Yet it was only the Melodeon that was full; it should have been the Music Hall. The programme ministered acceptably to popular as well as to high tastes, as follows:

- PART I.
1—Eighth Symphony, in F major,.....Beethoven.
I. Allegro vivace e con brio.—II. Allegretto scherzando.—
III. Tempo di Minuetto.—IV. Allegro vivace.
2—Grand Capriccio for the Violin.....Bross.
Herr Eduard Mollenhauer.
3—Scherzo from Symphony No. 3, (Scotch,).....Mendelssohn.
PART II.
4—Overture to Byron's "Manfred,".....R. Schumann.
(First time in Boston.)
5—Fantasia for Violin: "La Sylphide,".....Mollenhauer.
(By desire)
Herr Eduard Mollenhauer.
6—Serenade.....Schubert.
With Solos for Trumpet, Violoncello, and Oboe, by
Messrs. Heilicke, W. Fries and De Ribaa.
7—Overture: "Martha," (By request,).....Piotov.

We heartily thank Mr. ZERRAHN for that Eighth Symphony, which we have not heard for several years. Its fine imaginative, happy movements, were rendered with much truth and delicacy. It was refreshing both to sense and soul; and though its form is smaller, its mood less earnest, its character more joyous and Haydn-like, and less tending to the sublime, than most of Beethoven's other symphonies, yet it bears as truly as any of them the stamp of genius and of deep experience, and possesses a peculiar interest, when we think of such a gush of delicious sunshine coming from the inmost soul of one, who could not know such joy, had he not been as great a sufferer and as grand a character and genius as Beethoven. It is his opus 93; he wrote it in his dark days. Yet from beginning to end it is as much a "Joy" symphony as the "Choral"—only in a different sense, more purely joyous, the simple, spontaneous expression of a happy moment, and not the crowding of a whole life's meaning and result into a symphony. That second movement expresses a more pure and perfect happiness than almost any piece of instrumental music which we can now recall, and it is wholly different from Mozart or Haydn, implying vastly greater depth of nature than the last, at all events. This *Allegretto scherzando* never fails to charm to the demanding of a repetition. Indeed so perfect is its charm that it ends unexpectedly, and the mind must have more. The Minuetto is somewhat Haydn-like, and so are the themes of the first Allegro; but the working up, the treatment, the instrumentation, show an inimitable mastery and grace. In the Finale joy runs riot in uncontrollable ecstasy and play of poetic fancy. Here, as in the *Allegretto*, is revealed an element in Beethoven, not perhaps exactly fairy-like, but romantic in such a way as to suggest comparison or contrast with the fairy vein of Mendelssohn. It indeed transports you far more, into a yet more marvellous realm of fine imaginary existences, and has altogether more that is wholesome and akin to Shakspeare, than Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. We do not suppose that Beethoven designed anything of that sort; but does he not in this Symphony reveal a faculty, a genius, which might possibly beat Mendelssohn upon his own ground? And do we not find something analogous to the Shakspearian universality and power of going out of himself and living in his creations, in genius which can produce works so different as the Symphony in C minor and this joyous and imaginative No. 8—this last, too, at a time when life was anything but joyous outwardly?

The Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, one of the most bright and riant of tone-pictures, was only less bright after Beethoven; yet it was fascinating and finely played.

Of Schumann's overture to "Manfred" we know not what to say. The impression of a single hearing does not remain so distinctly on the mind as to warrant an opinion, still less an attempt to characterize. We certainly followed it through with great interest, and found nothing to lessen the respect with which we have thus far listened to everything of Schumann's that has been produced here. Naturally resembling somewhat (in the feeling of the composition) the "Faust" overture by Wagner, it did not impress us quite as forcibly; but it did leave a strong desire to hear it played again.

Mr. MOLLENHAUER's most skilful virtuosity upon the violin again reaped its abundant harvest of applause. The thing was admirably done, if it were worth the doing. He answered but one encore, and then very reasonably, with but two or three variations of the "Carnival." The Schubert Serenade, for orchestra, was nicely played. Were we to speak critically of the arrangement, we should say that the violoncello alone of the three instruments can fitly sing such a melody. What poetic lover would serenade his mistress with a trumpet? And then the hautboy, while true to the pastoral idea of the love-sick shepherd's oaten reed, is not the voice for so modern, intellectual and cultivated a style of serenade as Schubert's. This by way of parenthesis, while we own that the three soloists all made the most of which their task admitted and approved themselves fine players. "Martha," (*by request*), is not an overture which tends much to elevate the public taste; its sentimental horn melody is weak and common-place, the rest but rhythmical jingle. It was played well, was enjoyed much (we do not doubt) by many, and we will not quarrel with their pleasure in it, if that be the condition of our getting better things in the same evening.

On the whole the concert was the best of the season. The fifth and last is announced for next Saturday (March 7); we trust it will be given in the Music Hall, and that a much larger audience than we have yet seen will reward Mr. Zerrahn's indefatigable and excellent exertions.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—Costa's oratorio, "Eli," was performed again on Sunday evening, before a considerably larger audience; and yet not large enough, we regret to learn, to warrant another repetition. The worst effect of this may be to discourage the Society from giving other compositions of more mark. We are bound to have the *Requiem*, however, on the return of THALBERG.

Of the merit of this second performance we could only repeat what we said of the first. The choruses and the accompaniments went admirably.

The charm of Miss HAWLEY's pure and simple rendering of the music of Samuel was not diminished; it is a great pleasure to hear anything so perfectly in character, so chastely expressive and free from all trick of display, even if the voice be not of the most powerful and brilliant. Saving the lowest contralto, however, it was powerful enough, and truly sweet and musical. Mrs. LONG sang the bright song: *I will extol thee*, even more effectively than before. Eli's faults were still uncured. The tenor of Mr. ADAMS and the baritone of Mr. WILDE improve upon acquaintance.

Of the composition itself, too, we found our first impression in no way essentially changed. To much of it we listened with undiminished interest; some parts come out with more decided force and beauty, as those Mendelssohnian choruses, such as: *The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble*, &c., which is quite felicitous in its theme and truly a beautiful chorus; and some of the larger fugues, one of which, especially, the concluding *Hallelujah*, with its exulting native, impressed us much more than it did before. And as to the singular phenomenon of the German, or Italian character of most of the music (being written by an Italian), we have to make some

deduction from the statement; we did become aware, in many of the instrumental *ritornels* and symphonies, of a certain dramatic style, that smacked not a little of the current Italian opera stage.

The production of the work is truly creditable to the Society, and it is well worthy to be heard several times.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The Chickering Saloon was completely filled on Tuesday evening, and the concert was the most interesting of the season, embracing the following excellent selections:

- PART I.
- 1—Quartet No. 1, in E, Cherubini
Introduction and Allegro agitato—Larghetto—Scherzo
Allegro moderato—Finale, Allegro assai.
 - 2—Song: Gretchen am Spinnrade. From Goethe's "Faust," Schubert
Miss Lucy A. Doane.
 - 3—Adagio and Scherzo from the Third Quintet in G, op. 69, Spohr
- PART III.
- 4—Recitative and Air: "Dove Sono," from the "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart
Miss Lucy A. Doane.
 - 5—Intermezzo from the Second Quartet in A, op. 18, (first time), Mendelssohn
 - 6—Duet from "Idomeneo," Mozart
Miss Doane and Mr. Kreissmann.
 - 7—Second Quintet, in C, op. 29, Beethoven
Allegro moderato—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.

We have never before derived so much pleasure from the vocal portion of the entertainment, whether as regards the selections or the execution. Miss DOANE's voice and style more than justified the good impression which they made in the two concerts of the Orpheus Club; perhaps the place was better suited to her. Schubert's music to Goethe's *Meine Ruh' ist hin*, &c., with the perpetual spinning wheel figure in the accompaniment, seizes the true passion and spirit of the song; she sang it with such artistic delicacy and fervor that she was obliged to sing again, when she caused still more delight by giving (in English) the same composer's charming "Barcarole." Mr. DRESSEL accompanied. In Mozart's *Dove Sono*, with the introductory recitative, and the duet from *Idomeneo*, she added fine dramatic verve and expression to very correct and finished vocalization. Miss Doane had formerly, and may yet at times be liable to a tendency to sharp in her singing; but this she successfully avoided on Tuesday evening, as well as at the Orpheus concerts. A certain shrill and too penetrating quality, also, which was once felt in her higher notes, is now happily subdued and softened, while the freshness, elasticity and delicate flexibility of her organ remain; to which is added a peculiar charm of refinement and good taste. She is now one of our very best soprano singers, and does great credit to her teacher, Mr. KREISSMANN. Why do we never hear her in our oratorios and larger concerts? Mr. Kreissmann's share in the duet was very perfect; he seems to have gained in sweetness and fulness of voice, while for every physical defect of organ he makes up in a small room by the artistic style and expression of his singing.

The instrumental pieces were all excellent. The Cherubini Quartet suffered in its first movement (as did certain passages in the Beethoven Quintet) from something of a wiry and false sound of the highest violin tones; but generally the renderings were quite satisfactory. That Cherubini Quartet, as we come to it again, strikes us as a little hard and over-elaborate in its first and last movements; the Larghetto and Scherzo are charmingly original. Spohr was like himself, only in one of his best moments; the new Inter-

mezzo from Mendelssohn gave us a somewhat new phase of his fairy vein, and quite a fresh and taking one. But it was reserved for the glorious old Beethoven Quintet to make the pleasure of the evening complete; with only the exception of a high note or two, it went finely; and we were reminded that we have heard too little of Beethoven's Quintet and Quartet music this winter.

Only one more of the eight concerts remains, and that will take place on the 10th of March.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—At the last Afternoon Concert we were disappointed in not hearing the Eighth Symphony repeated; but we were richly compensated by an earlier Beethoven Symphony, the No. 2, in D, which by the grandeur of its introduction, the fire of its first Allegro and its Finale, the divine majesty and beauty of its Andante, and perfectly pastoral joy and frolic of its Scherzo and Trio, still holds a place among his great works. It is common to speak of it as belonging to his Haydn period and as showing still the manner of Haydn; but nothing that Haydn ever wrote can stir the soul to such depths, or indicates such force and fire of genius. The orchestra did their work well, and the attention of the very large audience was remarkable.

The remainder of the programme was all light: a violoncello solo, played by JUNGnickel, a Lanner Waltz, the overture to "Stradella," Zerrahn's "Trovatore Quadrille," and a Potpourri, called *Ueberall und nirgends* (everywhere and nowhere).

A Hint to Choirs.

MR. EDITOR:—I think no man of middle age can have failed to notice the great depreciation of our church choirs, especially in the country, in one respect, namely, in their power of singing full, flowing melody. Twenty-five years ago, however defective our singers may have been in other respects, there was hardly a little country meeting-house in which you could not hear the trebles carrying their part with great freedom and ease in such tunes as "New Sabbath," "Effingham," "Rothwell," and others, where the melodic phrases ran up to F and G. But now I seldom hear a note above D and E, and these generally are given with a sort of half-confident manner that makes the ear constantly await notes an eighth or quarter of a tone flat. Have the powers of our soprani degenerated? Are there no longer such good voices as our fathers and mothers possessed? No, sir, this is not the case at all; there never were better voices in any age or country than our own New England possesses. I find the cause in the want of cultivating and developing the voice. At the "Old Folks' Concerts," as they are called, we hear the old tunes, however high they run, sung with as much ease as ever, and this simply because by practice the singers have learned to use their powers upon the high notes. In the days of the old "Bridgewater" and "Handel and Haydn" collections, and of the "Village Harmony," a full flowing melody was thought almost a necessity in a psalm tune, and every singer instinctively learned to use his or her vocal powers in such a manner as to sing those melodies with effect. Of late years a sort of namby pamby, hum-drum, sickly, sentimental tune has been in vogue, and as this sort of thing seldom requires the tenor to rise above D or E,

there is nothing to call forth the upper notes of the voice. Hence, through want of culture, the individual singers depreciate, and the consequence is a falling off in the choir collectively.

Now, sir, I wish to urge upon all our choirs the necessity of their spending more or less of the time at their rehearsals in singing music which will call out their voices upon the high notes, and teach them to sustain with ease and effect the full flowing melodies of a better class of tunes than those now in vogue. If we go on at the present rate, in a few years it will be as rare an event to hear a choir sing a melody, as it has, alas! already become to hear a tune in the minor mode, decently sung. Yours respectfully,

A LOVER OF PSALMODY.

OLD HUNDRED AGAIN.—We are pleased to find in the last number of the *Musical Review* a paragraph evidently from the pen of Dr. Mason, in reply to our Diarist's query, a few weeks since, as to the fact of a copy of the "Old Hundredth" of the date "1546" having been found in Lincoln Cathedral. Letters from Rev. Mr. Havergal give the date 1564. Dr. Mason has a copy from the year 1567. The oldest copy mentioned in Mr. Havergal's interesting history of the tune is from 1561, and the oldest copies found by our Diarist are one of 1560 and one of 1559.

The mere date of this one psalm tune is of small importance, but as it is the representative of what was once the popular and almost exclusive Protestant music, to fix the era of the tune is of much importance in musical history.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Complimentary Concert to our very deserving artist, Mrs. J. H. LONG, will take place at Chickering's this evening, and will be an excellent affair. Tickets enough were subscribed for early in the week to almost crowd the hall; it is to be hoped that "a few more" remain for others of her many friends and admirers. She will sing three of her best pieces, viz: *Prende per me*, by Donizetti, the Romanza from "Tell," and Mozart's *Parto ma tu ben mio*, with clarinet obligato. She will be assisted, too, by Mr. PARKER, pianist, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who will play a Quartet by Beethoven, and favorite selections from Mendelssohn and Onslow. ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS is in town, and will give us a concert. MORGAN, the organist, and GUIDI, the tenore, have also some show of their art in preparation for us. Of the times and the seasons we are not yet notified.

So we are not to have "Eli" again at present; nor anything else of the oratorio kind until Thalberg comes (about the middle of March). But there is a hopeful project on foot, fitly emanating from the old Handel and Haydn Society, of assembling the musicians from all about and holding a grand three days musical Festival in Boston, after the manner of those in England and Germany. Three entire oratorios are talked of, and perhaps concerts in the evenings. May we suggest that, instead of three oratorios (which only John Bull can digest in one week), one of the days be consecrated to Beethoven's "Choral Symphony"? It is due to the honor of Boston, after all the sneers provoked by our Beethoven Statue Festival, not to let another year pass without producing that sublime work, with orchestra and choral parts entire and on a worthy scale; and what better time could be chosen than such a festival, should it be brought about? Mr. ZERRAHN's last concert is to be given in the Music Hall, next Saturday evening; and what is more, he has secured

the great attraction of the German prima donna, Mme. JOHANNSEN, who will probably sing some fine operatic scena from Mozart, songs of Schubert, &c., (although the pieces are not fully determined.) The Symphony will be the glorious one in C by Schubert. Mr. Zerrahn's concerts have not yet begun to remunerate him; in going to the Music Hall and engaging Johannsen he assumes a heavy expense; and if these superior attractions in themselves are not enough, it is at least a duty which our music-lovers owe to one who has done so much for them, to give him a brim-full house.

Musical Matinées are getting into fashion in New York. Yesterday, at 2 P. M., Herr GOLDBECK, the pianist, was to give "Recitals" in classical and modern music at the Spingler Institute, assisted by Mlle. DE ROODE, OTTO FEDER and DOEHLER. . . . A play founded on Goethe's "Faust" has been produced at Laura Keane's Theatre, "with Spohr's music." "Who the deuce Jonathan Birch, Esq. (the person announced as the translator) may be," the *Tribune* "with its limited knowledge of American authors," does not venture to say, but does say that he has sadly burlesqued Goethe; and as to the music having been written by Spohr, the same paper adds: "We should not have thought it." By the way, Spohr's music was not written to Goethe's "Faust," but to a poor libretto by Bernard, a Vienna poet, founded merely on the old Faust legend, and first given at Prague before 1818. This play had the run of Europe for some thirty years. Possibly it is this poem, and not Goethe's, that now undergoes the Birch. . . .

At one of a series of those simple evening parties here called "Sociables," (the rule of which is that each family entertains the others in its turn in any mode it may devise,) we found that music was the order of the evening. Surely it is not often that at any formal concert we are treated to a programme quite so fine as this:

- 1—Sonata, for violin and piano, Beethoven
- 2—Two-part Song, Mendelssohn
- 3—Aria: *Non di fiori*, from "Clemenza di Tito," Mozart
- 4—Masourkas, Chopin
- 5—Songs, Robert Franz
- 6—Andante from First Symphony (for four hands), Beethoven
- 7—Songs, Schumann
- 8—Two-part Song, Mendelssohn
- 9—Songs, Franz
- 10—Sonata, in F, violin and piano, Beethoven

The execution, too, was worthy of the programme; our friend SCHULTZE was the violinist; all the rest was the contribution of young lady amateurs.

Our townsman, HARRISON MILLARD, is singing acceptably in Ireland, as will be seen by the following, from the *Illustrated News*:

MISS CATHERINE HAYES AT BELFAST.—Miss Catherine Hayes is on a tour in Ireland, accompanied by Mlle. Corelli (contralto), Signor F. Lablache (barytone), and Signor Millardi (tenor); and by Mr. G. A. Osborne, composer and pianist, as conductor. The Belfast papers state that Miss Hayes was enthusiastically received in that town. The grand scena and aria, "Softly sighs the voice of evening," was given delightfully, evincing by every note she sang the beauty, richness, and power of her voice in all its ranges. Signor Millardi then followed, in aria, "Bel adorata." Applause, hearty and sustained, rewarded this gentleman in his performances during the evening. After this solo Miss Hayes again appeared, and in her charming style sang "The Last Rose of Summer," which was encored. She re-appeared, and delighted her admirers with "The harp that once thronged Tara's halls." Mlle. Corelli next sang the cavatina, "In questo semplice," by Donizetti, and was warmly applauded for the sweet and agreeable style in which she rendered it. The first part of the programme was concluded with a duo by Miss Hayes and Signor Lablache, "Signorina in tanta fretta," from "Don Pasquale." After an interval of some ten minutes the second part of the performance commenced with a duo, "Vernatemi del vino," by Lablache and Millardi. Miss Hayes then sang "Home, sweet home," and, in compliance with an enthusiastic encore, she gave "Coming through the rye."

Of Mme. GAZZANIGA, the new prima donna engaged for the opening of the new Opera House in Philadelphia. *Fitzgerald*, who was present at a rehearsal (of *Travatore*), says:

She is (we should suppose) about twenty-eight—slightly above the medium height—her face is open, frank and expressive—her manners are easy, lady-like, and well-assured. At first sight, she is plain-looking, quite so—but familiarity with her countenance heightens its expression and enhances its interest. We should not like to express a positive opinion as to her merits as a singer—yet, we will say, that all our predilections are in her favor. Her voice is peculiarly and delightfully sympathetic—it is clear, fresh, strong, flexible, true—she has it entirely under control, so thorough is her cultivation. She sings easily, runs up and down the scale like a canary-bird, and she has very considerable compass; but it is not her voice, or her person, or her manner, that so entirely captivates—it is her sympathy with the sentiment of her author; she sings conscientiously, with much feeling and expression. Perhaps she is the most sympathetic singer we have ever heard.

This opening was to take place Wednesday evening, with Martezek as conductor; Mlle. ALDINI, (and not Miss Phillippa), to sing Azucena; BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c, in the other rôles.

Musical humbug seems to be as rife as ever. We have received the programme to a concert given this week in Lowell, by "Kirmazinga, the young Princess of Delhi," with a biography upon the back; the bill includes the Duet from *Norma*, by "Princess of Delhi and Lady of Lowell," "Star Spangled Banner," by the Princess, and a variety of pieces in which the names of Satter, Schultze, and various Boston artists figure.

Boston can boast by far the largest music-publishing establishment in this country: that of OLIVER DITSON & Co. Their catalogue (in the words of the *Transcript*) exhibits a list of upwards of 300 music books, and 20,000 pieces of sheet music. These are all of their own publication, and comprise Methods of Instruction for the voice, and for every instrument. Collections of music. Among the latter are all the best Operas, Oratorios, and Masses. In addition to these, their stock embraces the publications of every music house in this country. The house has been established for nearly a quarter of a century, and is enabled to supply numerous books and pieces of sheet music which cannot be found at any other place, and which are generally supposed to have long since passed out of print. This enterprising firm will soon erect a large and splendid store, specially arranged for their business. The site selected is on Washington street, three estates south of Winter street, and extending through to Jackson place. The location is an admirable one, and the establishment will doubtless be an honor to Boston.

The London *Athenæum* is concerned lest CLARA SCHUMANN should wear out her welcome to England; it says:

We understand, by a letter from Germany, that Madame Schumann intends to visit London again this year, and we fear with something like a fixed "mission," to habituate us to music of the broken-crockery school,—since we are told that of late she has gone the length of performing, in one of Mozart's *Concertos*, *cadenzas* written by Herr Brahms, which are described by a correspondent as "feverish, incoherent, and truly ugly." Worse taste than this, knowing as we do what the style of Herr Brahms is, it would be hard to imagine.

"Rara Avis" is the odd title of a new Literary and Musical Journal, published monthly at Portage city in Wisconsin. It assures us that a host of lovers of music are springing up upon the prairies. . . . We see our old "Germania" friend, CARL SENTZ, mentioned as the general director of the Philadelphia "Germania Orchestra" concerts. Mr. SIMON HASLER is the leader. The concerts, given by daylight, are very popular.

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THE POWER OF SONG.

A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.*

From rocky cleft the torrent dashes,
Down, down he comes with thunder-shock;
The sturdy oak beneath him crashes,
And after rolls the loosened rock.
Amazed, o'erjoyed, with awe and wonder
The traveller stops and gazes round;
He hears the all-pervading thunder,
But cannot tell from whence the sound.
So rolls the tide of Song, forever,
Where mortal foot hath wandered never.

Leagued with the dreaded Powers above us,
Who darkly spin life's slender thread,
Who can resist his power to move us?
Who can the singer's spell evade?
He Hermes' magic wand inherits,
And charms the heart with influence soft
Down to the realm of tortured spirits,
Or bears it heavenward aloft,
On Fancy's airy ladder reeling,
Swayed to and fro with giddy feeling.

As when into the scenes of pleasure
Some dread disaster stalks along,
With giant-like, unearthly measure,
And scatters terror through the throng:
He strips at once the gay delusion—
This stranger from the other world;
The masks fall off in dire confusion;
Earth's greatness to the ground is hurl'd;
And before Truth's all-conquering mirror
Withers each work of sin and error;—

So, every earthly burden spurning,
Man's thoughts at Music's bidding rise;
And, with immortal ardor burning,
With godlike tread he walks the skies.
The Gods as one of theirs embrace him;
There must his daily troublers sleep;
Thither no destiny can chase him,
Thither no earthly thing may creep:

* From "Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller," translated by J. S. DWIGHT.

His brow is smooth, no fear alarms him,
He knows no care while music charms him.

And as the boy, with hopeless longing,
When stolen freedom yields no rest,
But home-thoughts to his heart keep thronging,
Flies to his injured mother's breast;
So Music has the power to charm us,
When turn'd from Nature's simple truth;
From cold and foreign ways to warm us,
With the old feelings of our youth.
In Nature's arms, O! then we rest us,
Where freezing forms may ne'er molest us.

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Concluded from last week.)

The Offertorium, that is, the prayer, which in a Latin mass immediately precedes the taking of the bread and wine, Mozart has divided into two pieces: *Domine Jesu Christe* and *Hostias*, each concluding with a fugue upon the words: *Quam olim Abraham*. The Abbé Stadler has told us that it was a traditional practice among the Catholic masters to treat this part of the text in the form of a regular Fugue, and the *Requiem* of Cherubini also shows us that it is customary to repeat this Fugue at the close of the Offertorium.

No. 8. The *Domine*,* so mournfully, evangelically and majestically commenced by the chorus voices, but with imitations in the orchestra, (Andante, G minor) presents a constant accumulation of ideas, and passes decidedly into the fugued style in the verse: *Ne absorbeat eas Tartarus*, with a vigorous accompaniment in sixteenths, to serve as counter-subject to the voice parts. Upon this chorus follows a wonderful quartet of solo singers, which also is regularly fugued, but upon another theme, which leads on step by step to the no less wonderful Fugue upon *Quam olim*,

* Text to No. 8:

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriæ, libera animas
omnium fidelium defunctorum de pœnis inferni et de
profundo lacu.

Libera eas de ore Leonis. Ne absorbeat eas Tar-
turus, ne cadant in obscurum;

Sed signifer sanctus, Michael, repræsentet eas in
lucem sanctam,

Quam olim Abrahamæ promisisti, et semini ejus.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, liberate the souls
of all the faithful dead from the pains of hell and
from the deep lake.

Liberate them from the mouth of the Lion. Let
not Tartarus swallow them, let them not fall into the
dark;

But let the holy standard-bearer, Michael, present
them into the holy Light,

Which thou didst promise formerly to Abraham
and to his seed.

whose commencement is marked by the coming in of the trombones. It is usual to change the Andante here prescribed into an *Allegro moderato*, and I believe with reason. It would be hard for the performers to prevent being somewhat carried away by the sweep and extraordinary fire of this Fugue, which is the most imposing and pathetic of all the church fugues that I know. The counter-subject is worked up in the orchestra with immense vigor; the theme, contained within two bars of the voice parts, is in fact nothing but a redoubled exclamation: *Quam olim Abrahamæ! Promisisti!* The development is as simple as possible; but observe with what art, what genius the subject in the vocal bass (bars 15 and 28) is more immediately calculated to call forth the most touching answers in the upper voices, and how the simple thought of the song and the instrumentation fill out the Fugue without any interruption. It is one whole; the details are not observed; a stream of fervent inspiration, which bears one irresistibly along with it, and then instantly disappears.

No. 9. The *Hostias** is a Larghetto in E flat major, distinguished not only by the wonderfully beautiful melody of its choral song, but also by its excellent, we might say, pious choice of chords. One cannot imagine a more devoutly Catholic, a more holy, Christian prayer, than this No. 9 of the *Requiem*. Palestrina would not have composed otherwise, had he known all that he did not know in regard to harmony. But since the prayer of a mass for the dead must always distinguish itself in some passage by a certain something from all other church-like prayers, Mozart has intermingled the deep humiliation and composure of his *Hostias* with periods of a pathetic character and a more modern turn; yet since the instrumental figure adopted from the outset, a very animated syncopated figure, does not change, the unity of the piece remains untouched, in spite of the heightened expression in the vocal melody, which soon returns to its first steady movement, and ends with a pause.

I beg my readers to consider the passage of the *Hostias* criticized by G. Weber (23d to 25th

* Text to No. 9:

Hostias et preces tibi, Domine, laudis offerimus.
Tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memo-
riam facimus.

Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam;
Quam olim Abrahamæ, &c.

Offerings of prayer and praise, O Lord, we bring
to Thee. Do Thou espouse the cause of those souls,
whom we to-day hold in remembrance.

Cause, O Lord, that they may pass from death to
life;

Which Thou didst promise to Abraham, &c.

measure). It is sublime—no more, no less. How could he fail to remark, that what he has pleased (for what reason I know not) to reproach with unsteady movement, to-wit, that very common thing in vocal music, the leap of the octave, is never here the melodic feature which strikes the ear most sensibly? The reason is obvious. It is simply that the melody is here found in the orchestra, and that the instrumental figure, in traversing all the intervals of the chord, one after another, fills up the chasm between the octaves executed by the soprano.

No. 10. *Sanctus*. Here melodic design, harmony, modulation, instrumentation, all is grand, all is truly sacred within the few bars of the Adagio, and there can be no doubt that this number would have to be placed among the most prominent conceptions of the work, if Mozart had had time to develop the Fugue of the *Hosanna*.

No. 11. The *Benedictus*, (Andante, B flat, major) composed for quartet of solo-singers, and with a melody in itself but little church-like, returns, nevertheless, to the church style by the learned forms of its development. Whether the voices move alone, or in imitation, or in compact chords, they present the thematic ideas with wonderful variety and in an enchanting manner. Observe, for instance, that passage in thirds between the soprano and tenor; it is only a passage in thirds and sixths; yet it extorts a cry of admiration. Throughout the whole the *Benedictus* is a prayer of soft and touching solemnity, a work of uniform grace, and an admirable masterpiece of polyphonic style. That would be a great deal to say of Süßmayer.

No. 12. In the *Agnus Dei*, the twelfth and last number, (Larghetto, D minor) we recognize the master in invention, and indeed still better than we have recognized him in the preceding piece in the working up. Who but Mozart could have invented this sublime figure of the accompaniment, in which are expressed all the majesty of the temple in its days of grief and mourning, all the grandeur of a parting which religion has sanctified? Who else in the world, but the composer who wrote under the inspirations of death itself, would have found out the four-voiced passage: *Dona eis requiem*, and the ritornel that follows? The angels, as conductors of souls, seem in this prayer to pray for them.* One were fully justified in saying, with the intelligent and learned critic, Marx, of Berlin, that "if Mozart did not make the *Agnus*, then whoever has made it must without doubt be Mozart."

How singular! we repeat again. Süßmayer, who gives himself out as the composer of the *Sanctus*, a sublime composition in the ten measures of the Adagio—of the *Benedictus*, a wonderful composition, to say the very least, and of the *Agnus*, an angelic or even divine composition—Süßmayer avoids developing the Fugue of the *Hosanna*, whose majestic subject he twice introduces, and he arrives at the verse of the *Agnus*: *Et lux æterna luceat eis* (where a new piece should have commenced, according to the plan adopted for the division of the text). Does Süßmayer know nothing better to do than to take up No. 1 again at the nineteenth measure, and end the work with the Fugue of the *Kyrie* applied to

the words: *Cum sanctis tuis in æternam*? I ask again, is not this the strongest and most striking of all conceivable moral proofs, that Süßmayer was very careful not to introduce a single thought into his work as finisher, or rather as enlightened copyist, which did not belong to the master?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music in the Public Schools.

MR. EDITOR:—It must be gratifying to all who have at heart the advancement of musical science among us, to observe that the subject of "Music in the Public Schools" is attracting attention. A recent correspondent of the *Transcript* ("Educator") says: "That music may be made a study, most interesting and useful, there has been abundant proof in the Boston schools, in years past, &c." Now, weak and defective as the present system is, it would be difficult, I think, for "Educator" or any one else to prove any deterioration from the first. The fact is, from the very outset, the thing has been carried on without the slightest claim to thoroughness. A study it has never been. I propose to show wherein it is defective, and, for reasons which will appear hereafter, shall have sole reference to the schools for boys.

In the first place, so far as we can learn, the boys are taught without classification; that is to say, no reference is had to age or musical capacity. Voices pleasing and harsh; voices in tune and out of tune; voices of high and low compass; all are exercised at one time and in one room. By the combination of such heterogeneous materials, the equilibrium of *pitch* is destroyed; hence the rough sounds which smite the ear of the listener on these occasions. Again, the amount of time given to musical practice is wholly inadequate; this point, however, will be touched upon when we come to speak of the proper classification of pupils.

Perhaps the worst feature in the system is the character and style of music adopted by the schools. The words, too, in most cases are better fitted for use in infant schools and in the nursery. It should be borne in mind that the greater part of the music published in our day, is the veriest trash, in no way entitled to the name of music in its higher sense, and only serves to give to Art a downward tendency. In this category must be included such music as is used in our public schools. Let a person now go the rounds on "music day," and he will hear little or nothing besides a succession of worn out Ethiopian melodies, extracts from operas, and nursery songs of so infantile a character as to insult the good sense of every intelligent boy above ten years of age. Dr. TUCKERMAN, in his excellent lecture before the Boston Art Club recently, commented severely on the wretched productions of modern psalm-book makers. His remarks may apply with equal force to the Song Books both for secular and Sunday school use. Like the psalm-books, they have proved profitable to their compilers, but to the community a stumbling-block and to musicians foolishness. Supposing that any other branch of study, say Arithmetic, were reduced to this low standard, the progress of our children might end with the solution of a few infantile puzzles.

It is safe to say that not one boy in twenty, on leaving school, can reply correctly to the simplest

questions in musical theory; much less can he sing the plainest passage by note. Such a result as this reflects discredit upon all concerned. Let us apply the first remedy,—that of classification; and to render the expediency of such classification the more obvious, let us consider one out of a multitude of instances which might be pointed out under the present arrangement. Here are two boys occupying adjacent seats and perhaps singing from one book. In the face of the one, the physiognomist discovers traces of a spiritual organization and refinement of emotion wholly wanting in the other. Let him station himself near these boys, and, if he listens attentively, he will find that external appearances have not deceived him. To speak plainly, one of them has a "musical ear;" the other has not. The result is, a continual contest between true and false intonation. The evil effect of all this is, to blunt the finer sensibilities of the former individual, while the latter, (being unconscious of his error) is hardly susceptible of improvement, for musicians well know that if a person has a radically deficient "ear," no amount of training will make him a reliable singer.

Having shown that the present indiscriminate method is productive of evil, while it presents no advantages, I will suggest a method of classification. First of all, the music teacher should take the name of every boy in school under twelve years of age who, upon trial, gives evidence of extraordinary musical capacity. Here it should be remarked that the plan of limiting the musical exercises to the higher classes is incorrect, particularly as regards the first class, where boys are supposed to have arrived at an age which leaves but little time for cultivation before the change of voice takes place, which is generally at fifteen. Observation and experience indicate that, out of two hundred pupils, he would find about thirty who would come up to the mark. He should then consult their wishes, and those only who are strongly inclined to devote special attention to the cultivation of music as a science should be retained. This second process would most likely reduce his class to about twenty, a very convenient number. This class should practice one hour daily, separate from the rest of the school. Should musical exercises still be carried on promiscuously with the whole school as at present, (a matter of but little importance one way or the other) the boys composing the *select class* just described, should be excused from attendance.

This brings us to the subject of a proper textbook. The defects of those now in use have been already shown. A book designed for thorough instruction should first contain a vast number of carefully prepared *solfeggi*, embodying almost every conceivable melodic movement in all the keys up to, at least, five sharps and flats. To be sufficiently copious, this collection should furnish five hundred exercises of at least sixteen bars each. And it should be the duty of the teacher to avoid, as much as possible, assisting his pupils by thumping out the *melody* upon the piano. So long as learners are allowed to rely upon such aid, they will never make independent readers. If the exercises are well adapted, the *lower harmony* (omitting the vocal note) will, after a few lessons, suffice for an accompaniment. In a short time under such training, boys will make great progress in reading music,—an accomplishment which they acquire much more rapidly than persons,

* The idea that angels bear the souls of the departed to God, is expressed in the Offertorium: *Sed signifer sanctus Michael representet eas in lucem sanctam*.

of mature years. In addition to these solfeggi, this book should contain some substantial compositions by the best masters, from the practice of which pupils might obtain ideas of style, not to be expected from mechanical exercises alone. Give all popular melodies and operatic sentimentalisms "a wide berth." It is needless to say that no such work as above described for school use, is in existence, for the reason that under the present defective system there has been no demand for it. Let us take a high view of this matter. Let us take the ground that, if the science of music is worthy of any attention in our public schools—if the study and practice of it exerts upon the youthful mind those benign influences usually attributed to it, it is worthy of thorough treatment. In another article I shall endeavor to show some of the advantages which might occur to those youth who, being musically gifted, are encouraged and aided in the study of the science, with special reference to the music of the Episcopal Church.

PRECENTOR.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2.—It was gratifying to see Dodworth's Saloon actually full, for once, at EISELDE's last concert—whether the reason lay in the fine weather or in the attraction presented by the name of Miss DE ROODE upon the programme, I cannot tell; enough that the audience was large, and appreciative too. We had Beethoven's Quintet, No. 4, well played and full of beauties, of course; Schumann's exquisite Quartet, in which Mr. TIMM took the piano part, and acquitted himself admirably, (in spite of his greater familiarity with the style of less modern composers,) and a Quartet, op. 17, of Rubinstein, which did not please me as well as the one which we heard last winter. The novelty of the occasion was the first appearance in public of Miss MARIE DE ROODE, whose actual debut at a private charity concert you will remember as having been chronicled by "Trovator." This young lady, a native of Holland, I believe, of pleasing, frank, unpretending appearance, is happy in the possession of a full, rich, fresh voice, which she knows how to use to the best advantage. Her singing of Haydn's "With verdure clad" was uncommonly fine, and showed plainly that she enters fully into the spirit of what she is performing. In Schubert's *Ave Maria* she was not so fortunate; there was not enough simplicity in her rendering of this composition, and a change which she introduced in the last "Ave Maria," was in bad taste, and seemed too evidently intended to show how high her voice would reach. I regretted, too, that she sang the French words, which bear a meaning just the reverse of the original, or the German translation; Ellen's *Ave Maria* in the "Lady of the Lake" being an invocation to the Virgin for the safety of her father, while the French words represent a mother praying for her child.

On Thursday afternoon we had another of young GOLDBECK's delightful Matinées, which I enjoyed even more than the two preceding ones. There has been an absence of pretension and formality, a social atmosphere about these entertainments, which have lent them a peculiar charm. This last one was more fully attended, being given, for private reasons, at the pretty Hall of the Spingler Institute, which holds more people than the parlors of a private house.

Mr. GOLDBECK gave us first, with Mr. DOEHLER, Beethoven's lovely Sonata in F, op. 24, for piano and violin. His part was very finely played, but he might have found a better accompanist, I think. Of two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," Nos.

1 and 6, of the first book, he played the first entirely too rapidly, thus quite altering its character. Two new Aquarelles, "Souvenir de Chiswick," and "Brighton-Scène Maritime," (rather snobbishly designated as having been "composed for the Duke of Devonshire, and first played at Mr. G.'s concert at Devonshire House,") were not quite as pleasing as those previously played, one of which, "Moonlight Night," was repeated on this occasion. In the last Sonata of Beethoven, Mr. Goldbeck surpassed himself; I have never yet heard him play so finely, or with such religious earnestness. The beautiful Variations, the graceful Scherzo, the sublime Funeral March, which raises one to the skies, and the sparkling, dancing Finale, which lets us gently down to earth again, all were rendered with an unctious and spirit which I have rarely heard excelled.

The songs by the young artist, (which Mr. FEDER would have interpreted to more general satisfaction, had he omitted his usual very unpleasant grimaces and gestures,) were very pleasing. They were: "From thee, Eliza, I must go," by Burns, in which some fine modulations were noticeable, and two to German words, of which the last, "Zwiegesang," was charmingly fresh and original. Miss DE ROODE left nothing to regret in her performance except her indistinct articulation of her English words, which may be ascribed to her slight acquaintance with the language. Equally well with the air by Haydn, she sang Weber's *Und ob die Wolke*, and Mendelssohn's "Maid of Ganges." Her sister, who seems also a fine musician, played the accompaniments.

Mr. Goldbeck has been very successful in these Matinées, not so much pecuniarily, perhaps, as in what was more his object, becoming known to the musical public, and gaining a position in influential society. He is already a great favorite of the ladies, and has quite a number of pupils. To such earnest, striving, anti-humbug young geniuses, one can wish nothing short of the best success. May it be his!

I close my chronicle with the notice of THALBERG's last Matinée, or rather the last of the first series, which took place last Friday. On this occasion, we had a treat in Hummel's Septet, which was played to perfection by Mr. Thalberg, accompanied by various members of the Philharmonic orchestra. Only three movements were given, however, beginning with the third, followed by the Scherzo and Finale. The other pieces were the "Moïse," "Adelaide," the *Tarantella*, and the *Norma* duo with Wm. MASON, besides *Masaniello* and the "Last Rose of Summer," as *encores*. Of all these I liked the "Adelaide" by far the best. How beautifully it sings itself, and with what exquisite feeling he plays it! In the duet with Wm. Mason, I was pleased to notice how much the latter has improved since I last heard him. How could he but be inspired, though, by the honor of playing with Thalberg! Such "runs" as came from beneath the fingers of the latter, I never heard before. I could compare them to nothing but the sighing and moaning of the wind.—I have not yet spoken of one feature of these Matinées, the performance on the Alexandre Organ, and now I mention it only because it is a novelty, and not because I was pleased with it. The capacities of this instrument, as the programmes say, are the following:

"The power to sustain single notes and chords, while at the same time the most rapid and brilliant passages can be performed—the notes being sustained by mechanism, governed by the knees, thus leaving both hands free to manipulate; its capability to use singly, and combine the tones of the Violin, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, and the Human Voice."

But I regret to say that these wonderful attributes were all lost upon me, and that the music it produced sounded to me very much like a common hand-organ of unusual power. I hear, however, that Mr. Thalberg does not bring out its full force, not

being as yet accustomed to it, and that there are persons in this city who can show it off to far better advantage. *Nous verrons.*

DRESDEN, FEB. 11. (From a private letter).—The "Tonkünstler Verein" (Union of Musical Artists) is the best association of the kind here (and S. inclines to think, in Europe). On the present occasion (a members' meeting, not public) we had a Sonata of Beethoven, played by OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT and Herr KUMMER, the first Cello in Dresden. Mr. G. has improved wonderfully since he was in the United States, and the performance was such as to elicit the warmest approbation from this most critical audience. A week later at the same place, a Trio of Beethoven, with Goldschmidt, Kummer and Külveck, and a most singular composition of Bach's, written for strings, horns and reeds, and performed with a gusto which would enchant you, by, I think, eighteen instruments. That evening was closed (the musical part of it) by some of Chopin's preludes by Goldschmidt, charmingly played, but not equal to Dresel. The materials for fine concerted music in Dresden are probably not surpassed in Europe. At least this fact is confidently and constantly asserted by dilettante travellers, and of course stoutly maintained by residents.

The charm of the place to music-lovers of moderate means, is the frequency of cheap concerts of a high order; and as these constitute a marked feature of Dresden life, I will give you some account them at the risk of repeating what you may have heard from others. These concerts generally commence at 3, 4 or 5 P. M. The *exploiteurs* of them are the owners or lessees of large coffee-houses; and music is thus very judiciously made the bait to attract a full coffee-room, and it always succeeds. So the price is put very low—2½ groschen, (6¼ cents), and every person is expected to call for something to drink or eat, or both. We will take the "Link'sches Bad," it being the best, to display this feature of German life. This establishment is a little over a mile from the Elbe, in the section of the city called the Neustadt. The coffee-room is a very large and fine room. I estimated the size by the eye, and made it 110 by 60, and 30 high. In the middle of one side is a semi-circular depression, or *renforcement*, in the wall, of about 12 feet arc, raised three feet above the level of the floor, and accommodating twenty-six to thirty musicians. Distributed all over the floor of this great room are plain cherry square tables of two sizes, accommodating six and twelve persons respectively. I generally arrive there on Thursday at about 5 o'clock, the hour of commencement, pay my 2½ groschen to a man who stands in the ante-room with a china plate full of change and a pile of programmes, printed in the simplest and cheapest style. I have a stranger with me to-day, and, taking our programmes, we pass on to enter a door on the left, which brings us into a room some twenty-five feet square, with glass partitions towards the hall, and wide-open doors into the same.

"Why, the room's on fire!" exclaimed my friend. "What a dense smoke!" "Only tobacco smoke; three hundred cigars must be expected to make some smoke." "But the ladies—how can those young girls of eight, ten and twelve to twenty stand this? They surely cannot sit it out a whole evening." "You shall see. Come, let us get a seat." "Seat? there don't appear to be one vacant in the room." "Oh, yes; don't be too modest; let us go up half way, so as to be opposite the orchestra. Kellner, give us two seats." The waiter looks about and presently sees one table where perhaps two more might squeeze in, and says a word to one of the occupants, who moves aside, without any of

the French *suaviter in modo*, but also without ungraciousness, and we take two chairs and draw up. The waiter lowers his head to take our orders. "One hot punch, one café." "But hark! sh! What is that?" "*Die Felsenmühle*, Reissiger." "How admirably they play! The conductor is also leader and has no notes." "No, he never uses a note, and has the whole repertoire of classical music in his head. Whether he knows it thoroughly, understands its spirit, you shall judge to-night and in future. The applause is very hearty; now let us look round. What a singular scene!"

But, to drop the conversational, I will try to describe it. There are, at a rough estimate, 500 persons present; say 350 men and 150 ladies and girls. Three narrow aisles are left between the tables the whole length of the room. Every man is smoking; cigar in the mouth, American fashion; cigar in a pipe, or cigar in a mouth-piece, but no weed in pipes; at least I have seen none in places so respectable as this. You may perhaps fancy the denseness of the smoke. Every lady is either sewing, or knitting, or embroidering, and drinking either tea (out of a tall tumbler), or beer, or coffee; and every man has before him his great glass mug of beer, with glass handle and powder top (to keep the smoke out?) or his glass of punch, or tea, or coffee, or "Bishop," or "Cardinal."

The programme is divided into three or four parts, and an interval of ten or fifteen minutes between each two is passed in chat and squeezing up and down these narrow aisles. The orchestra disappears, the leader generally mixing with the company, drinking his mug of beer and puffing his cigar. The first and second parts have been: (I take up a programme at a venture from my drawer) 18th Dec. 1. *Fest overture*, von Jul. Rietz. 2. March from the *Ruinen von Athen*, von Beethoven. 3. K. K. *Kammerball Tänze Walzer*, von Lanner. 4. *Friedensmarsch aus Rienz*, von Wagner. II. Theil. 5. *Overture zum Freischütz*, von Weber. 6. *Sonata Pathétique*, von L. Beethoven, für Orchester arrangirt, von Schindeldeisser. III. Theil. Sinfonie, C dur (No. 7) von C. M. von Weber. IV. Theil. *Overture to Zauberflöte*; *Arie und Duet aus Euryanthe*; *Frohsinns-Saloon-Walz*, von Strauss; *Viel Liebchen Polka*, von H. Hünerfurst. But who is HÜNERFURST? Why, he is the very remarkable young man who conducts, leads, and has made this orchestra what it is. His musical memory is prodigious and he uniformly conducts without notes. I have seen him conduct and lead thus a great variety of music, among it Haydn's No. 7 Symphony, Beethoven's *Eroica*, and Nos. 2 and 5; overtures without number, of Mendelssohn, Wagner, Weber, David, Mehul, Meyerbeer, Hiller, Auber, &c. &c. He has much talent as a composer, some say genius. Monday afternoons at 3 he carries his orchestra to the concert room of the Grosser Garten, when there is always one symphony in the programme.

The "Brühlische Terrasse" is the third and only other first class concert-room café in Dresden. Saturday, 4 P. M., is the great day there; but the orchestra is not Hünerfurst's, but Laade's—very good, but second to H's. Here also, on this day is one symphony. So you see that we always have three symphonies per week, and frequently more. At the last public concert of the Tonkünstler-verein, the programme consisted of Sonata Op. 58 of Beethoven, for piano and 'cello, Weber and Kummer; Serenade, Op. 25, for flute, violin and viola, of Beethoven—an exquisite thing and played most superbly, and Hummel's *Septet Militaire*, Op. 114, for piano, flute, violin, clarinet, 'cello, trumpet and contra-bass. (Conclusion next week.)

MUSIC.—Every human feeling is greater than the exciting cause; a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.—Coleridge.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 7, 1857.

We cannot do better than to give the leading place, in this week's Journal, to the practical questions so ably discussed in the communication below. They are questions of the greatest interest to every musical and concert-going community, to all our large choral or orchestral societies in town or country, and especially to the proprietors and managers of Music Halls. The problem of a good hall for music on a large scale, with large audiences, we conceived to be in the main satisfactorily solved by our noble Boston Music Hall; and so does the writer of the article below. For the audience it is good enough, it is a triumph—so far as it is possible to reconcile the seating of very large audiences with the best conditions of hearing and enjoying music; for it must be borne in mind that something of musical effect must, in any hall conceivable, be sacrificed in the accommodation of great numbers.

So far our Music Hall may be esteemed a model. But one of its internal features has always been regarded only as temporary and experimental. The whole present arrangement of the stage end of the hall has always had reference to a future plan of completion, in which a main determining element will be the grand Organ, recently contracted for in Europe. Meanwhile a difficulty, not felt by the audience, is felt by the singers and performers on the stage, as is accurately set forth below; and now comes up the question, the solution of which for the Music Hall will be the solution of it also for all music halls throughout the land:

How should the stage end of the hall be constructed? And how should choir and orchestra be placed, with relation to each other and to the audience, and to the most mutually inspiring, easy and effective discharge of their respective duties.

Our correspondent's hints are timely, as they are humorous and readable, and present some reasons which it will be hard to set aside. Now is the very time to solve this question, and get at ruling principles and methods. Just as the love for public musical entertainments is stirring and organizing itself in all the cities and large towns of our Republic, and music halls innumerable are being planned and built, it will be well for all concerned to give a little careful consideration to this topic. The stage of the Boston Music Hall presents a very proper point of departure for the whole enquiry; and we trust our readers in the country and in other cities will consider that we are not limiting ourselves to the mere musical interests of Boston, when we invite them to read what follows:

The Stage of the Music Hall.

MR. DWIGHT:—The matter then is fixed.—We are to have a Grand Organ in the Music Hall. It is a subject for rejoicing that the efforts of that gentleman, who has devoted himself so generously to this object, have been crowned with success. The erection of this instrument upon the scale proposed, will of course render great changes necessary in the accommodations—and want of accommodations—now existing in the Music Hall for the orchestra and chorus of our great Oratorio performances. Now, as alterations in the stage will be unavoidable, and as, if thought on the whole to be advisable, a complete change in its arrangement can be made without putting the proprietors of the edifice to extra expense, it is a favorable time to bring forward a topic which should have been thoroughly discussed before the plans of the hall were drawn, but which seems to

have attracted no attention whatever. Allow me to begin the discussion by presenting a chorister's view of the matter. In plain, clear, unmistakable terms, the point to be considered is this:—

Is the stage of the Music Hall, in its fitness for the purposes of a great choral society, worthy of a gold medal as being of the worst possible construction, of a silver medal as being only very bad indeed, or only of an "honorable mention," as being bad enough in all conscience.

That it is bad, I think you would have a unanimous vote—in case the question were put to the Handel and Haydn Society—from Mr. Zerrahn at the conductor's "Pull," up to the unfortunate individual who sits some quarter of a mile away, hard by that musical door, whose hinges are sure to squeak when a particularly soft passage in the music renders such a tone particularly effective.

Well, then, the question is now open for discussion.

[*Unfortunate individual near the squeaking door.*—]Mr. President, before proceeding to discuss the topic before us, I will state that I shall move the award of the silver medal, it being actually within the power of my imagination to conceive of a worse arrangement of a stage than the present—as in case the stage descended front to rear, and we were shut up behind a screen, as the present organ is, for instance, so that our voices should make their way into the hall through cracks and crannies, as the organ's tones now are forced to do—for which doubtless excellent acoustic reasons might be given—though I can find none in the books. A screen before an organ must be an improvement if the tones of the instrument are very bad—just as the singing of a very bad choir sounds best if we have a thick partition between it and us. Since the musical reporters of all the papers have given the Handel and Haydn chorus much praise lately, a screen appears to be unnecessary for us. This by the way.

In support of the motion to award the silver medal, I lay down certain propositions.

First, the effectiveness of every sound, whether musical or not, depends in great measure upon the position in regard to it of the ear to which it penetrates. Sound is the result of the striking upon the organ of hearing of a pulsation or wave of the air, caused by the sonorous body. If the ear be in the direct line in which the tone-waves are put in motion, the sound is much louder than if not. Thus the report of a cannon, which will almost deafen a person at quite a distance in front, is easily borne by him who applies the match. Words spoken in the open air or in a large room, which are perfectly audible and distinct to a person some distance off in front, are not understood by one standing half the distance behind. You place a piano-forte upon the stage, and raise the cover, the tones reflected by that cover are heard more distinctly at the other end of the hall, than by a person on the seats by the organ. A person stands upon the edge of the stage and speaks to another upon the main floor; he involuntarily, by the instinct of habit, turns his face downward, so that the tone-waves proceeding from the mouth are directed in their passage between the lips in a line to the ear for which they are meant, and what he says will be distinctly audible to the person addressed, though undistinguishable to persons at half the distance in the side gallery or on the stage. If he speaks to the latter, he instinctively turns towards them.

Now apply the principle. You place a body of forty sopranis upon the stage. Every good singer in the exercise of her art throws back her head and shoulders into such a position as will give the best opportunity for the full and easy play of the organs of voice. The result is that the tone-waves, as they proceed from her mouth, have a direction upward, and the ear at a distance of a hundred feet, if at an elevation of forty feet from the floor, will catch those tones much more fully than at half the distance upon the floor. Now, as the good singers are the effective part of the whole body of the sopranis, we have the main body of tone thrown from the stage in a line to the upper gallery, and hence the effect is much better there than below. The difference is made still greater from the fact, that in oratorio singing the books held by the choristers act as reflectors to throw the tone-waves off in an ascending direction. A principal objection which I have heard against the Music Hall is an alleged want of efficient choral effect from large bodies of singers, which difficulty the strongest objector admits only applies to the main floor.

The inference to be drawn from all this is, that the volume of tone from a chorus is shot out above the heads of the audience upon the main floor—that is, that the stage is too high.

The stage in the Music Hall is actually more elevated than in any first class opera house with which I am acquainted, and yet the necessity which causes the operatic stage to have the elevation which is generally given, does not exist in a concert room—namely, that a place may be provided for the orchestra off the stage. Moreover, the stage of the opera houses into which I happen to have been is not above the level of any except the front ranks of the parquette, as the main floor of the auditorium invariably rises as it recedes from the orchestra. The main floor of the Music Hall is level. The famous halls of the Sing-Akademie at Berlin, and of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig both have level floors, and the stage in both cases is not more than a foot or two in height at the front and rises but very gradually as it extends rearward. At Exeter Hall the stage is more elevated, but the main floor of the auditorium slopes upward, so that the rear seats are actually higher than the stage, and the spectator looks downward to it. Thus theory, experience and example admonish us to lower the platform of the Music Hall.

Secondly. No true choral effect can be attained from a body of singers unless the separate bodies of tone from the different parts come out into the auditorium blended into a single mass, forming one body of harmony. Hence the great care which is exercised at the grand musical festivals and upon the operatic stages of Europe, to secure a certain due proportion in the number of choristers upon each part. But however nicely balanced be the tenors and altos to the sopranos and basses, and these to each other, if these various corps are so placed as to pour out their masses of tone so as to reach the auditor's ear as distinct bodies, this proper blending is lost. Now in the Music Hall a body of altos throw out directly to the front their part of a chorus; on the other side the sopranis are doing the same, while high over the one thunders out the base, and over the other shouts the tenor.

Thirdly. The goodness of a chorus depends upon the excellence of the individuals, and the

power of the best singer to add to the musical effect depends in no small degree upon his feeling himself in time and tune with all the rest. To sing with ease, freedom and confidence, a person of nice ear *must* be able to hear for himself more or less distinctly the effect which is arising at the moment from the united force. This is the case, even with the simple psalmody of the meeting-house; how much more then in the performance of modern choruses, with their constant changes and modulations into all sorts of keys! Think, now, a moment of the difficulties the rear ranks of the Handel and Haydn tenor have to contend with in the choruses of "Eli." Perched away up upon the outskirts of civilization, with an organ behind them, shut up in a closet, whose tones are projected in straight lines through loopholes over their heads out into the hall, with the alti and sopranis, far down below and in front, throwing their voices directly away, with an orchestra so placed as to be inaudible in the choruses—these unfortunate individuals must get their pitch as they can and keep it if they can, utterly unable to catch, in a score of bars, one single full chord, which shall show them that they are in tune. People who have never tried this have no conception of it. Did the tenors have a leading melody to sing, returning often to the tonic, and getting now and then a new start from the orchestra, it would be comparatively easy to close a chorus in tune; but having only a part to "fill in," the wonder is that we do not always come out upon the final chord a quarter of a tone flat. Critical ears tell us we often do. Put twenty ordinary singers where they can feel the influence of the harmonic relations of the other parts, and they will produce a better tenor than forty fine singers, who must sing more or less by guess. If now at a performance of an oratorio you have about one in five who either have not rehearsed the music, or who cannot read a common psalm tune with decent correctness, your good singers, with all their rehearsals, have an awfully hard load to carry. Now to proceed—

[A Voice.]—Mr. President.

[President.]—The gentleman who cannot read music.

[The Voice.]—I wish only to move, that in the choruses the instruments play the vocal parts, as they do in country choirs.

[President.]—The gentleman is out of order, and it is moreover doubtful if even that would keep him right. The unfortunate individual will proceed.

[Unfortunate individual.]—To go on: The present arrangement of the stage, rising as it does in terraces running straight across, precludes any new arrangement of the chorus, and we must therefore go on as we are for the present. While rehearsing in the room below, we sat in the curved lines of an amphitheatre, and there was real pleasure in joining in a chorus. All singing in the hall, however, is a task wearying, unsatisfactory and laborious to a large portion of the society.

Fourthly. In oratorio performance in Europe the orchestra is supposed to accompany the chorus; with us the chorus accompanies the orchestra. The former plan is the composer's intention; the latter plan is an American improvement. I take it for granted, however, that the composer knows best, and as our stage fur-

nishes no accommodation for the orchestra except in front, I present this fact as an argument for the silver medal. So far as my observation goes in Europe, the plan is universally adopted there of placing the orchestra in all vocal concerts behind the chorus. The consequence is, that the vocal force comes out full and prominent, as it should, both because it is in front and has fair play, and because it is upheld and reinforced by the sharp tones of the stringed and other instruments behind. When Jullien gave the "Messiah" in New York, the Sacred Harmonic Society filled the front of the stage, and the hundred instrumentists took the background. Is it not the clearest thing in the world that this should always be the arrangement? Does any gentleman refer me to the theatre as a case on the opposite side? The reason of that is hinted before, and the defect of having the orchestra in front is remedied so far as possible by placing it below the singer and the chorus, and making it face towards them.

Having thus opened the discussion, Mr. President, I shall wait to hear the other side.

[President.]—Will the unfortunate individual, before he takes his seat, suggest such improvements as in his opinion may reduce the silver to a leathern medal?

[Unfortunate Individual.]—In any changes in the construction of our stage which may be proposed, it must not be forgotten that part of our present space is to be taken up by the new organ. Now, whatever slope is given to the stage as we recede from the front, it should be confined almost entirely to the singers' seats, leaving a level platform behind for the orchestra. This rise of the successive ranks should be so gradual as just to enable each rank to sing above the heads of the rank in front. But instead of going into the matter myself, I will read the following extract from Berlioz, whose name should have some weight with musical people.

Before reading this extract, let me add, that we have now upon the stage, what, in relation to a choral society, is an unmitigated, unqualified nuisance. I refer to the statue of Beethoven, standing there in the centre. If the proprietors of the hall will only move that down to the main floor near one corner of the stage, I for one will vote that the Handel and Haydn Society give a series of subscription concerts to purchase a similar statue of mighty old Handel, to place in a corresponding position opposite.

Berlioz speaks as follows:

In general, for concerts, the disposal of the orchestra which seems best, is this:—An amphitheatre of eight, or, at the least, five rows is indispensable. The semicircular form is the best, for this amphitheatre. If it be large enough to contain the whole orchestra, the entire mass of instrumentalists will be disposed along these rows; the first violins in front, on the right, facing the public; the second violins in front on the left; the violas, in the middle, between the two groups of violins; the flutes, hautboys, clarinets, horns, and bassoons behind the first violins; a double rank of violoncellos and double-basses behind the second violins; the trumpets, cornets, trombones, and tubas behind the violas; the rest of the violoncellos and double-basses behind the wooden wind instruments; the harps in the foreground; close to the orchestral conductor; the kettle-drums, and other instruments of percussion behind or in the centre of the brass instruments; the orchestral conductor, turning his back to the public, at the base of the orchestra, and near to the foremost desks of the first and second violins.

There should be a horizontal flooring, or stage, more or less wide, extending in front of the first rows of the amphitheatre. On this flooring the chorus

singers should be placed, in form of a fan, turned three-quarters towards the public, so that all shall be able easily to see the motions of the orchestral conductor. The grouping of the chorus-singers in consonance with their respective order of voice, will differ, according as the author has written in three, four, or six parts. At any rate, the women—sopranos and contraltos—should be in front, seated; the tenors standing behind the contraltos; and the basses standing behind the sopranos.

The solo-singers should occupy the centre, and foremost part of the front stage; and should always place themselves in such a way as to be able, by slightly turning the head, to see the conducting-stick.

For the rest, I repeat, these indications can be but approximative; they may be, for many reasons, modified in various ways.

At the Conservatoire, in Paris, where the amphitheatre is composed of only four or five rows, not circular, and cannot consequently contain the whole orchestra, the violins and violas are on the stage; while the basses and wind instruments alone occupy the rows; the chorus is seated on the front of the stage, facing the public, and the women sopranos and contraltos, turning their backs directly upon the orchestral conductor, are under an impossibility of ever seeing his motions. Such an arrangement is very inconvenient for this portion of the chorus.

It is everywhere of the greatest consequence that the chorus-singers placed on the front of the stage, shall occupy a plane somewhat lower than that of the violins; otherwise they would considerably deaden the sound of these latter.

For the same reasons, if, in front of the orchestra, there are not other rows for the choir, it is absolutely needful that the women should be seated, and the men remain standing up; in order that the voices of the tenors and basses, proceeding from a more elevated point than those of the sopranos and contraltos, may come forth freely, and be neither stifled nor intercepted.

When the presence of the chorus-singers in front of the orchestra is not necessary, the conductor will take care to send them away; since this large number of human bodies injures the sonorousness of the instruments. A symphony, performed by an orchestra thus more or less stifled, loses much of its effect.

[President].—The question is still open for discussion.

[Scientific Gentleman].—Mr. President, to all the learning upon the subject of tone-waves and laws of acoustics of the Unfortunate Individual, and to his arguments and conclusions, I say *ditto*. But I wish to touch upon an additional point or two.

We hear that the organ is contracted for; that it is to be a really grand, a very large and expensive instrument. It will then of necessity require a large space for its accommodation. Now if the instrument be constructed in a compact, square form, as is commonly the case, it must project towards the centre of the stage in such a manner as to leave two large spaces on each side, and remove our last hope of finding standing room for the orchestra behind the chorus.

It is quite the fashion, I find, to shut up organs in large closets; hardly a new church is built now-a-days in which this is not the case; so that it makes little difference whether an organ be good or bad, it has no chance to display its qualities. The first speaker mentions the tone-waves or pulses of the air, which give us the sensation of sound. If these waves or pulses follow at regular intervals, and amount in number to sixteen in the second, the sound conveyed to the ear is musical. The greater the number to the second, the higher the pitch. Now, precisely as a wave in a sheet of water diffuses itself from the point where a stone strikes, so does a tone-wave diffuse itself in the air. An open organ pipe, standing in the centre of a hall, throws these waves upward, and they diffuse themselves equally in all directions. If the pipe be placed at one extremity of the hall, the wave can only expand outward from the wall. If the pipe be in a

closet, the expansion of the tone-wave can only take place after it has passed out of the confined space in which it is produced. If, now, an entire organ be compressed and jammed into a small space, you find its power and sweetness greatly injured by the want of room for the tone-waves to rise and expand unimpeded. When the full organ is playing, the jar of conflicting sounds, the mixing up and breaking of the tone-waves, is a natural consequence. The peculiar effects produced by the swell of an organ we all know, but who would have an organ all swell? No—we want the great organ to send forth its tones in their utmost fulness and beauty. Well, then, we want the arrangement of the new instrument such as will give it "ample verge and scope," and at the same time not encumber the stage, and prevent the best arrangement of our choral and orchestral forces.

Who has not noticed the difference of effect when a choir in one of our churches has happened to sing standing on the main floor, instead of being perched up in a lofty gallery? It is equally true of all music that it produces most effect when least elevated. Hence I would have the organ rest as near the main floor as possible. Again, to avoid disagreeable echoes, reverberations, and foci of sound, it is important that the surface behind the vocal force should be as nearly plane as possible. Hence it follows, that while, by spreading the organ as much as possible laterally, you give its pipes the best opportunity to speak, you get the greatest possible extent of plain surface behind the chorus. As, however, the greatest portion of this surface will consist of cylindrical pipes, with interstices between, it becomes of less importance to have the front of the organ a straight line. If, therefore, it should prove practicable to spread it widely, it might assume a slightly curvilinear form, say somewhat like our musical character, the brace, for the sake of attaining greater elegance of form. Thus:

or

[President].—Does any other gentleman wish to speak upon this question? A. W. T.

CONCERTS.

The Complimentary Concert to Mrs. J. H. LONG took place at Chickering's last Saturday evening. The room was filled with the most respectable and appreciative listeners, who seemed to take a friendly interest in a singer, who has made such marked and constant improvement of her powers, and who has served so faithfully and so ably alike in the church service and in most of our more important concerts. Indeed she has for some time occupied the position of our foremost soprano. Her programme was excellent:

- PART I.
1—Quartet in A flat, No. 5, op. 18.....Beethoven.
Allegro—Scherzo—Tema con variazioni.
2—Romanza from William Tell: "Selva opaca,".....Rossini.
Mrs. Long.
3—Adagio and Scherzo from the posthumous Quartet in E minor.....Mendelssohn.
4—Duetto: "Mira bianca luna,".....Rossini.
Mrs. Long and Sig. Corelli.
PART II.
5—Ballade, for Piano and Violoncello.....Moscheles.
Messrs. Parker and W. Fries.
6—Aria: "Parto, ma tu ben mio,".....Mozart.
With Clarinet obligato, by Mr. T. Ryan,
Mrs. Long.
7—Andante and Scherzo from the 34th Quintet,.....Onslow.

Mrs. LONG sang the romanza from "Tell" more beautifully than ever, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER accompanying at the piano with his usual delicacy of taste. The Air by Mozart exhibited her dra-

matic style to good advantage, and is an effective concert piece; the running bravura passage at the end was neatly executed, but in itself the least interesting part of the music. The clarinet obligato, in so small a room, finely as Mr. RYAN always plays it, stood out in rather too bold relief before the quartet of strings, as compared with the voice. But the great point of interest was the Duet, from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales*, in which Mrs. Long was joined by her teacher, Signor CORELLI, one of the very best tenors we have had in this country, whenever he has command of his voice. The uncertainty of that led him some years ago to quit the stage and devote himself to teaching, in which capacity he has been of incalculable service to the many voices that have been entrusted to his culture. It was long since he had been heard in public, and the pleasure that he gave was very great. A little hoarse in the lower tones, he sang, as he cannot but do, like an artist, with style and fervor; and on both parts the duet was capital and had to be repeated.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who kindly volunteered their services, performed the fine old Beethoven Quartet, with the famous Andante and variations, and the other classical selections most acceptably. The Ballade by Moscheles is one of the most fresh and piquant things that we have heard from that composer, and was interpreted to a charm. The whole affair passed off with spirit and was of just the right length to make all enjoyable.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS gave her concert (unfortunately for her own success and for many who would fain have heard her) on the same evening, at the Music Hall. The hall was hardly one third full. Yet had she the attraction of a nice little orchestra, under ZERRAHN, who played Reissiger's Overture to "Yelva," and a very popular Concert overture by Kalliwoda, with fine precision (at least the latter piece); of Mr. SATTER, the pianist, who produced a new Quartet of his own (for piano, and violin &c), founded on Goethe's "Mignon" (he turns all the poets to account), and a fantasia on *Robert*; of Signor GUIDI, who sang a couple of tenor airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*; of Mr. ADAMS, the tenor, and of Messrs. RIBAS and KOPFITZ, who played the English horn and flute solos in the Romanza from *L'Eclair*.

We were in time to hear the last piece of the first part, the duet from *Tancredi*, sung by Miss PHILLIPPS and Mr. ADAMS, which was an excellent performance. Our fair contralto looked and sang even more charmingly than in her last visit home. In the Recitative and Air: *Che farò*, from Gluck's "Orpheus," she evinced more taste, more finish and more fervor than on former occasions, so that her audience were delighted. Her voice is remarkably fresh, rich, musical and powerful, and has gained in flexibility and smooth, free delivery. We earnestly hope that we may soon hear her under better auspices. The success of a concert depends on management as well as music. This one was ill-managed, ill-timed, too long and confused in programme, and tediously delayed in execution. Miss P.'s other pieces, which we did not hear, were *Ah, non credea* (Bellini), an English Ballad: "My heart is breaking," and *Prende per me* (Donizetti).

Good organ playing is one of the things which rarely come to public hearing in this country.

Still rarer are the opportunities of listening to great organ music, the real classics of the instrument. The latter sentence perhaps states the want more correctly; for we have not a few skilful organists; and what is lacking is the chance to hear them where they have sufficient scope to make old Bach and Handel and the other masters live to us. Stated concerts of organ music, where only or chiefly the best, the legitimate organ music should be heard, we have long felt to be desirable and practicable. Let an hour or two each week be set apart; let the place be wherever there is a fine organ (perhaps going from one to another in rotation); let there be a very small fee of admittance; and let the best organists in the city combine, or take their turns, in playing to us these noble compositions, until we begin to find out what great organ music is.

Meanwhile we think it a chance too good to be missed, when such an organist as Mr. MORGAN, of New York, makes us a flying visit, to play in public on the great Tremont Temple organ. To be sure there is a little more of the *organ virtuoso* character about him than we care for, and the display of his own remarkable executive agility in putting the many-voiced monster through its paces in all sorts of music, occupies a large place amid his more sober classical interpretations. He plays in one moment a grand Fugue of Bach, and in the next "extemporizes" on the "Anvil Chorus," illustrating the clap-trap tendency of the times, which does not allow one place or instrument to be sacred from the invasion of the most hacknied triviality. But that Mr. Morgan is a most admirable performer and a good musician we do not need to say. We do not know his equal, taking all things together, in this country. He is master of all the resources of the instrument, and when he comes he gives us not a few good fugues and choruses, besides the overtures, fantasias, variations, &c., that catch the ear of those who go to wonder and to be amused.

His two concerts at the Temple on Tuesday afternoon and evening were excellent, although the programmes would not have suffered by some pruning. We only regretted to see so very small an audience; people knew not what they lost. More clearly than ever were we impressed by the fact that the effect of the full organ suffers from its muffled position behind that screen, as perhaps also by the want of a larger space in which to vibrate. In crowded harmonies, as in that Mendelssohn Sonata, the sound was confused; all was more clear and intelligible in the Bach Fugue in G minor.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION gave us for the eighth Afternoon Concert Beethoven's delicious, joyous, imaginative Eighth Symphony. It was highly enjoyed no doubt by many of the crowd present; but for the first time in our recollection the Allegretto failed to command a repetition. That, however, was the fault of the audience, and not of the symphony or orchestra. The well-known Allegretto from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," the overture to *Zanetta*, Waltzes, &c., filled out the programme. The Afternoon Concerts are decidedly popular.

Musical Chat-Chat.

CARL ZERRAHN's Philharmonic Concerts make a brilliant finale this evening. The mere fact that this last one will be in the Music Hall, and not the Melo-

deon, adds a great attraction. But, besides that, he offers us a programme worthy of the Music Hall. We are to hear that glorious Symphony in C, by Schubert, once more, after a couple of years rest; we could anticipate nothing with more satisfaction. Then there will be a new Fest-Overture, by Julius Rietz; the *Tannhäuser* Pilgrim Chorus again, and the overture to "Tell." Besides which, we are to listen for the first time to the distinguished prima donna of the late German Opera in New York, Mme. JOHANNSEN, who will sing the Scena from *Freyshütz*, which it is said she does better than anybody who has sung it here since Jenny Lind; also a song of Schubert's, *Volklied*, and a *Waltz di bravura*, by Benzano. The *Transcript* tells us, that this lady is the daughter of a distinguished clergyman in the Duchy of Holstein, where she was born.

She travelled in Germany four years as a concert singer, and was received with immense enthusiasm. She also sang at the Royal Theatre of Berlin, where she met with the greatest success. In the general style of her singing she is more like Jenny Lind than any other artiste now before the public; at least, such is the opinion of the best European critics. The compass of her voice is very large, and the ease with which she manages it prevents the attention of the hearer from being directed to the execution rather than to the expression.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB in their concert next Tuesday (the last of the eight!) will have the aid of Mr. KREISSMANN, who will sing songs by Schubert and Robert Franz. Mr. HAMANN, too, will play in a Beethoven Trio.... The German "ORPHEUS" will sing again next Saturday evening, when they will give the old *Vaterlands* hymn, and when Miss DOANE will sing an Aria from Mozart, new to Boston audiences, and with Mr. Kreissmann a duet from *Fidelio*. We have heard the wish expressed by not a few, that the "Orpheus" would take a larger hall; others would like to share the pleasure.... Mozart's *Requiem*, with a selection of other Catholic music, will soon be performed in the Tremont Temple, by the choir of the Cathedral in Franklin street, assisted by other Catholic choirs, under the direction of Mr. A. WERNER. Particulars hereafter.... A general resort of all the musical people for the week past has been the magnificent new store of our old friends RUSSELL & RICHARDSON, of which a description will be found below. It is the largest, most elegant, and most completely furnished establishment of the kind in America, if not in the world. The union of the stocks of the two old firms makes a collection of music and instruments, in which almost every one can find his want supplied. Promptness, obliging courtesy and good order are the rule and habit of the place. Success to them! Such enterprise deserves it.

Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was read in her inimitable manner by Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE, before a private audience at Chickering's, on Thursday Evening, with Mendelssohn's music, under the direction of OTTO DRESSEL. The overture and other instrumental parts were played upon a Chickering Grand by Messrs. Dresel and Trenkle, and the fairy choruses were sung by a Club of lady amateurs. It was indeed a most rare and delightful entertainment; but private as it was, we cannot help alluding to one gross disturbance, which exemplifies the manners of "fine society." Several times the commencement of the music proved a signal for quite loud and general talking. The unconscious insult to the music, the performers, and to those who wished to listen and enjoy poem and music as one whole, (according to the intention of Mrs. Kemble's invitation,) was unworthy of a well-bred audience. The same feat is to be given publicly in the Music Hall, Saturday evening, the 21st, before the Mercantile Library Association, and with an orchestra directed by CARL ZERRAHN.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Susan Bedloe.

(From the Brown-papers.)

Her face—that is, in its features—was only pretty, not handsome, and yet it was lovely; but then she had the neatest little figure, the prettiest hand and arm, the beautifullest springy foot and ankle, that came of a Sunday into any of the meeting houses in all Hildale. Her father, the doctor, when she was an infant, used to declare that little foot a model of perfection in form; and who should judge rightly on this if the doctor could not? He did not live to see the promise of infancy fulfilled, poor man! But little Susan grew up, the hope and pride and joy of Widow Bedloe. Her boys went off into the world, but her daughter remained, her staff and comfort.

How different she was from all the other girls of the place! John Hath incurred the resentment of all the women in the town when he said that it was strange how all the education, intelligence and refinement of Hildale were confined to the Bedloes and the Norvals. This was long before little Susan was born, but as she inherited all the refinement and grace of the family before her, it brought John H.'s unlucky speech to mind. She was surrounded by such an atmosphere of delicacy and had so much of that charm which we express by the term "lady-like," as to attract the notice of every stranger who saw her at school or in the singing meeting. She was always cheerful and merry, and yet the most modest little creature you could find in a thousand. She never put herself forward, never had a thought of attracting admiration, but somehow all the best young men in the place were sure to surround her at the village parties and "sings,"

leaving for her the more showy girls, who sought to attract them.

She had, too, a quiet dignity, which was conspicuous through all the ease and playfulness of her manners—perhaps too much of it, for the young men not only were thereby deterred from any improper freedom in her presence, but seemed to be impressed with a feeling that she did not quite belong to their sphere, and sought elsewhere, among girls whom they did not admire and love half as well, for helps, meet for them. The neighbors thought farmer Lendle's son, over the hill, would marry her. I think he would have proposed and been accepted if he had not shared in that feeling, and felt a sort of awe mingled with his evident fancy (a Shakspearean word) for her. But I can only judge from appearances, like the other neighbors.

Let me tell you about Susan and Mrs. Smith, it was so like Susan.

Widow Bedloe's means were small; so Susan, when she was old enough, opened a private school for the village little ones.

Speaking of schools reminds me of a letter the widow once received, which she read and re-read with tears of joy. She had sent Susan to a school for young ladies a few miles from Boston, and kept her there until circumstances forbade her longer stay. But at the close of her vacation, after Susan's return home, came a letter from the principal, offering to take Susan again, free of cost to the widow, because of her excellent influence upon the other pupils! But there were reasons, honorable to the mother, why this offer must be declined.

So Susan opened her school, which was of course mostly composed of children of special genius for tormenting everybody, and such as belonged to parents who neither could nor would pay the tuition. This is quite the general rule with such private schools in country villages, or used to be.

Folks wondered how little Susan Bedloe could keep order, and shook their heads, but sent their young ones. But she did keep order, and I believe as much because she loved so to laugh with them and make them happy. Still she had her trials.

Now Mrs. Smith was a great, stout woman, with a face like a November day and a voice like a November nor'wester, who patronized the victim to the extent of two offshoots of the Smith family tree—bullet-headed, snubby-nosed little animals, always showing a variety of bumps on their crania, gotten from their mother, though not by way of birth or inheritance. These were sticks of a crooked sort, quite past being reduced to order and symmetry by Susan's usual gentle

means; and at length the occasion came, when, with bitter tears, she applied what she really supposed to be corporeal punishment. The young ones, as in duty bound, exerted their nascent nor'westers to such extent as in them lay, and next day the poor little mistress received a visit from the awful Mrs. Smith.

Afterwards Mrs. Smith reported progress to Miss Jenkins.

"I gin it to her good, though," says mighty Mrs. Smith.

"Sarved her right, little stuck-up thing!" remarks Miss Jenkins. "What did she have to say for herself?"

"Oh, she didn't say much—believed it hurt her more than it did the children to 'inflict the punishment,' as she called giving 'em the lickin'; that she was obliged to do it for the good of the school, and all that. I told her, if my children needed anything of the sort, I wasn't afraid nor unwilling to give it, but that I wasn't going to have any little chit, to whom I am paying my money, slappin' my 'Dolphus and Dorindy. I got the steam well up, I tell you; but when the meachin' little thing began to cry and never said a mad word, I declare I couldn't say nothing more, only that I shouldn't send 'Dolphus and Dorindy any longer."

And so on and so forth.

As for Susan, she went home, and the faint flush upon her cheek looked a little as if she was provoked. But simply saying that she had had a scene with Mrs. Smith, which rather roused the good widow and almost called out a bitter remark or two, Susan went to her own chamber and sat down to a favorite book, in which she found something about a soft answer turning away wrath, and other matters of that sort, to be found in the said book. Then she came down again, with a face as smiling as a June day.

A week afterward, and tap, tap, tap on the door of Susan's school-room.

"Open the door, Johnny."

Little Johnny opened the door, and Susan's heart sank within her to see Mrs. November Smith enter with all her might and bluster.

"Arter what has passed between us," began Mrs. Smith, "as I told Mr. Smith last night, I ought to settle up with you for what time 'Dolphus and Dorindy did come. So here's the money. I guess you'll find it right."

"Thank you, Mrs. Smith. I wish you would not think hardly of me. I thought I was doing right when I punished the children. I don't think I spoke an angry word to them, and I am very sure I did not act in anger."

"Well, I guess on the whole you haven't done no harm. I jest come from your mother's, and

she tells me she hasn't seen you mad for ten years, and that you go up stairs and read the Bible when you find yourself getting that way."

"Oh, Mrs. Smith!" exclaimed Susan deprecatingly.

"Now, Susan, the fact is, as I told your mother, that 'Dolphus and Dorindy are crying to come back again, and so I guess I'll send 'em again to-morrow. I told your mother too—she does look poorly, I vow!—that if you'd step up this evenin' to my house I'd send her a couple of quarts of new milk and some eggs; I guess she needs that sort of thing."

And so the Northwester got round and was succeeded by

—"the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets."

Mrs. Smith called in upon Miss Jenkins on her way home.

"What a queer little bit of a thing Susan is!" said the mighty lady. "She cried when I blowed her up last week, and she up and cried again to-day just because I made all up with her."

And so soft, sweet, gentle Miss June conquered hard, rough, stormy Mrs. November.

Susan had just such a voice as one would expect from her—just that "excellent thing in woman," of which Lear speaks; and it was a delight to hear her talk, her gentle eyes interpreting all she said, now earnest, now sad, and now brimming full of fun. And her voice in singing was the same; not powerful, but "tuned to every merry note," or "bathed in tears," according to occasion and matter. When Hobson taught the singing school, his ear soon began to distinguish a delicate, sweet voice, generally "drowned out" by half a dozen other rough, untutored ones, but which did more than his violin to keep the rest somewhere nearly in tune, so true and unfailing was it; and this voice he at length traced to quiet, unpretending little Susan, who sat quite in the background and devoted herself to making the most of his instructions. Like a Cremona violin in an orchestra, such a voice is not conspicuous at first, but if you sit at a distance it soon makes itself felt through all and above all in its quiet beauty—a golden thread in a web of ruder material.

Village politics and petty quarrels are the breezes which keep little country towns from stagnating. They amount to nothing, and when the occasion is past all is forgotten, and the Smiths, Joneses, Barons and Browns are as friendly as ever. The singing school and the singers' seats in the meeting-house are almost invariably the scenes of discord in more senses than one. Now, what on earth anybody could find against little Susan that winter as a means of picking a quarrel, I declare I cannot imagine; but so it was.

Hobson was to close his school by a grand concert in the meeting-house, and, with the rest, Susan had a song allotted to her. When the others were supplied, and her favorite piece was still left, she of course chose that—something, I forget what, that just suited her voice, and to which she gave all the charm arising from her native refinement of taste and her thorough appreciation of the poetry. At the first rehearsal she sang so beautifully that half a dozen other girls were provoked that they had not selected the same song.

The queen bee of the hive, after proper con-

sideration, concluded that it was just adapted to her powers, and Hobson was finally forced to transfer it to her, and select another for little Susan, which was in no way adapted to her voice, and which was in other respects unsuitable. Hobson, poor fellow, had to look to the favor of the powers that were, and Widow Bedloe and Susan were not of them. So the queen bee sang the song in a brass voice, to the universal hilarity of the neighborhood. Susan's brother, the college boy, stormed, but she did not. She simply but firmly refused to sing an unsuitable piece. As the brother and sister were walking home after a "sing" at which she had been shabbily treated, he broke out in no measured terms. At length he noticed that she was weeping.

"Ah, I am glad to see that you have some spirit left. Don't go near them again."

"It is not they; I cry to hear you talk so."

This was a damper on him. At the concert she sang no song, but exerted herself to the utmost to make the treble go off well; and everybody knew in their hearts that she was the sweetest singer there.

Widow Bedloe was member of a church in the other part of Hildale, and when Susan was old enough she joined the choir. It was a long and weary walk thither, up the back road and over the hills; but the storm must be severe and the mud or snow very deep which prevented her from bring in her place upon the Sabbath morning. She attracted no attention, singing her appointed part with the rest without display, in her own quiet manner, doing all the good she could and making no pretensions. But as time passed on, and one treble married, another left the seats in a huff, another moved away, and the like, David, the leader and sweet singer, began to find out what a treasure he possessed in that modest little lady. He could depend upon her. He knew she sat with him from a sense of duty; that it was a part of her religion to cultivate the talent given her, and use it in the praise of the great congregation. His ear seemed to follow the golden thread of her gentle voice, and to rejoice in its unfailing certainty. Could he have had his way—but his choir was composed of volunteers, and he could not—she should have stood next to him, as the leader of his girls. But she never sought this, and there were others who did, and so she still sat in a lower place, and exalted herself by her very humility. The congregation, too, felt the difference when Susan was unavoidably absent, though unable to define in what it consisted.

Our choir had its stormy times as well as others. Differences and quarrels between the singers, ambitious strivings to be chosen to the leadership on the part of some of the village Brahms and Rubinis, questions of first and second places among the girls, and other important matters, often seemed to bring the choir to the brink of dissolution. Once or twice the trebles left the seats in a body, save Susan, who to the surprise of everybody, carried the soprano part through two Sundays, not very powerfully perhaps, but triumphantly. She would have nothing to do with any of their quarrels. She took no side in any of the troubles, but came to meeting, went to her place, and sang to the best of her ability.

Now all this was a great source of annoyance to Miss Apse, a girl of strong will, strong voice, and rather strong auditory nerve, judging from

the tones she could sometimes make and bear without flinching. But as the ears of the congregation were not very nice, she was esteemed a great singer and ruled with quite an imperial sway. But Susan thought lightly of her authority, and did her duty, whether Miss Apse did hers or not. And so she became the Mordecai of this Miss Haman. There are many ways in which the Miss Apse of a choir can annoy one against whom she thinks she is bound to exert her power. I need not specify them. She bore all patiently, had her kind smile ever ready when Miss Apse thought fit to greet her, and no one knew from her that any other discord existed between them than those which were made by the "head singer" in the exercise of her vocal powers. Such matters seem trivial, and indeed in themselves are so; but trivialities, after all, make up the most of the good and ill of our condition, and Susan felt these things keenly. But as she had hitherto lived down petty jealousies, envyings and strifes, and had become the thread around which all that was good in her companions crystallized; as the influence of her example was already powerful among them, and her character morally was producing the effect upon their feelings and manners which her sweet, unerring voice produced upon their singing; so she patiently waited for the opportunity of conquering Miss Apse, in unwavering faith that it would come.

Well, on a warm Sunday towards the end of summer little Susan was in her place. She sang sweetly as usual, but with difficulty, and when she reached the end of her long and weary walk home, she was greatly exhausted. The next Sabbath afternoon she was buried. I don't know when I have had such a touch of the heart-break as then. The bell tolled mournfully as the little procession moved into our graveyard, poor widow Bedloe leaning upon the arm of her son, the college boy, and his brother supporting the feeble steps of another widow, his mother's sister. All the neighbors were there and wept. Great Mrs. November Smith vowed it was "too bad in Providence to—" and here she broke down, and began to sob in such a manner that Miss Jenkins felt the influence and cried like a baby. The children cried for poor little Susan Bedloe, and the grown up people wept with the bereaved mother; but she and her two boys—their grief was too deep for tears. A cold storm of autumn was raging, and the widow stood at the window. The thought of Susan, as exposed to all its chill and cheerlessness, came over her, and then for the first time she wept bitterly—bitterly.

They told me that on the following Sabbath, when the choir rose to sing the hymn—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,"

previous to the funeral discourse, Miss Apse's voice first faltered, then stopped, and finally that she sank back into her seat, utterly unable to go on. One after another followed her example, and after a couple of stanzas the attempt to sing was given up. Whether this statement is literally correct I do not know; I was not there. I do know that never was a truer thing said than the remark of Mrs. Smith when she heard of the inscription which is placed on the white marble slab that points out little Susan's grave: "I vow, that 'ere text was made for that gal!" for it is this:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

[From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*]

The Piano-Forte Compositions of J. S. Bach.

EDITED BY FRIEDRICH CHRYSANDER.

This new collection of Johann Sebastian Bach's pianoforte compositions, of which the first volume is now lying before us, forms part of the cheap stereotyped edition of the Classical Composers, published by L. Holle, in Wolfenbüttel.

This edition is intended to pave the way for a knowledge and appreciation of Bach, even among those who have hitherto been strangers to his art. It naturally does not interfere with the existing good and complete editions of his works, but it may assist in causing many of the incorrect editions, distinguished for the uncertainty of their authorities, and the want of knowledge displayed in them, to lose more and more of the estimation in which they are held.

We greet this edition with real delight, and tender our best thanks to the editor and publisher, since it was only by sacrifices on their part that they could offer the public so beautiful and correct an edition at such a price, one thaler and eight silver groschen* for a volume of 110 folio pages, printed on vellum paper, in large clear characters.

The predominating intention of the arrangement in which the pieces follow one another (with the exception of the *capriccio* in B major, on the departure of a brother), is an educational one: the pieces proceed gradually from the easier to the more difficult, from the simple to the more artistic. We doubt, however, whether this very judicious arrangement can be carried out in the subsequent volumes. In the first volume begin the twelve small Preludes, intended by Bach himself for "Anfängende" (beginners). These are followed by the six small (French) *Suites*, and the fifteen *Inventions*, with the symphonies belonging to them. The latter are here, for the first time, so arranged that each *Invention* is followed by the symphony in the same key. These pieces thus form the best introduction to the *Clavier bien tempéré*. The *Invention*, that is to say, according to ourselves, a thought, stands in about the same relation to the symphony that the prelude does to the fugue.

The *Capriccio sopra la Lontananza del suo Fratello diletissimo* is a curiosity for the history of programme-music, which is almost as old as instrumental music generally, although, in former times, intended to be more humorous than serious. It attained its greatest height in the "Battles of Austerlitz," etc., at the commencement of the present century, whereby it became ridiculous, precisely because it was meant to be serious. For the modern school, its revival was reserved by the doctrine of the purport of music, and whither this doctrine leads we have seen by lamentable examples. If the real masters of former times, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and even Beethoven, employed titles now and then, it was merely in order to intimate, generally, either the peculiar frame of mind by which the composition was suggested, or that which it was intended to inspire in the hearers. For this purpose, they selected a musical motive which struck them as suitable, but this was all; for this motive and its thematic treatment constituted the real and proper substance of the composition, which substance can never be aught but musical, founded on, and developed by, tone, and not on and by words and objects, or events. Despite the titles:—1—Flattering of the Friends to prevent him leaving; 2—Description of various accidents which may befall him, when away; 3—A general Lament; 4—The Friends arrive, since they perceive that it cannot be otherwise and take leave," old Bach departs so little from the contrapuntal—that is, the genuine musical—style, that he actually concludes with a fugue of two and a-half pages, *all' Imitazione della Cornetta di Postiglione*.

The cheapness of this edition will now enable hundreds, nay, thousands, who could not pay the high price of the former editions, and were obliged to put up with the *Clavier bien Tempéré*, incorrectly printed and costing five thalers, to possess

the works of the immortal Bach. Let us but diffuse all the magnificent creations of the two last centuries, pure, unadulterated, with intelligible explanation, and in a form within the reach of every one, and the stupid dragon of the Music of the Future and Poetry-Music, which behaves so strangely, will be overcome without a struggle. We must, therefore, seize the opportunity, as we have so often done before, to make a most earnest appeal to teachers of music. The excuse, that the compositions in question are difficult to be obtained and cost a high price, exists no longer. The inexhaustibly rich Bach; the ever fresh Haydn; the thoughtful, and, oftentimes daring Clementi; the entrancing Mozart—are, at present, one and all, to be procured in cheap editions, just like the classic authors of German poetry. And when parents or fair pupils come and say, "Give us a very pretty piece to play in company, if you please," sit down at the piano, and play them something of the above masters. If you yourselves can play such a piece, your pupils will direct their minds to it of their own accord.

The editor—with the thankworthy assistance of Herr R. Zimmer, of Berlin—has given some very suitable explanations of the appropriate style in which Bach's pieces should be performed, as well as of the so-called "Manieren," and shown, in twenty-six examples, contained in notes written in full, how they should be carried out. This imparts a special value to his edition.

On account of their general interest, we conclude by appending the editor's remarks on the names, characters, and time of Bach's compositions, as the kinds of instrumental-pieces usual in those days have been almost entirely strange to us.

"1.—The *Allemande* possesses, as a dance, a joyous character; in Suites and Partitas for the piano, its movement is more serious and the harmony full. It begins the dance (or comes immediately after the Prelude) and is followed by Courante, Sarabande, Gigue, etc., in an order which is seldom disturbed. It enjoys the place of honor as being a German invention.

"2.—The *Anglaise*, an English kind of dance, is lively in character, varied and more or less quick in its movement.

"3.—The *Aria* is principally a vocal piece. Applied to an instrumental composition, the name signifies what we, at present, call a "Lied ohne Worte." The style of playing it must be melodious, and the time throughout slow. Mattheson says:—"It finds a place on the piano as well as on every other kind of instrument, and is, commonly, a plain, short, singable melody, divided into two parts, and one which mostly appears so simple, because the player can embellish and change it in innumerable ways, in order to display his manual dexterity, although retaining the fundamental passages." (*Kern mel. Wissenschaft*, p. 122). In the aria with 30 changes (vol. II., pp. 147—187), Bach displays something more than manual dexterity, just as, generally, in all that he undertook, he surpassed everything previously done.

"4.—The *Bourrée* is a French dance-melody, of a gay and choice character, in two-two time. It requires the execution to be light and round, not too quick. Flowing, smooth, gliding and closely connected. (Mattheson.)

"5.—The *Chaconne* (*Ciaccone*) is an Italian dance, in three-four time, and moderately slow in its movement. For further particulars, see *Passecaille*.

"6.—*Concerto*. Bach's concerto, vol. II., p. 102, is a pianoforte sonata, in three movements; the tempo of the last two is given; the first should be taken *allegro moderato*.

"7.—The *Courante*, in Suites and Partitas, always follows the *Allemande*. It requires to be performed in a serious style, the notes being played more *staccato* than slurred (Koch, *Lex.* 398). This, also, is a dance-melody.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music in the Public Schools.

II.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will now do as I intimated at the close of my first commu-

nication, and will speak of the adaptedness of boys' voices to the music of the Church.

"It is not true that every blockhead can be trained successfully as a Chorister." So says the learned Dr. Hodges. It is true however, that boys, selected with strict reference to musical aptitude, and subjected at an early age to thorough discipline in the science, may, and often do, attain, while yet boys, to a degree of skill hardly conceivable to persons unacquainted with the subject. Entire oratorios, solos and all, have been repeatedly performed in the English cathedrals by men and boys; the latter sustaining in a most efficient manner the part usually assigned to females in this country. In the music of the legitimate old church school, *alla Palestrina*, the voices of boy choristers are absolutely essential. The same may be said of the works of all the great cathedral composers, like Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons, Croft, and Purcell, all of whom, and many more, were choir boys in their younger days, and wrote for voices like their own. As an indication of this, we find that all correct Church musicians, even down to the present day, have avoided the extreme high notes of the staff and have confined themselves mainly to the range best suited to the voices of boys; that is from



a compass certainly ample for all needful effects in church. The few musicians who have had experience in the matter, find that in point of flexibility and purity of tone these voices are unsurpassed.

In the European cities, schools are established and supported by government, with special reference to the encouragement of those youth, who, being naturally gifted, desire to become proficient in music. From these schools, the church singers are selected. The boys connected with the world-renowned cathedral choir (*Dom Chor*) at Berlin, are educated in a school of this sort. Music of the highest character is performed by them with matchless skill. If we trace the history of the most eminent musicians the world ever knew, we find that they began their career as choristers. Such was the case with Palestrina, Tallis, Purcell, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Boyce and a host of others.

The project of employing such trebles in the place of female voices, has of late been made the subject of animated and, at times, acrimonious discussion. With the question of propriety simply, this article, has nothing to do. Its settlement clearly belongs to the clergy. The questions for the musician to settle are such as these:—Have we not among us much youthful talent which, if encouraged and brought out, might be turned to great advantage in the choral service of the Episcopal Church? Has not the adaptedness of boys' voices to the performance of true church music (not psalm-tunes) been to a great extent overlooked in this country? Are not the most efficient choirs in Europe those in which the treble is sung in part or wholly by boys? Now in replying affirmatively to these inquiries, we do by no means seek to exclude the many excellent female voices to be found in our choirs. Such voices are indeed quite sufficient for choir purposes, where no liturgical form of service is adopted. But in the service of the Episcopal Church, where the psalms as well as the canticles are chanted, a double choir of boys is a desideratum. When the *Te Deum* is sung anthem-wise, as set to music by correct Church writers, the

* About ninety-five cents.

treble cannot be properly sustained by women; for it should be remembered that English cathedral composers, when they write for the church, never write for other than male voices. The absurdity of attempting the performance of these sublime compositions with a single quartet I cannot better illustrate, than by relating the following incident from "real life" in one of our choirs. The worthy organist (a true church musician in theory at least) undertook to lay aside for a season a modern and flimsy production known as "Jackson in F," to substitute one of greater merit. The quartet soon found the ponderous harmonies of old Gibbons too much for them. The sturdy old composition was not to be "taken" by portamentos, sentimental turns, or by any other species of modern attack. The prima donna at last turns round to the organist in disgust and exclaims—"Oh, horrid!" The organist in his indignation demands—"Why, Madam, what is horrid, the music or the performance?"

Boys are now employed quite successfully in many of the New York and Philadelphia churches. Among the number may be mentioned Trinity and the Church of the Holy Communion in the former, and St. Mark's in the latter city. The double choir, connected with an Episcopal church in our own city, furnishes a notable instance of the proficiency which boys are capable of making, with moderate application. These choristers assemble for practice daily for about one hour. They are not only competent to sustain the music of the church, but are able to sing, even at sight, anthems of a difficult character, and this too, without accompaniment; an achievement which but few experienced singers would choose to undertake. This, with a multitude of facts which might be stated as bearing upon the subject, proves the assertion made in my first communication, viz: that the ability to read music "at sight" is an accomplishment which boys acquire much more readily than adults.

It is true that a great degree of indifference exists with the public in reference to this matter. Many persons entertain the notion that such voices can never be made available in a style of music requiring finished execution. The stubborn facts I have just quoted, about choirs in the Old World and in our own country, will perhaps have a tendency to remove this prejudice in some degree. That such prejudice does exist, is not remarkable when we come to consider the specimens occasionally given to the public in the shape of juvenile exhibitions, where a motley assembly of two or three hundred children are taught to shriek temperance songs and juvenile oratorios (!) Whatever may be the moral effect of such affairs, the musical effect must be deplorable. And the time will surely come when a discerning public will consign to their proper rank those teachers who, by getting up such displays, degrade the standard of science to a level with their own abilities. Every science has its "professors," who seem to have no higher ambition than to popularize themselves with the uneducated masses. Such "professors" sooner or later fall to a level with the uncultivated tastes to which they pander. However, the standard from which they fall is not very high, and the damage to themselves from the concussion is but trifling.

PRECENTOR.

The Musical Critic of the London Times.

(From the London Correspond. of the N. Y. Tribune, Feb. 20)

The *London Times* is generally looked upon as the highest authority in matters concerning public opinion—in fact, for the majority of the Britons, *The Times* is public opinion itself. That it does not direct this opinion in politics, but simply reflect it, in accordance with the ideas and the material interest of a few capitalists, is a well-known fact. The writers are, individually, allowed to express no convictions, however serious may be the topic on which they are called upon to provide articles. They form a staff, obeying blindly the word of command. I will quote an instance illustrating the state of things which I am discussing. The musical reporter of *The Times*, Mr. Davison, is undoubtedly a man of great ability, and possesses extraordinary literary accomplishments. His style is fluent and charming, such indeed as can be expected only from the most brilliant feuilletonist. His pen was unquestionably a profitable acquisition for Printing-house Square. But on what conditions were his services procured? The Catholic legend relates that the venerable Bishop Saint Remi, who received the barbarous founder of the French monarchy, King Clovis, into the bosom of the church, while in the act of baptizing the royal neophyte, exclaimed, "Proud Sicander, kneel down; henceforth, burn what you have worshiped, and worship what you burnt." *The Times*, *mutatis mutandis*, is the Saint Remi of modern times, calling upon its reporters to burn, or, at least, to bite with the sharp tooth of criticism, whatever they previously held most sacred.

Before his conversion, Mr. Davison wrote in *The Musical Examiner* a number of essays which deservedly attracted the attention of all artistic circles. He was, at that time, a fervent partisan of the new romantic and the old classic school. Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Frederic Chopin were the gods of music, and Davison their faithful prophet. Armed cap-à-pie, in due Don Quixote fashion, he went to war, not against imaginary wind-mills, but against the "wealthy" Meyerbeer, of whom he said that "his celebrity was a paradox," against "the oily fatness of Rossini's green maturity," against the "ponderous Thalberg, whose musical position was a riddle for an *Celipus* to solve," and a host of composers of the French and Italian school. He wrote for Wessel & Co., the music sellers in Regent street, "an essay on the works of Frederic Chopin," "the mighty poet and subtle-souled psychologist," in which he called Messrs. Thalberg, Döhler and their "detestable tribe of empty followers," "harmonic knife-swallowers" and "crotchety turners of summersets." In one word, he then bestowed his admiration on composers of decided and individual genius, and did not spare his attack against the self-conceited children of mediocrity. The German school of music had at last found a devoted adept in Great Britain.

One day, however, or rather one evening, the tempter appeared in the person of a gentleman living somewhere in Queen square, and connected in some way or other with *The Times*. We are assured on good authority that the following language was held by the enticer to the gifted critic:

"You are a man of talent, and your musical reports would do honor to the columns of the great paper; but as Meyerbeer is in favor with the public, you must not attack Meyerbeer; as the Italian Opera is in vogue, you must sing the praises of the Italian Opera; last, but not least, *The Times* being an English and not a German paper, you must prove that Germany is declining and that Great Britain is about to shine as the brightest star in the musical sky. Are you now prepared to write on these conditions?"

Alas! Mr. Davison did not refuse, and is now worshipping what he formerly burnt with an inquisitorial zeal and fervor.

Here is what the French would call the *secret de Polichinelle*. This is the reason why the ingenious critic, who had declared Beethoven and Mendelssohn to be the most accomplished piano-forte composers that ever existed, who called Frederic Chopin one of the greatest musicians, rails now at the artistic claims of Paris and asserts that the decline of Germany is at hand. Great Britain forever and in all things, even in music. To parody Mr. Davison's own words, he is, in obedience to the proprietors of *The Times*, "a self-opinionated Englishman, who ejaculates, 'I am a Briton,' and is satisfied that to be a Briton is to be all that to be is worth." If, as he formerly complained, "the prevailing tone of the most popular music of the present day is unhealthy and vicious in the extreme," are we not entitled to attribute it to those numerous critics who, like himself, ever go with the tide? *Ab uno disce omnes.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9.—The Philharmonic Concert Saturday Evening attracted an immense audience, as usual, the Academy of Music being crowded to overflowing. The concert was singularly uninteresting, the following being the programme:

PART I.
Second Symphony, in C, Op. 61, (2nd time). R. Schumann.
1. Lento—Allegro con energia. 2. Larghetto.
3. Scherzo—Molto vivace. 4. Allegro, Molto vivace.
Aria, from the Oratorio "Creation," (On Mighty Pens). Haydn.
Mademoiselle Marie de Roode.
Solo for the Violin, "Rondo Papageno". H. W. Ernst.
Mr. Edward Mollenhauer.

PART II.
Concert Overture, in A. Op. 7, (first time). I. Riets.
Scenes and Aria, from the Opera "Oberon". C. M. Von Weber.
Mademoiselle Marie de Roode.
Solo for the Violin, "La Sylphide," [by request].
Mr. Edward Mollenhauer. Mollenhauer.
Overture to "Egmont," in F minor. L. Van Beethoven.

The Symphony received very little applause, and it was my impression that it deserved no more than it received. But when I consider to how great an extent trifling extraneous circumstances affect one's enjoyment of music, I hesitate to give you any decided opinion. A close atmosphere, a slight pain in the tooth, a crowded uncomfortable seat, a chattering neighbor, even mere bodily fatigue—any of these is sufficient to turn a symphony into a suffering, or a musical Paradise into a musical Pandemonium. Consequently I have nothing to say about Schumann's Op. 61, excepting that it put my next neighbor to sleep, and that its somniferous effect upon myself was with difficulty resisted. Of course, I could not thus appreciate it, for Music is such a delicate, ethereal spirit, that we must have all our faculties about us, to grasp it, and I often wonder how any one can talk of listening to its harmonies, (as some persons do,) merely as a rest from active occupation, and because it gives them such a quiet sensual delight, as to enable them to think composedly on other subjects. The same persons would think it highly absurd to visit a picture or piece of statuary, without expecting to devote some special attention to its examination, and yet they will saunter into a concert room, and let the sweet sounds glide over their ear without actually taking the trouble to enjoy them. These same persons frequently fall asleep, and a sleepy man at a concert not only makes himself highly uncomfortable in endeavoring to resist the allurements of Morpheus, but also makes himself slightly ridiculous by falling a victim, (as is almost invariably the case) to these same somniferous allurements.

Miss DE ROODE did not come up to my expectations. She does not seem able to sing an air like Haydn's "On mighty pens"—her voice is not majestic enough to satisfy the hearer, and the composition allows no display of that dramatic expression, which is her peculiar forte. In Weber's aria, she sang much better, but was coldly received.

EDWARD MOLLENHAUER played as exquisitely as usual, exhibiting wonderful command over his difficult instrument, and holding the audience rapt with delight. The other instrumental selections presented nothing new of interest. On the whole the Concert was a weak one—such was the opinion of my sleepy neighbor, in which I concurred with as much heartiness as one sleepy individual can be expected to manifest to another still more sleepy individual.

The "American Music Association" has given a concert recently, consisting chiefly of original compositions, the only one of special merit being a "Consecration Anthem" by Dr. HODGES, Organist of Trinity Church. It is a solid composition, in strict Ecclesiastical style, and was extremely well performed by a quartet, consisting of Mrs. E. G. BOSTWICK, Miss ROYJOHN, Mr. A. JOHNSON, and Mr. CHARLES GUILMETTE, and by the chorus of the society, Dr. Hodges himself presiding at the Piano-forte. The other contributions to American musical

art, were a few common-place ballads, and a duet for piano-forte and clarinet, by J. N. PYCHOWSKI, played by Mr. CANDIDE BERTI, and Mr. KEIFER. Mr. BERTI and Mr. WILLIAM MASON performed Liszt's Preludes, for two pianos, in splendid style. Miss C. M. SHEPPARD made her debut as a soprano, with tolerable success.

THALBERG has leased our Academy of Music for one year, commencing next September, for the purpose of giving a series of grand concerts, to be varied by occasional operatic performances. No one could assume the management of the opera, who could be more acceptable to our public. Mr. Thalberg's personal popularity is very great here, and will certainly have considerable effect in ensuring the success of his speculation. Mr. ULLMAN, his agent, will sail shortly for Europe, to obtain fresh artists, and it is even rumored, that BALFE will be engaged as Conductor. In the meantime MARETZKE will give a short operatic season at Niblo's with Mme GAZZANIGA as prima donna, and Mme. PAEZ, who recently failed so ignominiously at the Philadelphia Opera House, may also appear.

Nobody knows how STRAKOSCH's operatic speculation succeeds, but were he losing to any great extent, it is not very probable he would continue the season. There was a splendid house present Friday night to hear CORA DE WILHORST in *Lucia*. She sings to-night in the "Child of the Regiment," and on Wednesday takes a benefit, before leaving for Europe to pursue her much needed musical studies. Her performance on Friday evening was, by far, the most successful she has yet given.

The "Old Folks," from Boston, gave a couple of Concerts at the Tabernacle, last week, but owing to inefficient management, they were not prominently before notice, and the usual courtesies were not extended to the press, who consequently treated the "Old Folks" with silent contempt—and the press is everything here.

OLE BULL gave a concert Friday evening, at Dodworth's Saloon, and for the first time I could appreciate the wild enthusiasm which Paganini once excited. Ole Bull is wonderful—marvellous—and what increases the interest with which we listen to his performances, is the marked individuality of his character, observable in his countenance, and the workings of his features, as he so visibly enters into the spirit of his music. His performance of Paganini's Variations on the air "Hope told a flattering tale," was one of those astonishing feats which knock criticism quite speechless with amazement. It scarcely seemed possible that a man could produce so distinctly with one violin, the effect of several instruments, by simultaneously playing a *pizzicato* accompaniment with one hand, and a flowing melody with harmonic chords, with the other. Yet this is what Ole Bull does. Those who have heard him in his youth say he has lost none of his former power and spirit, and by declaring him to be the most astonishing violinist since Paganini, fully endorse the otherwise unimportant opinion of TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10.—A slight indisposition prevents me from giving you more than a hurried account of our third Philharmonic Concert, which took place last Saturday evening. The audience was not quite so large as on previous occasions, the programme being perhaps not quite as attractive to the general public. The Symphony was Schumann's, in C, op. 61, and the Overture Goethe's *Egmont*, and a Concert-Overture by Rietz. These were all very well played; in the Symphony particularly the first and last movements. The composition by Rietz was brilliant and well instrumented, but rather common-place, and full of reminiscences. The instrumental soloist was EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, who showed his usual mastery of the violin in the old "Sylphide," by himself, and a "Rondo Papa-

geno," pretty, effective, and apparently exceedingly difficult, by Ernst. Miss DE ROODE was the vocalist of the evening, and was, I am very sorry to say, only prevented from making a complete failure by the extreme good nature of the public, who, in view of her evident agitation, applauded generously. Her voice, which in a medium-sized room, and with the piano, appears full and strong, was entirely too weak for the immense Academy, and even, it seemed to me, for an orchestral accompaniment. And to this natural disadvantage, she had added another of her own creating, in the unfortunate choice of her pieces. They were the extremely difficult arias, "On mighty pens," from the "Creation," and *Ocean, du Ungeheuer*, from Weber's "Oberon." These are both compositions which none but a very great singer should undertake; the chief beauty and interest of the first lying in the perfect representation of the many tone-pictures it contains, and the last requiring the utmost dramatic force to make it appear to advantage, when robbed of the stage accessions which it originally requires. It is very high, and very fatiguing, and Miss De Roode was not by any means equal to an artistic rendering of it. I could not but pity her, and wish that she had been contented with simpler means of showing her powers.

OLE BULL is giving a series of concerts, assisted by various artists, which are said to fill Dodworth's Saloon very well. Thalberg's Matinées are drawing themselves out into an endless chain—the first series of three was followed, or rather *dove-tailed* by a second of two, that again by a third, and in among these again came sundry single ones. Last night the maestro gave a grand concert, with the assistance of the Harmonic Society, who performed Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and for next week new attractions are promised.

CINCINNATI, O. MARCH 4.—Our city has recently taken quite a start in musical matters and our progress deserves to be noticed in your Journal. During the past weeks we have enjoyed some important performances by home societies. Our new "Philharmonic Society," which is organized upon the plan of the New York Philharmonic, thus far has given two Concerts and three afternoon Rehearsals. In the last Concert, which was the first of three Subscription Concerts, they treated us to the superb "Pastoral Symphony" by Beethoven. The audience numbered nearly 500 (living) heads. They seemed spell-bound in listening to the heavenly strains of the greatest of all musical masters; there was not a whisper, hardly a breath. This audience, we suppose, was not exactly after the New York pattern. The afternoon Rehearsals have also been well and silently attended; as yet the latest New York fashion of handing round chocolate and ice cream has not been adopted. The Orchestra has about 30 members and is well proportioned: two double Basses and 7 violins give a very fine basis to it, and in this respect it is a good deal more satisfactory than the transient Orchestras, the old "Germanians" and Jullien's, we have had here. Our leader, Mr. L. RITTER, is a man of thorough musical knowledge, of a wide interest in old, new and "future" Music, and of the purest intentions. He leads also our new Vocal "St. Cecilia" Society, which a few days ago performed the whole of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," with the German text, with a chorus of 70 or 80 singers and an Orchestra of about 30; in all, over 100 performers. It was a very creditable performance. The writer a few months ago heard in New York "Eli" by the Mendelssohn Society, and has no hesitation in asserting, that ours can boast of a good deal more precision and promptness. It was probably the first performance in the States of an Oratorio with the original German text by so large a Society. Think of the "Pastoral Symphony" and the whole of "St. Paul" in the Western back woods!

DRESDEN, FEB. 11.—(Concluded from last week.)—As I think it must interest you and perhaps give you a more accurate notion of the condition of musical taste in this capital, (which is certainly a very controlling capital in this department of Art,) I will give you a catalogue of some of the music I have heard here, omitting, of course, that which I have already mentioned. In opera, *Oberon*, four times; *Così fan tutte*, twice; *Der Freischütz*, twice; the *Zauberflöte*; Meyerbeer's "North Star," (which I cannot admire); *Fra Diavolo*; the "Templar and Jewess," of Capellmeister Marschner, very fine and effective; "Don Juan," very finely given; *Euryanthe*, *Lucia*, &c. The company is very good. Madame BÜCKNER-NEX, the soprano, probably one of the first now on the continent, is a fixture here, under a year's engagement, and appears in every opera. Fraulein KRALL is a pleasing second soprano, arch and pretty; a charming voice, but not a great singer. In the alto line, KREBS-MICHALESKI is the best, tho' not great, but makes the best Elvira I have seen since I was in Paris in 1840. TICHATSCHKE, the tenor, has been a great singer. He is said to be over 60, but manages to look and act like 40, and still sings extremely well. They have a very good buffo bass singer and actor in Herr ABIGER. The choruses are much better than with us, or at the Italian Opera in Paris, and the old Hunter's Chorus in the *Freischütz* was given as I had never heard it before. The fairy groupings in "Oberon" are really exquisite, and that opening chorus brought D.'s Club vividly before my imagination. The *Così fan tutte* is a lovely little piece, with the most meagre and insignificant plot, and seems to me as well played as possible. But the great reputation of the Opera here rests mainly on the Orchestra, which is also said to be the best in Europe. I care not whether it be or not; it is certainly the best I ever heard, and I have been lately (three months ago) sitting behind those soap-locks of BORRESINI, at the Italians, in Paris, where he is now conductor. This remarkable orchestra is presided over by Herr KÄRSE, Kapellmeister of the King of Saxony, who has a genius for his department of work.

Of the less pretentious Quartet-vereins, there are many. I belong to one, the "Musikalischer," where they give just such a programme, once a fortnight, as our Mendelssohn Quintette Club in Boston, but they do not play as well. Here, as in most meetings of the kind, the ladies sit together, filling the floor of the principal room, the gentlemen standing under and outside of the arches which generally separate the room into two parts, a few getting seats on the *outskirts*, (literally, sometimes.) Three or four times during the winter, these Vereins give what they call a "Thés dunsant" to their members. We attended one of these. A band of one of the regiments plays Polkas, Waltzes and Quadrilles, and dancing is kept up briskly, and with an energy unknown out of Germany, from 7 till 10 or 10½, when the supper is announced. And this important element in German social life must not go undescribed. In a large suit of rooms, adjoining every dancing or concert hall in Dresden, tables are set out, quite plainly, but very clean; a *carte de restaurant*, with the prices of the dishes marked against them, is upon each table. The tables are of various sizes, from eight to twenty seats. Parties of intimates take a table or an end of a table and call for what they please, paying therefor at the time.

We were almost completely strangers at the first of these parties, but the President of the association put us into pleasant company at a table of eight, and as we sat down, introduced me as follows in German: Herr —, I have the pleasure to introduce you to Fraulein MARIA WIECK, (and aside, sister of CLARA SCHUMANN, the first pianist in Dresden,) Herr Wieck, her father, Herr Wieck, her brother, and so with Mrs. —; then to several officers

n uniform, and we commenced our supper. My friend—strive to imagine us—a party of eight—in ball dress—sitting down to a hot supper of veal cutlets and stewed string beans, Rhine wine, &c. But we had a very pleasant time. Marie Wieck is pleasing, rather pretty, and speaks tolerable English, and intimated a desire to go to the U. S. if she could feel assured of success. I have not yet heard her play. Herr BLASSMANN is the best pianist here,—a young man, and member of the Tonkünstler, as are all the best artists of the place.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 14, 1857.

CONCERTS.

The last PHILHARMONIC CONCERT was a grand one. The Music Hall presented an inspiring show of audience, although not full, and we congratulate Mr. ZERRAHN upon this satisfactory, though late, response to his brave efforts in the cause of orchestral music, as heartily as we thank him for the good things he has given us, and above all for that ever-glorious Symphony by Schubert. But first let us record the programme:

- PART I.
1—Grand Symphony, in C major,.....Schubert.
I. Andante con moto, Allegro ma non troppo—II. Andante.
III. Scherzo, Allegro—IV. Allegro vivace.
2—Scena and Aria: "Wie nährte mir der Schlummer,"
from the opera *Der Freischütz*,.....Weber.
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
PART II.
3—Festival Overture,.....Jullius Rietz.
[First time in Boston]
4—a. Morgen Ständchen,.....Schubert.
b. Volklied,.....Kücken.
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
5—Chorus of Pilgrims, from *Tannhäuser*,.....Wagner.
Sung by a Select Choir of Male Voices.
6—Waltz di Bravura,.....Bensano.
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
7—Overture: "William Tell",.....Rossini.

That Symphony was the richest feast of instrumental music we have heard this winter. We do not say of course that it surpasses Beethoven's C minor; but, considering its greater novelty, we listen to it just now with a fresher interest. Intrinsically it is a work of genius, a truly inspired creation, from beginning to end; as truly so as any Symphony by Beethoven or Mozart. Indeed outside of Beethoven (and with a full recognition of the merits of his predecessors and of Mendelssohn in this line) we know no work of instrumental music that appears to us so great, that so exalts and fills the listener. It tingles with imaginative life and ecstasy in every bar; it teems with beautiful and glorious ideas, which are wrought up and carried through with logical consistency and vigor; it is equally remarkable for melodies of startling individuality and beauty as for the wildest wealth of modulation and the richest instrumental coloring; it is full of solemnity and full of joy, and with its buoyant rhythm treads on air like one caught up by the divine afflatus. And then, as Schumann says of it, "its heavenly length, like a thick novel in four volumes by Jean Paul!" Ah, there's the rub! we fear many of the audience thought only of the length and found it very tedious. Certainly that was the case with some of the newspaper critics. We think it may be curious and not altogether uninteresting to string together some of these critical opinions which appeared in Monday's papers. If they do not show the worth of Schubert's Symphony, they show its length. It will be seen that witnesses differ, not only as to "melody," but even as to effect on the audience.

The orchestral performances and Pilgrim Chorus by a select choir of male voices were acceptable generally, though Schubert's Symphony wearied by its excessive length—55 minutes—and Rietz's Festival overture wasted the energy of this orchestra and much valuable time for no good purpose. There was too great a slice of "Young Germany" in this programme for general enjoyment or satisfaction, but the performers gave their best care and skill to make it palatable.—*Evening Gazette*.

As to the symphony by Schubert, with which the performance commenced, we cannot say that we think it worth an hour's time of two thousand people, so long as we have compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn or Mozart that are not worn out. The songs of Schubert are unrivalled, but he does not wield the wand which, in the hands of the illustrious four, has enchanted the world. The symphony has beautiful passages, and, as it seemed to us, they were fairly brought out; but pretty passages will not make a symphony, any more than pleasing fancies or lyrical strains will make an epic poem.—*Atlas*.

Nearly an hour elapsed during the performance of the first piece, but notwithstanding its great length it is not wearisome when treated in the masterly manner of Saturday evening. It is a beautiful work. Schubert as a melodist, is unrivalled, and this peculiarity of his permeates the entire composition. It was heard with rapt attention, and at the end of each movement the audience expressed the pleasure they were experiencing.—*Traveller*.

A second hearing of Schubert's Symphony (in C major) does not amend the feeling of tediousness and ennui which ensued from the former. With the exception of a portion of the Andante, there is no evidence of any symphonic form, certainly not as much as in the overture to *William Tell*, which has distinct themes. Forty-five minutes attention to "broken crockery" and forty horse brass power does not elucidate a great degree of pleasure, or at the best, the ten minutes enjoyment of one movement does not "pay" for the other infliction. The new overture ("Festival," by Julius Rietz,) is a pleasing production of the Young German School, but it displays no feature of originality or great genius. The *William Tell* overture is a standard composition, always agreeable and piquant, and the best known to the public of any of Rossini's compositions. It was needed after the surfeit of braying and crashing instrumentals which the audience had sat through, that something should be given to soothe the perturbed mind, and the graceful vocalism of Madame Johannsen smoothed the way to receive the final strains of the orchestra in the delightful overture which closed the evening's entertainments.—*Journal*.

The Symphony, new to much of the audience, prolix in its construction and its themes elaborated to the exhaustion of instrumental resources, failed to make an impression. Its full groundwork of harmony, dignified treatment and gleams of melodic beauty, scarcely compensated for a want of directness of leading motive, a rounded symmetry of figures, and that picturesque grouping of musical fancies which in Beethoven's works of the kind so immediately fill the mind's eye and catch the dainty musical ear.—*Transcript*.

Schubert's glorious symphony (in C Major) it was indeed delightful to hear again. We hardly know any composition of this kind so interesting. It is more Beethovenish even, than some of Beethoven's own. Without imitation of any master, it seems free from mannerism of any kind, and thoroughly original, the work of a master, most evidently, in conception and logical treatment. The themes are most beautiful and their development admirable. The solemn and magnificent andante of the second movement, is to us the most remarkable part and is as the similar movement in Beethoven's "Heroica," or the grand funeral march of Chopin, which it much resembles. The symphony was wonderfully well played.—*Telegraph*.

Poor Schubert! Out of the six but two who recognize a decent Symphony in this thy greatest work, which Mendelssohn and Schumann, when they exhumed it from the immense mass of thy posthumous manuscripts, rejoiced over as having saved to the world a pearl of inestimable price! Both Mendelssohn and Schumann, the two men whom the haters of the "New School" pit against each other, making the first the type of all that approved, lasting excellence, against which the "men of the Future" so offend! They thought, and all Germany thinks with them, that Schubert, whose genius for song-writing surpassed all others, was even greater in his instrumental music, and particularly in this his Seventh Symphony. (It was written in March, 1828; he died the November following. Schumann found seven of his Symphonies; it is since said that there are twelve.

This one alone is published.) No young composer of his day so interested Beethoven.

This date shows, (only one year after the death of Beethoven), that the work is by no means to be classed with the "music of the future." And as to "broken crockery," absence of the "symphonic form," and all that, the criticism deals in catch-words, and not genuine perceptions or ideas. Will the writer perhaps inform us in what the symphonic form consists? If Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's symphonies are models of it, we must assure him that Schubert's follows, throughout, the same general plan of structure. For a first movement, we have a slow Introduction, the religious theme of which is first, as it were, intoned by the horn, and then worked up by the orchestra, with a Beethoven-like sublimity; and then starts off the Allegro, which has a leading and an answering theme, the first bold, heroic, full of nerve, the second of an exquisite gaiety, and these are stated, contrasted, blended, discussed, illustrated in the usual symphonic manner, with perfect directness and consistency, yet with endless variety and beauty of outline and coloring, until near the end the religious horn theme, or a phrase of it, sounds in from one part or another of the orchestra, and rounds off the whole to still completer unity. The Andante is marvellously beautiful, with a pervading melody, in form like other Andantes, and only growing to such length, because its thoughts are so inspired, so pregnant, that they haunt and tempt the mind along, and seem too beautiful, and too significant to end. The Scherzo, strong and jovial and riotous, is the usual quick three-four movement in two parts; followed by the usual Trio, which in this case is very long. (Schubert loved to keep up the Scherzo mood), but is built on a buoyant, triumphant, glorious theme, worthy to be so prolonged. The Finale has the usual Rondo form, and is elated with ideas such as come only to the mind in its happiest moments, and must not be dismissed hastily. After listening to so much before, (and music, which, if it speaks to one at all, has been most exciting), the fulness of this last movement may possibly cloy one whose appetite may not be in its best state as to keenness and endurance. But hundreds listened, and drank in joy and inspiration through the whole four movements. Now that a large part of a miscellaneous audience, hearing such a work, perhaps for the first time, should find it lengthy and fatiguing, is not to be wondered at, and no one can blame them. But that "critics," they who are supposed to be more appreciative than the many, and to be the leaders of opinion, should simply follow in the wake of the most common tastes and prejudices, flatter the popular ignorance, reduce all to the standard of amusement and success with idle listeners, and find nothing in a great work of genius to report of but its length, is something droll and lamentable. Such criticisms, to borrow a luminous phrase from one of them, do not "elucidate a great deal of pleasure."

Is, then, the popularity of a symphony, on the first hearing, the true criterion of merit? And is great length, (a thing to be avoided as a general rule, all will admit), a sin that cancels every merit in a work of genius? "Hamlet" is very long; yet we never heard it called a poor play. The "Messiah" is long; yet it passes for a pretty fair Oratorio. So of the "Choral Symphony."

We should tremble for the fate of all of these, were they on trial, as new works, before such judges. This Symphony is long, but can you find a *weak* spot in it?

But we have not room for a chapter upon musical criticism. To return to the concert. The symphony was better played than we have before heard it, (in the summer of 1852, by a small orchestra under Mr. Suck, and in the winters of '53 and '54, by the Germanians). It was one of the best orchestral performances we have yet had. The Overture by Rietz, written for the Düsseldorf Festival, (too early, too, for "music of the future"), is quite a musician-like and pleasing serious composition, not at all outré and singular, but such as might have come, apparently, from any clever follower of Mendelssohn. The only "Zukunftis" music in the programme, therefore, (critics to the contrary), was the *Tannhäuser* chorus, which is popular enough for our critics, and was sung by a fine band of male voices.

The vocal part of the entertainment was eminently satisfactory. Mlle. JOHANNSEN fully justified the good report that came before her. Since Jenny Lind, we have not, verily, heard the scena from the *Freyschütz* sung so satisfactorily by any one. To be sure, here was not by any means the consummate execution of a Sontag; but there was very superior execution, a voice far more rich and telling, and a magnetic quality, a soul and fervor in the whole delivery, which there was no mistaking. Schubert's "Hark the lark!" was sung in the true spirit, charmingly, but the lady did not play the piano accompaniment so delicately as might be. The *Volkslied* was naive and bright, and in the Waltz she showed remarkable skill in bravura singing (far less of course than Sontag or Lagrange) and put a deal of energy into the concluding cadence. It cost her a little time to get "acclimated" to the hall and to the high pitch of the orchestra; and she labored under a cold, which accounted for an occasional thin or worn tone, but in spite of all she triumphed, and her singing grew, and will grow, should we hear her again, upon her audience.

Mr. ZERRAHN has toiled severely that we might have good music. The last concert saved him from loss of money, but not from loss of time; the series has yielded him but door-keeper's wages. Yet it is clear that the appetite of the public has only awakened at the eleventh hour, and really craves more. Why then should we not have another concert—a Benefit concert to Mr. CARL ZERRAHN?

Music in Europe.

In Germany, the interest in the New School Music seems to be increasing; at all events, its leading creators, or manufacturers—whichever we may choose to call them—show no signs of relaxing their activity. RICHARD WAGNER, who writes his own librettos, on the theory that the poem and the music should be one birth, one whole, and who regards his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* as but experiments, is at work on his intended masterpiece, *Die Nibelungen*. This musical drama will be composed of four parts: *Rheingold*, *Wallkure*, *Siegfried* and *Siegfried's Tod*. The representation will take four evenings. Wagner is building a theatre on purpose, at Zurich, his place of exile, and the best singers in Europe will be engaged for the occasion. The first two parts are already composed, but the whole will not be ready under a year or two. There is an absurd report that LISZT has entered the religious order of Franciscan Monks at

Peeth. It is, very likely, a joke on the part of his enemies, based on the religious subjects of his recent compositions. A Paris correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* says of him:

Letters dated 17th inst., have been received from him in Paris, in which he speaks a good deal of music, but not a single word of any intention of becoming a monk. At the request of Liszt, the poet Otto Roquette has just written a legend in six scenes on the life of St. Elizabeth, which is destined for the inauguration of the Salle de Wartburg, recently completed in the palace of the Landgrave of Thuringen. Liszt, moreover, proposes to compose a symphony on the battle of the Huns, from the picture of Kaulbach, as soon as he has terminated his Schiller symphony, entitled "The Ideal." This is not all. When he has finished the new mass on which he is now occupied, he intends to write an ecclesiastical cantata, which will poetically and musically illustrate the eight beatitudes of the "Sermon on the Mount," and an oratorio, "The Christ," the text of which will be by Frederick Rückert.

There is a suspicious report that Herr Lachner is about to finish Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, of which opera he has left only fragments. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" Cantata has just reached the Concerts of the Conservatoire at Paris. The German musical papers are a long time in reaching us, and we have seen no programmes of the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts for a long time. Concerts and operas go on there, and in all the German cities, as usual, but with uncommon barrenness of novelty, although it were worth an American's while to hear what our correspondent has heard in Dresden this winter. In Berlin, the opera given at the Royal Opera House on Mozart's birth day was Donizetti's *L'Elisir*. At Leipzig the reigning opera, by last accounts, was M. Auber's *Gustave*. At Vienna the art languishes.

At Paris the long expected opera, *Psyche*, by M. Aubroise Thomas, has come out at the Opera Comique some say successfully. Mlle. Ugalde was Cupid, Mlle. Lefevre, Psyche, and M. Battaille, Mercury. At the Opera, we read of little besides Verdi, chiefly the *Traviata*, or the *Trovatore* done into French, and hence less successful than usual. But there are various symptoms of a classical turn in Paris. The *Société des Jeunes Artistes* have produced fragments of Gluck's *Aleste*,—a failure, because Gluck's music cannot well be separated from the stage. Mme. Viardot has been singing Handel's "Return O Lord of Hosts," in English; and the Count de Stainlein has started a new Quartet Club, to give chamber concerts, at which, besides his own works, those of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert and Weber are to be performed.

In London the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, still go on. Mozart's G minor Symphony, the overture to *Fidelio*, and Horsley's to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," formed the orchestral portion of the last programmes. The Sacred Harmonic Society have been performing Mozart's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* for one concert; for another Mendelssohn's *Athalie* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; for others, "Elijah," "Eli," and so on. The great topic now is the approaching HANDEL Festival to be held in May at the Crystal Palace, under the auspices of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Judas Maccabæus," are to be given by 2300 really efficient performers, the Sacred Harmonic Society taking the lead. It appears from the records of this Society that, of its 344 performances at Exeter Hall, exactly one half have been entire oratorios of Handel, including, besides the three above named, "Samson," "Solomon," "Joshua," "Saul," "Jephtha," "Deborah," "Athalie," and "Belshazzar." Miss Arabella Goddard has been adding to her laurels, by playing another of Beethoven's latest Sonatas, the op. 109, in E major.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.—We called attention some weeks since to the prospectus of the "Boston Musical School," issued by Messrs. B. F. BAKER, J. W. ADAMS, L. P. HOMER, and J. C. D. PARKER, who constitute its Board of Instruction. In answer to inquiries, we can state that it will commence its operations on the first Monday in April; that there will be two terms each year, of twelve weeks each; that the complete course will extend through three years; and that a new class will be formed at the opening of each term.

We trust the hopes of its conductors will be fully realized, and that it will grow (why should it not?) to be a true school of musicians. They tell us it will be conducted on principles similar to those of the "Conservatoires" of Europe; and like those, its object will be to furnish an ample and complete musical education, chiefly to those who intend pursuing the art as a profession, though amateurs can also avail themselves of its instruction, provided they are sincerely bent upon a serious and earnest study of the art. One great advantage which such an institution promises, is a system of perfect discipline, which in any pursuit will always have its solid effects. All students will be compelled to ground themselves in the fundamental principles of music, theoretically as well as practically.

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Certain evenings in the week will be devoted to the practice of music by the whole in a body, and also to performances, by such as shall be deemed prepared, in the presence of invited friends.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Notices of the last Concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club—an excellent one—the concert, not the notice—and of the ninth Afternoon Concert, must lie over to next week.... Our friend, "A. W. T.," last week, speaking of the best location for a choir in the Music Hall, remarked that "it is true of all music, that it produces most effect when it is *least elevated*"—a truth fully apprehended by our modern composers of *effect* music, and heartily confirmed, too, by newspaper critics.

This is the season of "last concerts." To-night the German "ORPHEUS" give theirs, in the Melodeon, and with an exceedingly rich programme, Miss DOANE, Herr KREISSMANN, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club assisting.... Sig. CORELLI gave a delightful private concert, with his pupils, past and present, to the number of some fifteen ladies and a dozen gentlemen, at Chickering's on Thursday evening. For amateurs there was a great deal of fine, artistic singing; and choruses by such a body of pure, fresh voices are never heard in public. But we can only mention it this week.... Preparations for the great Music Festival in Boston (of which we spoke last week) are going on in earnest. The Handel and Haydn Society, who take the initiative, are now rehearsing "Elijah" with a view to it. It is now contemplated that it will take place during the three or four days immediately preceding the May Anniversaries, so that the crowds of strangers who visit our city at that time may include this also in their programme of a grand week. Three oratorios will probably be given: two on Friday and Saturday, one on Sunday evening, and for Saturday evening Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." The chorus to be increased to at least 600; the solos to be sung by the best talent in the country; the orchestra to consist of at least 50 performers, under the conductorship of Carl Zerrahn. To ensure the Festival a guaranty fund of \$4,000 is required, and we are happy to learn that over \$3,000 is already subscribed.

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A Letter from an Old Contributor.

MY ROOM, SPRING THE 1st, 1857.

DEAR DWIGHT:—X. Snows again. March is coming in lion-like, though hardly like a lion. Since church I have been out for a walk—with the storm in going, breasting it in returning. After leaving my room, I soon turned into the street which leads from Harvard College to Brighton, and crossing the river, went on directly to Brookline, to that beautiful hill which you see beyond the Milldam from Boston Common. Speaking of this street, reminds me of the feelings with which, a whole generation ago nearly, I used to come from the country and cross the bridge into Cambridge. Then as I came up the slightly ascending way, and caught sight of the old houses on either side—among them, Porter's, famous for flip! and the small square on which then stood the old Court House, Wiswall's Den, old Massachusetts just beyond, and other relics of American antiquity, I was carried back into ancient times, and enjoyed the feeling of the past, with emotions which, in Nuremberg itself, have hardly been stronger or more filled with the indefinite longing for the olden time, which sheds such a delicious half-sadness into the soul. You remember how quiet Cambridge used to be. Then, to my country boy's mind, the old College buildings were the seats of awful wisdom, and here science brooded with fostering wings—an incubation under which no egg could addle. I seemed to smell literature and science in the very air. I looked with reverence upon old Lennox, and felt an abiding confidence that the sententious apothegm of Venerabilis Snow, "Ysters is 'ysters when they is 'ysters, and when they isn't they isn't!" contained unsounded depths of scholarship. I met young men in their Sunday clothes of a week day, and their trim outer man did but impress me more profoundly with an idea of the grandeur of their mental achievements. The Latin and Greek books, once my father's, but then stored in the attic at home, would be but child's play to these favored

mortals, and even to some the dark rows of the Hebrew letters, to be read backwards, must be not devoid of meaning! In those days, Plato, Demosthenes, Diodorus Siculus, Xenophon, Livy and all those hard names so profusely quoted by Rollin—then my classic—had a much more familiar sound to my ears than now—and these I could see imprinted in the faces I met. On one occasion the author of "Classology," a prodigy of learning as I then thought, took me into Harvard Hall, then the Library, and showed me the 40,000 volumes there congregated. Would that I could have that feeling again!

But at this rate I shall not take my walk. I will only add that my four years since that time, within the college walls, have made sad havoc of the romance!

As I said, I crossed the river, and went out to the Cambridge crossing of the Worcester Railroad; thence keeping the same course, I fell into the main road that leads to Brookline village, and finally turned into a field, beyond which, I ascended the hill.

Through the air, murky with the fine snow flakes of the incipient storm, I saw, as through a glass, darkly. But superbly beautiful was the view. Behind, to the West, lies the hilly and broken country, extending away beyond Nonantum and Natick, even into the Nipmet and Nipmuck country of Colonial times. But save the scattered clumps of pine and fir, the trees, garmentless, were asleep—hibernating—and the earth was white in broad patches, like a frost-bitten face. But from the high hills of Waltham, all around the semicircle as far as the Blue hills of Milton, the picture was wintry but perfect. My eye luxuriates in varied form and color, as does my ear in full and powerfully modulated harmonies. The blossoming time of Spring, and the deep hues of brilliant Autumn, are my visual carnivals. And yet, though the background was filled in with but the colors of winter, patches of snow for white, the blackness of leafless groves, and the dull brown and buff of fields and pasture land, there was my beloved beauty of color. At this distance and elevation, the thousand and one hues of the buildings of the villages and cities, which lie upon the plain, or nestle along the foot of the ridges, that limit the prospect, now seen distinctly through the leafless trees, come out marked objects to the eye, and blend in one grand mass of infinite variety of detail. The river was a pathway of light along the broad valley below, and from its bosom rose a few tapering spars of schooner and sloop, hinting at summer and ocean perils. From beyond Mount Auburn, all round to the point where the river divides the peninsula of Shawmut from the main, the low lands are bordered by a continuous city, in summer time half buried in foliage. At the point of separation, the masts of a great naval and mercantile marine cluster, and then comes the dark brown mass of dome-crowned Boston, rising from the waters below me, and allowing glimpses of the island-dotted bay beyond. Onward, and the eye passes over a range of hills, at the foot

of which lie Roxbury and South Boston, and beyond opens a country of exquisite beauty, even to the Blue Hills. Looking directly down, I have the palace-like country seats of Boston millionaires, beautiful homes of business men in moderate circumstances, the white farm house with its green blinds, neat cottages of every style and form—all in orderly disorder, all mingled with orchards, groves, gardens and fields. Long, straight lines cross the marshes and waters in all directions; they are roads and iron ways, bridges and causeways, and on another day would be alive with the vehicles of business men and pleasure-seekers. But to-day is the Sabbath of the Lord, and all is still.

How thoroughly American is the entire scene! All these fields and pastures divided by walls of stone; the houses scattered all over the land, each upon the possessions of its owner; every one built hew and where its owner will; no where else, England perhaps excepted, would these plains present any other appearance than an open, hedgeless, fenceless extent of field and meadow, with villages rising here and there like islands from its surface. The scene would be treeless, save long lines bordering the public ways, possibly groves upon the barren hill tops, and the fruit trees which rise in and about the villages. The outlines of the view would be the same, but its *physiognomy* would be utterly changed. Here and there would be a park, with palace and lodge; but most of our view now is park-like, with innumerable seats and lodges. This beautiful hill top, now bare, would in the old world be crowned with a ruin, a convent, a chapel, or a tower, and on every warm, pleasant day, men and women—of all classes, of every rank—would come hither and drink in spiritual life from the beauty around.

You have heard of the Porta Westphalica? The Westphalian gate! It is the spot where the Weser, coming down from the highlands of Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, breaks through the Wiehen Gebirge, as the Mohawk breaks a passage through the ridges of New York, not far from Little Falls. The city of Minden, famous in history is near the Porta, and in this region Hermann, the Arminius of the Latin Historians, said to the Romans, "thus far and no farther!" The passage cut by the Weser is narrow, and on either side rises abruptly the lofty ridge, and extends far away. On the height—upon the Northern side—the taste of the people for beautiful scenery has led to the erection of a tower. In the autumn of 1854 I walked thither from the hospitable house of those dear Minden friends, with Wilson. We made our way slowly up the Eastern slope, through the thick woods, and came out at length upon the cleared space by the tower. The Eastern declivity is very steep, and as my companion came to the brow of the height, and the lovely Weser valley opened at a glance to his eye, in all its superb beauty, dotted with villages, and bordered with "hills rising over hills," the river winding peacefully along, bearing the tall-masted boats of German inland commerce, his countenance flushed up with emotion, and for the moment he was speechless! So last summer,

a true and gentle woman, with heart to feel, fancy to enliven, and taste to appreciate the scene from Corey's hill, after taking me in various directions through Brookline, the most beautiful of suburban towns on earth, as I verily believe—whose only drawbacks are its dust in summer, want of sidewalks, and of some public promenade or park, such as this hill would afford—brought me by a winding way, ascending from the rear, to this spot. As we came out upon the summit, and my eye glanced over the view I have been trying to describe, then all glorious in its summer garments, and at that moment glorified by the brilliancy of the setting sun, as it sent its rays aslant through our transparent atmosphere, touching tower and steeple and dome, causing distant windows to flame as with unearthly fire, seats and farm-houses sleeping in thickening shadows around the base of the hill—the emotions of my friend at the Porta Westphalica became my own. How does the psychologist explain them?

I have looked down upon London from Primrose hill; upon Berlin from the Kreuzberg; upon Vienna from the Kahlenberg; upon Salzburg from the Mönchsberg; upon many a city and town from the spots which the tastes and culture of the people or of the governments have consecrated to the spirit of beauty, as an inheritance to the public forever, and yet, though more grandeur and sublimity has been presented to my eye, I can tell of no spot where the elements of beauty have so abounded as to give rise to deeper emotions than those which stir me as I get this unrivalled view of Boston and its surrounding country.

This hill is in the very centre of the panorama. How happens it that, when every point which might be thought to vie with this has been snatched away forever from the public, by the crushing tread of the march of improvement—has been cut up into lots and sold by speculators—that this should have escaped? Grant, oh Fate, that this exemption from the common lot may last until I shall no more be able, at the call of "incense-breathing morn," or when "dewy eve" begins to brood over the landscape, thither to wend my way.

But who know this spot? Who care for it? who visit it? The "appreciative few" are few indeed. Misses Simple and Mincing know nothing of it. They have climbed the heights, and sought the views, and gone into raptures, and talk still, as of divine things, of all the spots to which Murray's Guide Books have sent them in the tour of Europe. But they have not seen Boston, nor New York, nor Albany, nor any other American city from any neighboring elevation. They have ascended the weary steps of old cathedral towers in European cities, and felt a new feeling as they looked down upon the streets and squares, and markets, and habitations, and pleasure grounds, below and around. But from our State House balcony or lantern they have never looked—that view is for the common people and country folks! I crossed the Common the other day with a Man of Fancy. Our eyes followed the straight, level line of the milldam, and rested upon Corey's hill.

"Does it not rise," said he, "with a curve as graceful and soft as the breast of a Venus? I suppose it will be bought by and by to fill up the back bay—for there is nothing like putting things to use, and there it stands, just in the right position for this purpose. I see now at least five hundred modern Greeks armed and equipped for the attack! When the spring time comes again, and its slopes have their garment of green, come here and mark how refreshing to the eye, how soft and lovely a termination to the view from this spot, that hill affords. Could I have an opinion which should carry weight into the public councils, or could I exert an influence upon the millionaires who dwell in its vicinity, I would never cease from my labor until that place

was made the Primrose hill of Boston, and secured as a pendant to the Common forever. I would have its slopes waving with trees. Clumps of pines and firs and hemlocks should be scattered upon its surface. The maple, the ash, the hickory, the chestnut—all our native forest trees should be there. Winding roads and circuitous pathways should lead to its top. Openings in the groves should offer points whence the eye should drink in the views. The Kalmia and other flowering shrubs of our forests and hillsides, should be naturalized in its soil. Some irregular but picturesque edifice should crown its top, with platforms and towers, whence, over all, the visitor should take in at a glance the complete panorama. Here should dwell a forester with his assistants, armed with the terrors of the law, both to nourish and cherish the members of his vegetable republic, and see that it suffer no detriment from occasional attacks from Goths and Vandals. It should be another Mount Auburn, but devoted to the living. And in after years, when this one spot should come to stand alone as the representative of the gentle, forest-covered hills, which once limited the view from Beacon hill or the State House dome, then would thousands and thousands look back and join in the praises of the Man of Fancy, who wrought out the salvation of Corey's hill from the ruthless hand of speculation. Then too, when the open fields had become covered with the lofty forest, and autumn came on, and the Great Painter would put all other artists to the blush, he would find a spot of canvass here, hard by the city, upon which to lay his colors, and would delight to exhibit annually a painting, to us Bostonians, the like of which no other large, sea coast city on earth could boast."

Here the Man of Fancy looked round to see that no millionaire was near, and putting his mouth to my ear, added:

"This would cost money—and money, you know, is needed to buy copper stocks, build Vermont railroads, explore the Amazon, secure the Southern trade, and save the Union." A. W. T.

The Piano-Forte Compositions of J. S. Bach.

EDITED BY FRIEDRICH CHRYSANDER.

[Concluded.]

"8.—The *Fantasias* and *Preludes* (likewise the *Capricci*, *Toccate*, and *Ritornelli*) have one quality in common, namely, that they are not subjected to any fixed form, and commonly serve as an introduction to a serious, "elaborate" piece. Mattheson calls them musical whims. As everything about them is so uncertain, the tempo cannot be so generally defined; every one must, therefore, see how, in doubtful cases, he can set himself right. Bach, however, treated the whims more seriously, and created a perfectly new and more classical branch of art, especially out of the *Prelude*. His *Preludes*, too, are so characteristic, pithy, and peculiar, that the proper mode of playing them is self-evident.

"9.—The *Gavotte*.—Its emotion is thorough, exultant joy. A frisking character is a special peculiarity of this kind of melody, and, by no means, a running one. For the pianoforte, certain *Gavottes* are set, which are characterized by great license, but still are not so bad as those on the fiddle." (Mattheson). The movement must not be too quick. This species of dance possesses, moreover, the peculiarity of being always in two-two time.

"10.—The *Gigue* (*Gigue*, *Giga*) is a dance in six-eight time, merry and gay. Mattheson subdivides the *Gigue* into several kinds, which he describes in his droll and lively manner. 'The ordinary, or English *Gigues*,' (he says, *Kern mel. Wissen*, p. 115), 'have, as their peculiar emotion, a fiery and flighty ardour; a passion which speedily evaporates. The *Loures*, or slow and punctuated ones, exhibit a proud, puffed-up character; for which reason they are very popular with the Spaniards. The *Canaries* must be

accompanied by great eagerness and activity, but must still be somewhat simple. The French *Gigues*, finally, which are not used for dancing, but for fiddling (whence, perhaps, they are thus denominated) are wound up, as it were, to a pitch of extreme quickness or fleetness, but mostly in a flowing and by no means impetuous manner, something like the current of a brook.' It is with the last kind that we have here to do.

"11.—The *Minuet*, a dance characterized by 'moderate merriment,' as Mattheson asserts. In former times, it regularly began all dances in society. Introduced in the *Suites* and *Partitas*, the *Minuet* is no longer subjected, in time, rhythm, and movement, to the fixed dance-form. It was still more expanded in instrumental music after Bach; but whether Bach's *Minuets* ought to be played altogether as fast as the later *Quartet-Minuets* is still doubtful.

"12.—With Bach, the *Overture* takes the place of the *Prelude*, when he wishes to introduce a grand piece, and be somewhat more important than usual. Like Handel, he held to the French *Overture*, to which Lulli gave its form; a *largo* movement with *roulades* (which were always played more in a *staccato* than sustained style) is followed by a fugued piece, *allegro*. The magnificent *Overture* at the commencement of the fourth *Partita*, vol. II, pp. 44–50, is a model. Bach clung to the old custom of repeating the first slow movement only when his composition allowed it; see B. vol. II, p. 122; in other cases he by no means did so.

"13.—Both the *Partita* (*Partie*) and the *Suite* indicate an assemblage of melodies, but are somewhat distinct. The *Suite* consists only of dance-melodies, in which merry company the *Allemande*, as a German production, had, for the honor of the thing, the first place, while the others, differing in time and rhythm, followed and thus, as it were, belonged to its suite. Of this kind are the small (so-called French) *Suites* in the first volume. The grand (so-called English) *Suites* in the fourth volume have, on the other hand, a rather important *Prelude* as an introduction, and must, therefore, properly be called *Partitas*, for, in addition to the dance-group, the *Partita* possesses other movements of separate invention, and, consequently, forms the transition to the *Sonata*, and other independent piano-forte music.

"14.—The *Passeccaille* (in Italian, the *Passacaglio*) is, likewise, a dance. All commentators assert that it is similar to the *Chaconne*; but the difference between the two is rather variously laid down. Koch (*Lex.*, 1139) says: 'The real difference between the *Chaconne* and the *Passeccaille* is as follows:—the latter must be played with a somewhat slower movement, while the melody must be more agreeable than the former.' Mattheson, however, asserts the direct contrary when he says:—'The *Chaconne* moves along more slowly and deliberately than the *Passeccaille*, and not vice versa' (*Kern mel. Wissen*, 123, and, also, in the *Vollk. Capellmeister*, II., chap. 13). I must agree with Mattheson, and look upon Koch's explanation simply as the result of his having mistaken the one for the other. The tempo of both dances is rather slow and quick.

"15.—The *Passepied* agrees with the *Minuet*, but is more nimble in its movement. *Allegro*.

"16.—The *Polonaise*; a Polish dance, in three-four time, of a solemn, grave character, and the movement of which is about equidistant between the *Allegro* and the *Andante*.

"17.—The *Rigaudon* is a merry, joyous dance in alla-breve time, the melody of which, in my opinion, is the prettiest of any; its quality consists in an agreeable and somewhat dallying pleasantry. The *Rigaudon*, however, is a mongrel, made up of the *Gavotte* and *Bourrée*, and may not improperly be a triple or quadruple *Bourrée*? (Mattheson).

"18.—The *Rondo* (*Rondeau*) is marked by an unconstrained, native style, and a tolerably lively tempo, when the contrary is not expressly stated.

"16.—The *Sarabande*. 'This contains no other emotion of the mind than ambition; its species are, however, distinguished by the fact that the dance-sarabande is comprised in a narrow, and yet, at the same time, more haughty form

than the rest of the race; that it admits no roudades, because its grandeur cannot suffer them, but clings, stiffly and firmly, to its seriousness. For playing on the pianoforte and the lute, a person somewhat lowers himself with this kind of melody, employs greater license, nay, even makes *doubles* or broken work out of it, which we call *Variationes* (Mattheson, *Kern mel. Wiss.*, 119). The movement, according to this, is slow, even slower than in the *Allemande*, to which also, in the rich embellishment by grace notes and ornaments, it possesses the greatest similarity.

"20.—The *Sinfonia* is, properly speaking, a composition for several instruments, and similar to the *Concerto Grosso*. It generally was employed as an introduction to important vocal pieces, or was played in the intermediate pauses. With regard to the latter case, I could point out in Bach's music many symphonies which are not even four bars long. When Bach composes a *Sinfonia* for the pianoforte, his intention is to give us a sonorous piece of music similar to the *Overture*. If it consists of one movement, a moderate tempo must be taken. When it possesses several movements, it generally agrees in tempo with the *Overture*; thus, for instance, it may be easily perceived that the *Sinfonia*, vol. ii., p. 15, must, from the 30th bar, be played *allegro*.

"21.—The *Toccata*, together with the then-very immature pianoforte-sonata, was regarded as belonging to that kind of music in which the fingers were moved more than the heart, as Mattheson assures us. Let any one see whether this is true of Bach's *Toccatas*; let him look at the grand artistic movements in F sharp and C minor, vol. ii., p. 80, part 6, and vol. iv.

"The remaining designations, such as *Burlesca*, *Duetto*, *Echo*, *Inventio*, *Preambulum*, *Scherzo*, *Variatio*, etc., which Bach employs in other places, require no explanation.

"Whoever has endeavored, according to the above instructions, to seize the character of the various pieces, and the proper manner of playing them, will proceed with tolerable certainty in the study of Bach; with more certainty than those who bind themselves down to a prescribed tempo, to prescribed signs of expression, and to a prescribed mode of fingering. With a few exceptions, the tempo is evident from the name of the piece, and so, likewise, is the appropriate manner of playing; for there is more in the name than the modern signs can convey. In these strictly contrapuntal compositions, let all dallying and affected ornament, all coquettish changing from *pp* to *ff*, and the like flowery effects, be most especially eschewed; these compositions must be played calmly, clearly, sonorously, and uniformly from beginning to end. In the dance-like and concerted pieces, a greater variety of coloring is appropriate; it is allowable to go as far as the stream of tone allows, or as far as waggishness and humor will extend. For the sake of example, I have included, in the French Suites, the time as fixed by Grienkerl in Peters's excellent edition (vol. vii.); it may serve beginners as a guide, but, as we do not get it from Bach, but only from a connoisseur (though, certainly, a celebrated one) of his works, it cannot be absolutely binding on anybody. Lastly, the *fingering* offers the least difficulty, if the learner only sets about it in a sensible manner—that is to say, if he begins with what is simple and, comparatively, easy, and proceeds gradually. Hitherto, the *Clavier bien tempéré*, was the sum total with which people began and with which they left off. It thus came to pass that many burnt their fingers, and experienced a desire for external means of assistance. In the present edition I have exerted myself to restore the natural state of things, such as was undoubtedly intended by Bach himself.

"With regard to the playing, Czerny once gave (in Peters's edition, vol. i., preface) an excellent piece of advice, namely, that the performer should, firstly, even in the most intricate passages, keep his hands as quiet as possible, and secondly, execute every separate part independently of the other, strictly connected and consistently. 'The player,' he adds, 'will then find the trouble required for this, on the piano as well as on the organ, rewarded by the valuable effect produced

by a full-toned and flowing style of execution.' Where the above directions are not sufficient, as far as the time is concerned, the following rules may be borne in mind: If the performer, when playing, finds that the counterpoint is obscured, and the series of parts not clear, but entangled in one another, he should take the time slower; if, however, pervading dissonant tones are too prominent and hard, he must play more quickly. The observance of these two rules will prove of great service, especially in all more strictly contrapuntal compositions—such as the *Symphonies*, in the first; the *Variations*, in the second; and the *Fugues*, in the third and fourth volume."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Complaint from the Country.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been a reader of your Journal ever since its first appearance, and through its columns have become acquainted with many things in Art of which I had had no glimpse before.

I live in the country, away up in Hampshire, in a village not visited by a railroad, and seldom by a stage coach. My profession (I sell my own medicines), does not require me to visit Boston, and I know but little of it except through the newspapers. I have, however, from my long acquaintance with your columns, become familiar with great names, and at least with the titles of famed classical compositions.

Indeed, I have often formed a very definite conception of music which I have never heard, and I read the programmes of those most delightful concerts, which have become an established institution in your good city, with an avidity and relish almost equal to the pleasure of actually listening to them. Listening, did I say? I have listened, with the aid of your own interpretation, and my conception, to the *Sinfonie Eroica*, played by a most wonderful orchestra, in a concert hall, the magnificence of which would cause the brilliancy of the Music Hall to pale and shrink into insignificance beside it.

I have heard and seen an imaginary Lagrange, with a superb troupe of visionary artists, perform the *Don Giovanni*, in a way to give it new vividness even to Mr. Oulibichiff, and so that it seemed as if the real, once-existent personages had themselves re-visited the earth, and gone through their allotted parts at my bidding.

I know, intimately, most of the resident musicians of your city, and I welcome them with outstretched hand, at each return from their seven-days absence. I take a personal pride, as a countryman, in the praises showered upon William Mason, and the names of Dresel, Satter, Jaell and the "Germanians," have become "household words" to me.

With this preamble, I will relate a recent history, in which some of the above names were actors:

Through the enterprise of some scheming entrepreneur, out-Barnuming Barnum, a bundle of show-bills arrived at our post office, containing a romantic account of the life and adventures of the beautiful "Kirmazinga," an Eastern Princess. This absurd "woolly-horse" story would only have attracted the laugh it merited, but for the accompanying programme, in which the names of Mr. Satter, pianist, and of several gentlemen connected with the Germania Serenade Band, figured largely.

"Surely," says Deacon E——, our chorister, to whom I always lend my paper after reading it

myself, "there must be something in this; these names are a sufficient guarantee of the genuineness of this affair." "No, indeed," exclaims little Miss M——, who is going to Boston to take lessons, when the branch railroad through our town is built, "Mr. Satter would not engage in anything beneath his character as an artist." "No, indeed," echo the other readers of your Journal, who take the paper in turn, after the Deacon and myself are done with it.

Full of these considerations—with the Deacon's wagon, (it will carry more than my chaise), and my horse, we set out for the city of M——. Arrived there, we found a large audience awaiting the presence of the performers.

I shall not trouble you with a detailed description of the shabby appearance of this so-called Princess, nor of the smiles which would not be restrained from spreading over the countenances of the players from Boston, as she struggled through the translation of "Ah, non giunge," and "Robert, toi que j'aime."

I had thought I knew something of what was possible upon the piano-forte, but the playing of Mr. Satter was, to me, a wonderful revelation of the art in which Thalberg, Jaell, and our Mason have reaped such high honors. Although my astonishment and delight were such that, upon any other occasion, I would gladly have paid the largest sum my purse could afford, to listen to such a performance, at this time, I could not a moment forget that it formed a part of one of the most shallow impostures that ever made the name of a showman infamous.

My surprise at the finger-feats of the pianist did not equal the astonishment produced by the sudden overturn of all my previous notions of an artist. Could this be a man with that sublime and holy love for his Art, that would cause him sooner to commit a sacrilege, than mutilate the work of a master, or introduce an "unclean thing" in a classical programme? Was this the pure mind to which all clap-trap and humbug were pollution? This, the worthy follower and interpreter of Mozart and Beethoven, and himself a composer of no small pretensions also? Above all, could this be he who, in various letters, "open" and otherwise, has claimed so much from the community as an artist and composer? I need not say that my ideas concerning artists have greatly fallen; that the symphony performances in my halls on a Sunday eve, must be done by artists of my own creation, which shall be "sans reproche," and that I shall revel in a world of tones by myself, unenvying your more favored readers, to whom the appearance of great artists is as familiar as the wax-figures in the Museum, and untroubled by any Delhi Princess, with Barnum-like programme.

Deacon E—— was rather disappointed with the "Orchestra," perhaps not so much from any deficiency on the part of the players, as from the utter inadequacy of six instruments to perform the music promised in the programme. I once heard the Mendelssohn Quintette Club attempt a familiar overture, which failed of its effect from the same cause.

In conclusion, I would recommend to Mr. Satter that, in imitation of many other performers, who endeavor to forestall the public opinion by arraying themselves in long self-imposed titles, he should hereafter announce himself as "the Pianist of the Kirmazinga Troupe."

P. S.—Everything depicted in the above, actually occurred in Lowell, Lawrence and Manchester. If it had been in Boston, you would doubtless have felt called upon to have fully rebuked the actors. We, here in a country place, are almost totally debarred from hearing great artists or great music, and when the only persons capable of giving us really good music, in a *respectable* manner, stoop to degrade their art by such companionship, it is not only our right but our duty to complain.

Yours Respectfully,

AN UP COUNTRY DOCTOR.

A Letter from Liszt.

[The Pesth papers publish the following extract from a private letter written by Liszt, at Zurich, to Franz Erkel:]

"A wearisome illness kept me a fortnight in bed.—During that period, I conceived the first notions of the '*Symphonische Dichtung*,' which is to form the continuation of the *Hungaria*, and to which your beautiful 'Prayer,' which has grown on me so much, was the inducement. I shall probably bring you the bantling, quite completed, next summer. I must first, however, set about working out my Schiller's *Ideale*. The four movements, instead of two, are fashioned according to your good advice. By Easter, I will send you the score of the *Mass*, which is being printed at the Imperial Printing Office. This work, with the improvements, additions, and final *Ague* in the 'Gloria,' which I wrote out on my arrival here, will please you pretty well. I spent some glorious days with Wagner. His *Niebelungen* (which he has half finished) is a whole sublime world of which no one has a conception. The four operas are to be ready for production in two years. In truth, my dear friend, you must see and hear them. How does your 'Hunyadi' translation for Weimar get on? I think of being back there in about three weeks, and, if you do not delay too long sending in the score, the work may, as I wish, be still studied in the course of the present season.—When I am once delivered of my 'Hungarian Opera,' I shall beg Count Ráday to be a sort of godfather to it."

MENDELSSOHN AND BERLIOZ.—We find in the London *Musical World* the following reference to a gossip letter about Berlioz, which we copied from the Paris correspondence of the New Orleans *Picayune*.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*).—Sir: I have read, in more than one memoir of the celebrated critic and composer, M. Berlioz, something to the same purport, more or less, of the following extracts from a very lovely translated essay and biography, which has recently appeared in *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*:

"In 1841 he went to Germany, where he had great success; he is far more popular there than he is here. During his tour he gave concerts with Mendelssohn. They would invariably be called out; and at a grand festival given by them, they embraced each other on the stage, and exchanged their *bâtons* amid loud applause."

I am able to give to the above statement, as a personal friend of the late Felix Mendelssohn, an unqualified denial, which I shall feel obliged by your allowing me to do in your widely-spread columns.

Your obedient servant,

ANTI-PUFF.

P. S.—I enclose my name and address.

WHO WROTE THE NEGRO SONGS.—The principal writer is Stephen C. Foster, author of "Uncle Ned," "O, Susannah," &c. Mr. Foster resides near Pittsburg, where he occupies a moderate clerkship, upon which, and a per centage on the sale of his songs, he depends for a living. He writes the music of his songs, as well as the poetry. These are sung wherever the English language is spoken, while the music is sung

wherever men sing. In the cotton fields of the South, among the mines of California and Australia, in the sea-coast cities of China, in Paris, in the London prison, everywhere in fact, his melodies are heard. "Uncle Ned" was the first. This was published in 1845, and reached a sale unknown till then in the music publishing business. Of "The Old Folks at Home," 100,000 copies have been sold in this country, and as many more in England. "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Dog Tray," each had a sale of about 70,000. All his other songs have had a great run. All his compositions are simple, but they are natural, and find their way to the popular heart.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17.—At THALBERG'S Concerts last week, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, performed by the New York Harmonic Society, with the Opera troupe and orchestra from the Academy of Music, was the chief attraction. The concert took place in Niblo's Theatre, and on the stage were picturesquely grouped the chorus singers, the players upon the instruments, and the vocal soloists. In the centre sat the four prime donne, PARODI, ANGRI, PATTI and JOHANNSEN, each arrayed in a different style—Parodi, like an angel all in white; Angri, magnificent as a dahlia in dark red; Patti, like a fresh, pretty buttercup, in yellow brocade; and Johannsen, like a moss rose, in delicate pink. At either end of the row of prime donne, sat TIBERINI and MORELLI, looking as faultless and uncomfortable, as gentlemen dressed in elaborate coats and painfully tight white kids, are usually apt to look.

The Oratorio was but indifferently performed. Tiberini seemed, off the stage, quite out of his element, and his *Cujus animam* was poorly done. The only really fine performances were the *Pro peccatis* by Morelli, and that divine strain, the *Inflammatus*, which Parodi rendered with true feeling and appreciation. Some of the singers, even the soloists, appeared to pay no regard to the sacred character of the music they were singing, laughing and whispering to each other during the pauses in their parts, in a manner positively disgraceful. But this was not all. A miscellaneous Concert followed the sublime Oratorio, in which Angri pandered to the commonest musical tastes by introducing as repulsive a style of music as could be allowed in a concert room. Think of the sacrilege! To perform at the same concert the solemn *Stabat Mater dolorosa* and a coarse *R-r-r-r-ataplan* song;—to have the holy strains of *Quando corpus morietur* followed by "Yankee Doodle, with variations!"

Yet such was the taste of the crowded and fashionable audience, that the "Yankee Doodle" was received with bursts of delighted enthusiasm, and encored, while Rossini's glorious music elicited only the conventional award of a few lazy claps.

I called the other day on OLE BULL, who is lying sick at the Prescott House. He had announced a concert at Dodworth's Saloon, and a large number of tickets had been disposed of, when, a few hours before the time appointed for the concert, he was suddenly taken ill with an attack of Chagres fever; his anxiety to play in the evening of course increased his illness, and though at present much better, it is still impossible to say when he will be able to appear in public. On seeing him, almost his first words he uttered were about our trying climate—"unfit for any civilized man." He intends speedily returning to Norway with his son, a young man about twenty, also an accomplished violinist, but who is suffering with very poor health, apparently the effect of our changeable climate. Ole Bull hopes, by giving a series of concerts previous to his departure, to in a degree repair his ruined fortunes, ruined by his unfortunate colonizing speculation. That he may be

restored to health and competence, is the earnest wish of many sympathizing friends.

The "American Music Association," which I have previously had an opportunity of writing to you about, is progressing favorably, and has recently appointed as conductor, Dr. CHARLES GUILMETTE, late of the Pyne and Harrison Opera troupe, and now a resident of this city. Several new compositions have been handed in for the next concert, and it is to be hoped that the Society will be successful. It has for its chief aim the encouragement of native musical Art, and though at present young and feeble, may be the nucleus of an American Conservatory of Music, that will in a few years be an honor to the country.

CORA DE WILHORST has given us a most successful rendition of Marie, in Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*. Though she learned the rôle in about two weeks, her performance exhibits but little lack of study. Her action is very spirited and easy, and the singing lesson is given with considerable effect, though of course she can introduce none of those brilliant *tricks* of vocalization with which poor Sontag, in the same part, so electrified her audiences. Madame De Wilhorst took a benefit last Wednesday evening, which netted her about \$3,000. She will shortly proceed to Italy to study.

There is a prospect of quite an exciting Operatic war. STRAKOSCH will remain entrenched at the Academy of Music with his present troupe, reinforced by valuable additions, while MARETZEK will take his stand at Niblo's, with the Philadelphia Opera Company. The operas will be given at the respective establishments on the same evenings, thus throwing the managers and artists into direct competition. Strakosch vs. Maretzek—Parodi vs. Gazzaniga—Tiberini vs. Brignoli—Morelli vs. Amodio—Patti vs. Aldini—and so on to the end of the chapter. The interest already excited, is intense among the opera-goers, but they may be after all disappointed of the pleasurable excitement of the *Wagon* of the Operas, by a rumored fasion of the belligerent parties. This is, however, at the present time, doubtful.

TROVATOR.

LOUISVILLE, KY., FEB. 23.—Our "Orpheus" (*Männer-Chor*) can boast of some really fine voices, and the members possess, what few American Music Societies have, a large amount of perseverance and industry. Mr. E. W. GUNTER is their Conductor. At their last Concert, they rendered some of Mendelssohn's, Abt's, and Zöllner's four-part songs in excellent style. They also gave, what I perceive is frequently sung by our namesake in Boston, Mozart's *O Isis und Osiris*, and gave it well. One cantata especially, *Das Gebet der Erde*, by Zöllner, a fine composition, full of effective harmony, and requiring much attention to be bestowed on the light and shade, to render successfully the meaning of the composer, they performed admirably, and in really artistic style. Besides the Choruses, we had the Sextuor, from *Lucia, Largo al Factotum*, and other Solos by our best amateurs. The Concert proved successful, and gave general satisfaction.

To show that I do not exaggerate the merits of the "Orpheus," I will mention that at the last Musical Festival, held in Cincinnati last June, they carried the palm of victory over all their sister associations. Louisville has sufficient material to produce the "Creation," "Messiah," *Stabat Mater*, &c., with credit. Four years ago we had an excellent Society, the "Mozart," but alas! after two seasons of success, want of union proved their ruin. Now and then, on especial occasions, and with great labor on the part of the zealous ones, a Concert is given for some church or charitable association, and whatever is thus attempted, is generally successful. Recently the *Stabat Mater*, by Rossini, was produced by the old members of the Mozart, the Solos all being sus-

tained by amateurs. *Quis est homo, Fac ut portem*, and the Quartet were rendered beautifully; and the Choruses, as usual, were sung well, in excellent time, and with good effect, the parts all being well balanced. I trust we may again resuscitate the Society, but at present the Orpheus is our only permanent institution; the members of the same know the importance of harmony and discipline much better than their American brethren, as their 7th anniversary has recently been celebrated.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FEB. 28.—The second of the "Mozart Series," on the 18th, was an excellent concert. The quartet was assisted by a chorus of amateur musicians. Mrs. MOZART was enthusiastically received in "I'm a Merry Zingara," which was charmingly rendered. A Scene from "Elijah"—Mrs. Mozart as the youth, Mr. Mozart as Elijah, amateurs as the people—was rather imperfectly delivered. The part of Elijah was heavy, and the chorus, "Thanks be to God," not half as powerful or distinct as when sung at the concerts of the "Institute." "Dreams," by Mrs. WELLS, of this city, was given with much perfection. We do not agree with one of our critics that Mr. FITZHUGH's accompaniment was heavy. Our friend Jones was remarking that it was well conceived and executed.

The "third and last concert" of the series, on the 20th, introduced the "German Trio," of Boston. Their first piece was a "Grand Trio of Beethoven's." It was given with much expression and effect. The lights and shades were well worked up, and the ear drank deep at this new fountain of sound so suddenly opened. Jones sat quietly through the Trio. He seemed in a sort of dream. Some few seconds after the applause at the close of the Trio had subsided, he suddenly turned and remarked: "How I love Beethoven! his music sets a chord vibrating in my heart whenever I hear it. I recollect the first work of his that I ever publicly performed, was the 'Allegretto' that, from the Symphony in F,' by an orchestra in a neighboring city. I then began to appreciate Beethoven. I had only recognized him as the author of 'Beethoven's favorite waltz,' (so named to make it sell), or some light sentimentality for the piano, but now that I had heard him in a higher sphere, I found that the void in my soul, left untouched by inspirations of other authors, was filled to repletion by the sympathetic breathings of Beethoven's noble spirit."

"You speak my sentiments," said a friend at our left, who had listened to the conversation. "Beethoven is too little appreciated. We seldom find his name among familiar authors on our programmes of concerts here in the country. I think your remark true, that too many only think of him as the author (?) of sentimental waltzes! Why are his Sonatas, his Concertos, &c., left unsung by our amateur pianists?"

"They are left unsung, because to perform them satisfactorily, one must appreciate the feeling of that great master, as the music grew under his inspired pen. In his lighter moods he pleases and attracts, but as his own mysterious soul of harmony bursts on the ear, or wails out as a broken spirit, we can only listen, and by listening learn to hear understandingly."

The Solo Violincello, "Swiss Boy," by Mr. JUNGWICKEL, was well executed, and showed to advantage the gentleman's dexterity as a solo performer, but after the trio the music was weak in idea.

Mr. GAERTNER, in the "Third Concerto by De Beriot," for Violin, gave great satisfaction to the audience, by his masterly rendering.

The programme announced a "fantasia for piano, Listz," by Mr. HAUSE. It was an indifferent thing, calculated to show "agility in fingering," rather than one's capability to translate ideas, (of which the

fantasia had but few). We strongly suspect the piece was an impromptu!

The "Skylark." Corner, sung by Mrs. Mozart, was the gem of the solos of the evening, and received a hearty encore. The concert was every way successful, and a fit close to the series. Mr. FITZHUGH, our best resident pianist, performed his accompaniments admirably.

Our concert season this winter closed with a concert by the "Old Folks from Reading," in big coats, little coats; high dresses, low dresses; puffed wigs and knee breeches. AD LIBITUM.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 21, 1857.

NOTICE.

NEW VOLUME.—With one more number our Journal will complete its *fifth year*. During these five years it has never once failed to make its appearance punctually every Saturday, and has earned, we think, a right not only to continue to live, but to begin to remunerate much better than it has done the incessant, anxious care and brain-work which have thus far kept it up to its first promise: *It will live on, if we live*. It has always paid its own way, if it has only half paid its editor. Its prospects are improving, and were all its subscribers and advertisers as faithful to their very small obligation as we have been to our great one, we should even now have but little reason to complain.

The sixth year, and eleventh volume of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will commence on Saturday, April 4th. We trust we shall have to part company with very few of our present subscribers, many of whom have been with us, warmly and strongly, from the first. We hope, too, to have to add many new names to our list. Let it be understood our terms are *payment in advance*; for we are weary of serving those who (in some instances for two or three years) have made us not the slightest return, and we can no longer afford to take such risks, or, as experience proves, to bear such certain loss.

Renewals of subscription, and new subscriptions for the sixth year are now in order.

CONCERTS.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The closing concert of the series (Tuesday evening of last week) leaves the best impression. The Chickering Saloon was actually crowded, and by the most attentive and delighted audience of the season. Here is the programme:

- PART I.
1—Quartet in A, No. 5, Mozart.
Allegro—Minuetto—Andante—Finale, Allegro.
2—Piano Trio, in B flat, for Piano, Clarinet and Violoncello, Beethoven.
Messrs. Hamann, Ryan and W. Fries.

- PART II.
3—Tema con Variazioni and Finale from the Posthumous Quartet in D minor, Schubert.
(a. "Frühlinglied," Franz.
4—Songs: (b. "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai."
(c. "Willkommen mein Wald."
Mr. Kreissmann.
5—Second Quintet in B flat, op. 87, Mendelssohn.
Allegro vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio molto—Finale, Allegro vivace.

The novelty here was the Beethoven Trio, with Clarinet, one of his early works, (op. 11.) It consists of the usual Allegro and Adagio, which are quite fresh and buoyant, in the master's happy mood, with passages of deeper feeling, and for a finale takes a popular Italian melody, very bright and piquant, as a theme for variations such as only Beethoven could write. The reed tones add great brightness to the whole, and blended finely with the strings. The pianist evinced progress, but had not overcome the stiffness of comparatively a beginner. The Mozart Quartet is

a thing to wile away all feeling of constraint, care, or common-place. Its Andante is a memorable one, by the magical effect of that throbbing rhythm kept up by way of accompaniment in the violoncello, until one by one the other instruments become possessed with it. Of that mysterious sad march, with variations, by Schubert, and the inspired finale, we can only say that we never enjoyed it more, and never felt so clearly before, except when listening to his Symphony, the poetic soul and genius of the man. The second Quintet is one of the strongest and most impassioned works of Mendelssohn, and only grows on one by repetition. The quaint, wild ballad-like melody of the Scherzando is quite captivating.

Mr. KREISSMANN, with the admirable accompaniment of OTTO DRESEL, gave very great pleasure by his truly expressive singing of the finely imaginative songs of Robert Franz.

In congratulating the Club on their eighth season, so successfully closed, we are happily reminded that there still remains their Annual Benefit Concert, which will take place shortly.

The ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB gave, on Saturday evening, the last of their three delightful concerts. Their success, decided at the outset, has gone on *crescendo*. Forced by the overflowing audience to go to the Melodeon, which holds at least 1,200, they found that also filled. And a more intelligent and truly music-loving audience of that number, has not been seen at any Boston concert. The entire programme passed off with the greatest zest.

It is a rare treat to hear thirty or forty good male voices, blended so perfectly, sing with such precision, spirit, careful light and shade, as these have been trained to do by Mr. KREISSMANN. If we should question any point of style in their performance, it would be a slightly excessive tendency to the *staccato*, a cutting off of notes too short, sometimes. They gave us six of their German part-songs. The first, by Gade, called *Waldlied*, or "Forest Song," is full of bright early morning jubilation, and lively sympathy with Nature.

The next was Mendelssohn's "Turkish Drinking Song," a Bacchanalian, in an Oriental, minor strain, at once quaintly jovial, sentimental and superstitious, and of a choice vinous flavor, brightening into the major at the fifth line, where tenor solo, (Kreissmann), alternates with chorus:

Out with thee! hence with thy face so blue!
No wine from a grim looking menial,
Let him who wine brings be jovial too,
And vex not the wine elf so genial;
O come pretty maiden, hither to me,
Why stand there timid and fearful,
Thou shalt my cup bearer henceforth be,
Then the wine shall be sparkling and cheerful.
O prithee come, O prithee come.
Out with thee! hence with thy face so blue, &c.

"The Voyage," also by Mendelssohn, to words by HEINE, woos one irresistibly to its own mood, by its rich sombre harmony, and dreamy melancholy measure.

The other part-songs were *Das Kirchlein*, (The Chapel), a singularly rich and sombre piece of tone-coloring, in the latter part of which a portion of the deep basses, answered by tenors, make a sort of tolling accompaniment to the rest; a beautiful piece of slow and tranquil harmony, introduced for an encore; and for a finale to the concert, the German National Hymn: *Wo ist des Deutschen Vaterland?* composed by Reichardt.

This was sung with real patriotic fire, and made a great impression. Perhaps it was taken a little too rapidly than is the custom, but it touched the right chord, and that strongly.

Mr. Kreissmann had arranged his beautiful serenade, published some years since as a solo: *Tomme heraus*, for four male voices, and it sounded nicely so, although the singing seemed a little mid.

Miss DOANE never looked or sang better, and her selections were excellent. That lovely melody from Mozart's "Figaro," *Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioja bella*, which was one of the things in which Jenny Lind's singing was most heavenly, as never since been sung to us so satisfactorily by Miss Doane. She was true to the exquisite purity, the simplicity and heart-felt tenderness and rapture of the melody. Sontag injured it by ornament. Miss Doane's voice only lacked one or two good low tones in a single passage; otherwise her fresh, sympathetic, pure soprano was well suited to the song, and she had carefully studied the intention of the music till she made it her own, and sang it with true fervor. OTTO BRESEL kindly volunteered the piano accompaniment, which he had taken the pains to arrange expressly from the orchestral score, reproducing its essential beauties with consummate skill and taste. A repetition was inevitable. In the duet from "Fidelio," which she sang with Mr. Kreissmann: *O namenlose Freude*—the rapturous duet in which the long separated wife and husband recognize each other in the prison of the latter, an orchestra was much more needed; the piano, admirably as it was played, failed to convey the whole idea; although the effect was bettered by change of position when the duet was repeated. This glorious music, and was finely sung. Miss Doane sang also, most acceptably, the song, *Die Lotos Blume*, by Robert Franz, in German, and a bright little Rhenish *Volkslied* by Mendelssohn, in English: "Of all the pretty arlings," &c.

Quite an enjoyable item in the programme was the duet from "Don Giovanni": *Eh via, buffone*, from the beginning of the second act, where Leporello threatens to leave the service of the Don, and gets laughed at by him, sung by Herren ANGERFELD and SCHRAUBSTAEDTER. It is a buffo piece, in the Italian rapid *parlando* style. Bulibicheff says: "Let none but Italians sing it; translate it and it ceases to exist." Nevertheless it was sung with *gusto* and we enjoyed it much, though the German *nein, nein, nein*, for *no, no, no*, and other syllabic iterations did indeed sound little awkwardly. The MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB contributed the quaint Scherzo Allegretto, preceded by the Adagio, from Mendelssohn's second Quintet, and a scena from *Robert le Diable*, in which the flute and clarinet took part quite effectively.

Long as the concert was, we think all went away reluctantly, and it was a common remark that, were the Orpheus to give three more concerts, all would wish to go to them. The announcement of another Concert by the Orpheus, a compliment to Miss DOANE and to Mr. KREISSMANN, to take place next Wednesday evening, will of course be gladly hailed by all who owe so much pleasure to these genuine artists.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. In the two last Afternoon Concerts, we have had another hearing of Schubert's

glorious Symphony, by two instalments: at the first, the first and third movements; at the last, the second and fourth, i. e. the Andante, and that marvellously inspired and exciting Finale. We are sure the Symphony won many new admirers. Our friend, who writes of music in the *Atlas*, and who generally writes so well that it is a pleasure to find ourselves agreeing with him far oftener than we differ, makes a good-humored allusion to our comments on his condemnation, or rather faint praise, of this Schubert Symphony. He says:

"We beg to suggest that a man can never be reasoned out of an impression which he has received while in a candid state of mind. If a musical work seems to him merely pretty and lyrical, no amount of argument will make it grand in his recollection."

The object of our writing was not at all to alter his impression, which was doubtless honest; but to do justice to a noble work, so strangely unappreciated by many who are regarded as in some sense leaders of opinion by the readers of newspaper criticisms. It was to show our public that there are also other impressions about this matter, and that the weight of impressions is mainly with the Symphony, as one of the noblest works of genius in that form.

The two concerts were also enriched by Weber's Overture to "Oberon," and Rossini's to the "Siege of Corinth," and by a plenty of bright dance music, operatic arrangements, &c., ending with Mr. ZERRAHN's "Carnival." The audiences do not begin to fall off, but evince more and more interest in the music.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" MUSIC.—My attention was called to an article in one of the evening papers, a few days since, alluding to a performance in our city of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," wherein it was stated that the music to this play was composed by MENDELSSOHN, at the age of sixteen. Now as far as the overture is concerned, this is indeed true, it having been completed in the latter part of the year 1826. It was during the summer of 1843 that Mendelssohn found himself nearly prostrated, mentally and physically, from the almost incessant toil and anxiety which his professional labors had brought upon him—and at the earnest solicitation of his friends, he consented to retire for a time to Switzerland, there hoping to obtain the repose which he so much needed. It was here, while sojourning on the banks of Lake Geneva, that he took upon himself the task of completing the music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the overture to which had been given to the world seventeen years before. Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music, was performed for the first time at Potsdam, (a short distance from Berlin), on the 12th of October, 1843, in the private theatre connected with the summer residence of Frederic William, King of Prussia. N. B. C.

New Music.

(From Russell & Richardson, 291 Washington St.)

S. THALBERG. *Compositions Célèbres*. No. 3. Op. 66. Introduction and Variations on the Barcarolle of the Opera, *L'Elisire d'Amore*, of DONIZETTI. 23 pp. price \$1.

No. 5. Op. 67. *Grande Fantaisie* on motives from the Opera, *Don Pasquale*, of DONIZETTI. 23 pp. price \$1.25.

Two more of Thalberg's most popular, most graceful and most difficult concert pieces. It is useless to speak of them: you must hear him play them. Most of our readers have heard him; many will like to possess a fair authentic copy and remainder of the music, though comparatively few (and yet a goodly number) will undertake to master it in some measure with their own fingers. His *Don Pasquale* Serenade is a great favorite, and never has that melody seemed so fresh to us as in Thalberg's treatment. As to Messrs. R. & R.'s editions, they present altogether the most clear and beautiful specimens of music

engraving, that have made their appearance in this country. The ornamental title pages (differing in style with each number) are tasteful and elegant enough to suggest comparison with the best foreign publications.

FERDINAND BEYER. Op. 134. *Les Plaisirs de la Jeunesse*. A collection of very easy modern Dances for Piano. No. 1. *La Polka*; 2. *La Valse*; 3. *La Schottisch*; 6. *Le Quadrille*. Each 5 pages, price 25 cts.

C. ZERRAHN. *Traviata Quadrille*, for Piano, on themes from VERDI's new Opera. Pp. 7, price 30 cts.

2. *Concordia Quadrille*, pp. 7. 25 cts.

Brilliant and taking; with a true dance accent. The *Concordia* has a couple of *ad libitum* flute-parts to one of its movements.

F. BURGMUELLER. Grand Waltz from *Le Prophète*. Being No. 11 of "The Varieties," a series of 12 pieces. Pp. 11. 50 cts.

An introduction, consisting of the pastoral Andantino, followed by the second motive of the *March du sacre*, leads to some of the graceful dances of the skating scene.

TH. OESTEN. *Elegant Impromptu on Pepita's March*. 30 cts.

G. BEMIS. *Kitty Clyde*. Song with Guitar. 3 pages. Being No. 23 of the "Guitarist's Repertoire."

(From C. Breusing, New York.)

S. THALBERG. Op. 72. "Home, sweet Home," *varié pour le Piano*. Pp. 14. Price \$1.00.

Souvenir d'Amérique: Valses brillantes, for Piano. Pp. 17. \$1.

Two of Thalberg's latest works, composed here in America. His exquisite treatment of "Sweet Home" has given delight wherever he has played, and will be much sought for. His Waltzes have a fascinating grace and brilliancy, that places them along with those of Strauss, Labitzky and Lanner. They are difficult for waltzes, but not difficult for Thalberg music.

Musical Chit-chat.

THALBERG is with us again, accompanied by Madame D'ANGRI, Madame JOHANNSEN, and Herr SCHREIBER. He gives his first evening concert on Tuesday, at the Music Hall; the second on Thursday. For the pieces to be played, or sung, see advertisement. Also, three Matinées, at Chickering's, are announced, for Wednesday, Friday and Monday, at 1 P. M., when he will play some of his own choicest pieces, with selections from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., to a select audience, paying \$5 for the series. Particulars below. . . . We are happy to see the suggestion of a benefit concert to CARL ZERRAHN very generally and warmly responded to. . . . The musical "uccelli," "sweet faces, belli, belli," who sang for "poor CORELLI," at that charming private concert, were as many as *fifty*, and not *fifteen*, as our treacherous types made it.

Those who would find a rich supply of Easter music, are referred to Novello's advertisement in another column. . . . A new military band has been organized in this city, under the name of the "Germania Band," composed of members of the Germania Serenade Band, and other excellent musicians. They will make their *debut* at a grand Military Concert, in the Music Hall, under the auspices of the "Boston City Guard," next Saturday evening. . . . By the way, leaders of bands will find something to their purpose in the announcement of Messrs. Boosey & Co., of London, in another column.

The STRAKOSCH Troupe, in New York, performed *Don Giovanni* last night, with PARODI as Donna Anna, and Mme. WILBORST as Zerlina. . . . THALBERG, with the German Opera Troupe, the United Sängerbund, and others, gave this week a concert and opera combined, in aid of the German Society. The programme included two acts of *Fidelio*, the Conspiracy chorus from "Tell," the *Tannhäuser*

overture, &c., &c.... At the splendid new Academy of Music in Philadelphia, the operas have been: March 11th, *Il Trovatore*; 13th, *La Traviata*; 14th, *Traviata*; 16th, *Traviata*. The bust of MOZART surmounts the stage! The prima donna, Mme. GAZZANIGA, seems to gain favor.... A new pianist is reported in New York, as just from Germany, who "combines the strength of Gottschalk, the grace of Timm, and the delicacy of Thalberg." His name is SCHMEISSER.

The Charlestown Academy of Music, an amateur association, under the direction of Mr. Wm. M. BYRNES, gave a good private performance, week before last, of Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," Mozart's 12th Mass, and Neukomm's Chorus from the "Hymn of the Night."... They have builded them a noble hall in Worcester, Mass.—that is, the Worcester Mechanics' Association have done it, to illustrate their art and handicraft, and make a hall for their own and other exhibitions and great meetings, which is also to serve for a splendid music hall. It is said to be larger than any music hall in the United States. It was inaugurated musically, with Miss PHILLIPS and an orchestra from Boston, on the 19th inst.... Haydn's "Seasons" has been performed by the Musical Institute, at Troy, N. Y.

Mr. F. N. CROUCH, as he now modestly calls himself, and no longer the portentous "Professor F. Nicholls Crouch," seems to be very active in the good cause at Washington, D. C., his present abiding place, where he gives "Historical, Biographical Sketches and readings on the Science and Progress of Music, and the works of early masters, copiously illustrated," at his Academy of Music. The programme to the fourth of the course, (Feb. 26), contains songs, &c., from Handel, Pergolesi, Purcell, Schubert, Shield, Dr. Arne, Storace, Balfe, old English and Irish melodies, &c. Mr. C. will devote one of these evenings to "the portraiture of his own MSS. written to the West."... Fitzgerald's *City Item*, (Philadelphia), seconds our suggestion of regular Organ Concerts, and promises a series of articles on Organs and Organists in Philadelphia.

The quid-nuncs do not seem quite to have settled it among them whether Liszt shall come to America, or turn monk in a Hungarian convent. We fancy he will keep his own counsel and remain very well contented where he is, in Weimar. It is said he thinks something of gaining money, but not everything—and "will not play," as he says, "where he may be stared at as a *rara avis*, but not understood or appreciated as an artist." This is an idea which very few *virtuosi* endorse in our day. Liszt is an artist of rare sensitiveness, and no man is less mercenary; his generous disposition, above all, to his brother artists, is proverbial.... FELICIEN DAVID, who composed the "Desert," announces "The End of the World" as nearly ready.... VERDI has gone to Italy, to bring out his "Simone Boccanera."

The Havana correspondent of the New York *Express*, after speaking in terms of praises of Mme. Lagrange, tells the following entertaining story of Brignoli:—

"Brignoli, too, has done wonders. Think of it,—Brignoli the *insouciant*, has been found to sing,—as he can sing,—well. He really exerted, himself stopped flirting and took to study; par consequence, he has learned two good things, how to study and to behave himself. On his first appearance before the discriminating Creole and Spanish audience of Havana in the rôle of Edgardo, he sang no better than he would have done on the stage of the Academy of Music. What was the consequence? No expression of disapprobation was given, for a hiss is *mauvaise ton* in Havana, but, one by one, the Spaniard and Cuban, left the theatre, until, in the last thrilling scene, Brignoli found he had to sing to empty boxes. Annoyed and mortified at such an exhibition of want of appreciation, he flew to a sympathizing friend for an explanation. It was given in four words:—

"Mon ami, you sing false—you have no heart in your notes—you do not exert yourself—you are passionless, and my compatriots do not pardon such faults a second time."

"Mais, ce n'est pas ma faute—La Grange—she is cold—she freezes me. I cannot sing with her—she is not passionnée." [!]

"Ah! ca—bien, nous verrons." And the sympathizing friend seeks La Grange, advises her of Brignoli's complaint of her, which caused the fair cantatrice much amusement. She determines to be very ardent the following evening to prove to Brignoli that his bad singing was not to be laid to her charge. Brignoli meantime had arrived at a similar conclusion. It is needless to tell how well Sonnambula was given that night, when the tenor and prima donna were striving to rival each other, both in voice and spirit. There were no empty benches that night and the stage was completely carpeted with flowers, while the theatre rang again with the repeated bravos.

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Mme. JOHANNSEN

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SECOND MATINÉE. 1—Fantasia Don Giovanni; 2—Etude (Repeated Notes); 3—Tarantella; 4—Finale (Puritani) on the Alexandre Organ; 5—Semiramide; 6—Concert Waltzes; 7—Lucresia Borgia.

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NOTICE.

The sixth year, and eleventh volume of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will commence on Saturday, April 4th. We trust we shall have to part company with very few of our present subscribers, many of whom have been with us, warmly and strongly, from the first. We hope, too, to have to add many new names to our list. Let it be understood our terms are *payment in advance*; for we are weary of serving those who (in some instances for two or three years) have made us not the slightest return, and we can no longer afford to take such risks, or, as experience proves, to bear such certain loss.

Renewals of subscription, and new subscriptions for the sixth year are now in order.

Garrick, Kean, Booth, Rachel, Mrs. Kemble.

Mr. Verplanck's interesting article upon GARRICK, in the last *Crayon*, induces us to say a few words of actors and acting. Some general distinctions became indispensable in assigning a place to RACHEL, as it is evident that they must again in the case of Miss HERON, whom we hope shortly to see, and of whom the very able critics of the N. Y. *Courier* and *Evening Post* express such diverse opinions. It seems strange that when less than a century has passed since Garrick died, and when he was the first eminent English actor whose name will be forever associated with the great statesmen, artists and men of letters of his own time, we should really know nothing of the secret of his power and the characteristics of his genius. Such friends as Johnson, Goldsmith and Burke have left nothing but general expressions of admiration, and whether he had creative and interpretative genius as an actor of Shakspeare, or whether he was what Macaulay (in his late life of Dr. Johnson) would make him—only the most incomparable and versatile of mimics—no one can determine. Mr. Verplanck's interesting article throws no new light upon this question. No Wil-

liam Hazlitt or Richard H. Dana (senior) of Garrick's time has (as they have in the case of the elder Kean) given us his genius re-presented imaginatively and distinctively. That kind of criticism did not then exist in England. It is only necessary to turn to John Philip Kemble and Macready to see that Macaulay may be substantially right, and that Garrick, like them, may have done for Shakspeare all that full and graceful appreciation and rendering of details, intelligent and elaborate study and admirable elocution can do, without that genius which in the elder KEAN and BOOTH struck, with true imaginative conception, intuitively and directly to the centre of the natures of Shakspeare's creations, and embodied them with such truth and with such complete abandonment and merging of the actor's own individuality, that he was lost in transformation.

The first method is analytic, and the actor studies a part superficially, and *plays the inference*, so that characters become little better than generalities; the latter is synthetic and creative, and the conceptions as played become concrete embodiments. Actors of the first class, like almost all of our summer painters among the White Mountains, are mere copyists of nature; this is their merit, and when they attempt more, it is very clearly their limitation; those of the latter, like Turner, give imaginative realizations. When we hear actors of consummate talent, like Kemble and Macready, we can admire grace of gesture, beauty of tone, exquisite rendering of particular passages, and can come from the theatre to talk of an admirable "reading" of Hamlet or Othello, and to gather up golden fragments for memory; when we hear actors of consummate genius, like the elder Kean and Booth, we see face to face Hamlet or Othello as an overpowering presence and fearful reality; we are too much lost in the awful problems and trials of the man before us, whose life and struggles of thought and passion are realized visibly to our senses and imaginatively to our sympathies, to be able coolly to criticize and admire details, though full of the "unbought grace" of nature, and we come away forgetful of the actor and overcome by Shakspeare as brought home to us by the actor's embodiment, forgetful of details, in that we have "plucked out the heart of the mystery" to which details, however exquisite, are trifles—and, instead of trying from fragmentary suggestions to construct a consistent Hamlet or Othello, we have one, grasped and embodied intuitively, imaginatively and with unerring reference to the central laws of his nature, by which to reconcile old critical difficulties and symmetrize seeming disproportions. Booth's acting of Hamlet gave one more insight into his nature than all criticisms of

Hamlet from Dr. Johnson up to Schlegel and Coleridge. It gave him at once unity and reality, though of course we do not mean to say that it conclusively settled those great questions as to Hamlet which have been the puzzles of great thinkers. These must remain open forever.

We have used the word "intuitively" in no vague sense. To make our meaning plain, we shall refer to *that kind of creative genius in which or near which no actor can ever be classed*. We believe in "instantaneousness of conception"—but to have any clear idea of Shakspeare creating Hamlet, of Napoleon flashing out the most marvellous combinations in the exigencies of battle, of Turner seeing in his mind, before he painted, sky and cloud greater than the temple of Paestum, over which he hung them, one must fully recognize precedent labor, mastery of detail, assimilation of resources into mind and character—vast, rapid, and as impossible to mere talent as the completed creations themselves. No such man was ever the mere "vehicle of inspiration." Newton or Leibnitz could no more have swept to or foreseen conclusions with a rapidity baffling every mind's power to follow but one of equal genius, without a swift and complete precedent mastery of processes, than one can be a great pianist, whatever his genius, without first mastering his instrument. Acceleration and rapidity are of the essence of genius, and one of its invariable accompaniments is that the details and processes are as much more complete as they are more rapid than the elaborations of talent. Shakspeare's little things are as much greater than the little things of men of great talent, as his conceptions are greater than their constructions. Napoleon, just surrendered, showing the marine on board the Bellerophon the French "Exercise," Turner found alone in a boat which he was gently moving from side to side, while he was taking down in a kind of short-hand, inexplicable to others, the ripples which would be ready for use years after, in some great picture, are instructive specimens of the universal truth to detail—as distinct from slavery to it—of men of genius.

These suggestions imperfectly cover and express the simpler and more important laws and distinctions to be applied in estimating the relative positions of actors. It is much more easy to state them in themselves than to apply them justly to players—for there is such a thing as partial genius, and such a thing as high genius with expression limited or modified by some personal idiosyncrasy or peculiarity, or by some national type of character. We are quite ready to concede that Rachel is inferior to Mrs. Siddons, and that she may be inferior to Ristori, in queenly sweep and impassioned abandonment of nature. We can see that

she is rather intellectual than emotional, and that she cannot, like them, give magnetism to goodness—but that because of these, and because she always acts the same play in the same way, to the last detail, it follows, as some maintain, that she is not an imaginative artist, we confidently deny. The real question is behind all these—whether her characters, as she plays them, do not, because of their artistic integrity and unity, as judged from a central and not an external point of view, necessarily presuppose high imaginative conception of character. If so, then these objections are trivial. Had not the world already decided this in her favor, it would be a labor of love to demonstrate it. We cannot regard it as an open question. Some one said of Michel Angelo that he was so purely imaginative that fancy was excluded; it may be a question whether this is not her limitation, explaining her exact repetition of details. At any rate, it is as inconsequential in relation to an estimate of her genius, as it is, with Macready, illustrative of his want of imaginative conception and embodiment. Booth was almost Protean in his transformations, and we recall with admiration and delight how completely the whole character of his looks, tones, gestures, and all the smallest details were naturally and necessarily marked by as absolute a line of separation in his acting Shylock, Iago, Lear, Hamlet and Othello, as were his conceptions of the characters themselves. Inferior in this respect as was Rachel, we should have been violently unjust to her capacity for perfect loss of her own personality in embodiment, had we not seen her transformation in the "Marseillaise," which was as fearful as it was unexpected, in which she seemed half sybil and half Cassandra, and prophetically shrieked the fatal entrance of revolution.

Of Garrick it is too late, and of Miss Heron it is too early for us to attempt to decide the question whether, with either or both, it has been imaginative realization or merely literal representation of character. When we see Miss Heron, and especially if she will submit herself to the severe test of acting Ophelia, Desdemona or Juliet, it will not be difficult to form an opinion. We hope, in a future article, to speak somewhat at length of Mrs. KEMBLE's eminent merits, and of what we conceive to be her limitations. We shall only say now that, to our minds, she has not sufficiently high, delicate and subtle imagination and insight to grasp Shakspeare's characters, vitally, and to give them that ideal power and grace which sets them high and apart from all other English dramatic creations, and that, consequently, (for instance), her conceptions of Imogen and Perdita are not imaginatively distinguished in respects most vital to their characters; her Richard III. and Macbeth are *mannish*, like harsh contralto voices; her distinctiveness of characterization external and general instead of true and characteristic, and her rendering of those passages of imagination, which have no resting place in all literature but in his works, wanting apprehension of the ecstasy which they embody. We find this view entirely confirmed by reading her poetry, which has spirit, fire and directness, but is bleak from subjectivity, from want of poetic atmosphere, and of subtle, ideal and "majestic and airy" grace and repose of movement. In other words, it seems clear to us that she has versatility as distinguished from variety—that she has neither the delicacy and depth of na-

ture, nor the power and subtlety of imagination to act or read Shakspeare interpretatively, and that her powers would be tasked to their full capacity in reading Ben. Jonson and Massinger. But we have applied the severest of tests, and it must be remembered that very few English actresses have ever lived to whose claims to the highest honors the application of such a test would not be fatal. We turn with admiration and gratitude to what Mrs. Kemble's readings have done. Her apprehension and conception of Shakspeare are superior to those of a large majority of her audience, and she has filled the thinking mind of this city full of Shakspeare; many who cannot read him without effort, and many who scarcely read him at all, have learned through her with delight; and many have had these fountains of inspiration, as immortal as the soul, opened upon them like a new life. Never in this country, on any stage, have the plays of Shakspeare been given with such general and uniform fullness and completeness. In the many cases where she gives the conceptions and general rendering of the characters in which her father, uncles and others were famous, she shows imitative ability of the highest order, and calls up the great "Kemble family," on which she has reflected such lustre. And then what wonderful compass, power, variety and modulation of voice, what power of transition of passion and face, how honestly and earnestly attempting to do full justice to the author, and how absolutely true to her own thought! To be sure, such as we have described them, we have no doubt are the limitations of her power, but when we think of her, we forget these, to marvel that one strong, earnest and impulsive woman can have placed before us, with such general impressiveness and distinctiveness, so many and such diverse creations of the greatest of men.

As we have made Mr. Verplanck's article upon Garrick the occasion of these remarks, we cannot better close them than with Charles Lamb's justly indignant language, referring to the nonsense, as common now as it was then, of making the genius of the actor of character the same in kind with that of its creator.

"Taking a turn the other day in the Abbey, I was struck with the affected attitude of a figure, which I do not remember to have seen before, and which, upon examination, proved to be a whole-length of the celebrated Mr. Garrick. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this harlequin figure the following lines:

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
A Shakspeare rose; then to expand his fame
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick called them back to day;
And till Eternity with pow'r sublime
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
Shakspeare and Garrick like twin-stars shall shine
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

It would be an insult to my readers' understanding to attempt anything like a criticism on this farrago of false thoughts and nonsense. But the reflection it led me into was a kind of wonder, how, from the days of the actor here celebrated to our own, it should have been the fashion to compliment every performer in his turn, that has had the lack to please the town in any of the great characters of Shakspeare, with the notion of possessing a *mind congenial with the poet's*; how people should come thus unaccountably to confound the power of originating poetical images and conceptions with the faculty of being able to read or recite the same when put into words; or what connection that absolute mastery over the heart and soul of man, which a great dramatic poet possesses, has with those tricks

upon the eye and ear, which a player by observing a few general effects, which some common passion, as grief, anger, &c., usually has upon the gestures and exterior, can so easily compass. It is observable that we fall into this confusion only in *dramatic* recitations. We never dream that the gentleman who reads Lucretius in public with great applause, is therefore a great poet and philosopher; nor do we find that Tom Davis, the bookseller, who is recorded to have recited the *Paradise Lost* better than any man in England in his day, was therefore by his friends set upon a level with Milton. Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining in every drawing tragedy that his wretched day produced, and shall he have that honor to dwell in our minds forever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare? A kindred mind! O who can read that affecting Sonnet of Shakspeare, which alludes to his profession as a player:—

Oh for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public custom breeds—
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in like the dyer's hand.

Or that other confession:—

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to thy view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear.

Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakspeare, and dream of any congeniality between him and an actor like Garrick? W.

A correspondent in Dwight's Journal favors the exclusive employment of boys in church choirs. Whatever may be the temporary charm of childish voices, we think that the banishment of women from choral performances is a step back towards barbarism. The practice had its origin in an age which we are accustomed to call dark and ignorant, when false views of the relations of the sexes prevailed, and when the celibate monk was revered as the highest style of man. The voice of woman was never heard in the music of the church; it was considered as profane as an organ is now in Scotland. When one reads of such atrocious rules as were enacted at the Jeronymite Convent at Yuste, where Charles V. ended his days—ordering that women found within a certain distance from the gate should be flogged—it would seem that it would be but a short step for such people to the Mussulman doctrine, which barred woman out of Paradise.

Neither sex can express the whole of human thought and emotion; each is the necessary complement of the other. So neither sex can express the whole of music; the two voices united form but one instrument. In this, as in all things that concern the race, the plain dictates of the Creator cannot be overlooked: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."—*Boston Atlas*.

We fully coincide with the above, which now reminds us that we accidentally omitted to accompany the two articles of our correspondent (on "Music in the Public Schools,") with a few words of editorial comment. Some of the views expressed by "Precentor," and those which seemed to us to touch the most important issues, had our hearty sympathy; to others we were simply hospitable. The main question was—first started and mooted in the *Transcript*—how and how far should Music be taught in our public schools. In his first article "Precentor" argued that it was not enough to teach all the children in a school *en masse* to sing by rote a few trivial and taking tunes; that those who have really a talent and a voice for music should be separated from those who have not, and should have that talent recognized and made the subject of thorough and far-seeing culture to some practicable extent. We cannot but agree in principle with this. In

principle, all education, beyond a few common indispensables, like reading, writing and arithmetic, should be the development of special talents. Each child demands, by the individuality of his nature, a training different from other children. Society, in taking charge of education at all, acknowledges, in principle, the duty of complete, true education to its rising members. But principles must needs be modified in practice; social ideals are in the far future; what we do and can do is but a pitiful shadow of what we would and one day shall do; and the duty of society to the young in this matter of education thus far necessarily limits itself to a very distantly approximative and Procrustean provision.

Some say, and perhaps rightly, that it is not in the spirit of our Democratic institutions to provide special education; that all should be general and common, all should be taught alike, and only with reference to qualifying them for voters, &c. If our system, if our schools can do no more, these reasoners are right. But any slightest attempt at education involves progress, and the list of the indispensables gets to be greater and greater, and the very idea of "freedom and equality" is found more and more to involve the protection and consequently the education of individuality, of special gifts and uses. Now with regard to music, it was one great step gained (and we should be grateful to those by whose continued efforts it was gained) to have music at all recognized and admitted, as it now is generally, into our schools. Here is a point established. And now comes up a further question: How shall we make that teaching most efficient and most useful? And here we think our correspondent's views, whether immediately practicable or not, are to the point, and worthy to be seriously weighed.

Now for "Precentor's" second article. Here he points out one among other openings which present society affords to boys who shall have been trained in schools to be good singers of sacred music: namely the choirs of certain Episcopal churches. Here the writer gets upon the ground of his own speciality, with which of course we and most of our readers are not specially concerned. But we do not understand him to maintain that Music was created for the special benefit of the Episcopal church of England. For the purposes of his general argument regarding the public schools, it was enough for him to suggest that here would be one field for musical talent trained in the manner he had before suggested. Whether the English church music should employ boys' voices for the soprano, is a question for that Church, and not for us, general advocates and lovers of the Art of Music. It was "Precentor's" general view of the importance of thorough training, that commended his articles to the hospitality of our columns. With their Episcopalianism, their boy soprano theory, we have nothing to do. But we do think there is a great deal of truth in what he said about the "juvenile oratorios," and about "Professors" making it their only care to popularize themselves.

The question of music in the schools demands and shall receive our attention at more length.

M. Thalberg's Return.

The great pianist is with us again, and is stirring up the musical activities of Boston in all its various channels. He has already given us two concerts in the Music Hall, before great audiences. The first

was on Tuesday evening. He played only pieces made familiar by his former visit, namely: his Fantasias on *Don Giovanni*, the Prayer from *Moses*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, his Tarantella, and, for an encore, "Sweet Home." These gave the same measure and quality of delight as before, approving him still the most elegant and brilliant of pianists; cool, gentlemanly, quiet in the execution of wondrous difficulties; faultless in taste, in command of form and characteristic treatment; neither exciting nor excited, but giving the enjoyment of most finished beauty in the present moment. The Tarantella interested us the most. He plays two; one from *Masaniello*; but this is his own, and is one of his most graceful and individual works.

The programme generally was of a "popular" and hacknied character, and there was rather an excess of accessory attractions. Herr SCHREIBER opened each part with a long piece of variations on the trumpet, as tedious, flute-like and sentimental as they were skilful in execution. We do not see but he plays quite as well as Koenig, but what is it all worth? Mme. D'ANGRI's rich and luscious Contralto charmed as much as ever, when she did not trench too closely on the soprano or indulge in mannish very low tones. She sang the air from *Bely*, from the *Fille du Regiment*, and the "Ricci Waltz" with much skill and effect, all hacknied pieces. The coarseness of the *R-r-r-rataplän* and the Spanish song could well have been spared; and her swaggering delivery of the *Borgia* Brindisi was not of the most refined. Mme. JOHANNSEN was really an attraction, but suffered with such an inflammation of the throat as fully justified the apology upon the programme, and made it a cruelty to herself to sing the everlasting *Robert*, in which, however, she won much applause. In the little German songs, sung at the piano, she triumphed over physical drawbacks and gave rare delight. These were: "The Swallows," by Abt, the arch and bright little *Volkslied*, by Kücken, and for an encore what seemed to us a wild snatch of Hungarian melody.

On Thursday evening Thalberg played his *Norma*, *Masaniello* and *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasias, and "Home, Sweet Home;" Herr Schreiber a fantasia and "Katy Darling;" Mme. Johannsen sang the Romance from "Tell," a waltz, and a duet from *Semiramide* with D'Angri; and the latter sang airs from the *Huguenots* and *La Gazza Ladra*, and the Rondo from *Cenerentola*.

The first Matinée at 1 P. M., on Wednesday, drew about as many listeners as Chickering's Saloon would hold. It was not in any poor sense a "fashionable" audience, (as the very odd card of the management, in some of the papers, since prudently retracted, had led many to fear it would be), but as intelligent, refined and musical an assemblage as one would wish to see. The great majority were ladies, and the scene beautiful and social. Here is the programme:

- 1—Fantasia. "Sonnambula".....Thalberg.
- 2—Andante.....Thalberg.
- 3—Sonata in G sharp minor.....Beethoven.
- INTERMISSION.
- 4—The Miserere. "Il Trivatore".....Verdi.
On the Alexandre Organ.
- INTERMISSION.
- 5—Marche Funebre.....Chopin.
- 6—Home, Sweet Home.....Thalberg.
- 7—Fantasia. "L'Elisir d'Amore".....Thalberg.

We have no room for critical detail. Of course Thalberg's own pieces were played as he only can play them. His *Andante* we enjoyed most. In his *Sonnambula* fantasia he happily touches at the outset, in two consecutive phrases, and afterwards expands, the two finest ideas in that opera. The Beethoven Sonata, (the "Moonlight"), was played rather with exquisite grace and beauty than with that Beethoven-like depth and earnestness of feeling, which we have been wont to find, especially in the slow first movement. Was it not a trifle too fast, and were the triplets of the accompaniment made significant

enough? But we had rather think the fault was in our own listening mood. The Orgue Alexandre is one of the finest, perhaps the finest, of reed organs, and was handled with artistic skill; the stops used for solos in the *Miserere* were of beautiful quality, but the full organ has still the something that we cannot quite abide in all reed organs. We were obliged to lose the third part. The piano, made upon a new scale, by the Chickering, was one of most rare excellence.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.—The Complimentary Concert given by this band of German singers to Miss LUCY A. DOANE, whose fine soprano songs have added such charm to their three subscription concerts, and to Herr AUGUST KREISSMANN, their conductor and sweet singer, filled the Melodeon on Wednesday evening with an enthusiastic audience. It was in all respects an admirable and an inspiring concert; indeed each concert of the "Orpheus" has seemed better than the last. No concert as a whole have we enjoyed more this winter:—all was so genial and so genuine; no empty commonplace or clap-trap; nothing to overlay and spoil a good impression. The part songs sounded even better than before. They were the gems out of the past collection, to-wit: *Die jungen Musikanten*, by Kücken, with Kreissmann's tenor solo: "Sleep, sweetest maiden," &c.; Marschner's old Minnesinger Serenade: "Why art thou from me so far, O my love," &c., one of the most deep and tender pieces of harmony imaginable; the exhilarating "Hunter's Joy," by Astholz; "The Cheerful Wanderer," and the strange "Turkish Drinking Song," by Mendelssohn; "The Bard," by Silcher, and that rich, cool, tranquil *Wanderers Nachtlied* of Goethe, by Lenz.

Miss DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN sang beautifully the duet from *Idomeneo*; and the lady added new freshness to her laurels in the *Dove sono* of Mozart, and the "Spring Song," by Mendelssohn,—OTTO DRESEL again kindly playing the accompaniments. Miss Doane was recalled every time, and the last time responded with "Comin' thro' the rye," which we have not heard sung with such winning grace and archness since Jenny Lind. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB played the Adagio and Finale from Mozart's charming Quintet, with clarinet, and repeated the scene from *Robert le Diable*. Decidedly these concerts have been left off with an appetite.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The eleventh Afternoon Concert was rich with the Symphony in C (the "Jupiter") by Mozart, the Allegretto from Beethoven's eight Symphony, and the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Siege of Corinth." Mr. Ribas played very finely a "Theme and variations" on that by no means brilliant, but quaint and honest sounding uncle of the hautboy, the English Horn; and there was bright store of dance music.

Chat from Paris.

(From the *Indépendance Belge*.)

ROSSINI.—A few days since, the author of *Le Comte Ory*, happening to pass along the Boulevards, stopped before a bill promising a concert of fifteen hundred musicians. On seeing this, the maestro, with that Italian mimicry, so comic in its demonstration, began to groan, and indulge in small suppressed sighs, begging for pity and mercy from this terrible bill.

You are aware that Rossini is quite one of ourselves. He is no longer a stranger passing through Paris, but a Parisian who has returned to his home; only you must not talk to him about music: he will tell you: "He has forgotten all that." Last summer, he met, at Wildbad, the Dowager Empress of Russia, who lavished on him all the most delicate touches of imperial coquetry. She had the audacity to ask him for a simple *brindisi*. Rossini replied that Germany was a

beautiful country. One day, however, the Empress thought she had induced him to accompany on the piano a young lady of her suite, who is rather fond of singing. Rossini sat down resignedly to the instrument, struck two or three chords, and then, giving way to that nervous irritation that has detached him from the art to which he owes his immortality, said, as he rose from his chair, "You see, Madame, I know nothing about it—nothing—I have forgotten it all!"

A few weeks later I met him at Baden, where I witnessed a touching exhibition. A select audience was assembled at the Théâtre de la Conversation for the first performance of the French company. Rossini was in the house. The orchestra executed the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. At the very first bars, the Duchesses of Cambridge, and the ladies about her, rose and turned in mute, but profoundly expressed, homage towards the author of that immortal masterpiece. Ceding to an electric impulse, the entire assembly imitated this movement, and it was in this attitude, standing up, that they listened to the most wonderful melodies to which the human brain ever gave birth. I watched Rossini, who was leaning on his stick, with his eyes fixed on the ground. Not the slightest emotion flitted across his impassible physiognomy. He appeared to be resigned to his glory, as he would be to the consequences of some act of youthful indiscretion.

Guillaume Tell is, however, still the breach by which he is accessible. When the person talking to him is neither a frequenter of the green-room nor a speculator in *cafés-chantants*, Rossini will support being told that *Guillaume Tell* is "a fine thing." But the speaker must not dwell upon the subject, or rise to the lyric height of enthusiasm, for Rossini will immediately begin talking about mararoni, or something equally relevant.

Rossini resides in the Rue Basse du Rempart. Whenever a ray of sunshine lights up and warms our foggy sky, he is fond of going out on the Boulevard and walking two hours arm-in-arm with a friend. In the evening he receives a very limited number of intimate acquaintances: Carafa, the composer; Henri Blaze, who published a notice full of charming and delicate touches about the *maestro*; Vivier, the horn-player; Antoni Deschamps, the poet; and Madame D., a lady of fashion, and a distinguished amateur singer. The lamp, sobered down by a shade, only doubtfully illuminates the apartment, for the *maestro* cannot bear a strong light. His guests chat, while he walks up and down, to calm his nerves, which are in a constant state of irritation. Despite all that has been said, there is a piano in the room; it is, however, true that this piece of furniture makes but little noise and does but little work. It would be altogether useless to ask Rossini to go near it. This would be the very way to drive him from it, and, consequently, no one thinks of such a thing, but sometimes, when people least expect it, he suddenly places his fingers on the keys, and evokes some piece or other of celestial harmony, for instance, most frequently, the Septet from *Don Juan*. "All music is contained in that," said Rossini, one day; "the rest is useless." This decision is somewhat discouraging for young composers, but we may appeal against it, and it is lucky this admiration for Mozart did not prevent Rossini from writing *Il Barbiere*, *La Gazza*, *Otello*, *Le Comte Ory*, *Guillaume Tell*, and other useless works.

People long clung to the hope that Rossini's silence was simply a whim, but this illusion is no longer admissible. It seems pretty certain that no consideration could ever prevail on the *maestro* to face a public who appear to him perverted, not to say brutalized, by the systems of music. After his decease, an attempt will probably be made to collect some scattered leaves, and something called a posthumous opera of Rossini will be produced, but as long as he lives he will never authorize any such proceeding.

Rossini still suffers from that rather imaginary disease called a nervous affection—that is to say, that the illness is more especially in the brain, which is attacked by a thousand imaginary phantoms. Invalids of this class—who have something of the child about them—groan a great deal,

eat very well, are always afraid of being shivered, by coming in contact with a piece of furniture, and pass their time in arranging their funerals, which fortunately are very distant, and which they see pass before them while living, like Charles V. But the peculiar feature of such a state is to deprive the patient of all interest in labor and glory. Rossini is in this state, and this is the reason why his music is dumb.

PORTRAIT OF HANDEL.—An interesting portrait of Handel—the one by Denner, "painted in 1736 or 1737," and engraved for Cox's "Anecdotes" of Handel and Smith in 1799—has just been presented by Lady Rivers to the *Sacred Harmonic Society*. The head, though timidly painted and dry in its coloring, is nevertheless full of character and expression. We have there something of the inspiration of the Poet, who when he wrote the Messiah 'Hallelujah' fancied that he beheld the heavens with their ineffable glories opened above him,—something of the passion of the man who held the refractory prima donna out of the window till she consented to sing as he bade her,—and who called Janson, the Chester chorister, "scoundrel," because, having undertaken to sing at "sight," he proved unable to sing at "first sight." Grandeur, fire, and humor are in the face. The accessories have been less carefully studied,—the ambrosial curls of the *perruque* are confused and dusty,—the robe, instead of coming to a hem, dies away like a dream. Can any friend tell us whether there were more Denners than one who painted portraits? This interesting contribution to the museum of the *Sacred Harmonic Society* can surely not be from the hand of Balthazar Denner, whose over-finished heads, like so many colored compounds of marrow and marble, with every pore and eyelash discernible, are familiar to all who know foreign galleries.—*London Athenæum*.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 22.—Last Thursday our Philharmonic Society gave their third Concert to a pretty good and apparently much delighted audience. The greater part of our most musical amateurs have been in their day New England boys and girls, and have their relatives and friends spread all over New England, from which fact it may be inferred that the majority of the readers of your Journal will be somewhat interested in our musical doings, and so I venture to send you a few more lines regarding them. The above concert was made up of the following programme:—

PART I.	
Overture—"Echoes of Orestes".....	Gade.
Fantasia—Caprice for the Violin.....	Vieuxtemps.
Mr. J. De Clercq.	
Symphony, No. 8, in E flat.....	Haydn.
PART II.	
Concerto for the Piano, in C major.....	Beethoven.
Mr. Fr. Werner.	
Fantasia—Burlesque for the Violin.....	De Clercq.
Overture—"Egmont".....	Beethoven.

The Orchestra played a good deal better than in any of the preceding concerts. There was precision in some of their former performances, but there is now, as it were, more unity, more blending of the different instruments. The general character of their manner of rendering the above compositions deserved, I think, considerable praise, and in a few respects would seem superior to some performances of Orchestras in New York and Boston under the popular leaders, which I have heard, although the latter of course excel ours in most details. In those Orchestras I have been sometimes led to find fault, in a small measure, with rather too much drill, with too military an expression, with too much of a business air about them. The most gifted leader, when he assumes this business air, fails in some important points. Artistic performances should always have at least the semblance of spontaneity. Musical performers, when on a travelling tour, and

when giving concerts nearly every night, are very apt to appear with an air of routine, which is very unfavorable to the highest results of our artistic performances. It is similar with leaders in large cities, who swing their baton every night. In this respect, for instance, the celebrated Gungl's Band might be somewhat blamed, it having been drilled in Berlin, which is reputed to be the most military looking city in all Europe; and on the other hand an absence of that marshaling spirit, and an easy southern "abandon" constitutes the charm of the Viennese orchestras of a similar character. We do not mean to claim the high merits alluded to for our orchestra. I rather suggested those discriminations as a matter of general application, and would merely say that a laudable characteristic of our late performances has been a certain degree of that spontaneity in the expression and execution. For the audiences, also, these first Philharmonic Concerts in this hemisphere, have been a matter of entire novelty, and of the most spontaneous interest, and therefore, in both respects these concerts have been very delightful, and bore a somewhat rare character.

All the compositions on the programme are familiar to the Boston public, and need not be dwelled upon. Gade's Poetical Ossian Overture seemed to be taking with many, and impressed me anew as exceedingly characteristic and high-toned. It is gratifying to have the form of an Overture differ slightly from others, which as a general thing are, to my taste, made rather too much after the same pattern, viz.: first Andante and then Allegro. Gade's Overture has some sympathetic characteristics, and these make it doubly interesting.

Our pianist, Mr. WERNER, is a genuine pupil of Chopin—geniality all over, but little Beethoven pathos and force. The former makes his playing taking with the ladies, and in fact with the greater part of the audience, who value the sweets in music the highest. His sweets, however, differ from others in this, that they are chaste and real graces. Mr. De Clercq is a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory, and a thoroughly educated musician; he possesses considerable execution on the violin, and has a fine "tone," but his performance as yet is somewhat unripe, and lacks in fineness. He, however, is a young man yet, and has no doubt a great deal of talent.

I will add a few words regarding an amusing "pen-war," in our daily papers, which occurred last week. The owners of our best Music Hall, which seats some 2,000 persons, announced in a most bland and suave card to the musical public, (the dear people), that as there had lately been "such a dearth of first class music in our city," they were glad to have been able to make an arrangement with Miss Pyne and Troupe, for some concerts, and so forth. This card excited some hot replies, charging those gentlemen with deviation from the truth, and unfairness towards our excellent home societies, some one adding, that as a usual thing, travelling troupes "gave us little else but trashy music, blew their trumpets and humbugged the public." The gentlemen then explained in another card, that "a dearth of first class music" meant, in English, "a scarcity of concerts," that they certainly "appreciated the quality of our home performances, but were not satisfied with the quantity." There is nothing like a discussion in the papers, and this one no doubt has helped the cause of good music in these parts, for by reiterated assertions of connoisseurs in the papers, the general public has been made aware that never before, has so much first class music been offered to our musical public, as this winter.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream," read by Mrs. FRANCES ANN KEMBLE, and enriched with the entire music by MENDELSSOHN, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library Association, made an occasion of rare interest at the Music Hall last Saturday evening. The scene was extremely beautiful. The superb vases of flowers on each side of